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The Managing Houſewife; a Character.

The following humorous Character is addreſſed in a Letter to the Author of 'Olla Podrida,' a late ingenious Work, juſt publiſhed in one Volume Octavo.—Although it is not quite devoid of Caricature, the Satire is certainly juſt, and the Situations ſuch as often occur in real Life.

MRS. Hatchpenny is that ſort of woman, which the kindneſs, or the ſarcaſm of the world (I am at a loſs to ſay which) calls a managing houſe-wife. Being rather limited in her ideas of human capacity, ſhe conſiders it as the ſum total of every virtue *to make things go as far as they can*, and the perfection of accompliſhments to keep her houſe clean. Her refinements in œconomy are the general topics of her converſation, and ſhe triumphs in defying her neighbours to ſay they ever ſaw a ſpeck of dirt upon her hearth, or a chair out of its proper place.

Not long ago I heard her informing a company, that ſhe never hired a man-ſervant unleſs he could whiſtle. When her audience were ſtaring at each other with looks of eager enquiry, ſhe added, 'when he goes to draw the beer, I conſtantly attend him to the top of the cellar-ſtairs, and inſiſt upon his whiſtling all the time he remains below:' concluding naturally enough, that the ſame mouth cannot whiſtle and drink at the ſame time.

My aunt makes her Solomon and me ſcrape our feet twenty times a day; and every Saturday night we are compelled to go up ſtairs without our ſhoes, becauſe the houſe has been waſhed, and Molly has ſomething elſe to do, beſide *ſcrubbing after us for ever*.

Notwithſtanding her attention to œconomy, ſhe is fond of fine clothes, or, as ſhe calls it, *looking like other people*; to accompliſh which, being now about eleven years paſt her meridian, and weighing about twenty-three ſtone avoirdupoiſe, ſhe dreſſes herſelf in white, with a pink ſaſh, and a proper aſſortment of pink ribbons. If you have been ſo fortunate, gentle reader, as to catch an *Aurora borealis* in the *via lactea*, you cannot

be at a loſs for a ſimile to which you may liken the heroine of my hiſtory.

The converſation of my aunt, particularly when ſhe *looks like other people*, has ſomething in it not perhaps very peculiar, yet not altogether unworthy of notice. She is what I have heard in the Borough called, *a fine-ſpoken gentlewoman.* By which I am led to conceive their fine ſpeaking conſiſts in volubility of utterance, and a readineſs in the vulgar tongue. Her ſpeeches, however, are full of animated matter, and rhetorical figure, and delivered in a tone of voice much like that of Caius Gracchus without his pitch-pipe.—She talks of *giving the hydra-head of faſhion a rap on the knuckles;* and, when ſhe wants a ſimile, generally has recourſe to a ſugar-loaf, a roll of pigtail, or the Monument; ſometimes however, obſerving, that the coaches rattle by her door like *any thing.*

Thus her ſtyle is ornamented with the beſt flowers of rhetoric, ſimiles, and metaphors, ſimiles which, by a peculiar felicity, convey no ideas of ſimilitude; and metaphors which illuſtrate nothing but their own confuſion.

My aunt has many amiable qualities. Her fidelity to Solomon is unimpeached, and invincible. She is conſtant in her attendance at church, unleſs perchance ſhe has received a card of information, that Mrs. Deputy Peppercorn will wait on Mrs. Hatchpenny to dinner on Monday. In this caſe ſhe prudently ſtays at home, whips up five ſyllabubs when there will be only four at dinner, returns her card of compliments, and waits with impatience to ſee Mrs. Peppercorn. The good lady has a juſt claim to the title of compaſſionate. She cannot bear thoſe vile people who drive oxen through the ſtreets of London, and *cut the poor creters about the legs till they look enough to make one ſick.* But compaſſion, which conſiſts only in words, does not content her. She gives in charity to a poor boy every week a penny, contriving within the ſeven days to ſend him at leaſt on fourteen errands. My aunt contents herſelf with the idea that no one can ſay ſhe is uncharitable. I have ſomewhere heard of an ingenious philoſopher, who turned his ſhirt, and obſerved with the ſame ſpirit of contentment and ſatisfaction, *What a comfort there is in clean linen!*

Mrs. Hatchpenny was ſo kind as to take me with her to a tea-drinking party at Brompton, to which my uncle Solomon was invited: but the wind being in the eaſt, and ſtocks low, he fancied he had a cold, and ſtayed at home. As we went by appointment *early*, we had diſcuſſed ſome weighty points before the tea entered. We had already learnt, that miſs Primroſe gave fifteen ſhillings a yard for her apron, and that ſhe bought it from the ſhop at the corner of Juniper ſtreet. Captain Makeweight had bruiſed his ſide by a fall in the Artillery ground, his ſword getting between his legs, and thereby laying him ſprawling. Mr. Titus Oats, a country couſin, had loſt his turnips by the fly—Miſs Tallboy had ſprained her ancle, by climbing an apple-tree—Mrs. Poffet had been at the Hackney aſſembly; and to be ſure miſs Cardamum was the belle of the place, till ſhe began dancing, and then ſhe moved for all the world like a raw militia-man to the quick march—Or, ſaid the lady of the houſe, with a good-humoured ſmile, like an elephant upon hot bricks—Or (added my aunt) like St. Paul's upon four wheels. The tea now arrived, and between the rattling of the cups, we had only time to fling in an obſervation or two like the chorus of a Greek play, when the perſons of the dialogue are taking breath. We paſſed a few ſtrictures upon the widow Scramble's fourth marriage; and after the re-

removal of the tea table, and a ſhort review of our abſent neighbour's conduct, a general converſation took place, each addreſſing the perſon who ſat upon the neareſt chair. My aunt in the mean time could not help glancing firſt at the apron which had created a former converſation, and then at her own, being conſcious that ſhe had given two and twenty ſhillings a yard for *every inch* of her's—Unfortunately, no one aſked the price of it, and ſhe found herſelf under the diſagreeable neceſſity of informing the company, unſolicited, that ſhe bought it at the ſame time when Mr. Hatchpenny fined for ſheriff;—which is now ſeven years, come next lord-mayor's day. My aunt then took occaſion to deſcant upon the convenient ſituation of their ſhop in the Borough; to do the buſineſs of which, ſhe obſerved with ſome emphaſis, *they were obliged to keep four journeymen, peck and perch all the year round, one day with another.* Happily I was at hand to explain to the company, which I did with great pleaſure, that the words *peck* and *perch* (a favourite metaphor with my aunt) were an alluſion to the inhabitants of a bird-cage, and meant nothing more than board and lodging.

'How do you like your neighbours the Hatchpennys?' ſaid miſs Primroſe, in a whiſper to the lady of the houſe.—'They are monſtrouſly entertaining,' ſaid the other.—A dialogue of a curious nature then commenced, in which it was remarkable, that the one regularly began a ſentence, and the other as regularly finiſhed it. 'As for him (ſaid the firſt) he's a churliſh old fool, with all the qualities of a bear'—'except his dancing,' returned the other.—'She's a great œconomiſt, I hear'—'Yes, in every thing but her ſpeech.'—'She's the envy of her neighbourhood, for her great prudence,'—'and her green pickles.'—'Her reputation, and her gown, are ever without ſpot'—'The one becauſe ſhe's ſo unreaſonably ugly, and the other becauſe ſhe takes ſuch excellent care of it.' 'She's very nimble at cards'—'and never having been detected in cheating, may be ſaid to have had a perpetual run of good luck.'—How far this dialogue proceeded, I know not, for our candle and lanthern now called us to the peaceful abode of my uncle, whom, upon our return, we found, contrary to all the rules of domeſtic felicity, ſitting with one foot upon the hearth, and a bottle by his ſide, which I ſtrongly ſuſpect to have contained ſome of the right Herefordſhire. Upon our entrance, the poſition of the foot was quickly altered, and the bottle placed in the cup-board. My aunt withdrew, in order to diveſt herſelf of her ſplendour, before the ſupper came, remarking pointedly enough, that the *wear* and *tear* of clothes in carving was amazing and prodigious.—The incidents of the next two hours were few, and may be eaſily told.—Stocks had, from the accounts of that evening, riſen one and a half, and my uncle's cold was better.—At length, after a ſhort diſſertation upon the folly of mankind, and the extravagant demands of the Chelſea bun-makers, we recollected that it was Saturday night, pulled off our ſhoes, and retired to reſt.

Miscellaneous Anecdotes.

THE Abbe Vatteville, whoſe brother was ambaſſador at the Britiſh Court, was at firſt Colonel of the regiment of Burgundy, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf upon many occaſions by his bravery; but being diſcontented on account of ſome injury which he had received, he quitted the ſervice, and became a Carthuſian. Some time after he had taken the vows, he grew tired of ſolitude, pro-

cured money privately from his relations, without diſcloſing his deſign, purchaſed, by means of a friend, the dreſs of a horſeman, with a ſword and piſtols, diſguiſed himſelf one night in his cell, and attempted to eſcape through the garden. Being met by the Prior, who was there either by accident, or becauſe he ſuſpected his intentions, Vatteville immediately ſtabbed him, leaped over the garden wall, where a horſe was ready for him, and purſuing his way, never ſtopped until he was under the neceſſity of taking ſome refreſhment.

Having arrived at an obſcure inn, that ſtood by itſelf, he ordered a ſhoulder of mutton, and a bit of ſome other meat, which was all the houſe could afford, to be dreſſed and ſerved up; but he had ſcarcely eat a mouthful, when another traveller entered. The latter finding that nothing was left for him, wiſhed to ſhare with Vatteville, who pretended that he had not enough for himſelf. The ſtranger upon this laid hold of one of the diſhes, and Vatteville not being able to wreſt it from him, pulled out a piſtol, ſhot him through the head, and laying the other upon the table, ſwore that he would ſerve the landlady and the waiter, who ran in alarmed at the noiſe, in the ſame manner, if they did not retire, and ſuffer him to finiſh his dinner quietly. As ſoon as he had done, he purſued his journey, and after various adventures by the way, reached the territories of the Grand Signior, where he aſſumed the turban, entered into the Turkiſh ſervice, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much, that he was made a Bacha, and appointed governor of ſome places in the Morea, at the time when the Turks and the Venetians were carrying on war there.

This circumſtance ſuggeſted to him the idea of attempting to procure liberty to return to his own country, in perfect ſecurity. He therefore carried on a ſecret negotiation with the Venetians, who, upon his delivering up ſome places which he had in his hands, obtained from the Court of Rome his ſecularization, abſolution for his apoſtacy, and a conſiderable beneficence in Franche Comtè.

Having returned to his province at the time when Louis XIV. was carrying on war there, he was of ſo much ſervice to France, that he obtained ſome very ſingular marks of favor, eſpecially great credit and authority at Beſancon. The Archbiſhopric of that place becoming vacant, he was appointed to it by the King, but the Pope conſidering it as a ſcandal, that a man publicly known as an apoſtate, a renegado, and a murderer, ſhould be made an Archbiſhop, conſtantly refuſed him his bills, and Vatteville was obliged, in exchange, to be contented with two rich livings, and the High Deanery of Beſancon, where he lived like a nobleman, feared and reſpected, at leaſt externally, keeping a pack of hounds, and a ſumptuous table, and going from time to time to viſit ſuch of the Carthuſians as he had been acquainted with, and who were ſtill alive. This ſingular character died in 1710, at the great age of 90.

In 1683, Louis XIV. commiſſioned Du Queſne to bombard Algiers, in order to puniſh the Algerines for their perfidy and inſolence. Theſe pirates being reduced to the greateſt deſpair, when they ſaw that they could not remove from their coaſts the fleet which was deſtroying their city, tied the French ſlaves to the mouths of their cannon, and fired them towards the enemy, ſo that their mangled bodies fell among the veſſels. An Algerine captain, who had been taken in ſome of his cruiſes, and who had been well treated by the French while a priſoner, perceived among thoſe who were deſtined to this dreadful puniſhment, a French officer, named Choi-

Choiſeul, from whom he had received many marks of kindneſs. The Algerine immediately ran, and begged that this man might be ſaved, but his entreaties were vain. The cannon to which Choiſeul was tied was juſt going to be fired, when the Algerine threw his arms around his friend, and addreſſing himſelf to the perſon who held the match, cried out "fire, ſince "I cannot ſave my benefactor, I ſhall "at leaſt have the conſolation of dy- "ing with him." The Dey, who beheld the whole ſcene, was ſo ſtruck with it, that his ferocious heart was ſoftened, and he granted the Algerine's requeſt.

Don Pedro, of Toledo, being ambaſſador from the King of Spain to the Court of France, was diſcourſing one day with Henry IV. concerning the kingdom of Navarre, which Henry ſaid his maſter, the King of Spain, had uſurped from him; and that, if he lived only a few years, he would recover it. The ambaſſador endeavoured to juſtify his maſter; and alledging that he lawfully inherited that kingdom, added, that the juſtice with which he poſſeſſed it, would help him to defend it when attacked. "Well, "well," replied the King, "your "reaſons are good till I appear be- "fore Pampeluna; we ſhall then ſee "who will attempt to defend it "againſt me." The ambaſſador immediately riſing up, went haſtily towards the door; upon which the King aſked him where he was going ſo quickly. "To Pampeluna, Sire," ſaid the ambaſſador, "to wait there "for your Majeſty."

The Princeſs of Soubiſe having written a letter to Madam Maintenon, which concluded in the uſual manner, *I am with reſpect*, &c. the Marchioneſs at the end of her anſwer put the following words: "With regard to "*reſpect*, it is not neceſſary between "you and me; reſpect can only be "due to my age, and I think you are "too polite to put me in mind of "it."

In 1533 Francis I. King of France, cauſed a large veſſel to be built at Havre, which was called *La Grande Francoiſe*. It is not certainly known for what purpoſe it was intended, but it coſt immenſe ſums of money. It had alſo a wind mill, and a forge, which were put in motion by the waves, &c. The King appointed to the command of this veſſel the Chevalier de Villiers de L'iſle-Adam, nephew to the Grand Maſter of Rhodes of the ſame name. This immenſe floating caſtle was admired by all thoſe who beheld it, until an attempt was made to carry it out of the harbour; for, ſtriking againſt the ſand, where it remained faſt, it was found impoſſible to carry it over the bar; and though the opportunity of high tides was taken to move it, every effort for that purpoſe proved fruitleſs. At length, in the month of November, it was thrown on its ſide by a furious ſtorm, and it could never afterwards be raiſed.

Letter from the younger Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, when on his Death-Bed, to the Rev. Dr. W——.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Always looked upon you as a man of true virtue, and know you to be a perſon of ſound underſtanding; for however I may have acted in oppoſition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reaſon, I can honeſtly aſſure you, I had always the higheſt veneration for both. The world and I may now ſhake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of one another. O! doctor, what a prodigal have I been of that moſt valuable of all poſſeſſions, time.—I have ſquandered it away with a profuſion un-

unparalleled, and now that the enjoyment of a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myſelf with the proſpect of half a dozen hours.

How deſpicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God but in the time of diſtreſs!—In what manner can he ſupplicate that omnipotent Being in his affliction with reverence, whom in the tide of his proſperity he never remembered with dread?—Don't brand me with infidelity, my dear doctor, when I tell you, I am almoſt aſhamed to offer up my petitions at the throne of grace, or of imploring that divine mercy in the next world, which I have ſo ſcandalouſly abuſed in this!—Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackeſt of crimes, and not ingratitude to God?—Shall an inſult offered to the king be looked upon in the moſt offenſive light, and yet no notice be taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and diſreſpect!

The companions of my former libertiniſm would ſcarcely believe their eyes, my dear doctor, were you to ſhew them this epiſtle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthuſiaſt, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was ſhocked at the appearance of futurity. But, whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being ſenſible of my errors, is more entitled to my compaſſion than to my reſentment.—A future ſtate may very well ſtrike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life; and he muſt have an uncommon ſhare of courage indeed, who does not ſhrink at the preſence of his God.

You ſee, my dear doctor, the apprehenſion of death will ſoon bring the moſt profligate ſinner to a proper uſe of his underſtanding.—To what a ſituation am I now reduced?—Is this odious little hut a ſuitable lodging for a Prince! or this anxiety of my mind becoming the characteriſtic of a Chriſtian!—From my rank and fortune I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from my religion and underſtanding, peace to ſmile upon my end; inſtead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorſe, deſpiſed by my country, and I fear, forſaken by my God!—There is nothing ſo dangerous, my dear doctor, as extraordinary abilities.—I cannot be accuſed of vanity now, by being ſenſible I was once poſſeſſed of uncommon qualifications, more eſpecially as I ſincerely regret that I was ever bleſt with any at all.—My rank in life made theſe accompliſhments ſtill more conſpicuous; and, faſcinated with the general applauſe which they procured, I never conſidered about the proper means by which they ſhould be diſplayed; hence to purchaſe a ſmile from a blockhead I deſpiſed, I have frequently treated the virtuous with diſreſpect, and ſported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

Your men of wit, my dear doctor, generally look upon themſelves as diſcharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the goſpel to people of meaner underſtandings; it is a ſort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Chriſtianity, and they reckon that man poſſeſſed of a narrow genius, who ſtudies to be good.—What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment? or that any one ſhould paſs for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that ſeems ſolicitous about his happineſs in the next?—My dear doctor, I am forſaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my boſom, and the dependants of my bounty; but no matter—I am not now fit to converſe with the firſt, and

and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not be cast off wholly, however, by the good; favour me with a visit, dear doctor, as soon as possible.—Writing to you gives me some ease, especially upon a subject I could talk of for ever.—I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall solicit from you—my distemper is powerful—come and pray for the departing spirit of the unhappy

BUCKINGHAM.

History and Antiquity of saying Grace.

THE ancient Greeks esteemed the table Hieron Chremus, or a sacred thing; and Cleodemus, in Plutarch, calls it the altar of friendship and hospitality.

The first offerings they made to the gods, and called them first fruits; and at the conclusion of the feast, they poured out libations of wine.

They were unwilling to partake of the meal till a part of the provision had been offered to the gods, in order to sanctify the whole. Even Achilles, whose impetuous spirit was not prone to the weakness of superstition, would not eat when the ambassadors of Agamemnon disturbed him at midnight, till he ordered his friend to make the oblation.

Ulysses also, as Dr. Potter observes from Athenæus, when in the den of Polyphemus, did not neglect this duty of pious gratitude.

Dr. Potter adds, that 'in the entertainments of Plato and Xenophon we find oblations made; and to forbear the mention of more examples, the neglect of this duty was accounted a very great impiety, which none but Epicurus and those who worshipped no gods at all, would be guilty of.'

I do not see any reason why those who, like Epicurus, refuse to honour God according to the dictates of natural gratitude, and the universal practice of the polished people of the world, should not be numbered among the disciples of Epicurus, and be supposed, without any violation of charity, to say in their hearts there is no God.

I could produce a great number of examples from the classics to prove that the dinner was seldom enjoyed without some mode of consecration, even among those heathens to whom we are inclined to consider ourselves as greatly superior. And shall those who call themselves Christians neglect this instance of piety? Especially as Jesus Christ has given many examples of it in the gospel, and the people to whom it pleased God peculiarly to reveal himself, practised it from the earliest antiquity. I mentioned the practice of the polite heathens in the first place, because I imagined this example would have the most weight with those who chiefly value themselves on politeness, of which they sometimes consider the neglect of the grace at table, as an honourable testimony. But I will now add some examples from the practice of the Jews, which in this particular, have as much politeness in them as those of the Greeks and Romans, and ought to have much greater authority in a Christian country.

The master of the family among the Jews, as soon as the guests or the family were seated, premised a general admonition of prayers, and a consecration of the dinner preceded. The whole company then sung a hymn, which is extant in a book, entitled the order of the blessings and psalms, and the master then said this following grace: 'Blessed be the Lord our God, the king of the universe, who feedeth the world by his goodness, and by his grace and mercy giveth nourishment to all flesh; by whose bounty it cometh to pass that food never yet hath failed, neither will

will fail his creatures. It is he alone who giveth existence to all things, and preserveth them, and doth good to all, and giveth food to every being that he hath created. Blessed be thou, O Lord, who feedest all things.'

He then consecrated the wine and bread in a form similar to the preceding. This longer process was, however, only observed at formal dinners, and on solemn occasions, a shorter being used on common days: and it is recorded that the master of the house said grace before meat, and one of the guests returned thanks. Perhaps it would be too great a refinement to suppose that the business of returning thanks for a dinner supplied at his expence, was declined by the master from motives of delicacy. Sometimes, however, the master returned thanks, and the company made a reponse. The master said, Let us return thanks to God, because we have eaten of the creatures which belonged to him; and the guests responded immediately, Let God be praised, of whose blessings we have eaten, and by whose bounty we live.

The primitive Christians, imitating the example of the Jews, and more particularly of our Saviour, were strict in the performance of those pious duties which consecrated the table, and in returning thanks to God for the daily supply of necessary sustenance. Chrysostom frequently mentions the benediction of the table made use of by the monks in Ægypt. In the Horologium of the Greek church, the whole form of the benediction is thus described:

Before the dinner is placed upon the table, the hundredth and forty-fifth psalm is read aloud, and it no sooner is served up, than the priest repeats, O Christ, our God, bless our meat and drink; for thou art holy now and for evermore. Amen. And after having tasted it, they all rise up and say, Blessed art thou, O God, who pitiest us and feedest us from our youth; thou who givest food to all flesh, fill our hearts with joy and gladness, that, always being satisfied, we may abound in every good work, in Christ Jesus our Lord, with whom, to thee, be glory, and honour, power, and worship, together with the Holy Ghost. Amen. After dinner, the following is the form of thanksgiving; Glory to thee, thou holy one, glory to thee, O king; since thou hast given us food to our comfort and joy, fill us also with the Holy Ghost, that we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and not ashamed when thou shalt render to every one according to his works. Then the hundredth and twenty-second psalm is read; after which—As thou wast present in the midst of thy disciples while at supper, O thou Saviour, giving them peace, so come also to us and save us. Then follows a part of the twenty-second psalm, 'The poor shall eat and be filled, they shall praise the Lord who seek him,' to the end. Kyrie Eleison, Lord have mercy upon us. The whole concludes with this little prayer: Blessed be God, who hath pitied and fed us with his rich gifts; may we enjoy his grace and loving kindness now and for evermore. Amen.

I imagine that the whole of this long grace was only used on extraordinary occasions: but there is no doubt but a part of it constituted the daily form of consecration and gratitude.

Far be it from me to recommend a prolixity approaching to that of the Greek church, or to that of the college graces, as established by our pious ancestors, who, according to the complaints of the hungry scholars, used to insist on long graces, and at the same time give but short commons. I think long prayers on such oc-

occaſions particularly unſeaſonable. But I have produced theſe examples to ſhew that the table has been conſidered, by all people, from the earlieſt ages, as a ſacred thing, and that they have ever thought it expedient to ſanctify a meal by a previous conſecration of the food, and a ſubſequent act of thankſgiving for the refreſhment received. I infer, from the antiquity and univerſality of the practice, its propriety. It could not have been ſo ancient and univerſal, unleſs it had been alſo right and reaſonable.

Maria Melvil; an Hiſtorical Novel.

[From the French of the Abbé Dupin.]

MARIA MELVIL was the daughter of a reſpectable baronet, whoſe ſeat was on the banks of the river Tweed, which forms the boundary between England and Scotland. His family had enjoyed for many ages one of thoſe inheritances for which we have not a word in the French language, but which the Engliſh denominate *eſtate;* a poſſeſſion, which renders its fortunate proprietor eaſy and independent, in that ineſtimable competency, for which the poets have celebrated the Golden Age*. Attentive, therefore, to the principles of his anceſtors, the acquiſition of riches was quite remote from the views of Sir William Melvil; who conſtantly thought, that a moderate fortune, managed with frugality, was ſufficient for the happineſs of a wiſe and virtuous man. His lady was of a family equal to his own; and, by a happy coincidence, they had both the ſame ſentiments, the ſame taſte, and the ſame inclinations. The baronet had not only an excellent underſtanding, but the beſt qualities of the heart. The inhabitants in the neighbourhood reſpected him as their father. He was the arbiter of all their differences; for there was none on whoſe judgment they could better rely, nor in whoſe integrity they could with ſo much ſafety confide.

Maria had but one brother, whom ſhe tenderly loved, and to whom ſhe was equally dear. This brother was her friend, her companion, her guide in all her rural walks. Maria, in her turn, was the confidant of his little ſecrets; his adviſer and his refuge in all his little vexations. It would be requiſite to have ſuch a brother, or ſuch a ſiſter, to conceive their mutual felicity, in thoſe years of rural innocence and pleaſure. Their hearts were preciſely in the happy ſtate between love and friendſhip; unaffected by the imperfections of the one, or the agitations of the other.

The brother, in the mean time, betrayed very early inclinations, which were far from being conformable to the pacific views of his father. As he grew up, ambition triumphed over all the ſuggeſtions of reaſon and of filial affection. In the life of a ſoldier he fancied charms, which he could not perceive in the inactive and inglorious life of a country gentleman. He entreated his father to purchaſe for him a commiſſion in the army; and, with the magnanimity of a young and uncorrupted mind, he conjured him, at the ſame time, to preſerve the reſt of his fortune for his ſiſter.

From this moment commenced all the unhappineſs of the family. Lady Melvil, already in a declining ſtate, could not ſupport the idea of the dangers to which her beloved ſon would be

* The Engliſh reader will ſmile, no doubt, at the fanciful ſignification which M. Dupin gives to the word *Eſtate;* to which however, as ſignifying any kind of landed poſſeſſions, the French word *Terre* ſufficiently anſwers.

be expoſed: ſhe ſunk under the weight of anticipated terrors. It was viſible that the good baronet, overwhelmed by this firſt calamity, might ſoon follow his wife to the grave. Young Melvil could not reſiſt this affecting ſight. He was determined to conquer his fatal paſſion for glory: he believed for a time, that he had gained the victory: he reſolved to remain at home with his father, that he might be the affectionate ſupport of his declining age.

Melvil had formed a friendſhip with Mr. Horton, a young enſign, the ſon of a widow lady, who had a ſeat in the neighbourhood, at which ſhe ſpent the ſummer months. The two families were on the moſt agreeable terms of intimacy; and the young enſign, become the friend of the brother, was ſoon enamoured of the ſiſter. His perſon, his addreſs, his character, all conſpired to captivate a heart leſs upon its guard than that of the innocent Maria. Horton ſoon perceived the impreſſion which he had made on a mind quite devoid of art and affectation. His ardent vows breathed nothing but honour; and his beautiful miſtreſs thought, in courſe, that ſhe could refuſe nothing to the generoſity of his ſentiments.

Some months paſſed in this delightful intercourſe; their virtuous minds indulging the fond reveries of future felicity, unapprehenſive of misfortune. But the fatal moment arrived. Maria went one day into her father's library: ſhe found her lover there: ſuſpenſe and melancholy were viſible in his countenance: he was ſpeechleſs when he ſaw her. Maria, ſtruck with this ſcene, was herſelf incapable of utterance. The father, at length, broke the myſterious ſilence. 'My dear Maria,' ſaid he, 'Mr. Horton is obliged to leave us.'—She heard no more: ſhe fainted away. When recovered, ſhe ſaw her lover by her ſide, who tenderly preſſing her hand, and looking at her with an air of inexpreſſible affection, endeavoured to conſole her. 'Maria,' ſaid he; 'my dear Maria,' we muſt ſeparate for ſome time; but it is to ſee each other again with more exquiſite joy, and to be happy for many years. My regiment is ordered to the Eaſt Indies: my country claims my ſervices: my duty and my honour compel me to leave you.'

Theſe words were a thunder-clap to the too ſuſceptible Maria. Overwhelmed with grief, ſhe regarded herſelf as the moſt wretched of human beings. She would have ſpoken; but the young ſoldier, diſtruſting his own reſolution, ſprang from her, haſtened out of the houſe, and gained a victory over Love, which, a moment longer, Love would have gained over Duty and Honour.

The trembling eye of Maria followed her lover as long as her tears and the diſtance would permit her. All the efforts of her father, to ſoothe her grief, were ineffectual. The promiſes, the vows of her lover, the hope of ſeeing him again, all vaniſhed in the recollection of paſt felicity. She ſunk into a ſtupid melancholy, from which, however, ſhe was ſoon rouſed by new misfortunes.

It was her brother, her beloved brother that prepared them. The deſtination of his friend Horton for the Eaſt Indies had again excited his paſſionate ardour for arms. Unknown to his family, he had ſolicited and obtained a commiſſion in the ſervice of the company. His father appealed to his reaſon; his ſiſter to his heart. He was inflexible. And what can be the pleaſure that accompanies the paſſion for glory, and which inſpiring men with the ardour of deſtroying their fellow creatures, renders them inattentive to the ſentiments of Nature?

The venerable baronet endeavoured by every exertion of fortitude to ac-

accommodate his conduct to the cruel neceſſity. He attended himſelf to the preparations for his ſon's voyage; and when he took that leave of him which was to be the laſt, he gave him this moſt excellent advice.

'My ſon,' ſaid he, 'you are going into the moſt dangerous of all countries; for it is there, that the vices, if you have any, may rule with unlimited indulgence, and the virtue, which I know you to poſſeſs, will have the more difficulties to combat. Here, the law, if you are tempted to deviate from rectitude, exerts its ſalutary reſtraints: there, you have no other ſupport againſt yourſelf but yourſelf. How pure ſoever may be the principles of our adminiſtration, it is neceſſarily confided to thoſe who, in thus ſubmitting to voluntary exile, have nothing but intereſt in view. They purſue their projects with ſo much the greater ardour and ſecurity, as they are beyond the reach of any authority ſuperior to the ſuggeſtions of avarice. As for you, my dear ſon, let Honour be your only guide, and let the ſatisfaction of being faithful to Virtue be your firſt and nobleſt recompence.

'Never forget, that rigour and violence toward men cannot be lawful, becauſe they differ from you in colour. Let philoſophers amuſe themſelves by inveſtigating the ſhades of underſtanding that diſtinguiſh the different races. If yours, my ſon, be ſuperior to that of the Negroes and Indians, be it your care to render it reſpectable to them, by the honourable and generous uſe you make of it.

'Your principal duty will be to defend the commerce of your country againſt the inſults of its rivals, or againſt thoſe Indian nations, which, not knowing how to appreciate the advantages of commerce, are ſometimes diſpoſed to deſtroy it. It is, therefore, to protect your country, and not to ſpread ſlaughter and devaſtation, that you enter into the ſervice. Your pay alone, by œconomy and management, ſhould be made to ſuffice for the neceſſaries of life; and if your conduct ſhould raiſe you to a higher rank, you will return to your own country to enjoy honourable eaſe, with the glory of having contributed to extend the power of your fellow citizens in a country, whoſe natives will revere you for your juſtice; and with the ſatisfaction of having conſoled your aged father, whoſe pride and joy it will be, that he has given birth to the friend of his fellow-creatures.'

Scarce had the venerable father finiſhed theſe words, when his fortitude forſook him. The departure of his ſon rendered him inſenſible to every pleaſure; and his grief was augmented at the ſight of that which conſumed his daughter. He ſunk under it ſoon, and died, leaving Maria a ſolitary orphan. She haſtened to leave a place, where ſhe had ſeen the deareſt objects of her heart ſucceſſively diſappear; and ſhe took ſhelter in the houſe of an old aunt, who lived in a neighbouring town. Far from meeting there with any conſolation under her misfortunes, ſhe found new ſources of uneaſineſs and chagrin. I will not give the portrait of this aunt. Suffice it, that ſhe was one of thoſe characters which have been ſo often deſcribed, and with the originals of which the world is ſtill ſo full. I ſhall only ſay, that Maria, after having ſuffered for two years whatever the caprice of a malicious and peeviſh old maid could render almoſt inſupportable, and after having refuſed a thouſand ridiculous offers which ſhe would have forced her to accept, received at length intelligence from India. She was conſtantly in her brother's thoughts: her lover lived but for her; and both, actuated by the deſire of rendering her happy, had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by many acts

of bravery, for which they were aſſured of ſpeedy promotion, and conſequent acquiſition of a fortune. They preſſed her in the moſt earneſt and affectionate terms to go over to them, and partake of it.

Such was the ſituation of Maria, that a ſtep, the delicacy and propriety of which ſhe would have heſitated about in any other circumſtances, was now become abſolutely neceſſary. She wanted an aſylum; and where could ſhe find a ſafer one, than in the protection of a brother jealous of his honour, and of a lover whoſe conduct had been ſo uniformly exemplary, that it would have been culpable in her to ſuſpect his intentions? Her aunt readily conſented to her departure; and ſhe embarked for India, attended by a ſingle female ſervant.

After a long and tedious voyage, in which, however, the polite attentions of the captain, and of the paſſengers, made her forget the ill treatment which ſhe had received from her aunt, ſhe arrived at Madraſs, where ſhe found her long expected reward—an affectionate brother and a faithful lover.

The two young heroes, who were united by the ſtricteſt ties of friendſhip, had ſcarcely the ſatisfaction of again ſeeing, the one a beloved ſiſter, and the other an adorable miſtreſs, when they received orders to march on an expedition againſt Hyder Ali. Maria would not ſuffer them to go without her, and accompanied them to Arcot. The expedition was unfortunate: her brother and her lover were among the priſoners taken by the Indian conqueror. Maria herſelf became his captive, and was conducted to his ſeraglio.

Hyder Ali, it is well known, made war like all the Oriental princes, by intermixing pleaſures with devaſtation, and love with ſlaughter. He entered into the tent appropriated to Maria. The ſight of a charming female, born in thoſe European regions, where the manners beſpeak the character of the ſoul, and give a commanding air to beauty, was a new ſight to the Indian warrior. Maria ſat with her head reclined upon her boſom: ſuſpenſe and terror were viſible in her countenance. Hyder, ſtruck with admiration, approached her with unuſual reſpect. 'Beautiful European,' ſaid he, 'what are your misfortunes, and why this countenance of grief?'—'Generous Hyder!' ſaid Maria, who had expected the brutal ferocity of a tyrant, 'judge yourſelf of my misfortunes. My lover and brother are your captives.'

Hyder, who had ſeated himſelf by her ſide, inſtantly roſe, and called one of his attendents. 'Go to Arcot,' ſaid he, 'and, in the priſon of the Eaſt Gate, you will find two Engliſh officers; provide them with whatever may be neceſſary, and bring them to the camp.'

The meſſenger found the two friends ſitting on the ground in a dungeon, near a crevice which the hand of time had made in the wall, and which juſt admitted a little daylight. They were lamenting the fatal error which had torn them from the boſom of their family, and, after ſuch various perils, had plunged them into a loathſome dungeon, and conducted the dear object of their affections to the ſeraglio of a Sultan. They were ſo loſt in grief, that the orders of Hyder Ali produced no effect upon them; neither the emotions of joy, nor the ſolicitude of hope. They followed the meſſenger, and arrived at the camp.

Hyder, informed of their arrival, ordered them to be conducted to the tent of Maria, where he ſoon appeared himſelf; and without giving them time to recover from the embarraſſment of their ſiuation, 'I grant you both,' ſaid he, 'your liberty; and

to you, beautiful European, I reſtore a brother and a huſband. Take her, young man, without apprehenſion. Know, that among the Aſiatics there are conquerors who can be generous in the midſt of victory. She will leave my camp as pure and virtuous as when ſhe entered it. But tell your countrymen, that Hyder will never know a glorious day, till he has delivered India from the European yoke.'

Who can deſcribe the ſcene that followed, where gratitude endeavoured to ſurpaſs generoſity, and the benefit conferred was ſo much beyond all expectation?

The two friends and Maria determined never more to part; but it was neceſſary to poſtpone the marriage of Horton and Maria till their return to England. On the termination of the peace they left India, and have been ſince happily united, with all the proſpects of felicity before them that Love and Virtue can preſent.

REMARKABLE EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1789. JANUARY.

SIR Fletcher Norton, Lord Grantley, the late Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, dies.

Sir G. W. Cornwall, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, dies.

Mr. Grenville appointed Speaker.

The King continues very ill.

The miniſtry, after very warm debates, carry the queſtion for a *limited Regency* in both Houſes of Parliament.

The Prince of Wales agrees to accept the limited Regency, to preſerve the peace of the kingdom.

The Phyſicians attending his Majeſty examined by a committee of both Houſes of Parliament.

The King of France orders the Etats Generaux (States General) to be aſſembled.

Oczakow taken by the Ruſſians.

The great cauſe betwixt the Commiſſioners of Exciſe in Scotland and the Diſtillers determined, before the Court of Exchequer, in favour of the Commiſſioners.

FEBRUARY.—The nation continues much divided in opinion reſpecting the Regency, &c.

His Majeſty begins to reconvaleſce; his recovery announced by the Lord Chancellor in the Houſe of Lords, and by Mr. Pitt in the Houſe of Commons.

MARCH.—The Iriſh Parliament vote an addreſs to the Prince of Wales, to take upon him the Regency, without limitations.

The Lord Lieutenant refuſes to tranſmit the addreſs.

The Parliament vote a cenſure upon the Lord Lieutenant, and ſend ſix commiſſioners to England with their addreſs.

The Prince of Wales politely thanks them for their addreſs, but is happy to inform them that a Regency is no longer neceſſary, on account of the King's recovery.

General illuminations and rejoicings take place in England, Scotland, and Ireland, on account of that event.

The Epiſcopal Clergy in Scotland (formerly the non-jurors) alſo compoſe a prayer of thankſgiving for the King's recovery.

The Engliſh Parliament opened by a commiſſion from the King.

APRIL.—A royal gala at Windſor.

The French and Spaniſh Ambaſſadors give grand galas, on account of the King's recovery.

On the 23d their Majeſties, the Houſes of Lords and Commons, the Judges, Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and a vaſt number of the nobility, &c. go to St. Paul's Church in grand proceſſion, and return thanks to Almighty God; the ſame day is obſerv-

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ed as a public thankſgiving all over England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The trial of Mr. Haſtings proceeds before the High Court of Parliament.

The Ottoman Emperor dies.

MAY.—The King of France opens the Aſſembly of the States General.

In the Britiſh Parliament, Mr. Wilberforce makes ſeveral motions in favour of the ſlaves, which are agreed to.

The Courts of Great Britain, Pruſſia, and Holland, give in a declaration to the Court of Denmark, requiring that Court to remain neuter in the war betwixt Sweden and Ruſſia.

The keeneſt conteſt ever known in the General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland, for a clerk, which is carried by Profeſſor Dalziel, by a majority of five.

Duel betwixt the Duke of York and Colonel Lenox.

JUNE.—The Duke of Clarence's eſtabliſhment fixed.

General Waſhington elected Preſident of the United States of America.

Mr. Grenville appointed Secretary of State.

Mr. Addington elected Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.

The King goes to the Houſe of Lords for the firſt time ſince his illneſs, and receives the new Speaker.

The Turks defeated by the Ruſſians, at Gelatz.

Colonel Debbeig tried by a court martial, for a libel on the Duke of Richmond.

Capt. M'Kenzie of Redcaſtle, killed in a duel at Naples.

Revolution begun in France.

The King endeavours to diſſolve the Aſſembly in vain.

The people oppoſe his edicts.

The Duke of Orleans, and a number of the nobility, join the Tiers Etat.

JULY.—The army in France join the Tiers Etat, and refuſe to fire on the people.

The Emperor impoſes ſeveral hardſhips on his ſubjects in Brabant.

Mr. Sheridan makes ſeveral motions in the Houſe of Commons reſpecting the Reform of the Royal Boroughs in Scotland, and ſeveral papers are ordered to be laid before the Houſe.

Revolt of the French guards, who join the Tiers Etat.

Famine in France.

The French apply to Britain for corn, which is refuſed, on account of the high price there.

Tobacco in Britain put under the exciſe.

The French King diſmiſſes M. Neckar.

The populace arm at Paris; a ſkirmiſh enſues, and ſome ſoldiers killed.

The Count D'Artois, and ſeveral noblemen, &c. make their eſcape out of the kingdom.

The people take poſſeſſion of the Hoſpital of Invalids, with a quantity of cannon, &c.

They attack the Baſtile; the Marquis de Launay invites the people in; about forty enter, and are all maſſacred.

The people then take the Baſtile by ſtorm, behead De Launay, at the Place de Greve, and his aſſociates; and carry their heads through the ſtreets of Paris on poles.

The King enters Paris, and agrees to the demands of the people, diſmiſſes his miniſters, and recalls M. Neckar, who had returned to Switzerland.

Lettres de Cachet aboliſhed.

The Marquis de la Fayette appointed commander in chief.

M. de Foulon and M. Berthier hanged, and their heads carried through the ſtreets of Paris on poles.

The Revolution becomes general all over France.

The

The Baſtile razed to the foundation.

The States General of France aſſume the name of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

AUGUST.—A number of people blown up with gunpowder at Veſoul, in France.

M. Neckar returns to Paris, and is appointed miniſter of finance.

The King appoints new miniſters, favourable to the people.

Troubles in the French provinces, who join the Tiers Etat.

Duke of Dorſet, the Britiſh Ambaſſador, ſuſpected by the people of France, juſtifies himſelf to the ſatisfaction of the National Aſſembly, and afterwards returns to England.

The King of Great Britain, and the Royal family, make a tour to Weymouth, and other places on the coaſt.

The Swediſh and Ruſſian fleets have an indeciſive engagement.

The Swediſh Admiral put under arreſt for miſbehaviour.

Annual Convention of the Delegates for the Reform of the Scots Boroughs meet at Edinburgh, and come to ſeveral reſolutions.

The National Aſſembly of France declares the King the RESTORER of LIBERTY, makes a declaration of the RIGHTS of MAN, eſtabliſhes a new conſtitution, civil and criminal. Revolution in the principality of Liege; the Prince leaves the country.

SEPTEMBER.—The National Aſſembly makes progreſs in the new conſtitution.

Revolution in Corſica.

The French King gives his aſſent to the decrees of the National Aſſembly.

Sir Thomas Millar, Bart. Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland, dies.

The people of France preſent their plate, buckles, money, &c. to the National Aſſembly for the public uſe.

The King and Queen ſend their plate to the mint to be coined for the public ſervice.

The patriots erect the ſtandard of revolt in Brabant.

OCTOBER.—The King and Queen of France, and the Dauphin, go to an entertainment given to the regiment of Flanders, at Verſailles, by the Gardes de Corps; the officers, &c. trample the national cockade under their feet, in conſequence of which the militia, commanded by the Marquis de Fayette, the citizens, and poiſſardes (fiſhwomen) go, in great numbers, from Paris to Verſailles; an action takes place, the dragoons and Swiſs regiments refuſe to act, and lay down their arms; the Gardes de Corps are routed, and many of them killed and taken priſoners. The King, Queen, and Dauphin deliver themſelves up, and are brought, in grand proceſſion, to Paris (preceded by the heads of ſome of the Gardes de Corps that were killed, carried on poles) and lodged in the Thuilleries.

The National Aſſembly adjourn from Verſailles to Paris, and hold their meetings in the Thuilleries.

The French Weſt India Iſlands of Martinique, St. Lucie, Cape Francois, and St. Domingo, declare in favour of the National Aſſembly.

At Martinique, the troops join the people, the Governor is diſmiſſed, and a new one choſen, by the citizens.

The Royal family are kept cloſe priſoners at the palace of the Thuilleries.

The National Aſſembly declare all the church lands to be the property of the people.

Belgrade taken by the Auſtrians by capitulation.

The Prince of Saxe Cobourg, and General Suwarow, gain a complete victory over the Turks, in Wallachia.

The Duke of Orleans ſtopped at Bou-

Boulogne in his way to England, by the poiſſardes, or fiſhwomen, releaſed by order of the National Aſſembly, and arrives in England.

A great earthquake happens at Borgo San Sepulchro, in Italy, a great number of houſes deſtroyed, and 1000 people killed.

Prince Potemkin obtains a great victory over the Turks at Couſkan.

Great diſturbances in the French provinces.

The populace of Paris hang a baker without trial, and carry his head on a pole through the ſtreets.

The National Aſſembly declare MARTIAL LAW, which puts an end to the tumults.

The patriots take up arms in the Low Countries.

Ilay Campbell, of Succoth, Eſq; appointed Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland; Robert Dundas, Eſq; Lord Advocate, and Robert Blair, Eſq; Solicitor-General.

A deputation of the mulattoes and people of colour admitted into the National Aſſembly of France.

Corſica taken under the protection of the National Aſſembly, and allowed to ſend deputies to the Aſſembly.

General Meadows appointed Governor and Commander in Chief of Fort St. George, and Chief of Bombay.

The old works of the Forth and Clyde navigation completed, and a remarkable aqueduct bridge finiſhed over the river Kelvin.

NOVEMBER.—The Pruſſian troops march and take poſſeſſion of the principality of Liege.

The Brabantine patriots take Forts Lillo and De Lire, and take the Chancellor Crumpipin priſoner.

The Commiſſioners for paying off the national debt of Great Britain complete the thirteenth quarter, and ſtock, to the amount of near SIX MILLIONS in whole, is bought up for that purpoſe.

Several ſhocks of an earthquake felt at Crieff, in Scotland, and the neighbourhood.

A very long track of rainy weather all over Great Britain, Ireland, and the Continent.

The Brabantine patriots defeat General Schroeder, at Turnhout, with great ſlaughter.

The Revolution Society at London ſend a congratulatory addreſs to the National Aſſembly of France.

The Prince of Saxe Cobourg takes the port of Akerman, on the Black Sea, and 1500 priſoners.

The patriots in Brabant declare themſelves INDEPENDENT, and for ever releaſed from the Houſe of Auſtria.

The patriots defeat the Imperial army, and take Ghent with great ſlaughter.

The foundation-ſtone of the New College at Edinburgh laid with great pomp.

Oſtend declares for the Brabantine patriots, as does Bruges and ſeveral other places in the Netherlands.

The Auſtrians take Czernich in Wallachia, and Clanova in Servia from the Turks.

The Brabantine patriots take Ypres and ſeveral other places.

The importation of wheat into Great Britain allowed from America.

The negroes in Martinique rebel, but are quelled, and the leaders executed.

DECEMBER.—Cornet Sykes tried in the Court of King's Bench for ſeducing Mrs. Parſloe, and fined in TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

The celebrated Barrington tried and acquitted.

The Ducheſs of Albany, natural daughter of the Pretender, dies at Bologna; only Cardinal York now remains of the unfortunate family of STUART.

Bender ſurrenders to the Ruſſians.

The Brabantine patriots take Bruſſels,

ſels, with very little ſlaughter; Dalton and his army fly; the patriots are every where ſucceſsful, and almoſt the whole of the Low Countries declare for them.

Very high winds on the coaſts of England and Scotland, and much damage done to the ſhipping.

The weather very mild.

The ſubſcriptions to the New College at Edinburgh amount to near fourteen thouſand pounds. A Farmer ſends TWO STOTS to the Lord Provoſt, as his ſubſcription.

Mr. F. an Iriſh gentleman, killed in a duel near Edinburgh.

The National Aſſembly of France order the Crown lands and the property of the church to be ſold, to pay off the national debt.

The Brabantines refuſe to enter into any negociation with the Emperor.

The ſpirit of Liberty begins to break forth in Spain.

A quintuple alliance betwixt Great Britain, Pruſſia, Holland, Sweden, and Poland.

Intelligence received of an action betwixt the Polygars, near Madras, and Colonel Stewart's detachment, in which ſeveral are killed on both ſides.

The exportation of grain prohibited from Great Britain and Ireland, and the importation allowed into England on the low duties.

The celebrated Dr. Cullen reſigns his Profeſſorſhip of the Practice of Phyſic in the Univerſity of Edinburgh: Dr Gregory choſen his ſucceſſor, and Dr. Duncan appointed Profeſſor of the Theory of Phyſic, in room of Dr. Gregory.

THE TRIFLER,

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Thurſday January 14, 1790.

Be thou as chaſte as Ice, as pure as ſnow
Thou wilt not eſcape CALUMNY.
SHAKESPEAR.

CAlumny may be enumerated among the few tormenting evils, which are purely of man's creation—It is an ebullition of hatred and maliciouſneſs peculiar to refined life. It exiſts not but where vanity, hypocriſy and ſelf-intereſt enter ſtrongly into the character. It is, however, of ancient date, and has always been mentioned by ancient writers with the contempt it deſerves. The character of a calumniator has, in the beſt and worſt of times, been held in univerſal abhorrence. The word *Diabolos*, which is always rendered *Devil* in the New Teſtament, means literally a *traducer*, *falſe accuſer*, or calumniator. Thoſe therefore, who indulge this vice, may find perhaps that their origin is not human, and their connection not very honourable.

There enters into the compoſition of Calumny, theſe vices, envy, uncharitableneſs, and falſehood—the firſt is the prime cauſe, the ſecond the ground to work upon, the third the means whereby. It appears, therefore, to be one of the blackeſt of vices, being a compound of three, which ſeparately taken are the bane of ſociety, the deſtroyers of comfort, and of that confidence which ſhould ſubſiſt between man and man. Envy deſtroys the happineſs of the perſon poſſeſſed by it. It is a conſciouſneſs of want, without the power, or perhaps the inclination to ſupply that want. The object of it is innocent as to any demerit, and it is not unfrequent that an effort of envy has been met by an act of kindneſs. It is a cowardly paſſion, for it hates without ſpeaking its hatred, it fights without having challenged the party, and its blows, like thoſe of the aſſaſſin, are given in the dark. It is a paſſion indeed which courts darkneſs, and abhors the light. Its beſt efforts

to be diſguiſed are its cleareſt diſcovery—and the ſtruggle within frequently proves fatal, like the ſenſation of ſtrong grief which does not find vent in tears.

Uncharitableneſs is likewiſe a neceſſary ingredient in calumny; a habit of mind the moſt averſe to that benevolence and philanthropy which promotes the happineſs of others, and thereby our own. It is the happy faculty of miſrepreſenting every thing, of placing trifles in a ſtrong light, of viewing every little fault by optics which magnify, and while they magnify, diſcolour and blacken. It is peculiar to bad hearts and weak heads. I have ſeldom ſeen an uncharitable perſon poſſeſſed of ſtrong intellect—but the greateſt perverſion is certainly in the heart, which in this caſe may be ſaid to "be evil, and only evil, "and that continually!'

But the *means* of Calumny, after all, muſt be falſehood. Without departing from truth, innocence cannot be attacked, nor the good abuſed. The true Calumniator, therefore, diſdains that nice regard to truth which virtuous men entertain, and by means of a quick invention and prompt memory, throws an air of truth over an unfounded ſtory, which often prevents his hearers from diſcovering how flimſy the materials are. Yet why, in the exerciſe of Calumny, any man ſhould be eager in his attempts to injure the character of another, and rejoice at the ſucceſs of his miſrepreſentations, why one human creature ſhould without provocation do that to another which even the higheſt provocations cannot juſtify,—why man ſhould delight in a crime which God abhors, and which the ſmalleſt reflection, the ſlighteſt conſideration muſt condemn, are queſtions which the Enemy of Mankind only can anſwer.

The enormity of this crime appears deepeſt when we conſider that the wound inflicted by the tongue or pen of Clumny is in general incurable; if its firſt violence be abated, there ſtill remains enough to perplex and to pain. The tale of ſcandal is eaſily propagated, but nothing is ſo difficult as to ſuppreſs it. To prove one's innocence is not always ſufficient; for though guilt diſappears, ſuſpicion remains in many minds, and many a malicious ſtory has been circulated, where the contradiction never came, or came too late: the firſt impreſſions have been often too ſtrong to be wholly eradicated, and that confidence which is the baſis of good opinion has been deſtroyed.

Among the improvements introduced in refined times, may be reckoned an improvement on Calumny. It having been found that calumny is not always ſafe, that the law on the one hand guards certain characters, and private indignation, on the other, may be dangerous to encounter, thoſe intelligent ſhrugs, whiſpers, nods, oblique hints, and innuendos have been introduced, and found to anſwer all the purpoſes of Calumny full as well, and with much more ſafety, than plain language in word or writing. Every limb almoſt of the body has been enliſted into this valuable ſervice. The eye contributes its ſide glance, its contracted brow, its ſly look, and uplifted admiration—The noſe is made to turn up in the cauſe of contemptuous envy; the brow yields its ſignificant knittings—and a diſtortion of the chin and upper lip frequently render the tongue wholly unneceſſary—the ſhoulders ſhrug in uniſon with the uplifted eye—and the hands by expreſſing admiration contribute their aſſiſtance to the perfection of the ſtory; nor are the feet idly employed—a ſtamp on the ground, if well timed, and accompanied by a *hum!* or *ha!* has frequently decided on the character of an abſent party; and I have known more inſtances than one

one where knocking the knees together has been reckoned full proof of an assertion which no tongue would have dared to utter.

Such are the convenient implements now made use of to circulate the tale of scandal; they mark caution, indeed, but it is a caution closely connected with cowardice; for where it is necessary to speak of a character, such hints are unnecessary; but where a character is unnecessarily introduced only to be defamed, I know no cowardice and no cruelty equal to having recourse to a species of assertion which it is impossible to contradict, and to a mode of communication which cannot be obstructed.

The character of a Liar, says Dr Hawkesworth, is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association; the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women; the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriment or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave; even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.—The Liar, and only the liar, is invariably, and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned: he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend, and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood to be equally detested by the good and bad. "The Devils," says Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies; nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

On Physiognomy.—*By* Dr Beattie.

[From "Elements of Moral Science;" just published.]

PASSIONS being commotions of the body as well as of the mind, it is no wonder that they should display themselves in the looks and behaviour. If they did not, our intercourse with one another would be much more difficult and dangerous than it is; because we could not so readily discover the characters of men, or what is passing in their minds. But the outward expression of the passions is a sort of universal language; not very extensive indeed, but sufficiently so to give us information of many things which it concerns us to know, and which otherwise we could not have known. When a man is even at pains to conceal his emotions, his eyes, features, complexion, and voice will discover them to a discerning observer; and when he is at no pains to hide or disguise what he feels, the outward indications will be so significant, that hardly any person can mistake their meaning: his anger, for example, though he should not utter a word, will contract his brows, flash in his eyes, make his lips quiver, and give irregular motions to his limbs. Sallust says of Catiline, that his eyes had a disagreeable glare, that his complexion was pale, his walk sometimes quick and sometimes slow, and

that his general appearance betokened a diſcompoſure of mind approaching to inſanity.

It muſt be remarked here, that all are not equally quickſighted in diſcerning the inward emotion by means of the outward ſign. Some have great acuteneſs in this reſpect, ſome very little: which may in part be owing to habits of attention or inattention. If there be men, as I believe there are, who ſtudy almoſt every countenance that comes in their way, whether of man or of beaſt, and if there be others who ſeldom mind things of that nature, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the former will have more of this acuteneſs than the latter. The talent I ſpeak of is ſometimes called Skill in Phyſiognomy, or, Phyſiognomony; which laſt form of the word is more ſuitable to its Greek original. Ariſtotle, and other ancient philoſophers, wrote of it; and there were, in ancient times, perſons whoſe profeſſion it was to judge of the character from the outward appearance. One of theſe, having ſeen Socrates, without knowing who he was, pronounced him to be a very bad man, and enſlaved to ſome of the worſt paſſions in human nature. This was reported to Socrates, as a proof of the preſumption and folly of the phyſiognomiſt. But Socrates told them, that the man had diſcovered uncommon penetration; for that he was by nature ſubject to all thoſe paſſions, though with the aid of reaſon and philoſophy he had now got the better of them.

I remark, ſecondly, That as all human minds are not equally ſuſceptible of warm emotion, ſo all human bodies are not equally liable to receive impreſſions from the mind. There is an awkwardneſs in the geſtures of ſome people, and a want of meaning in their faces, which make the outward appearance pretty much the ſame at all times, unleſs they be under great agitation. This may be in part conſtitutional, and partly the effect of habit. That uniformity of feature which the Stoics affected, and in which they ſuppoſed the dignity of man in a great meaſure to conſiſt, was no doubt in many of them aſſumed and artificial. But when we ſee the looks of one child continually varying as his thoughts vary, and thoſe of another rarely undergoing any ſenſible change, we muſt impute this diverſity to conſtitution, as we cannot ſuppoſe there is art or affectation in the caſe. In the countenance of Garrick there was more variety of expreſſion than I ever ſaw in any other. This, after he became a player, he ſtudied and practiſed with extraordinary application; but the ſame thing was obſervable in him from his earlieſt years, as I have been aſſured by thoſe who knew him when a boy.

I remark, thirdly, That all ſtates of ſociety do not allow equal ſcope to the outward and viſible diſplay of the paſſions. People, in civilized life, from the awe in which they ſtand of the faſhion and of one another, are at pains to curb, or at leaſt to hide, their more violent emotions: whereas, among ſavages, and perſons little acquainted with decorum, there is hardly any reſtraint of this ſort. Hence the intercourſe of the latter is always more boiſterous than that of the former, whether the converſation lead to joy or ſorrow, merriment or anger; and their countenances are more deeply impreſſed with the traces of their predominant paſſions. Artiſts, too, as I have elſewhere remarked, who employ themſelves in the nicer parts of mechanics, have generally a fixedneſs of feature ſuited to the earneſt attention which they are obliged to beſtow on their work; while thoſe, who can ply their trade and amuſe themſelves at the ſame time with diſcourſe, have,

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for the moſt part, ſmoother faces, and features leſs ſignificant.

Though there are many who, from inattention or other cauſes, are not acute in diſcerning human characters, yet almoſt every man is to a certain degree a phyſiognomiſt. Every one can diſtinguiſh an angry from a placid, a chearful from a melancholy, a thoughtful from a thoughtleſs, and a dull from a penetrating countenance. Children are capable of this; and ſoon learn to fear the frowns, and take encouragement from the ſmiles of the nurſe; to participate in her joys or ſorrows, when they ſee the outward ſigns of thoſe emotions; and to ſtand more in awe of an acute than of a liſtleſs obſerver. The faces of the more ſagacious brutes are not without expreſſion. A curſt cur and a well-natured dog, a high-mettled and a ſpiritleſs horſe, are known by their countenance and carriage; and one might perceive intuitively, that wolves, foxes, polecats, and bull-dogs, are dangerous animals, and that from aſſes, ſheep, calves, lambs, and kids, one has nothing to fear. He who acknowledges theſe facts, and has obſerved what varieties of expreſſion may be diſplayed in pictures and ſtatues, will admit, that phyſiognomy is a ſort of ſcience, and not deſtitute of truth; and that, by a careful obſerver, conſiderable progreſs may be made in it.

But obſerve, that it is not from the countenance alone that phyſiognomiſts form their opinions. They muſt hear a man ſpeak, and ſee him move and act, and ſmile; they muſt be acquainted with his general carriage, before they can decide upon his character. Painters have obſerved, that the poſition of the head is particularly expreſſive. Humility and ſorrow appear in its hanging down; arrogance, in lifting it up, and toſſing it back; ſome of the gentler affections, in its inclining to one ſide; and ſteadineſs, in its riſing erect between the ſhoulders. Love, hatred, joy, grief, intreaty, threatening, mildneſs, as well as admiration, anger and ſcorn, have viſible effects on the attitudes of the head. The hands, too, which it is difficult to move gracefully, and which thoſe who have not been accuſtomed to elegant ſociety ought to move but ſeldom, and with caution,—the hands, I ſay, by their motions and geſtures, expreſs various ſtates of the mind, as admiration, hope, conſent, refuſal, fear, intreaty, and many others. But to deſcribe thoſe motions with accuracy is hardly poſſible; and, in a matter of this kind, inaccurate rules are worſe than no rules at all, as they lead to affectation, and conſequently to ungracefulneſs.

Some people ſhew their character more ſlowly than others. With one you think yourſelf acquainted at firſt ſight; of another, after long trial, you can make nothing, and, if he is very cautious, he may elude your acuteſt obſervation for years. Hence let the phyſiognomiſt learn to be rather ſlow than haſty in forming a judgment. Let him be on his guard, though appearances are favourable; and let charity incline him to moderation, even when he may think he has certainly detected a dangerous or diſagreeable aſſociate. We are often diſſatisfied with a man at his firſt appearance, whom we afterwards find worthy of high eſteem. In ſhort, Phyſiognomy is, in moſt caſes, a conjectural ſcience, and muſt not be implicitly truſted; for objections may be found to almoſt every one of its principles. Marſhal Turenne, the greateſt commander, and one of the beſt men of his time, had ſo unpromiſing a look, that when meanly dreſſed, as he often was, ſtrangers were apt to miſtake him for a ſimpleton. The ſame thing is recorded of another illuſtrious commander, Philopemen; and our Charles II. though

a man of great pleaſantry and good nature, had a ſtern and forbidding countenance.

Though I have long been ſtudious of Phyſiognomy, and ſometimes flattered myſelf that I had ſkill in it, I dare not venture to treat of it in any other way, than by offering a few ſlight obſervations; well knowing, that on ſuch a ſubject people are apt to run into wild theories, more likely to miſlead than to inform. The opinions of Ariſtotle and other old writers have been collected by Joannes Baptiſta Porta; whoſe book, though formerly in ſome eſteem, will give little ſatisfaction to the unbiaſſed and inquiſitive obſerver. He, and ſome others, have amuſed themſelves with fancying likeneſſes between the faces of men and of brutes, and aſſigning that character to the man which predominates in the beaſt he reſembles. They have alſo, from the proportions of particular parts of a human body, drawn concluſions with reſpect to the virtues or vices of the ſoul with which it is animated. And ſome would eſtimate the powers of a man's underſtanding by the ſhape of his ſkull, and the outline of his brow and noſe. I have neither time nor inclination to enter into theſe inquiries; though I will not take it upon me to ſay, that they are wholly without foundation.

Of all the phyſiognomiſts I know, ancient or modern, the moſt eminent is John Gaſper Lavater, a clergyman of Zurich in Switzerland. He has publiſhed two or three magnificent volumes, and adorned them with many curious drawings. The work has noble ſtrains of eloquence, and proves the author to be a man of great piety and goodneſs of heart; and many of his remarks, on the human and other figures which he preſents to his reader, are ſuch as, I think, no perſon of obſervation can refuſe to acquieſce in. But he is frequently whimſical, and in affirmation too poſitive. His ſtile, though beautiful in particular paſſages, is upon the whole diffuſe, incoherent, and declamatory, to ſuch a degree, that I believe it would be a difficult matter to digeſt his notions into a ſyſtem. Some perſons in his neighbourhood having been poiſoned with the wine in the euchariſt, Lavater, ſuppoſing it had been done intentionally, preached a ſermon with extraordinary vehemence; in which was this remarkable ſaying, which I mention, to ſhow his confidence in his art: 'I would not adviſe the perpe-'trator of this horrid deed to come 'in my way, for I ſhall certainly 'know him by his look, if ever I ſet 'my eyes upon him.' Lavater is a man of genius and penetration, and a good deal of entertainment may be found in his book. But I am afraid it will not teach ſagacity to thoſe on whom nature has not beſtowed that talent; nor form to habits of minute attention thoſe who are habitually inattentive. And if it ſhould encourage the unſkilful to form raſh judgments, there is reaſon to apprehend that it may do more harm than good. I ſhall not attempt to give a more particular account of it, for that would lead me too far from my preſent purpoſe.

Every body knows, that virtuous and innocent affections give an agreeable expreſſion to the countenance, and criminal paſſions the contrary. Anger, diſcontent, deſpair, diſfigure the features, diſtort the limbs, and give diſſonance to the voice; while good humour, contentment, hope, joy, benevolence, have a pleaſing effect in ſetting off the body to advantage. Emotions that are innocent, and at the ſame time in ſome degree painful, as pity and rational ſorrow, diſcompoſe the features; but ſuch diſcompoſure, far from being unſeemly, may be even captivating: beauty in tears has been found irreſiſtible. When a paſſion becomes habitual, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that thoſe muſcles, of the

the brows, eyes, noſtrils, cheeks and mouth, over which it has influence, will, by acting continually in the ſame way, produce traces in the countenance, and fix upon it a viſible character. This appears even in early life. A peeviſh or good-humoured, a chearful or melancholy boy, ſoon contracts what we call a peeviſh or good-humoured, a chearful or melancholy look. And if theſe diſpoſitions continue to predominate in him, the lines produced by them in the ſeveral parts of the face will in time become as permanent as thoſe which are ſeen in the palm of the hand. What it may be which connects certain emotions of the ſoul with certain configurations of the muſcles of the face and certain attitudes of the head and limbs, I cannot determine; Des Cartes and others have inquired into this matter, but without ſucceſs; and, till the union of the ſoul and body be underſtood, this will probably remain a myſtery impenetrable to man.

In order to form ſome idea of the expreſſion of the countenance, we are deſired to ſuppoſe four parallel lines to be drawn acroſs it; one in the direction of the eyebrows, another in that of the eyes, a third in that of the lower part of the noſe, and a fourth in that of the mouth. It is not meant, that theſe muſt be right lines, or parallel in the geometrical ſenſe of the word; they are only ſuppoſed to have the ſame direction nearly, and to extend from the one ſide of the face to the other. While they remain parallel, and with little or no incurvation upwards or downwards, the countenance will indicate tranquility, that is, a compoſed ſtate of mind without emotion. If they ſeem depreſſed in the middle of the face, and elevated towards the ſides of it, the expreſſion will incline to chearfulneſs; if raiſed in the middle and depreſſed towards the ſides, the effect will be contrary, and convey an idea of melancholy, or at leaſt of ſedateneſs. I do not ſay, that this holds invariably; I mean, that it is ſo for the moſt part: and every thing muſt be underſtood to be thus limited that relates to the preſent ſubject.

The raiſing of the line of the mouth at the two extremities is ſo well known to expreſs chearfulneſs, that unſkilful painters, in order to give that meaning to their portraits, turn up the corners of the mouth, even when the reſt of the countenance betokens compoſure, as the features of thoſe who ſit for their picture commonly do. But this contrivance pro duces a ſmirk or affected grin, rather than a ſmile, becauſe the reſt of the face is not conformable to it. When the lines above mentioned, eſpecially that of the eye-brows (the moſt expreſſive of them all) are twiſted, or irregularly bent, it generally intimates diſcompoſure of mind, and, when much twiſted, violent diſcompoſure. There is expreſſion too, as every body knows, in the colour of certain features. A bright and ſparkling eye, and increaſed ruddineſs in the cheeks and lips, accompany keen emotions, as languid eyes and pale lips and cheeks betoken the contrary.

Admiration, as formerly obſerved, elevates the eye-brows, opens the mouth and eyes, fixes the attention upon the admired object, raiſes the hands, and ſpreads the fingers: aſtoniſhment opens the mouth and eyes ſtill wider, and gives a greater and more irregular elevation to the brows. If to aſtoniſhment fear be added, both rows of the teeth will appear, and thoſe ends of the eye-brows which are next the noſe will be much wrinkled, and drawn downward ſo as to hide the upper eye-lid. Eſteem compoſes the countenance, elevates the pupils of the eyes, draws the eyebrows down towards the noſe, contracts the noſtrils, opens the mouth a little, and gently depreſſes the corners

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of it. Veneration ſometimes aſſumes the ſame appearances a little heightened, elevating the pupil of the eye till it almoſt diſappear under the eye-lid; and ſometimes ſhuts the mouth and eyes, inclining the face towards the ground, and ſpreading the hand upon the breaſt.

Contempt elevates and draws back the head, wrinkles and pulls down the brows, diſtends and raiſes the noſtrils, ſhuts the mouth and depreſſes the corners of it, makes the under lip more prominent than the upper, turns away the face from the deſpiſed object, and directs the eyes towards it obliquely. Grief raiſes the brows towards the middle of the forehead, depreſſing them at the temples, gives a ſimilar direction to the line of the mouth, half ſhuts the eyes, hiding the pupils under the upper eye-lids, and frequently draws forth tears. Joy ſmooths the forehead, opens and illuminates the eyes, raiſes the brows and the corners of the mouth, gently diſtends the noſtrils, and heightens the complexion. Laughter raiſes the corners of the mouth ſtill higher, giving the ſame direction to the line of the brows, diſcovers both rows of the teeth, moiſtens and almoſt ſhuts the eyes, diffuſes wrinkles over ſeveral parts of the cheeks and forehead, and affects the voice in a very ſenſible and peculiar manner.

I need not enter further into the detail of this ſubject; what has been ſaid may ſerve as a ſpecimen, and that is perhaps ſufficient. Deſcriptions of phyſiognomy it is not eaſy to make intelligible without drawings; and if one had a good aſſortment of theſe, little deſcription would be neceſſary. Le Brun's Paſſions are in every print-ſhop, and muſt be allowed to have conſiderable merit; though the features expreſſive of the more violent emotions are perhaps exaggerated into what the Italians call *caricatura*: Chodowieck has made ſome valuable additions to Le Brun, which may be found in Lavater.—I conclude with obſerving, that ſeveral energies of the *underſtanding*, as belief, doubt, perplexity, denial, &c. do alſo diſplay themſelves viſibly in the look and geſture; as may be ſeen in that admirable Cartoon of Raffaelle, which repreſents Paul preaching at Athens.

An Inquiry into the Inutility of a Knowledge of the Latin and Greek Languages, as a Branch of Liberal Education, with Hints of a Plan of Liberal Inſtruction, without them.

IT requires the recollection of eſcapes from a lion and a bear, to encounter the ſtrong and univerſal prejudice, in favour of the Latin and Greek languages, as a neceſſary branch of liberal education. If, in combating this formidable enemy of human reaſon, I ſhould be leſs ſucceſsful than the Hebrew ſtripling was in contending with the giant of the Philiſtines, I hope it will be aſcribed wholly to the want of ſkill to direct arguments, which, in other hands, would lay this tyrant in the duſt.

I ſhall attempt to diſcuſs this queſtion, by firſt delivering a few general propoſitions. I ſhall afterwards apply theſe propoſitions, and anſwer ſuch arguments as are uſually urged in favour of the Latin and Greek languages as neceſſary parts of an academic education.

1. The great deſign of a liberal education is, to prepare youth for uſefulneſs here, and for happineſs hereafter.

2. The proper time for acquiring the neceſſary branches of knowledge for theſe important purpoſes, is in the firſt eighteen years of life.

3. From three to four years are uſually ſpent in acquiring a competent know-

knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages.

4. The knowledge of things always precedes the knowledge of words. Children diſcover the truth of this obſervation every day. They know all the objects around them, long before they are able to call them by their proper names, or even to articulate ſounds of any kind. It is ſuppoſed that children acquire more ideas of things in the firſt three years of their lives, than they acquire in any thirty years afterwards.

5. The acquiſition of words leſſens the ability of the mind to acquire ideas. That underſtanding muſt have uncommon ſtrength, which does not contract the rickets, or ſome other obliquity, by being employed three or four years in learning the Latin or Greek languages.

6. The difficulty of acquiring thoſe dead languages, and the little pleaſure which accompanies the knowledge of them in early life, occaſion the principal obſtacles to teaching, in maſters, and learning, in ſcholars.

The famous Buſby is ſaid to have died of 'bad Latin;' that is, the ungrammatical verſions of his ſcholars broke his heart. How few boys reliſh Latin and Greek leſſons! The pleaſure they ſometimes diſcover in learning them, is derived either from the tales they read, or from a competition, which awakens a love of honour, and which might be diſplayed upon a hundred more uſeful ſubjects; or it may ariſe from a deſire of gaining the good will of their maſters or parents. Where theſe incentives are wanting, how bitter does the ſtudy of the languages render that innocent period of life, which ſeems excluſively intended for happineſs! 'I wiſh I had never been born,' ſaid a boy of eleven years old, to his mother: 'why, my ſon?' ſaid his mother. 'Becauſe I am born to a world of trouble.' 'What trouble,' ſaid his mother ſmiling, 'have you known my ſon?'—'Trouble enough, mamma—two Latin leſſons to get every day.' This boy was not deficient in genius nor in application to books. He often amuſed himſelf in reading natural and ancient hiſtory, was inquiſitive after knowledge of every kind, and was never heard to aſk a fooliſh or impertinent queſtion.

7. Many ſprightly boys of excellent capacities for uſeful knowledge, have been ſo diſguſted with the dead languages, as to retreat from the drudgery of ſchools, to low company, whereby they have become bad members of ſociety, and entailed miſery upon all who have been connected with them.

8. The Latin and Greek languages are the firſt teſts of genius in ſchools. Where boys diſcover a want of capacity for them, they are generally taken from ſchool, or remain there the butts of their companions. Dr Swift early diſcovered a want of taſte for the dead languages. It would be unjuſt to mention this fact, without aſcribing it to the voice of reaſon and nature ſpeaking in this great man. He had no reliſh for the huſks of literature. Truth and knowledge were alone commenſurate to the dignity and extent of his mind.

9. The ſtudy of ſome of the Latin and Greek claſſics is unfavourable to morals and religion. Indelicate amours, and ſhocking vices both of gods and men, fill many parts of them. Hence an early and dangerous acquaintance with vice; and hence, from an aſſociation of ideas, a diminiſhed reſpect for the perfections of the true God. Thoſe claſſics which are free from this cenſure, contain little elſe but the hiſtories of murders, perpetrated by kings, and related in ſuch a manner, as to excite pleaſure and admiration.

Hence the univerſal preference of the military character to all others—

hence the early paſſion for a cockade in ſchool-boys; and hence the frequent adoption of the principles and vices of armies, by young men who are deſtined for other profeſſions.

10. The ſtudy of the Latin and Greek languages is improper in the preſent ſtate of ſociety and government in the united ſtates*. While Greek and Latin are the only avenues to ſcience, education will always be confined to a few people. It is only by rendering knowledge univerſal, that a republican form of government can be preſerved in our country.

I ſhall hereafter mention other reaſons why the ſtudy of theſe languages is improper in a peculiar manner in the united ſtates.

11. The cultivation of the Latin and Greek languages is a great obſtacle to the cultivation and perfection of the Engliſh language.

12. It is likewiſe one of the greateſt obſtructions that has ever been thrown in the way of propagating uſeful knowledge.

On each of theſe two laſt propoſitions, I ſhall treat more fully in another place.

I proceed now to conſider the principal arguments that have been urged in favour of the Latin and Greek languages, as neceſſary parts of a liberal education.

1. A knowledge of the Latin or Greek grammar, it has been ſaid, is neceſſary for our becoming acquainted with Engliſh grammar. There was a time when the authority of a great name impoſed this opinion upon me, and even led me publicly to adopt it, but I am now ſatisfied that it is wholly deſtitute of truth. I have known many batchelors and maſters of arts, who were incorrect Engliſh ſcholars, and many perſons of both ſexes, ignorant of the dead languages, who both wrote and ſpoke Engliſh, agreeably to the ſtricteſt rules of modern grammar. Indeed I cannot help aſcribing the late improvements in the Engliſh language chiefly to the neglect of the Latin and Greek languages.

The Greek is ſuppoſed to be the moſt perfect language both in its conſtruction and harmony, that has ever been ſpoken by mortal. Now this language was not learned through the medium of any other. Hence it was acquired and ſpoken with equal propriety by all ranks of people, and not leſs by an apple-woman, than by the celebrated orators of Greece. In that highly-favoured nurſery of human genius, the avenues to knowledge were not obſtructed by two or three dead, or even foreign languages; nor was the precious ſeaſon of youth, when memory is moſt faithful, and curioſity moſt active, miſ-ſpent in learning words. Hence the fame of ancient Greece in arts and ſciences, and hence the ſublimity of the orations of Demoſthenes, and of the poems of Homer. There was nothing in the compoſition of the blood, or in the ſtructure of the nerves of the ancient Greeks, which gave them a pre-eminence over the reſt of mankind. It aroſe entirely from their being too wiſe to waſte the important years of education in learning to call ſubſtances by two or three different names, inſtead of ſtudying their qualities and uſes. The conſtruction of the Engliſh differs materially from that of the Latin and Greek languages; and the attempt to accommodate it to the Greek and Roman grammars has checked its improvement in many inſtances. I hope to prove hereafter, that a knowledge of grammar, like a knowledge of pronunciation, ſhould be learned only by the EAR in early life. The practice of teaching boys Engliſh grammar, through the medium of a dead language, is as abſurd as it would be for a parent to force his child to chew pebbles or mahogany, in order to prepare its gums or teeth to maſticate bread and meat. [To be continued.]

* This is written in America.

The

To the PRESIDENT *of the United States.*

The addreſs of the Religious Society called Quakers, from their yearly meeting for Pennſylvania, New-Jerſey, Delaware and the weſtern parts of Maryland and Virginia.

BEING met in this our annual Aſſembly, for the well ordering the affairs of our religious ſociety, and the promotion of univerſal righteouſneſs, our minds have been drawn to conſider, that the Almighty who ruleth in Heaven, and in the kingdoms of men, having permitted a great revolution to take place in the government of this country; —we are fervently concerned that the Rulers of the people may be favoured with the counſel of God—the only ſure means of enabling them to fulfil the important truſt committed to their charge; and in an eſpecial manner, that divine wiſdom and grace, vouchſafed from above, may qualify thee to fill up the duties of the exalted ſtation to which thou art appointed.

We are ſenſible thou haſt obtained great place in the eſteem and affections of the people of all denominations, over whom thou preſideſt; and many eminent talents being committed to thy truſt, we much deſire they may be fully devoted to the Lord's honor and ſervice —that thus thou mayeſt be an happy inſtrument in his hand, for the ſuppreſſion of vice, infidelity and irreligion, and every ſpecies of oppreſſion on the perſons or conſciences of men, ſo that righteouſneſs and peace which truly exalt a nation, may prevail throughout the land, as the only ſolid foundation that can be laid for the proſperity and happineſs of this or any country.

The free toleration which the citizens of theſe ſtates enjoy in the public worſhip of the Almighty, agreeable to the dictates of their conſciences, we eſteem among the choiceſt of bleſſings; and as we deſire to be filled with fervent charity to thoſe who differ from us in matters of faith and practice, believing that the general aſſembly of Saints is compoſed of the ſincere and upright hearted of all nation, kingdoms and people; ſo, we truſt, we may juſtly claim it from others: and in a full perſuaſion that the divine principle we profeſs, leads unto harmony and concord, we can take no part in carrying on war on any occaſion, or under any power, but are bound in conſcience to lead quiet and peaceable lives, in godlineſs and honeſty, amongſt men, contributing freely our proportion to the indigencies of the poor, and to the neceſſary ſupport of civil government, acknowledging thoſe that rule well to be worthy of double honor; and if any profeſſing with us, are or have been of a contrary diſpoſition and conduct, we own them not therein, having never been chargeable, from our firſt eſtabliſhment as a religious ſociety, with fomenting or countenancing tumults, or conſpiracies, or diſreſpect to thoſe who are placed in authority over us.

We wiſh not improperly to intrude on thy time or patience, nor is it our practice to offer adulation to any; but as we are a people whoſe principles and conduct have been miſrepreſented and traduced—we take the liberty to aſſure thee, that we feel our hearts affectionately drawn towards thee and thoſe in authority over us, with prayers that thy preſidency may, under the bleſſing of Heaven, be happy to thyſelf and to the people; that through the increaſe of morality and true religion, divine Providence may condeſcend to look down upon our land with a propitious eye, and bleſs the inhabitants with the continuance of peace, the dew of Heaven, and the fatneſs of the earth, and enable us gratefully to acknowlege his manifold mercies; and it is our earneſt concern, that he may be pleaſed to grant thee every neceſſary qualification to fill thy weighty and important ſtation to his glory; and that finally, when all terreſtial honors ſhall fail and paſs away, thou and thy reſpectable conſort may be

be found worthy to receive a crown of unfading righteouſneſs in the manſions of peace and joy for ever.

Signed in and on behalf of the ſaid meeting, held in Philadelphia by adjournments from the 28th of the 9th month, to the 3d day of the 10th month incluſive, 1789.

RICHARD WALN, Clk.

The Anſwer of the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES, to the Addreſs of the religious Society called Quakes, from their Yearly Meeting for Pennſylvania, New-Jerſey, Delaware, and the Weſtern parts of Maryland, and Virginia.

Gentlemen,

I Receive with pleaſure your affectionate addreſs, and thank you for the friendly ſentiments and good wiſhes which you expreſs for the ſucceſs of my adminiſtration and for my perſonal happineſs.

We have reaſon to rejoice in the proſpect, that the national government which by the favour of divine providence was formed by the common councils, and peaceably eſtabliſhed with the common conſent of the people, will prove a bleſſing to every denomination of them; to render it ſuch, my beſt endeavours ſhall not be wanting. Government being among other purpoſes inſtituted to protect the perſons and conſciences of men from oppreſſion, it certainly is the duty of rulers not only to abſtain from it themſelves, but according to their ſtations to prevent it in others.

The liberty enjoyed by the people of theſe States, of worſhipping Almighty God agreeably to their conſciences, is not only among the choiceſt of their bleſſings, but alſo of their rights—while men perform their ſocial duties faithfully, they do all that ſociety or the State can with propriety expect or demand, and remain reſponſible only to their Maker for the religion or mode of faith which they may prefer or profeſs. Your principles and conduct are well known, and it is doing the people called Quakers no more than juſtice to ſay, that (except their declining to ſhare with others the burthen of the common defence) there is no denomination among us who are more examplary and uſeful citizens. I aſſure you very explicitly, that in my opinion the conſcientious ſcruples of all men ſhould be treated with great delicacy and tenderneſs, and it is my wiſh and deſire that the laws may always be as extenſively accommodated to them, as a due regard to the protection and eſſential intereſts of the nation may juſtify and permit. Signed,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Reflections on the past Year.

[From a periodical paper, publiſhed at London, entitled The Citizen.]

IT has always been my cuſtom to addreſs to my readers, on the commencement of a new year, ſome reflections ſuitable to the occaſion. The following I owe to the communication of a Correſpondent, and am happy to think my readers will loſe nothing by having them, inſtead of any thing from my own pen.

To the AUTHOR *of the* CITIZEN.

SIR,

AT twelve o'clock, Thurſday night, the Year One Thouſand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Nine, took a final leave of this world, never—never to return.

From this article of ſerious intelligence, I cannot refrain from taking notice of the ſhameful neglect of duty in us, to an old and valuable friend, when drawing near his diſſolu-

ſolution; and to remind my readers, that the vice of ingratitude is of ſo black a dye, that wiſe men, in all ages, have placed it in the firſt claſs of human depravities—and what a reproach is it with us, to leave our worthy acquaintance in his expiring moments, refuſing him that comfort we ſhew in common to others, and inſtead of going to the houſe of mourning, ruſh into the houſe of laughter, without lamenting our laſt, and making ſuitable reflections on the departure of the old year?—He ſings Chriſtmas in mirth and jollity, and revelling in all manner of pleaſure, and unmindful of the manifold obligations we are under to him, during the laſt twelve months.

But when conſcience makes an appeal to our hearts, and awakens us to a ſenſe of this neglect, what excuſe can we poſſibly make for our ingratitude, in forgetting the benefits we received from the year 1789, through every ſtage of his exiſtence while among us, when by whom, it may be truly and evidently ſaid—we live, move, and had our being?

To the old year, we were indebted for the light of the ſun, by whoſe powerful and prolific beams, all nature is nurſed, cheriſhed, and ſuſtained;—for the friendly aſſiſtance of the moon, in guiding the benighted traveller ſafely and ſecurely—for the regular ſucceſſion of day and night—for the revolution of the earth, that occaſions ſpring, ſummer, autumn, and winter—for ſeed time and harveſt, and that ample and bountiful proviſion which the four ſeaſons produced in the animal and vegetable world, by which the life of man is nouriſhed and ſupported—and for the breath he draws.

If our ingratitude ſhould be recorded, what will poſterity think of us, when the character of 1789 is transmitted to them, and his benevolence particularly towards us is diſplayed? As, while famine ſtared other nations in the face, and the fear of ſcarcity hurried the populace onward, to the commiſſion of the moſt wanton and cruel acts of barbarity—peace was in our dwellings—our barns were filled with corn, and our granaries ſtored with the ſtaff and ſupport of life.

How ſoon have we forgot that ſignal inſtance of Divine interpoſition during the adminiſtration of 1789—the reſtoration of our moſt valuable Sovereign to his faculties and functions of regal duty; and what an example of pious gratitude had we, in the perſonal attendance of this Prince in the ſacred temple of the Moſt High, where, in the midſt of thouſands of his ſubjects, he proſtrated himſelf before the Throne of Grace, and offered up praiſes and prayers, to the Almighty King of Kings, for the reeſtabliſhment of his health?

It is true, that our hearts were warmed with the moſt lively gratitude at the commemoration of this national bleſſing; but whence is it, that we neglect acknowledging other benefits we received from the old year, when there are a thouſand inſtances to be produced, in addition to that "The King liveth and reigneth," as the preſervation of our health, the permiſſion of other comforts and conveniencies in ſocial and domeſtic life, and which demand our thanks for private as well as public bleſſings?

But, Sir, if gratitude is not able to perſuade us to honour the years as they come and go, I truſt that fear will make us wiſer, when we ſeriouſly think on the conſequences of our behaviour to the year 1789, and are told that his account is cloſed, and given up to time, whoſe vicegerent he was, and appointed to watch our actions and conduct—and further, how ſtill more alarming, when the ſubordinate miniſters of time—hours, days, and months, inſtead of ſaying that

we improved in virtue and morality, that we diſhonoured their maſter, and that they ſaw all manner of wickedneſs done among us—lewdneſs and debauchery inſulting modeſty and chaſtity—impiety and infidelity laughing and mocking of religion—intemperate and inordinate deſires, committing the moſt ſhameful acts againſt decency and decorum—and the adulterer, like a thief in the night, ſtealing to the bed of an affectionate and unſuſpecting huſband, and after contaminating it with impurity, boldly and impudently boaſting of his diabolical nefarious conqueſt, although the Great God of Juſtice pronounces a curſe on thoſe who defile the purity of the marriage-bed, and ſeparate man and wife.

The teſtimony of the laſt year, and the concurring evidence of every other agent of time, bearing witneſs that the vices are characteriſtical of the laſt twelve months, let us endeavour to reform, and begin with ſhewing more reſpect and regard to the year 1790, than we did to his predeceſſor, as he is appointed for the ſame purpoſe of watching our conduct; and let us remember, that although time is the good man's friend, and enables him to perfect every good work here, he ſtands centinel over the bad man, and whether we ſhun the road to vice, or walk in the path of virtue, he is only a ſervant, and muſt do his office, and will perform it moſt faithfully, and deliver up his accounts to that Dreadful and Sovereign Maſter of all limited beings—Eternity; and this thought being one of the moſt uſeful that can ſtrike the heart of man, let me recommend to the conſideration of every one, a never ending ſtate of exiſtence hereafter, as the moſt important concern to engage our attention, becauſe it teaches us what we have to do, by holding forth in perſpective, the view of everlaſting happineſs and everlaſting condemnation.

Eternity preaches ſo effectually to our ſenſes, there remains nothing for me to ſay, but for the ſake of conſiſtency, to enforce the practice of piety, virtue, and morality—let me, therefore, intreat every one that reads me, not to let a year paſs, without a due regard to that pleaſing as well as dreadful thought, nor the leaſt portion of time ſlip away, without being influenced by hope and fear, of what will be the inevitable conſequences, when that ſcene opens, which will laſte for ever and ever; and from which time, as the year with us, muſt take everlaſting farewel, never—never to return.

CLIO.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The Mouſe and the Hedgehog.

SOUND politicians ſeldom do
Uſe arms, but politics purſue,
A prudent counſel conquers more,
Than fleets and armies drench'd in gore.
If ſmall with great things will compare,
All nature has of fate a ſhare.
A mouſe who long poſſeſs'd a cell,
In peace and plenty wont to dwell,
By ſundry vermin ſore envied,
At length became much terrify'd;
A hedge hog, whom the mouſe well know,
Was beg'd theſe vermin to ſubdue.
The hedge hog readily agreed,
He ſhou'd be from their inſults freed.
Was happy he had means at hand,
Shou'd always be at his command.
'Tis nicer work to chooſe a friend,
Than to defy an open fiend.
He now, conducted to the cell,
Took care to point his prickles well;
By art or arms all creatures are
Endow'd with faculties of war:

The

The mouſe cou'd not ſuſtain the pain,
So beg'd he wou'd retire again.

The vermin now are gone adrift,
And you may for your quarters ſhift:
The hedge hog anſwer'd void of care,
This lodging fits me to a hair.
Provide yourſelf; out of my ſight,
Poſſeſſion is the proper right.
Let not your intereſts blend with thoſe,
Who their conditions can impoſe,
From leſſer neighbours aſk relief,
Not from a haughty pow'rful chief.

January 8th, 1790. REGULUS.

ON WINTER,

IN THE SCOTCH DIALECT.

Written in Moray, *and Characteriſtic of the Rural Sociality peculiar to that Shire.*

FRESH Spring, bonny Summer, an' Harſt they are o'er,
An' cauld blaws the northerly blaſt;
The ſaft dew o' gloomin', the nutritive ſhow'r,
Wi' Zephyr's mild reign, are now paſt.
Trees, bar'd o' their cov'ring,
Stand naked and quiv'ring,
While ſtrata o' leaves lye below;
The woods, too, amang,
The mellifluent ſang
The ſylvan ſweet lilters forego.

The Swain, he now ceaſes to pipe in the dale,
An' boſoms his fingers inſtead;
Blythe Nancy forgets how to chaunt o'er the pail,
As milking her kye in the mead.
The Lark, ilka morn,
But riſes to mourn;
Nor chears the grey dawn wi' her ſang;
At play, 'mid the ſnaw,
Wee-anes ſnifter and blaw,
While youden-drift ſmurrachs alang.

The hennies an' cockies, the dukies an' geeſe,
A' cleck out the barn-door about;
The ſheep tak' to ſcoug, wi' a weet lagart fleece,
An' pigs tine the uſe o' their ſnout.
The ſcholars come hame,
Wi' yaup hungry wame,
Hands fouſianles, cauld watrey beik;—
In they burſt—"puff,—puff!"
An' ſmaſh the back-truff,
Syne wi' "Mither!—a piece!" the door ſteek.

While badrins is beeking her dowp at the fire,
We'll currach the ingle-ſide roun',
Frae the gardy-chair, ſyne, wi' a hach an' a flyre,
Auld fairnyers will ſoon be begun.
We'll hear, then, how witches
Ha'e dabbl'd in ditches
Fauſe lovers frae courting gawn hame;
How Brownie the houdie
Gaed for, cneif an' coudie,
Syne ſkeigit the fleip ſhould ha'e gane.

While ſtories like thae wi' the younkers gae down,
The wife brings a cap o' gude beer;
Drinks luck to the company, ſyne ca's it roun',
Their weazands to ſwell, an' to clear.
Forthwith then they ſing,
An' mak' the houſe ring,
'Th' auld wives an' young laſſes will join;
At "Willie is rare,"
Or "Jock to the fair,"
They'll try ane anither t' outſhine.

His fav'rite now tentily eyes ilka chiel,
Enraptur'd to ſee her excell:

'Tis

In ſupper comes neiſt, and that o'er,
ſoon the reel
Their ſtents in a crack it doth tell.

'Tis now you may ſee
Delight in ilk' ele,
As ſhe they hadd deareſt ſeems
kind.
O, intercourſe wiſh'd!
Society bleſt!
Of which, may I never be twin'd.

Inverſcadle. BURNS, *junior.*

The following, ſaid to have come from the elegant Pen of the Authoreſs of Dunottar-Caſtle, cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

Addreſſed to Sir D ——d C——e.

HAIL! to thoſe ſhades of Rome and Greece,
Who bold in war, yet juſt in peace,
Diſhoneſt arts diſdain'd;
Whoſe words pledg'd even to a foe,
No force could tempt them to forego,
But ſacred ſtill remain'd.

What tranſports fill'd thy patriot
breaſt,
Fabricius! ſunk to noble reſt,
When tempted by a throne:
The Monarch ſaw thy faith ſo true;
No threats, no bribes, could e'er
ſubdue,
And thus was forc'd to own:

"Sooner the Sun, which rules the
day,
"Holding no more an equal ſway,
"Through Heav'n ſhall lawleſs
run;
"Than thou, brave Roman, great in
war,
"But now in virtue greater far,
"From honour's paths be won."

Forbear, my Muſe, thus on to ſoar;
They who are fraught with claſſic
lore
Can endleſs proofs advance,
Of heroes, who, by being juſt
To public and to private truſt,
Their worth ſtrove to enhance.

Our modern Senators diſdain
The thoughts of truth and honeſt
fame,
Bleſſings the good ſtill prize;
Whilſt under maſk of public weal,
They ſtrive their falſehood to conceal,
And palliate their lies.

Juſtly the ſacred writer notes
"The Leopard ne'er can loſe his
ſpots,
"The Æthiop change his hue;"
No more can thoſe in falſhood bred,
By ſordid arts to riches led,
Be to their promiſe true.

And what avails the conſcious
thought,
"By neither place nor penſion
bought,"
Thou bow'dſt to Virtue's ſhrine;
Yes, gentle youth, that peaceful reſt
Which cheers each honeſt manly
breaſt,
Shall evermore be thine.

Whilſt all thoſe arts of vile chicane
Abhor'd by God, deſpis'd by man,
To darkneſs down are hurl'd;
When truth comes forth with equal
pace,
And raiſes up her placid face,
To charm th' enraptur'd world!

Then bluſh, oh perjur'd faithleſs men,
Your names would but diſgrace my
pen,
Who thus your pledge have
broke;
But at the cloſe of future years,
When naked every heart appears,
Falſehood you'll find no joke.

SONG.

By H. F. CARY,

AS glittering on the brow of heaven,
With chaſten'd ray and ſober grace,
Quivers the lovely ſtar of even
On the ſmooth wave's tranſparent
face:

So gently ſweet, ſo mildly bright,
My Laura's beauteous eyes appear,
When beams their rich and radiant
light
Thro' the ſoft veil of Pity's tear.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

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An Inquiry into the Inutility of a Knowledge of the Latin and Greek Languages, as a Branch of Liberal Education, with Hints of a Plan of Liberal Inſtruction, without them.

(Continued from page 26).

2. WE are told that the Roman and Greek authors are the only perfect models of taſte and eloquence, and that it is neceſſary to ſtudy them, in order to acquire their taſte and ſpirit. Strange language indeed! What! did nature exhauſt herſelf in Greece and Rome? Are the ancients the only repoſitories of the great principles of taſte and genius? I reject the ſuppoſition; and will venture to aſſert, in oppoſition to it, that we ſhall never equal the ſublime and original authors of antiquity until we ceaſe to ſtudy them.

Nature is always the ſame. Let us yield to her inſpiration alone, and avail ourſelves of alluſions to the many diſcoveries which have lately been made in her works. Shakeſpeare owes his fame, as a ſublime and original poet, to his having never read (as is generally believed) a Latin or Greek author. Hence he ſpoke from nature, or rather, nature ſpoke thro' him. But it ſhould be remembered, that art, as well as nature, feeds the flame of genius. By neglecting the ancients, we may borrow imagery from the many uſeful and well known arts which have been the inventions of modern ages, and thereby ſurpaſs the ancients in the variety and effect of our compoſitions. It is to this paſſion for ancient writers that we are to aſcribe the great want of originality, that marks too many of the poems of modern times. A judicious critic has obſerved, that the deſcriptions of Spring, which are publiſhed every year in England, apply chiefly to the climates of Greece and the neighbourhood of Rome. This is the natural effect of a ſervile attachment to the ancient poets. It inſenſibly checks invention, and leads to imitation. The pleaſure with which the poems of the ſhoemaker, the milk-maid, and the Ayreſhire ploughman, have been read by all claſſes of people, proves that an acquaintance with the Greek or Roman poets, is not neceſſary to inſpire juſt ideas, or to produce harmony in poetry. Dr

Swift, as an author, owes nothing to the ancients. He has attained to what Pope calls the 'majeſty,' and what Lord Shafteſbury calls the 'divineneſs' of ſimplicity in writing. All his compoſitions exemplify his own perfect definition of ſtyle. They conſiſt of 'proper words in their proper places.' I have heard of a learned gentleman in Scotland, who, when any of his friends propoſed to introduce a ſtranger to him, aſked only, as a proof of his taſte for compoſition, whether he admired Dr Young's Night Thoughts? Were I to receive a viſitor upon ſimilar terms, my only queſtion ſhould be, 'does he admire the ſtyle of Dr Swift?'

Under this head I ſhall only add, that the moſt intimate acquaintance with the Roman and Greek writers will not produce perfection of ſtyle in men who are devoid of taſte and genius. Hence we ſometimes find the moſt celebrated teachers of the Latin and Greek languages extremely deficient in Engliſh compoſition. I acknowledge that Milton, Addiſon, Hume, Middleton, and Bolingbroke, were all Latin and Greek ſcholars. But they were at the ſame time men of genius and taſte; and hence the purity and dignity of their writings. Had none of them ever read Homer, Livy, or Cicero, but drawn only upon their own ſtock of original feelings and ideas, I think it highly probable, that they would have far ſurpaſſed the ancients in their reſpective literary productions.

3. It has been ſaid that we cannot know the uſe or meaning of thoſe numerous Engliſh words which are derived from the Latin and Greek, without a knowledge of thoſe languages. To this I anſwer, that what proves too much, proves nothing at all. The argument that has been mentioned, proves that a knowledge of the Celtic, the Saxon, the German, the French, the Italian and the Dutch, is neceſſary to enable us to underſtand the uſe of many Engliſh words; for many thouſands of them are derived from thoſe languages. But I object farther to this argument, that if a knowledge of the derivation of the Engliſh words from the Greek and Latin languages, ſhould be followed by a ſtrict regard to their original meaning, it would lead us into many miſtakes. The derivation of the word 'angel' would lead us to contemplate a meſſenger, inſtead of a perfect finite intelligence. The derivation of the word 'rebellion' would lead us to contemplate a war commenced by a conquered people; inſtead of a reſiſtance to the juſt authority of government. Many other inſtances of ſimilar incongruity might be mentioned, between the meaning of certain Engliſh words, and their Roman and Greek originals. I conclude therefore that a knowledge of the derivation of words is not neceſſary to teach us their proper uſe and meaning. Cuſtom, which is the law and rule of ſpeech, and what *is*, inſtead of what *ſhould be* common, will always govern the uſe of words. Where cuſtom is unknown, modern Engliſh dictionaries will ſupply its place.

Here I beg leave to repeat that the ſtudy of the Greek and Latin languages by the Engliſh nation has been one of the greateſt obſtructions that ever has been thrown in the way of the propagation of uſeful knowledge. By rendering our language unintelligible to the greateſt part of the people who hear or read it, it has made it an improper vehicle of inſtruction. The orations of Demoſthenes, we are told, were like earthquakes in ancient Greece. They moved whole nations. The reaſon of this is plain. He never uſed a ſingle word in any of them, but what was alike intelligible to all claſſes of his hearers. The effect of Indian eloquence upon the wars and councils of the ſavages in America, depends wholly upon its being

being perfectly understood and felt by every member of their communities. It has often been remarked that in England no play will succeed without action, while sentiment alone insures the loudest claps of applause in the theatres of France. The reason of this is obvious. The English language requires action to translate it, to half the common audience of a theatre; whereas the French language, which is uniform and stationary, is understood, and, of course, the sentiment which is conveyed by it, is felt and enjoyed by all who hear it. The writings of Voltaire are quoted by the hairdressers and milliners of Paris, because they are written in the simple language of the country, while many of the most celebrated British authors cannot be understood by common readers, without the help of a dictionary or interpreter. Richardson and Fielding are an exception to this remark. They are alike intelligible and acceptable to the learned and unlearned, inasmuch as they have conveyed all their ideas in plain, but decent English words. The popularity of the methodist preachers may be ascribed in part to their speaking in a language that is intelligible to the common people. It is true, many of them are deficient in education, but this deficiency appears more in an ignorance of the construction of the English language, than in the proper use of English words, and perhaps this may be ascribed chiefly to their ex tempore mode of preaching. It is happy for some of those churches where the Latin and Greek languages are considered as necessary parts of education in their clergy, that part of the public worship of God is confined to reading the scriptures, and to forms of prayer, both of which are written in English, and are intelligible to every class of hearers. Such congregations are not left to the mercy of their preachers in every part of divine service. A pious woman in London who heard her minister speak of the Deity, by the name of the great Philanthropist, asked, when she came home, what heathen god Philanthropist was? There are few sermons composed by Latin and Greek scholars, in which there are not many hundred words, that are equally unintelligible to a majority of their hearers. Hence I cannot help thinking that were John the Baptist to appear again in our world, and to send to some of our doctors of divinity, or to many of our young preachers to enquire after the signs of their divine mission, few of them could adopt the answer of our Saviour, and say that 'to the poor the gospel was preached.' It will require a total ignorance of the Latin and Greek languages, or an uncommon mixture of good sense and piety in a preacher who is acquainted with them, to address an audience in such a manner as to be perfectly understood by the illiterate part of them.

I wish to press the considerations that have been mentioned under this head, home to the feelings of the friends of virtue and religion. It has been demonstrated, that the study of the ancient classics is hurtful to morals. It is equally plain that the corruption of our language by the constant substitution of words of Greek and Latin origin, to those which had become familiar and universal, from long usage, has greatly retarded the progress of knowledge of all kinds, but in a more especial manner, a great proportion of that species of it which is delivered from the pulpit. I appeal to the consciences of ministers of the gospel of all denominations, whether, instead of exposing their candidates for the ministry, to temptation from that kind of learning "which puffeth up without edifying," it would not be better to direct them to employ the time which is usually mis-spent in acquiring

quiring it, in ſtudying the ſcriptures, and in making themſelves maſters of the Engliſh language? It is impoſſible to tell what great improvements would be made by theſe means in moral happineſs in the land.

4. We are told that a knowledge of the Greek and Roman languages is neceſſary to enable us to underſtand the frequent alluſions that are made by Engliſh writers to the mythology of thoſe ancient nations. To this I anſwer, that the leſs we know of this ſubject, the better; for what is the hiſtory of the ancient fables, but an agreeable deſcription of frauds—rapes—and murders, which, while they pleaſe the imagination, ſhock the moral faculty? It is high time to ceaſe from idolizing the idolatry of Greece and Rome. Truth alone is knowledge, and ſpending time in ſtudying Greek and Roman fictions, is only labouring to be more ignorant. If there is any moral contained in theſe fictions, it is ſo much involved in obſcurity, as not to be intelligible to a young man at that time of life in which he uſually becomes acquainted with them. Happy will it be for the preſent and future generations, if an ignorance of the Latin and Greek languages ſhould baniſh from modern poetry, thoſe diſgraceful invocations of heathen gods, which indicate no leſs a want of genius, than a want of reverence for the true God. I ſhall only add in this place, that the beſt writers in the Engliſh language, ſeldom borrow alluſions from the mythology of the Greek or Roman nations. Richardſon and Fielding have paſſed them by, and hence ariſes another reaſon why the works of thoſe authors are ſo univerſally intelligible and acceptable to all claſſes of readers.

5. It has been ſaid, that the Latin language has become a neceſſary part of liberal knowledge, inaſmuch as the European nations have by common conſent made it the vehicle of their diſcoveries. This argument had ſome weight, while ſcience conſiſted only in learning what was known; but ſince the inquiries of philoſophers have been directed to new objects of obſervation and experiment, the Latin language has not been able to keep pace with the number and rapidity of their diſcoveries. Where ſhall we find Latin words to convey juſt ideas of the many terms which electricity — chemiſtry — navigation —and many other ſciences have introduced into our modern languages? It is from experience of the inſufficiency of the Latin langunge for this purpoſe, that moſt of the modern nations of Europe have been obliged to adopt their own languages, as the vehicles of their diſcoveries in ſcience. If this argument had been acknowledged to have weight in Europe, it ſhould, from local circumſtances, have no weight in America. Here we have no intercourſe with any part of Europe, except her commercial ſeaports, and, in theſe, all buſineſs is tranſacted in modern languages. America, with reſpect to the nations of Europe, is like the new planet, with reſpect to thoſe, whoſe revolutions have long been deſcribed in the ſolar ſyſtem. She is placed at too great a diſtance from moſt of them, to be within the influence of a reciprocal exchange of the rays of knowledge. Like a certain animal, deſcribed by the naturaliſts, ſhe muſt impregnate herſelf. But while ſhe retains a friendly intercourſe with Great Britain, all the valuable diſcoveries which are publiſhed in Latin, in any part of Europe, will be tranſmitted to her through the medium of Engliſh tranſlations.

6. It has been ſaid that a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages is neceſſary to the learned profeſſions of law—phyſic—and divinity. To this

this I anſwer, that the moſt uſeful books in each of theſe profeſſions are now tranſlated, or written in Engliſh, in conſequence of which, knowledge in law—phyſic—and divinity has been greatly multiplied and extended. I ſee no uſe at preſent for a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, for a lawyer, a phyſician, or a divine, in the united ſtates, except it be to preſerve the remembrance of a few technical terms which may be retained without it. Two of the moſt eminent and ſucceſsful lawyers in the united ſtates, are ſtrangers to the Latin language. An eminent phyſician who ſpent ſeveral of the years of his youth in learning his language, has aſſured me that he had not more than three times in his life found any advantage from it. Very few phyſicians, I believe (profeſſors of medicine only excepted, who are obliged to review Latin theſes previouſly to their publication) retain their knowledge of this language, after they become eſtabliſhed in buſineſs, and if they do, it is preſerved leſs from neceſſity, than from vanity, or a deſire of reviving, by reading the claſſics, the agreeable ideas of the early and innocent part of their lives.

I know that it is commonly believed, that a knowledge of the Greek language is neceſſary to enable a divine fully to underſtand the New Teſtament. But I object to this opinion, that the moſt uſeful and neceſſary parts of this divine book are intelligible to the loweſt capacities in its preſent Engliſh dreſs: and I believe further, that there have been as many diſputes among the critics, about the meaning of words, and about editions and tranſlations of the New Teſtament, as there have been among unlearned Chriſtians about the meaning of its obſcure and difficult paſſages. If a knowledge of the Greek language is neceſſary to enable a divine to underſtand the New Teſtament, it follows, that a knowledge of all the languages and dialects in which the different parts of it were originally compoſed, is equally neceſſary for the ſame purpoſe; and, if neceſſary to a divine, why not to the common people, for they are equally intereſted in all the truths of revelation? The difficulties and abſurdities into which we are led by this propoſition, are too obvious to be mentioned.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The life of Dr William Craig, *late Miniſter of the Goſpel in* Glaſgow, *by Profeſſor* Richardſon.

WILLIAM CRAIG, an excellent divine of the church of Scotland, was the ſon of a reſpectable merchant in Glaſgow. He was born there in February 1709: and, in the ſeminaries of education in that city, he began and proſecuted his ſtudies. At College he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his early taſte and uncommon proficiency in claſſical learning; and, in applying to this ſort of literature, he received great aſſiſtance and encouragement from his kinſman the Reverend Mr Clerk, miniſter of the goſpel at Neilſton in Renfrewſhire. That deſerving young man, who died at an early period of his life, and before his worth became ſufficiently known, was one of the firſt clergymen in the weſt of Scotland, who began to ſtudy and teach Chriſtianity in a manner different from that uſually practiſed ſince the Reformation; and who thought the intereſt of true religion could be promoted by ſuch elegance of compoſition, and knowledge of philoſophy, as might be derived from ancient authors. To ſtudies of this ſort, therefore, the excellent perſon who is the ſubject of this memoir, incited by his own original inclination,

tion, and assisted by his ingenious friend, was very early attached. The moral philosophy of the ancients engaged his attention in a very particular manner; and the moral writers of Greece and Rome were his favourite authors. By the attentive perusal of their works, and of the moral poets of antiquity, he had committed to his memory a great number of their most striking passages; and used to apply them occasionally in the company of his select friends with great ease, judgment, and ingenuity. In this he had an excellent example in the practice of his friend and instructor the justly-celebrated Doctor Hutchison, who was elected to the Professorship of moral philosophy, in the University of Glasgow, about the time that Craig had nearly finished his theological and philosophical course. With this amiable and eminent philosopher he was early and intimately connected. Hutcheson discerned in him that character which he esteemed: and he expressed his regard by associating with him, by entering into, and assisting him in his literary labours. Early inclined by temper and disposition to the study and profession of theology, Craig derived every advantage from the conversation of a friend so highly enlightened; and whom he regarded with just and affectionate deference. Commencing preacher in the year 1734, his philosophical monitor embraced every opportunity of hearing him; and with a frankness which shewed the opinion he entertained of the candour and abilities of his disciple, he offered such remarks on his sermons as he thought necessary. He particularly admonished him against a propensity to which young clergymen of ability are very liable, of indulging themselves in abstruse and philosophical disquisition. He advised him, because he knew he was able to follow the advice, "to preach to and from the heart." He did so. Habitually pious, ardently devout, and deeply interested in the welfare of those who listened to his instruction, he delivered himself with genuine and becoming earnestness. This was the spirit that directed his manner. Loud exclamation, outrageous action, violence of look or gesture, were not the characters of his delivery. It was solemn, yet animated; earnest, but correct; and though correct, not formal. He arrested the attention without alarming the imagination: he touched the heart without rousing the passions. His manner was elegant, and he pleased: he spoke as he felt, and was affecting.

It is not to be supposed, that a preacher of such eminence, especially at a time when this mode of preaching was rare, should remain unknown or unnoticed. He soon received a presentation from Mr Lockhart of Cambusnethan, to be minister of the parish of Cambusnethan; and was settled in that charge in the year 1737. About this time great opposition was made by the populace of Scotland, and particularly by those of Clydesdale, to the manner of appointing ministers by presentations from lay-patrons. On this account, therefore, and perhaps because his sermons inculcated active virtue more frequently, and more earnestly, than his audience, who would have been better pleased with obscure and mystical theology, thought necessary, he encountered considerable opposition. Zealous, however, in the discharge of his duty, and hoping, in the conscious ardour of his endeavours, to reconcile his parishioners to that system of instruction which he thought best suited to their condition, and most consistent with Christianity, he refused a presentation to a church in Airshire, offered him by Mr Montgomery of Coilsfield; and another of-

offered him by the amiable but unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. At length he accepted of a preſentation to a church in Glaſgow, the place of his nativity, where moſt of his relations reſided; where he could have opportunities of converſing with his literary friends; and where the field for doing good was more extenſive. He was firſt appointed miniſter of the Wynd Church in that city: and, after the building of St Andrew's church, one of the moſt elegant places of public worſhip in Scotland, he was removed thither. His audience was at no time ſo numerous, but eſpecially during the laſt twenty-five years of his life, as thoſe who valued good compoſition and liberality of ſentiment, apprehended that he deſerved. Inſtead of the abſtruſe tenets of ſpeculative theology, and the myſterious doctrines inculcated by many popular clergymen in the church of Scotland, he thought his flock would be better edified by ſuch a plain expoſition of their duty, as was laid down in the precepts and example of Jeſus Chriſt; and by ſuch a direct, but judicious application to themſelves, as in their ſituation ſeemed requiſite. 'A miniſter of the goſpel,' he tells us, in his excellent ſermon on the character and obligations of a miniſter, 'will, with invariable conſtancy and fortitude, declare unto his people the whole counſel of God. He will faithfully and fairly ſet before them the whole extent of their religious and moral obligations, and with all that minuteneſs and detail with which they are delivered in the ſacred ſcriptures, and which he ſees the circumſtances of his people may require. No averſion which their ignorance, their prejudice, or ſinful paſſions, may ſuggeſt on this account, no unpopular injurious epithets that may be given him as a legal or a moral preacher, will prevail upon him either to conceal or to diſguiſe any part of that divine religion, upon which, with the deepeſt earneſtneſs, he founds the proſpect of his own ſalvation. He will ſearch, with all the diligence and candour that he can, the Holy Bible; look for genuine religion there; and from thence, rather than from any human ſyſtem upon earth, learn what he is to teach as a miniſter of Chriſt.'—But this mode of inſtruction has never been very faſhionable. Not much reliſhed in Galilee and Jeruſalem, when practiſed by one 'who ſpake as never man ſpake,' it was not likely to become more popular in Clydeſdale and the city of Glaſgow. But though Craig might regret, what ſeemed to him the miſguided or miſtaken ſentiments of many who profeſſed themſelves Chriſtians; yet ſtedfaſt in his own opinions, founded on mature reflection, and unmoved by the indiſcriminating praiſe or blame of the multitude, he ſtill perſiſted in the delivery of ſuch doctrines as his reaſon convinced him were moſt eſſential to the real improvement and eternal welfare of his hearers. As his church was not much frequented by the vulgar, neither was it very generally reſorted to by thoſe exalted by their opulence to a higher rank. Early and conſtantly engaged in commercial purſuits, they did not give much attention to ſuch diſtinction in doctrine or compoſition, as would otherwiſe have induced them, perhaps, to have given a preference to thoſe of Craig. But though he diſdained every unworthy art to captivate popular applauſe, he was ſo ſincerely attached to thoſe who ſeemed to profit by his inſtruction, that he declined the propoſals of Provoſt Alexander, and ſome of his friends in Edinburgh, who wiſhed at one time to have removed him thither. He had the ſatisfaction alſo of knowing, that,

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in another quarter, perſons, whoſe opinion he valued, were not inſenſible to his merits. He was propoſed by his friends to be the ſucceſſor of Profeſſor Potter, in the profeſſorſhip of divinity in the Univerſity of Glaſgow. Dr Leechman, lately Principal in that Univerſity, then miniſter of the goſpel at Beith; and the Rev. Mr M'Laurin, brother to the celebrated mathematician, were alſo candidates. Leechman and Craig were united in the cloſeſt friendſhip; their religious ſentiments were ſimilar, and alike obnoxious to the popular clergy. M'Laurin was a man of worth and ſincere piety; he was believed to entertain religious opinions of a kind very agreeable to the multitude; and if both the other two had continued candidates, he would probably have ſucceeded. But Craig, apprehending that the intereſts of religion would be better ſerved by the appointment of Leechman, and influenced perhaps by the intimacy ſubſiſting between them, prevailed with his friends to transfer their voices to him, and withdrew from the conteſt. Accordingly, by the caſting vote of George Bogle, Eſq; of Daldowie, then Lord Rector of the Univerſity, a man of unblemiſhed integrity and real zeal for the public good, Dr Leechman was choſen. How much this meaſure contributed to promote the intereſts of religion, learning and claſſical taſte, among the ſtudents in that ſeminary, is very generally known, and will be long remembered.—In truth, though Craig's early attention to good compoſition, and to what was accounted liberality of opinion in religious matters, ſhewed a turn of mind a good deal different from the ſpirit and improvement of the times, he was not altogether ſingular. Clerk, miniſter of the goſpel at Neilſton, Paton at Renfrew, Fleming at Kilmacolm, Warner at Kilbarchen, Dr Wiſhart, his predeceſſor in the Wynd Church, and Dr Leechman, his contemporaries or intimate friends, were eminent promoters of true learning, correct taſte, and ſuch views of religion, as ſeemed to them more agreeable to the original form of Chriſtianity, than thoſe uſually recommended by many popular preſbyterian preachers.

Craig was married about this time to the daughter of Mr Anderſon, a conſiderable merchant in Glaſgow. She lived with him ſixteen years; and by her he had ſeveral children: two of whom, namely William, an eminent lawyer at the Scotiſh bar; and John, a merchant in Glaſgow, ſurvived their father. But the excellent underſtanding, and amiable diſpoſitions of his wife, which rendered his married ſtate happy, contributed, by their painful recollection, to embitter the ſufferings of his declining age. She died in the year 1758; and, though he was afterwards very happily married to the daughter of Gilbert Kennedy, Eſq; of Auchitifardale, he ſcarcely ever recovered the ſhock of his firſt ſeparation. Several years before he died, his ſtrength and health gradually declined: his ſpirits were overwhelmed with melancholy: he ſeemed to have loſt the power of enjoying happineſs: no amuſement could relieve his depreſſion: he lamented that he was become uſeleſs; and that he felt not only his body, but the faculties of his ſoul impaired. His ſufferings were heightened by many additional afflictions; particularly by the death of his ſon Alexander, a very agreeable young man, who had been bred a merchant, but who was ſtrongly inclined to the ſtudy of polite literature: and ſoon after, by the death of his ſecond wife, whoſe affectionate aſſiduities had been invariably employed in endeavouring to ſolace and ſupport his infirmities. In this ſtate of feebleneſs and dejection, notwithſtand-

ſtanding the unwearied attention of his ſurviving ſons, he continued to languiſh: and, at length, in the ſeventy-fifth year of his age, he was releaſed by an eaſy death.—Great ſenſibility ſeems to have given the general and prevailing colour to his character. It rendered his piety devout, his benevolence tender, and his friendſhip affectionate. In the culture of his underſtanding it inclined him to thoſe ſtudies that pleaſe by their beautiful imagery, or touch the heart with agreeable feelings. He was, therefore, very early addicted to claſſical learning; and cheriſhed thoſe views of religion that repreſent both God and man in a favourable light. Such ſentiments and propenſities, though not altogether ſingular at the time that he commenced his ſtudies, were, however, ſo rare among ſtudents of theology, that, ſpeaking figuratively, we may call them ſingular. But ſingularity of diſpoſition or opinion is uſually diſliked or oppoſed. The man of fortitude and ſtrong nerves encounters the oppoſition; and either makes converts, or, by a bold authoritative tone, though he does not conciliate affection, impoſes reſpect. But the man of extreme ſenſibility, yielding to his native bias, is afraid of the ſtruggle, declines the conteſt, and, excepting in the retirements of confidential friendſhip, not only appears, but really becomes ſhy and reſerved. This diſpoſition is nearly allied to modeſty, and even humbleneſs of mind; yet the appearance of diſtance it ſo often aſſumes, is miſapprehended by the undiſcerning multitude; and by a violent miſapplication of terms, is miſconſtrued pride. Effects almoſt of an oppoſite appearance are produced by the ſame principle, yet tend in their final iſſue to confirm this miſtaken reſerve. The man of ſenſibility, conſcious of powers, exerts them; and conſcious of his own candour, expects ſuitable returns. He is diſappointed. The obſervation of men is otherwiſe engaged:— accidental circumſtances, and other cauſes than ſuch as ariſe from perverſion of mind, carry away their attention from the merit that claims and deſerves their notice. Of theſe the man of ſhy and retired ſenſibility is not aware; he becomes ſtill more cautious in his intercourſe with mankind; more ſhy and more retired. But Craig, under the ſecret ſhade, and in the retirements of intimate and confidential friendſhip, was unreſerved, open, and even ardent. The ſpirit of real enjoyment, with which in his better days he engaged in literary and familiar converſation with his friends, diſplayed the moſt intereſting view of his character. Converſations on the merits of elegant authors, both ancient and modern, but above all, the liberal diſcuſſion of moral and religious topics, were the joy of his ſoul. On theſe occaſions, his eyes, naturally animated, ſparkled with additional luſtre; his voice, naturally muſical, became delightfully mellow; his features brightened, for his heart glowed. Theſe were bleſſed intervals, anticipations perhaps of what he now enjoys. By degrees this glowing mood became tinged with melancholy: at firſt it was amiable and intereſting; but became at laſt diſtreſsful. The ſenſibility which gave him ſuch moments of rapture, had not perhaps been duly managed; and contributed to, or occaſioned his ſufferings. It had rendered him averſe to indiſcriminate ſociety, and thus precluded him from many innocent means of relieving the laſſitude, or alleviating the weight of declining age. It quickened his ſenſe of miſfortune, and rendered his affliction for the loſs of friends too poignant. It overwhelmed him with too much ſorrow if at any time he apprehend-

ed that the affection of thoſe, in whoſe love he truſted, had ſuffered change. The errors and deluſions, as he conceived, into which many believers in Chriſtianity had fallen, gave him the anxious ſolitude which a father feels for the apprehended failings of a darling child; and he regretted, that many teachers of religion, to whom popularity gave extenſive influence, ſeemed not ſufficiently aware that theſe errors were full of danger. His ſenſibility, too, eſpecially after the publication of ſome celebrated works in favour of ſcepticiſm, was painfully affected by the progreſs, as he apprehended, of irreligion. His ſenſe of Deity was ſtrong and lively. Even though the dejection and the deſpondency of affliction might at times have brought a gloomy cloud between him and the radiance of heaven, the cloud was tranſient: his religious opinions, founded not merely on feeling but on conviction, were permanent: and, even in the earlier periods of his life, when he was not ſo anxiouſly alarmed at the growth of impiety as afterwards, he often lamented, that men of worth and integrity were not pious; and though they performed many charitable and diſintereſted actions from many laudable motives, yet that their conduct did not ſeem to be founded on any principles of religion. It might be friendſhip, it might be compaſſion; it might be benevolence; but it wanted "thoſe "aids, thoſe ſupports and comforts "which alone could ariſe from hope "and truſt in God." It is unneceſſary to ſay of ſuch a character, that he was juſt, charitable, and temperate. His virtues were thoſe of a Chriſtian; his failings were thoſe incident to the weakneſs of human nature; and his ſufferings were occaſioned, or much aggravated by his failings. It is conſiſtent with his own opinions to ſay, that if there is a region beyond the grave into which human weakneſs can have no admiſſion, where there is employment for every excellent talent, and objects for every worthy affection, he is ſupremely bleſſed.

An Addreſs to Young married Women.

THERE are few young women who conſider, when they firſt enter into the marriage ſtate, that there ſhould be any alteration in their deportment and behaviour, or who have experience enough to determine with propriety, to what extent it ſhould be carried. There ought, however, to be a very material change. A young woman, as yet unſettled in the world, is juſtified to behave in a manner that may attract the attention, or engage the attachment of thoſe with whom ſhe may wiſh to be connected. A little freedom and eaſineſs of behaviour is then excuſable. But, when a young woman is once married, the character of *a matron* is that to which ſhe ought to aſpire, and which I ſhall endeavour briefly to deſcribe.

A matron is one who behaves with that *dignified reſerve* to every one but her huſband, ſo as to excite, in the male-ſex, a feeling of admiration and reſpect, and not of attachment. She never ſuffers any man, even by his looks, to pretend to any *familiarity* with her, as whiſpering to her in company, or the like, and far leſs admits the ſlighteſt liberty with her perſon. She prudently avoids engaging too frequently in dancing, both becauſe it is ſometimes dangerous to young women, in a certain predicament, and becauſe many of the dances now in vogue, are a little free, if not indelicate. Attention, at any rate, is paid to the character of the partner, and to the nature of the dance; and ſpecial care is taken, that

that the dancing ſhould appear on account of the amuſement merely, and not for the ſake of figuring away with any particular perſon. A prudent matron admits any freedom of intercourſe with only a few ſelect perſons of her own ſex, with whom ſhe aſſociates in the abſence of her huſband, and, when alone, never permits the viſits of the other ſex, unleſs from their connection, character, or age, they are intitled to that privilege. When in town, ſhe occaſionally mixes with other company, and attends public amuſements, in order to diverſify the ſcene, and to give a greater zeſt to the pleaſures of domeſtic life, but ſhe wiſely conſiders her own home to be the only place where ſhe can enjoy any real or permanent happineſs. Her behaviour to her huſband in company is attentive and affectionate, but not loving. She receives, without heſitation, any little marks of gallantry, or any compliments on her looks, underſtanding, &c. from him, but from any other perſon ſhe conſiders them as inſults; and her whole behaviour is founded on the perſuaſion, that ſhe is intruſted with the care of the fortune, the family, and the honour of a man to whom ſhe has ſworn inviolable attachment, and whoſe welfare muſt, in a great meaſure, depend upon the conduct ſhe purſues.

Theſe ideas may ſeem, perhaps, too rigid, but they are unqueſtionably the ſafeſt to abide by, and are juſtified by the following, among many other conſiderations.

A young married woman, if ſhe has any pretenſions to beauty, is more expoſed to the attacks of men than when in a ſingle ſtate. To debauch a young girl of any rank in life, is thought to be ſo infamous, that none but the moſt profligate will attempt it. To take advantage of the inexperience of youth, is accounted in the higheſt degree mean and ungenerous, and, when ſucceſsful, the ſeducer is often deſervedly puniſhed by being compelled to marry the unhappy victim of his arts. But a married woman is ſuppoſed to have arrived at years of diſcretion. To know the world and the artifices of it. To be guarded by attachment to her huſband. To be protected by his vigilance and care, and to be fully inſtructed in the certain miſery that muſt reſult from any infringement on the ſtrictneſs and ſanctity of the marriage vow. To attack a fortreſs thus garriſoned at every quarter, is an enterpriſe of difficulty and danger, but, at the ſame time, of ſo ſeducing a nature, that many young men give up their whole time and talents to the purſuit. But the wild and artful libertine is not the only individual againſt whom a woman ought to be on her guard. For there are few of the male-ſex, who would not graſp at an opportunity of conquering feminine weakneſs, and of enjoying the wretched triumph that might be derived from the conqueſt.

Attention to the feelings of a huſband is another conſideration that muſt have weight with a prudent matron. A man of any real delicacy muſt experience a thouſand painful ſenſations from the indiſcretions of a wife, particularly if he feels any attachment for her. If he ſees thoſe ſmiles, for the monopoly of which he bartered his own freedom, beſtowed upon others, or thinks, that any one can fancy for a moment, that his wife gives another the preference in regard to perſon or talents, or indeed in any other reſpect. For many huſbands, who are not apprehenſive of actual criminality in their wives, yet feel equal uneaſineſs when they ſee a foundation, however remote, laid for it, or an indiſcretion of conduct that would juſtify the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion, that appearances were kept up, more from want of

opportunity, than want of inclination, from the terror of infamy, rather than from attachment or love.

The vanity of the male-ſex, particularly of the worthleſs and diſſipated part of it, is unbounded, and ought to make a young woman very cautious in her intercourſe with them. The young puppies of theſe times are apt enough to boaſt of favours from perſons they have hardly an acquaintance with, but uſe ſtill greater freedoms with thoſe who permit the ſlighteſt familiarity. There is no mode of treating them, but keeping them at a diſtance. The leaſt familiarity gives them hopes, and hopes impudence, and a woman, of any delicacy, muſt contemn herſelf for behaving in ſuch a manner as to encourage the moſt daringly profligate to make any propoſals to her, deſtructive to her character, and at which her virtue muſt revolt.

The jealouſy of her own ſex is another conſideration to be attended to. If a young married woman has any pretenſions to beauty, all eyes are upon her for ſome time. Nor are there ever wanting enough of ill-natured and malicious people, who are willing to pervert even innocent actions, and ready enough to *ſneer*, if they cannnot *bite*. If any handſome young married perſon, therefore, admits the ſeducing attentions of any known devotee to gallantry, a thouſand ſtories are immediately propagated to her diſadvantage, and the gay, the diſſipated, and the worthleſs, rejoice in an opportunity of juſtifying their own folly and miſconduct, by boldly incorporating her in the number.

On the whole, theſe are conſiderations which muſt have ſufficient weight with any woman of prudence and good ſenſe, in regard to the regulation of her conduct. By attending to which, ſhe muſt preſerve the attachment and confidence of her huſband, and acquire the admiration and reſpect of every one with whom ſhe is connected, and in this world ſhe muſt ſecure all the happineſs it can afford, and all the boundleſs felicities of another.

Memorable Anecdote *of* Chastity.

Chiomara, the wife of Ortiagon, a Gauliſh prince, was equally admirable for her beauty and chaſtity. During the war between the Romans and the Gauls, A. D. 563, the latter were totally defeated on Mount Olympus Chiomara, among many other ladies, was taken priſoner, and committed to the care of a centurion, no leſs paſſionate for money than women. He, at firſt, endeavoured to gain her conſent to his infamous deſires; but not being able to prevail upon her, and ſubvert her conſtancy, he thought he might employ force with a woman whom misfortune had reduced to ſlavery. Afterward, to make her amends for that treatment, he offered to reſtore her liberty; but not without ranſom. He agreed with her for a certain ſum, and to conceal this deſign from the other Romans, he permitted her to ſend any of the priſoners ſhe ſhould chooſe to her relations, and aſſigned a place near the river where the lady ſhould be exchanged for gold. By accident there was one of her own ſlaves among the priſoners. Upon him ſhe fixed; and the centurion ſoon after carried her beyond the advanced poſts, under cover of a dark night. The next evening two of the relations of the princeſs came to the place appointed, whither the centurion alſo carried his captive. When they had delivered him the attic talent they had brought, which was the ſum they had agreed on, the lady, in her own language, ordered thoſe who came to receive her

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to draw their ſwords and kill the centurion, who was then amuſing himſelf with weighing the gold. Then charmed with having revenged the injury done her chaſtity, ſhe took the head of the officer, which ſhe had cut off with her own hands, and binding it under her robe, went to her huſband Ortiagon, who had returned home after the defeat of his troops. As ſoon as ſhe came into his preſence, ſhe threw the centurion's head at his feet. He was ſurpriſed at ſuch a ſtrange ſight; and aſked her whoſe head it was, and what had induced her to do an act ſo uncommon in her ſex? With a face covered with a ſudden bluſh, and at the ſame time expreſſing her fierce indignation, ſhe declared the outrage which had been done her, and the revenge ſhe had taken for it. During the reſt of her life, ſhe ſtedfaſtly retained the ſame attachment for the purity of manners which conſtitutes the principal glory of the ſex, and nobly ſuſtained the honour of ſo glorious, bold, and heroic an action.—This lady was much more prudent than Lucretia, in revenging her injured honour by the death of her raviſher, rather than by her own. Plutarch relates this fact, in his treatiſe upon the virtues and great actions of women; and it is from him we have the name of this heroine, which is well worthy of being tranſmitted to poſterity.

Review.

A Journal of the Paſſage from India, by a Route partly unfrequented, through Meſopotamia, Armenia, and Natolia, or Aſia Minor. To which are added, Obſervations and Inſtructions for the uſe of thoſe who intend to travel, either to or from India, by that Route. By Thomas Howel, M. D. 8vo. 5s. boards.

THIS is a very intereſting, entertaining, and well-written performance, and is equally worthy the peruſal of thoſe who may not, as of thoſe who may, have occaſion to purſue the ſame journey.

Our author left Madras Sept. 1ſt, 1787, and arrived at Buſſora, a large town on the banks of the Euphrates, Feb. 23, 1788, from whence he and his company proceeded in a boat to Hilla, built on the ſcite of ancient Babylon, which they reached the 16th of March. On the 18th they took horſes for Bagdad, where they arrived the 20th, and parted with their guide, Meer Joad, of whom the following account is given.

"He was the ſon of a Georgian ſlave by a Turkiſh woman; and having no patrimony but his ſword, embarked at an early period of life in the profeſſion of arms. The firſt military employment he obtained was under an independent Chief, in the country of Scind, from whoſe ſervice he paſſed into that of a Prince in Bengal, where he remained many years, and became acquainted with the famous Monſieur Chevalier, the French Governor of Chandernagore. This gentleman being about to convey the large fortune he had amaſſed to Europe, over land, engaged Meer Joad to accompany him. Their journey was full of hardſhip and danger; and in their paſſage over the Deſart, they were frequently attacked by numerous bodies of Arab plunderers, whom they repulſed with uncommon ſucceſs. Monſieur Chevalier was ſo well ſatisfied with Meer Joad's courage and conduct on theſe difficult occaſions, that, as ſoon as he arrived in France, he recommended him to the French Miniſtry, and exerted his intereſt ſo effectually in his behalf, as to procure him the commiſſion of a field-officer in the Duke of Luxemburg's Legion. In the unſucceſsful expedition againſt Jerſey, he was wounded and taken priſoner. After a detention of five months in England, he was exchanged

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ed, and upon his return to France was honoured by the King with a gold medal, expreſſive of his gallant behaviour. The Luxemburg Legion being under orders for the iſland of Ceylon, whither Meer Joad had no inclination to go, he reſigned his commiſſion in the French army, and returned to his native city, Bagdad. Here the fame of his ſervice in Europe, and letters of recommendation from perſons of high conſequence in France, procured him the appointment of Captain Baſhaw of the Turkiſh fleet at Buſſora, which he held till the capture of that place by Shaik Ithooing. As his conduct on this occaſion rendered him liable to ſuſpicions of having a private underſtanding with the Arab chief, he thought it prudent to take refuge at Bombay, till the firſt emotions of the anger the Baſhaw might have conceived againſt him ſhould have ſubſided. His whole behaviour, however, during his journey with us, was expreſſive of the moſt diſtreſsful anxiety reſpecting the reception he ſhould meet with on his return. He was a luſty, perſonable man, about the age of forty; ſpoke the Turkiſh, Hindoſtan, Arabic, and French languages well, and ſome others imperfectly. He was evidently endowed with good natural abilities, but was totally illiterate; not even poſſeſſing the uſeful arts of reading and writing, of which he confeſſed, and regretted his ignorance."

Our travellers ſet out, on horſeback, from Bagdad, the 24th of March; the party conſiſting, beſides the author, of Major Macleod, Lieutenant Morris, Mahommed Aga and Bezir Aga, the Tatars [or couriers], Mahommed their Turkiſh ſervant, and Coja Bogos an Armenian merchant. The 31ſt they "arrived at Evril, the antient Arbela, near which Alexander overthrew Darius. This is now a ſmall village, but defended by a fort, partly of bricks; it ſtands on an artificial hillock or mound of earth. Theſe eminences, which we had frequent occaſion to obſerve in our journey, from the ſimilarity of their ſhape, and from their always ſtanding ſingly on the plains, are evidently the produce of human art and induſtry. It is not unreaſonable to conjecture, that they were raiſed either to preſerve the inhabitants from inundations, or to ſecure them againſt a ſurpriſe from their enemies."—April 2d they reached Moſul, "a large town ſeated on the weſtern bank of the Tigris; and, comparatively ſpeaking, is the only place "of a handſome appearance (ſays the author) we have ſeen ſince we left Bagdad. It is defended by a wall, which ſurrounds it, and a citadel, both built of ſtone and plaiſter; but, from the bad quality of thoſe materials, unequal to any defence againſt artillery. The Armenians call it Nineveh; and pretend, that it is the Nineveh of the antients; but ſome learned men contend, that this famous city was on the eaſtern bank of the Tigris, oppoſite to Moſul; and if their conjecture is well founded, not the ſmalleſt veſtige of it now remains.

"Cojah Elias, an old Armenian merchant, on hearing that three Engliſh gentlemen were arrived, kindly invited us to his houſe, and ſent horſes for our conveyance. We found him in a habitation newly built, and, though not in the European taſte, neat and commodious

"This city, from the badneſs of the materials, is in general very indifferently built; however, the doorcaſes, in almoſt every houſe, are made of marble; and, as I conjecture, have been brought hither from the ruins of ſome other place, for they do not correſpond with that meanneſs of materials and architecture which is ſeen in every other part of the building. In a walk I took about the town, I diſcovered, near the river,

river, ſome ruins of walls and buildings, which ſeemed to ſhew that Moſul has heretofore ſeen days of greater proſperity."

April 12th they arrived at Diarbekir, where they were hoſpitably entertained by a German and a French miſſionary. "Diarbekir is the capital of a province of the ſame name, and is ſeated on the weſtern banks of the Tigris. It is defended by walls of hewn ſtone, in the form of a ſquare; and, though much larger, bears a great reſemblance to Fort Square at Madras: however, the ramparts are ſo thin, that they do not afford room for the exerciſe of cannon. There is a bridge of hewn ſtone, and ſome other edifices of the ſame materials in the town, which are now decaying, and only ſerve to ſhew that it has formerly been in a more proſperous condition. This city is rich and populous, and the ſeat of a Pachialic: its inhabitants conſiſt of Turks and Chriſtians of various ſects: ſuch as Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, and Neſtorians: the two former have each of them a biſhop, and the Neſtorians or Chaldeans, united to the Church of Rome, a patriarch, whom I viſited, and who ſeems to deſerve the high dignity with which he is inveſted.

"Such is the frequency and audacity of the robbers in this country, that the doors of all the houſes in Diarbekir are kept ſhut, and ſecurely bolted, even in the day time."

After enduring conſiderable fatigue, they arrived, May the 11th, at Iſmit, within ſixty miles of Conſtantinople. "This place, the ancient Nicomedia of Bithynia, is a large populous town, ſeated on the declivity of a hill, and extending to the ſea-ſide: it has a good port in a gulph of the ſame name.

May 12th they arrived in ſafety at Conſtantinople. "We were ſoon informed," ſays our author, "that the plague had begun to rage in this city, and at Smyrna was very rife; but we were become ſo accuſtomed to danger, that this ſcourge of nations gave us little concern.

"The city of Conſtantinople is inhabited by Turks, Jews, Armenians, and Greeks: and it is a curious circumſtance, that the plague is ſeldom equally deſtructive to all theſe different nations at the ſame time; its ravages are generally confined to one of them, while the reſt, comparatively ſpeaking, ſuffer but little loſs.

"Some years ago, an inhabitant of the ſhores of the Euxine ſea ſucceſſively cured ſeven hundred perſons of the plague at Conſtantinople; and it was thought that he was in poſſeſſion of a ſpecific for that deſtructive malady. Some time after, the plague broke out again, and the phyſician was ſent for; but notwithſtanding the ſingular efficacy of his remedies on the former occaſion, he was now found unable to relieve in a ſingle caſe."

On the 18th our author and his company departed from Conſtantinople in a French ſhip for Trieſte, where they arrived on the 27th of July, and on the 1ſt of September took a poſt-chaiſe for Venice. "As we were entirely ignorant of the Italian language," ſays he, "and were unprovided with an interpreter, the inkeepers on the road made us pay double the uſual price for our meals, as well as the hire of the poſt-horſes. At one place the poſt-maſter refuſed to let us have horſes, unleſs we produced the bill of the former ſtage, that he might ſee to what amount we had been impoſed upon, and regulate his own charges. I pretended to have loſt this paper; but as he inſolently declared we ſhould not depart, even on foot, till he ſaw it, I was, much againſt my inclination, compelled to produce it."—From Venice they proceeded to Oſtend, and "were

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ſurpriſed at the difference between the Italian and German poſt-maſters; for, from the firſt ſtage in the German dominions till their arrival in Oſtend, they did not ſuffer, in a ſingle inſtance, the ſmalleſt degree of impoſition."

They arrived in London September 16th, after a dangerous and difficult journey of twelve months and ſixteen days.

To the author's journal are added, An uſeful Itinerary, or the Route and Diſtance of Palamcotta to Oſtend; —Obſervations on the Paſſage from India commonly called Over-land;— and Inſtructions for performing the Journey from India, through Aſia Minor, to Conſtantinople: but for theſe we muſt refer our readers to the book itſelf, which is ornamented with with a neceſſary Map, or Sketch, as the author calls it, of the courſe of the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates, and of the Route from Buſſora to Conſtantinople. W.

Remarkable Circumſtances obſerved at Atoui, *in the Pacific Ocean.*

[From Captain Portlock's Voyage round the World.]

A Remarkable circumſtance, related by Mr. Goulding, a volunteer in the ſervice, ſhews the great regard the natives have for their dogs: in walking a conſiderable way along the ſhore, he met with an Indian and his wife; ſhe had two puppies, one at each breaſt: the oddity of the circumſtance induced him to endeavour to purchaſe one of them, which the woman could not, by all his perſuaſions or temptations, be induced to part with; but the ſight of ſome nails had ſuch powerful attractions upon the man, that he inſiſted upon her parting with one of them; at laſt, with every ſign of real ſorrow, ſhe did, giving it at the ſame time an affectionate embrace. Although he was at this time a conſiderable way from the ſhip, the woman would not part with him till they arrived where the boat was lying to take him on board, and juſt upon his quitting the ſhore, ſhe very earneſtly intreated to have it once more before they parted; upon his complying with which, ſhe immediately placed it at the breaſt, and after ſome time returned it to him again.

At my requeſt, two chiefs that were on board from Wymoa, exerciſed with their ſpears; the dexterity and aſtoniſhing expertneſs ſhewn by them, wonderfully ſurprized every one on board: one of them, whoſe name was Na-maate e-rae, that is blind of one eye, is a well-made man, about 5 feet 6 inches high; and though he appears to be a perſon of very little property, is yet much reſpected, and his company courted by all the principal men of the iſland. I ſuppoſe the attention paid him proceeds from his having been, and ſtill remaining, a great warrior: the loſs of his eye, one informed me, he met with in battle by a ſtone flung from a ſling; but this accident does not prevent him from being a moſt expert warrior; his manner of exerciſing gave us ſufficient proofs to the contrary. He took his ſtand about three or four yards from the cabinet-door, unarmed; the other perſon ſtood at about eight or ten yards diſtance from him, provided with five ſpears; upon the ſignal being given for commencing action, a ſpear was thrown with the utmoſt force at Na-maate-e-rae, which he avoided by a motion of the body, and caught it as it paſſed him by the middle: with this ſpear he parried the reſt without the leaſt apparent concern; he then returned the ſpears to his adverſary, and armed himſelf with a Pa-ho-a; they were again thrown at him, and again parried with the ſame eaſe. One

of

of the ſpears ſtruck a conſiderable way into the bulk head of the cabin, and the barbed part was broken off in endeavouring to get it out. The remarkable coolneſs he ſhewed at the time the ſpears were caſt at him, proved at once his courage and expertneſs. All who were ſpectators of the ſight, ſhuddered at the danger he ſeemed expoſed to, and were aſtoniſhed to ſee with what eaſe he parried every thing that was caſt at him.

The Engliſh Revolution vindicated from the Miſrepreſentation of the Adherents of the Houſe of Stuart: in a Diſcourſe preached at Cookham, in the Dioceſe of Sarum, on Sunday, October 25, 1789, (being the Anniverſary of His Majeſty's happy Acceſſion.) By George Berkeley, LL.D. (late Student of Chriſt Church, Oxford), Prebendary of Canterbury, Chancellor of Brecknock, Rector of St. Clement Danes, and Vicar of Cookham. 4to.

BY thoſe who ſeparate from the Church of England, objections have been often made to our religious obſervation of ſuch faſts and feſtivals as are inſtituted for the commemoration of remarkable events in the hiſtory of the ſtate. The *thirtieth of January* has always given offence to the fanatical and republican part of our Proteſtant diſſenters; and the *fifth of November* is equally offenſive to the bigotted members of the Church of Rome. Even among ourſelves there are not wanting men who have expreſſed a wiſh that theſe inſtitutions were aboliſhed. The pulpit, ſay they, is conſecrated to the promulgation of the doctrines of the Goſpel; but the preacher who declaims upon ſuch political topics as have divided the nation, inſtead of promoting among his audience that mutual love and forbearance which characteriſe the diſciples of the Prince of Peace, only ſupplies fuel to the flame of faction, and widens thoſe breaches which are already too large.

That, on theſe ſtate-ſolemnities, many preachers have deſerved cenſure for their inflammatory diſcourſes may be true; but that the ſolemnities themſelves were wiſely inſtituted, and may be applied to uſeful purpoſes, no man will deny, who reflects that no dangerous commotions can be excited in any kingdom without the concurrence of the multitude; that obedience to civil government is a duty preſcribed in the Goſpel; and that the multitude can be made acquainted with the nature and extent of that duty only at church, where they are taught the other precepts of our holy religion. There is not, in our Hiſtory, one event religiouſly commemorated, from which a judicious preacher may not extract important leſſons for the uſe of his auditors in the various ſtations in which Providence has placed them: by ſtating, in a clear light, the errors of their forefathers, he may guard them againſt the machinations of factious and intereſted patriots; and by contraſting the preſent ſtate of this nation with that of the nations around us, he may excite in their breaſts gratitude to God for the happineſs they enjoy, and a chearful acquieſcence in the meaſures of Government.

Such ſeem to have been the laudable objects which Dr. Berkeley had in view when he compoſed the only two political ſermons which we remember to have come from his pen. The *former*, which was ſome years ago preached on the thirtieth of January, was a ſeaſonable addreſs to the public on the danger of violent innovations in the ſtate; and the aim of the *preſent* is to make us grateful to God for that happineſs which, under a mild and equal government, we enjoy, both

as a nation and as individuals. The paſſage which he has choſen for his text is Pſalm xxi. 1, 2; whence, after paying a handſome, but juſt, tribute of praiſe to the virtues of the Sovereign, he calls our attention to two circumſtances of a public nature, which, he truly obſerves, muſt increaſe our gratitude to that Being "who "maketh men to be of one mind in "a houſe." Theſe are, *the unfeigned allegiance* which is paid to the King by his ſubjects of *every* deſcription;—and the *re-eſtabliſhment* of the *Sovereign's health*, with the *reſtoration* of the *government of the kingdom.*

In the firſt head of the diſcourſe he labours, and labours ſucceſsfully, to reconcile the *glorious revolution* to the apoſtolical doctrine of *non reſiſtance;* and at the ſame time gives ſuch a view of the *Scotch epiſcopalians*, and their political principles, as induces us to hope that the Legiſlature, in its wiſdom, will ſoon reſtore theſe men to the rights of citizens, by abrogating certain penal laws, which, though they may have been once neceſſary, can now be conſidered only as a diſgrace to the ſtatute-book. On this ſubject our nervous preacher ſpeaks with confidence, but he ſpeaks from the beſt authority* ; and his narrative is interwoven with various reflections which diſplay a conſummate knowledge of human nature.

On the re-eſtabliſhment of the King's health, Dr. Berkeley expreſſes the ſentiments of the whole nation. "It is im-"poſſible," he ſays, "to comprehend "the greatneſs of this mercy, without "taking a ſhort view of what would "probably have been the conſequences "of a longer continuance of his Ma-"jeſty's illneſs." He then admits, in their utmoſt extent, the exalted and amiable qualities of him whom nature and the united voices of the people pointed out for the high office of *Regent;* but he demonſtrates that the government of *no* Regent can equal, in vigour and tranquillity, the government of a King who reigns in the hearts of his ſubjects. He therefore calls upon every one, who dreads the miſchiefs ariſing from a feeble government and a factious populace, to join in devout thankſgiving to the Almighty, for "the great deliverance "which He hath given to His King, "and for the ſignal mercy which "He hath ſhewn to His anoint-"ed."

"But it is not by devotional thankſgiving alone," continues he, "that our late deliverance is to be expreſſed; we muſt labour to diſcharge, with a ſingle eye, the duties of the ſeveral ſtations in which Providence has placed us, and give what ſupport we can to the Government by which we are protected. Many of you who hear me have the glorious privilege of electing thoſe by whom laws are to be made, and taxes are to be granted; you ought, therefore, to remember that this is a high dignity, and an important truſt; and that it is your duty to conſider how this dignity may be beſt ſuſtained, and this truſt moſt faithfully diſcharged.

"To judge *before-hand* who among a number of candidates for the ſame ſeat, is moſt likely to diſcharge the duties of a ſenator with integrity, is *always* difficult, and may *ſometimes* be impoſſible. But, as it is commonly eaſier to know what is *wrong* than what is *right*, to find what we ought to *avoid* than what we ſhould *purſue*, it may be laid down as a maxim, that he deſerves no ſeat in parliament, FOR HE LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY, who deſerted his Sovereign in the day of calamity.

"How

* We are told, in a note, that a reſidence of more than three years in St. Andrews gave him an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed epiſcopal clergy, and of diſcovering their principles.

"How well the King deſerves of his people, for his invariable love of juſtice, his benevolence, the mildneſs of his government, and for maintaining inviolate the principles of the conſtitution, no arguments of mine can be neceſſary to convince you: we have ſeen the tears of millions bearing witneſs to this truth. But I may ſurely obſerve, that, ſuch being the caſe, *that man* can have no claim upon your favour who, when a temporary conſtitution was about to be framed, laboured to eſtabliſh ſuch a ſyſtem as might have made it difficult for the Sovereign, upon the recovery of his health, to reſume the reins of empire, or *to extend his favour towards thoſe wiſe ſervants* who had ſtood by him and the nation in the day of trial."

The reflections which this preacher makes on the preſent confuſions in France are ſo maſterly, the contraſt ſtated between the French Government and ours is ſo ſtriking, and the inference drawn from that contraſt is ſo judicious, that it is with reluctance we forbear to lay the whole paſſage before our readers. But as this review has already extended to a length which may be deemed diſproportionate to a ſingle ſermon, however valuable, we ſhall content ourſelves with quoting the laſt paragraph on that ſubject, referring thoſe who wiſh for fuller ſatisfaction to the diſcourſe itſelf.

"The *worſt* that can befall the French is, that, if their confuſions ſhould continue too long to be borne, the nation will deſert the reformers, and the antient government, being *ſimple and abſolute*, may eaſily reſume its wonted vigour. Whereas a conſtitution *ſo nicely balanced as ours*, if once unſettled by the rage of innovation, would be in danger of never recovering its priſtine purity, but *would degenerate into deſpotiſm or the ſavageneſs of a republic*. Let us, therefore, withhold our confidence from thoſe *hypocrites of patriotiſm* who clamour for the reformation of a government which already approaches nearer to perfection than any which Experience has known or Hiſtory has related, and which will ſee centuries elapſe without a parallel." [Gent. Mag.

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER LIV.

Thurſday January 28, 1790.

ON SOCIETY—VARIETIES OF CHARACTER--OBSERVATIONS ON MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF PEOPLE—AND ON WITS—A DEFENCE OF THE FORMER.

MAN is ſo habituated to live in Society, that external things, in general, conſtitute his principal happineſs. In a populous nation, enjoying the bleſſings of peace, ſolitude as a matter of neceſſity is unknown; it is therefore unprovided for, and we commonly live as if always to live together, and always be ſupported in body and mind by mutual interchanges of kindneſs. And this love of ſociety is ſo natural to us, that we are averſe to admit even the plea of a man who tells us that he ſhuns ſociety on purpoſe to ſhun its vices: ſuch a man will be branded with cowardice by the majority; few or none will allow him the merit of virtue.—"We cannot," ſays a learned writer, "be greatly virtuous, unleſs we can be greatly vicious," and he, unqueſtionably, who reſiſts the criminal importunity, who baffles the attempts of his enemies, and who conquers "the ſin that beſets him," is the Chriſtian Hero, and the true Philoſopher.

In conſidering the infinite variety of characters mankind poſſeſs, we are led to obſerve, that thoſe characters are ſo equally mixed in all places, that each taſte is provided for with no

trouble and at no expence. A village has all the ingredients of a metropolis, tho' each leſs in quantity; and a metropolis is a compoſition from every part of the univerſe. We obſerve too how natural it is for families to ſelect their particular acquaintances, and form a little circle "of friends" more from ſomething ſimilar in diſpoſition, than from the connections of trade, or the ties of blood. It is not uncommon for a lady, who is aſked "Do you know ſuch a perſon?" —to anſwer—"No, he or ſhe is not upon my liſt"—and thoſe families who are not deſirous of a very extenſive acquaintance, keep ſo cloſely within themſelves, as to reſiſt the intruſion of a new perſon, or ſtranger, however agreeable they may be. A lady the other day ſaid to me, "I have received an invitation to viſit Mrs— but I could not think of accepting it" —No! ſurely you uſed to ſay ſhe was a moſt agreeable woman"—True, but I am unwilling to increaſe the number of my acquaintance, as I have already as many as I can viſit or be viſited by, conſiſtently with our plan of life."——To this I could make no anſwer, unleſs to approve the judgement that directed this lady rather to a ſelect than a general acquaintance; the real pleaſures of ſociety may be found in the former, the tumultous hurry of compliment only in the latter.

But of ſelect ſocieties, how various the characters, and how variouſly eſtimated. I have often conſidered a circle of acquaintances or friends, as a ſort of government, of the ariſtocratic kind; the married couples are the leaders; the unmarried, and the young, are the ſubjects. Priority of merit gives diſtinction, and wealth is looked up to in a ſmall room, as much as at a miniſter's levee—Some excel in one accompliſhment, which brings them forward in this miniature life, and ſome in another—As to thoſe who have no diſtinguiſhing talent, and yet are not diſagreeable, they are generally your *mighty good kind of people*, whom every body reſpects, but nobody admires or envies. They are very harmleſs—no one fears from them a ſmart repartee, or the "retort courteous"—and they do well if by this nothingneſs of character they eſcape being occaſionally (like Sir John Falſtaff) "the cauſe that there is *wit* in other men."

In all ſocieties ſome muſt rule and ſome obey—In all polite ſocieties we are ſubject (to uſe John Knox's language) to "the *regiment* of women"—And theſe we diſtinguiſh as having more or leſs power over us, or as commanding more or leſs reſpect. But we yet exclude "the *mighty good kind of people*" from any dominion; we owe no fealty to them—we reſpect them becauſe they are "mighty good," but in order to be feared or beloved, they muſt be "mighty *clever*," ſmart, lively, and contribute largely to the entertainment of their company.

A "*mighty good kind of woman*" may eſcape unnoticed in a company of wits from her unobtruſive manners, but a wit among a company of "*mighty good kind of women*" would ſoon find herſelf in a very aukward ſituation. Her wit would avail her nothing, becauſe it would not be underſtood—her repartees would be uſeleſs, becauſe ſhe would have nobody to anſwer; and in ſpite of the vivacity, neatneſs and point of a Congreve, ſhe would be obliged to deſcend to a proſaic diſcuſſion on making plumb puddings without ſuet, or putting an old trimming on a new petticoat—and perhaps, to add farther to her mortification, and remove her at a more awful diſtance from wit and humour, ſhe would be compelled to deſcant upon the weather, and deplore the failure of the wheat.—But is the *wit* without any reſource in this caſe? Muſt ſhe die unrevenged for ſuch a

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humdrum evening as this? Can she compensate in no way for this constraint on her talents?—Yes—she has glorious revenge in store; for she goes next night into a company of wits, a jury of her peers; there she recapitulates the business of the preceding night, and with the addition of some imaginary touches, and some well-executed mimickry, sets the table in a roar at the expence of her tormentors—She plays with her fan, like one of them; twists her apron-string like another; looks prim and starched, like a third; blows upon her tea, like a fourth; takes ideal snuff from an imaginary box, like a fifth—and at last concludes with hobbling across the room like *Mrs Deborah Hipgout*—adding, however, that "they are mighty good kind of people," only "one would not with to be often with them."

The "mighty good kind of people" are sometimes honoured by another appellation, "*as good a kind of person, Ma'am, as you would wish to see*"—but the character is the same; and equally hostile to the lively, the loquacious and the sprightly, who cannot bear to glide down the stream of life like motionless bodies from a wreck, but must dash about, and raise a little tempest around them.

The result of all these remarks, however, is, that we are rather too much disposed to place our happiness in externals, and to expect that from the society, which ought to be found only in ourselves. The excellence of moral character, the superiority of genius, the solidity of the understanding, are too often secondary considerations in the choice of our acquaintances, while the possession of accomplishments which at best are but amusing, and of talents which perhaps may be dangerous, is a sure recommendation. "*Mighty good kind of people*" are seldom objects of contempt; to a considerate mind they never can be so; they may have qualities that are useful and solid, though not shining and attractive—In them we may find *friendship*, if not *wit*, and they may offer us the kindest consolations at a time when we are not susceptible of the pleasures of society.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

On seeing the Sun rise.

January 1st. 1790.

RESPLENDENT Orb, whose all-enliv'ning ray
Chears this bleak World, e'en in the dullest hours,
When rigid Winter chills the gloomy day,
And round the dim Horizon sternly low'rs.
Thrice welcome to our upper world again,
O rise auspicious with the new-born year;
In it may joy and smiling plenty reign,
And industry with her reward appear.
Far as thy Light and Heat their influence send,
E'en from the northern to the southern pole;
May joyful Peace her olive branch extend,
And harmless Concord reign without controul.
Thee, fair Britannia, sea-girt, chiefly thee,
May Glory, Honour and true Virtue crown;
And may the sun in his wide Circuit see
No empire greater, or of more renown.
Long may great George the royal sceptre sway,

Long

Long may his preſence grace the
Britiſh Throne;
And when tranſplanted to the realms
of day,
The muſe ſhall mourn the noble
Patriot gone.
Nor thee, dear Scotia, can I e'er for-
get:
May peace and plenty ever thee
adorn;
May truth and ſcience ever make thee
great,
And virtue ſmiling lovely as the
morn.
But ſince revolving ſeaſons circling
faſt,
Remind us, life's ſhort period haſtes
away;
Let us improve each day as if the
laſt,
That death approaching give us no
diſmay.
Laſt even we ſaw the ſetting orb
deſcend,
Faint and more faint into the weſ-
tern wave:
So ſinks frail man when life is at an
an end,
Leaves the vain world, and ſtoops
into the grave.
This morn with joy we ſee its ſplen-
dors riſe,
Bright and more bright, as night's
dark ſhade retires:
So ſhall the good man rapt'rous lift
his eyes,
On that laſt morn when death's
long night expires.

Abdn. January 1ſt, 1790. G. REID.

CANZONE *from* PETRARCH.

YE limpid brooks, on whoſe green
veſt
My Goddeſs laid her limbs to reſt;
Ye gentle boughs, whoſe friendly ſhade
Gave ſhelter to the lovely Maid;
Ye herbs and flowers, ſo ſweetly
preſs'd
By her ſoft-riſing ſnowy breaſt;
Ye Zephrys mild, that breath'd a-
round
The place where Love my heart did
wound;
Now at my ſummons all appear,
And to my dying words give ear—:

If then my deſtiny requires,
And Heaven with my fate conſpires,
That Love theſe eyes ſhould weeping
cloſe,
Here let me find a ſoft repoſe—
So Death will leſs my ſoul affright,
And free from dread, my weary
ſprite,
Naked, alone, will dare t' eſſay
The ſtill unknown, tho' beaten way;
Pleas'd that her mortal part will have
So ſafe a part, ſo ſweet a grave.

The cruel Fair for whom I burn,
May one day to theſe ſhades return,
And ſmiling, with ſuperior grace,
Her Lover ſeek around this place;
And when inſtead of me ſhe finds
Some crumbling duſt toſs'd by the
winds,
She may feel pity in her breaſt,
And, ſighing, wiſh me happy reſt;
Drying her eyes with her ſoft veil,
Such tears muſt ſure with Heaven
prevail.
Well I remember how the flowers
Deſcended from theſe boughs in
ſhowers:
Encircled in the fragrant cloud
She ſat, nor 'midſt ſuch glory proud.
Theſe bloſſoms to her lap repair,
Theſe fall upon her flowing hair,
(Like pearls enchas'd in gold they
ſeem)
Theſe on the ground, theſe on the
ſtream;
In giddy rounds theſe dancing ſay,
Here Love and Laura only ſway.

In rapt'rous wonder oft I ſaid,
Sure ſhe in Paradiſe was made;
Thence ſprang that bright angelic
ſtate,
Thoſe looks, thoſe words, that hea-
venly gait,

Tha

That beauteous ſmile, that voice divine,
Thoſe graces that around her ſhine:
Tranſported I beheld the Fair,
And ſighing cry'd, How came I here?
In Heaven amongſt th' immortal bleſt!
Here let me fix and ever reſt.

ACADEMICUS.

Invocation to the Manes of the Three Champions of Britiſh Liberty, who concerted the Meaſures that terminated in the Glorious Revolution of 1688.

Written upon the Old Oaken Chair, in the Plotting Parlour, as it is called, at Whittington, in Derbyſhire.

IMmortal ſpirits of the good and brave,
Whoſe names to Freedom and her ſons are dear;
For whom bright Honour decks the trophied grave,
Whom Glory ſhrines in her celeſtial ſphere;

If yet your ſpirits earth's dim ſcenes ſurvey,
With virtuous tranſport your great ſouls muſt glow,
To view your noble ſons purſue the way,
By which you rais'd Three Nations from their woe.

'Twas then, regardleſs of a Tyrant's frown,
Freedom to this old oaken ſeat you brought,
Guarded with patriot ſwords her menac'd throne,
And Kings unborn their trueſt glory taught.

'Twas here, to hail her fair Centennial year,
Freedom's firm ſons appear'd in proud array;
And Freedom's ſons, like yours, do ſtill revere
The names of OSBORN, CAVENDISH, and GREY.

The true Pythagorean Syſtem.

BY W. HAMILTON REID.

COnſiſtent with the Samian's lore,
If we'd the human race explore,
We in the woods and fields might find
The vicious forms of all mankind:
Not that to Brutes in ſhape men turn!
But long when lawleſs paſſions burn,
'Stead of the human ſoul and mien,
The beſtial mark's by Wiſdom ſeen.
In Princes proud's the Lion's ſtate:
In fawning Curs, an abject fate:
The Elephant's a Sage adviſing:
The blind are Moles and Bats, deſpiſing:
The prudent wiſe as Serpents prove:
Simplicity's a harmleſs Dove:
The fierce are Wolf-dogs on the way:
The Lamb's the innocent, their prey:
The ſtern and ſtrong's a lordly Bull,
Or Calf, both obſtinate and dull:
Our ſavage ſtate's a Colt untam'd:
Preſumption is a War-horſe nam'd:
Low cunning is a ſubtle Fox:
A Gooſe a ſimpleton unlocks:
The Ant's frugality providing:
The covetous are Earth-worms hiding:
Th' induſtrious are Bees well known;
And indolence a cumbrous Drone:
The weak are ſilly Flies, when caught
In webs by ſharper Spiders wrought:
The Turtle doth the chaſte expreſs;
The bearded Goat, laſciviouſneſs.—
Still 'mongſt mankind's as many more,
As there appears of creatures ſtore:
For though the ſhapes of men we view,
Of real men—we find but few!

THE

THE SNOWDROP.

By the Reverend LUKE BOOKER.

IMPATIENT for the coming Spring,
A Snowdrop burſt its leafy cell,
What time the Red breaſt loved to ſing
His Winter's tale where mortals dwell:
What time the North wind's power enchain'd the ſtream,
And falling ſnows repell'd the noontide beam.

Th' adventrous flow'ret Lucas found,
All trembling in the icy blaſt;
Ungenial miſts enrob'd it round,
And tempeſts beat it as they paſt:
The ſwain, who felt life's ſtorms, ſurvey'd it well,
While from his lips theſe pitying accents fell:

" On thy fleecy bed of ſnow,
Where relentleſs ſtorms moleſt,
Infant bloſſom! ceaſe to grow,
And deck my Delia's fairer breaſt:
There no angry tempeſts riſe,
There the Snowdrop never dies:
There celeſtial Virtue glows,
Tho', like Ætna, wrapt in ſnows,
Living ſnows of pureſt white,
That *warm* the ſoul, and wake delight."

TO A VIOLET,

GATHERED IN OCTOBER.

SWEET ſimple violet, what can now entice
Thee from thy bed to riſe, where thou hadſt ſlept
Four Summers' months unſeen? the voice you heard
Was not the call of Spring, whoſe whiſpering gale
Solicits thee to ope the purple flower,
And lend thy fragrance to the morn: the wind
That blew above thine head was Autumn's blaſt:
It comes to ſhake their foliage from the trees:
See in what ſhowers the yellow leaves deſcend,
By ſuch ſharp breathing cut. Leſt thou too feel
The North's keen edge, ſhroud well thy lovely head
Within thy leafy robe, which ſhriveling cold
Has ſhrunk about thy ſides, and left thy form
Half naked and expos'd: ah! much I fear
Thou canſt not bear our chilly damps by night,
Or the ſhrewd biting of the morning air;
If chance thou ſhouldſt eſcape the ſcourge that ſeems
Above thee hung, now ready to chaſtiſe [time,
Thy raſhneſs, who appear'ſt ſo out of
No more let Autumn, with fallacious looks, [aſks,
Draw thee ſo ſoon abroad; for all he
Is but the power with one deceitful ſmile
To lure thee forth, then blaſt thee with his frown.
I have ſeen ſmiles as fair as thoſe you truſt,
Yet found deep miſchief cover'd with that veil.
Nor ſmiles, nor words, can make of him a friend,
Whom Nature made thy foe: thou haſt no friend,
Save Spring alone; ſhe gives thee that ſweet breath
Which Autumn knows not: ſhe diſtains thy leaves
With brighter purple, feeds thee with moiſt dews,
And ever fans thee with the ſofteſt breeze.

P. HOMER.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LV.] Thurſday February 11, 1790. [Price 3d.

An Inquiry into the Inutility of a Knowledge of the Latin and Greek Languages, as a Branch of Liberal Education, with Hints of a Plan of Liberal Inſtruction, without them.

(Continued from page 37).

WE are very apt to forget the age in which we live. In the fifteenth century, all the knowledge of Europe was locked up in a few Greek and Latin manuſcripts. In this confined ſtate of knowledge, an acquaintance with the Latin language was thought to be neceſſary to civilize the human mind—hence the teachers of it acquired the title of "profeſſors of humanity" in the European univerſities. But we live in an age in which knowledge has been drawn from its dead repoſitories, and diffuſed by the art of printing, in living languages, through every part of the world. Humanity has therefore changed ſides. Her gentleneſs is now altogether in favour of modern literature.

We forget not only the age, but the country likewiſe in which we live. In Europe many ancient conſtitutions—laws — treaties — official letters—and even private deeds, are written in Latin—hence the knowledge of it has ſometimes been found uſeful for ſtateſmen and lawyers—but all the conſtitutions, laws, treaties, public letters, and private deeds of the united ſtates, are written in Engliſh; and of courſe a knowledge of the Latin language is not neceſſary to underſtand them. It is therefore as unleſs in America as the Spaniſh great coat is in the iſland of Cuba, or the Dutch foot-ſtove at the Cape of Good Hope.

We forget further the difference of occupation between the inhabitants of the preſent and of the fifteenth century. Formerly public prayers and war were the only buſineſs of man: but ſince agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, have afforded ſuch different and profitable employments to mankind, there can not be greater folly than to learn two languages which are no ways connected with the advancement of any of them.

"I once thought health the moſt precious thing in the world," (ſaid Mr Rittenhouſe to the author of this eſſay) "but I do not think ſo now. There is one thing infinitely more precious, and that is time." This opinion of our excellent American philoſopher is true every where, but in a more eſpecial manner in the united ſtates. Here the opportunities of acquiring knowledge and of advancing private and public intereſt are ſo numerous, and the rewards of genius and induſtry ſo certain, that not a particle of time ſhould be mis-ſpent or loſt. We occupy a new country. Our principal buſineſs ſhould be to explore and apply its reſources, all of which preſs us to enterprize and haſte. Under theſe circumſtances, to ſpend three or four years in learning two dead languages, is to turn our backs upon a gold mine, in order to amuſe ourſelves in catching butterflies.

It is agreeable to hear of the progreſs of human reaſon in the gradual declenſion of the uſual methods of teaching the Latin and Greek languages within the laſt forty years in Europe. Formerly boys were obliged to commit whole volumes of Latin and Greek poetry to memory, as the only means of learning thoſe languages. Nor was this all; they were obliged to compoſe Latin verſes, without the leaſt regard being paid to genius, or taſte for poetry. The laſt act of ſchool tyranny was to compel boys to read the ancient claſſics without the help of tranſlations. All theſe methods of teaching the dead languages are now laid aſide. The next ray of truth that irradiates human reaſon upon this ſubject, I hope will teach us to reject the Latin and Greek languages alto gether, as branches of a liberal education.

The progreſs of human reaſon ſhould likewiſe be acknowledged in having baniſhed Latin and Greek quotations from ſermons, and other religious tracts, which are intended for the common people. Such quotations are now to be found only in books of ſcience, addreſſed to the members of the learned profeſſions, or to perſons who are ſuppoſed to be acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages.

There are certain follies, like the objects of ſight, which cannot be ſeen when the eye is placed too near them. We are ſtruck with pity and horror in contemplating the folly diſcovered by our anceſtors in the military expeditions to the holy land of Paleſtine. The generations which are to follow us, will probably view our partiality to the claſſic ground of Greece and Rome with ſimilar emotions. We laugh at the credulity of thoſe nations who worſhipped apes and crocodiles, without recollecting, that future ages will treat our ſuperſtitious veneration for the ancient poets and orators with the ſame ridicule. Poſterity, in reading the hiſtory of the American revolution, will wonder, that in a country where ſo many exploits of wiſdom and virtue were performed, the human underſtanding was fettered by prejudices in favour of the Latin and Greek languages. But I hope with the hiſtory of this folly, ſome hiſtorian will convey to future generations, that two of the moſt active and uſeful characters in accompliſhing this revolution, were ſtrangers to the formalities of a Latin and Greek education.

It would ſeem as if theſe great men had been choſen by heaven to enlighten and ſave a country, on purpoſe, among other reaſons, to ſhew the ſuperiority of practical uſeful knowledge, above technical and ſpeculative learning. Read the correct and elegant letters and other publications of theſe great men, and ſay, Is it neceſſary to ſtudy Latin and Greek, in order to acquire

acquire a knowledge of Engliſh grammar, or of the proper uſe of words? Trace them both through the various ſtages of their ſplendid and uſeful lives, and ſay, is it neceſſary to pore over the Greek and Roman authors, in order to arrive at the ſummit of fame, in mathematics, in philoſophy, in war, and in government? Happy country of the united ſtates! in being bleſſed with men, who have at once reſcued their fellow citizens and human reaſon from ſlavery.

It is high time to diſtinguiſh between a philoſopher and a ſcholar, between knowledge and learning. 'He was educated at the college of ——' ſaid a gentleman to his friend, ſpeaking of a young man who was known to them both. 'You mean, Sir,' (replied his friend) 'he got his learning at the college of ——; but as to education, he appears to have received none any where.' This young man was an excellent Latin and Greek ſcholar, but knew nothing of men or things.

Let it not be ſuppoſed from any thing that has been here advanced, that I wiſh the knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages to be extinct in the world. Far from it. My wiſh is to ſee it preſerved, like the knowledge of law, or medicine, as a diſtinct profeſſion. Let the perſons, who devote themſelves to the ſtudy of theſe languages, be called Linguiſts, or interpreters, and let them be paid for their tranſlations and explanations of Latin and Greek books, and other compoſitions in thoſe languages. No more confidence will be placed by the public, in the members of this new profeſſion, than is daily placed in lawyers and phyſicians, in matters of much greater importance; nor will more credit be given to them, than we are accuſtomed to give to travellers and hiſtorians. There can be no more reaſon why every man ſhould be capable of tranſlating or judging of a Latin or Greek book, than there can be why every man ſhould be a lawyer, or a phyſician, or why he ſhould be obliged to viſit Conſtantinople or Grand Cairo, in order to become acquainted with the ſituation of theſe two great cities. If this method of preſerving and applying the dead languages ſhould be adopted, young men will learn them as they do law and phyſic, by ſerving an apprenticeſhip, inſtead of going to ſchool.

The following advantages would immediately attend the rejection of the Latin and Greek languages as branches of a liberal education.

1. It would improve, and finally perfect the Engliſh language, by checking the increaſe of thoſe ſuperfluous words which are derived from the Latin and Greek languages. What uſe have we for feſtivity—celebrity—hilarity—amenity—and a hundred other duplicate words, with which Johnſon and Harris have corrupted and weakned our language, and which are unintelligible to three fourths of common Engliſh readers? The rejection of the ancient languages, would further baniſh Latin and Greek words, ſuch as, *exit*, *fecit*, *excudit*, *pinxit*, *acme*, *finis*, *bona fide*, *ipſo facto*, *ad valorem*, and a hundred others, equally diſguſting, from Engliſh compoſitions. It would moreover preſerve our language from the encroachments of French and Italian words, ſuch as *eclat*—*amateur*—*douceur*—*en paſſant*—*corps*—*dilettanti*—*con cuore*—*piano*—and many others, all of which impair the uniformity and dignity of the Engliſh language.

2. The rejection of the Latin and Greek languages from our ſchools, would produce a revolution in ſcience, and in human affairs. That nation which ſhall firſt ſhake off the fetters of thoſe ancient languages, will advance further in knowledge, and in happineſs, in twenty years, than any

nation in Europe has done in a hundred.

3. It will have a tendency to deſtroy the prejudices of the common people againſt ſchools and colleges. The common people do not deſpiſe ſcholars, becauſe they know more, but becauſe they know leſs than themſelves. A mere ſcholar can call a horſe, or a cow, by two or three different names, but he frequently knows nothing of the qualities, or uſes of thoſe valuable animals.

4. It would be the means of baniſhing pride from our ſeminaries of public education. Men are generally moſt proud of thoſe things that do not contribute to the happineſs of themſelves, or others. Uſeful knowledge generally humbles the mind, but learning, like fine clothes, feeds pride, and thereby hardens the human heart.

5. It would greatly increaſe the number of ſtudents in our colleges, and thereby extend the benefits of education through every part of our country. The excellency of knowledge would then be obvious to every body, becauſe it would be conſtantly applicable to ſome of the neceſſary and uſeful purpoſes of life, and particularly to the ſecurity and order of wiſe and juſt government.

6. It would remove the preſent immenſe diſparity which ſubſiſts between the ſexes, in the degrees of their education and knowledge. Perhaps one cauſe of the miſery of many families, as well as communities, may be ſought for in the mediocrity of knowledge of the women. They ſhould know more or leſs, in order to be happy themſelves, and to communicate happineſs to others. By ceaſing to make Latin and Greek a neceſſary part of a liberal education, we open the doors for every ſpecies of improvement to the female part of ſociety;—hence will ariſe new pleaſures in their company,—and hence, too, we may expect a general reformation and refinement, in the generations which are to follow us; for the principles and manners of all ſocieties, are formed chiefly by the women.

It may be aſked, here, How ſhall we employ thoſe years of a boy, that are now uſually ſpent in learning the Latin and Greek languages? I ſhall endeavour to anſwer this queſtion by laying down a ſhort plan of a liberal Engliſh education. In this undertaking, I ſhall be led by no authority but that of Nature. For this purpoſe, I ſhall ſtrive to forget for a while all the ſyſtems of education I have ever ſeen, and ſuggeſt ſuch an one as is founded in the original principles of action in the human mind.

1. Let the firſt eight years of a boy's time be employed in learning to ſpeak, ſpell, read, and write the Engliſh language. For this purpoſe, let him be committed to the care of a maſter, who ſpeaks correctly at all times, and let the books he reads be written in a ſimple and correct ſtile. During theſe years, let not an Engliſh grammar, by any means, be put into his hands. It is to moſt boys under even twelve years of age, an unintelligible book. As well might we contend, that a boy ſhould be taught the names and number of the humours of the eye, or the muſcles of the tongue, in order to learn to ſee, or to ſpeak, as be taught the Engliſh language by means of grammar. Sancho, in attempting to learn to read, by chewing the four and twenty letters of the alphabet, did not exhibit a greater abſurdity, than a boy of ſeven or eight years old does in committing grammar rules to memory, in order to underſtand the Engliſh language. Did we wiſh to deſcribe a ſhip, ſo as to have all its parts perfectly and ſpeedily known, would we begin by deſcribing its detached parts in a ſhipyard, or a rope-

walk;

walk; or would we not fix every part in its proper place, and then explain the names and uſes of theſe parts, by ſhewing their ſubſerviency to each other? In like manner, I affirm, that the conſtruction of our language ſhould be learned by a careful attention to the places and uſes of the different parts of ſpeech in agreeable compoſitions, and not by contemplating them in a disjointed ſtate in an Engliſh grammar. But I will add further, that grammar ſhould be taught only by the ear. Pronunciation, which is far more extenſive, and difficult, is learned only in this way. To teach concord in the arrangement of words, let the maſter converſe with his pupils as well as hear them read, and let him diſtinctly mark and correct every deviation from grammatical propriety which they utter. This method of teaching grammar has been tried with ſucceſs in the families of ſeveral gentlemen of my acquaintance. It is both rational and practicable. It has, moreover, the authority of the wiſe Greeks to recommend it. Homer, Xenophon, Demoſthenes, and Longinus, I believe, were all taught to ſpeak—read—and write their native language, without the incumbrance of a Greek grammar. I do not mean by any thing that has been advanced, to inſinuate that our pupil ſhould not be inſtructed in the principles and laws of our language. I have reſerved this part of knowledge to a much later period of his youth, at which time he will acquire it almoſt as ſoon as Moliere's "Citizen turned Gentleman," learned to diſtinguiſh between proſe and poetry. He will find, that he is in poſſeſſion of this knowledge, and that the buſineſs of his maſter will be only to give names to things with which he is already acquainted.

Under this head I ſhall only add, that the perfection of the ear, as an avenue of knowledge, is not ſufficiently known. Ideas acquired through that organ, are much more durable than thoſe acquired by the eyes. We remember much longer what we hear, than what we ſee; hence, old men recollect voices, long after they forget faces. Theſe facts are capable of great application to the buſineſs of education.

Having provided our pupil with a vehicle of knowledge, by teaching him to read and write, our next buſineſs ſhould be to furniſh him with ideas. Here it will be neceſſary to remark, that the human mind in early life firſt comprehends ſubſtances. From theſe it proceeds to actions, from actions to qualities, and from qualities to degrees. Let us therefore in education follow this order of nature, and begin by inſtructing our pupil in the knowledge of ſubſtances, or things. For this purpoſe, let us initiate him into the knowledge of the globe on which he exiſts, by teaching him,

2. Natural hiſtory. This ſtudy is ſimple and truly delightful. Animals of all kinds are often the ſubjects of converſation and diſputes among boys in their walks and diverſions. But this is not all; this ſtudy is the foundation of all uſeful and practical knowledge in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, as well as in philoſophy, chemiſtry, and medicine. By making natural hiſtory the firſt ſtudy of a boy, we imitate the conduct of the firſt teacher of man. The firſt leſſon that Adam received from his Maker in Paradiſe was upon natural hiſtory. It is probable that the dominion of our great progenitor over the brute creation, and every other living creature, was founded upon a perfect knowledge of their names and qualities, for God appears in this, as well as in other inſtances, to have acted by the inſtrumentality of human reaſon.—Where a muſeum is wanting, all that

is neceſſary for a boy to know of animals and fiſhes—inſects—trees and herbs, may be taught by means of prints.

3. Geography is a ſimple ſcience, and accommodated to the capacity of a boy under twelve years of age. It may be perfectly underſtood by means of cards—globes—and maps; for each of theſe modes of conveying inſtruction, ſeizes upon the ſenſes and imagination. The frequent application which a boy is obliged to make of his knowledge in geography, in reading, and converſation, will ſoon fix it upon his memory, and from the time and manner in which he will acquire it, he will never forget it.

I allow four years to be employed in acquiring theſe two fundamental branches of knowledge. After our pupil has become tolerably well acquainted with them, he ſhould be inſtructed in the

4. French and German languages. Theſe will be equally neceſſary, whether commerce—phyſic—law—or divinity is the purſuit of a young man. They ſhould be acquired only by the ear. Great care ſhould be taken not to permit him to learn theſe languages before he is twelve years old, otherwiſe he will contract ſo much of the French and German accents as will impair the pronunciation of his native tongue.

5. Arithmetic, and ſome of the more ſimple branches of the mathematics, ſhould be acquired between the twelfth and fourteenth years of his life.

6. Between his fourteenth and eighteenth years, he ſhould be inſtructed in grammar—oratory—criticiſm—the higher branches of mathematics—philoſophy—chemiſtry—logic—metaphyſics—chronology—hiſtory—government—the principles of agriculture, and manufactures—and in every thing elſe that is neceſſary to qualify him for public uſefulneſs, or private happineſs.

7. Along with theſe branches of literature, let our pupil be early and ſteadily inſtructed in the principles of the Chriſtian religion. I prefer the Chriſtian religion to all others, becauſe I believe it to be the only true one; but it were better he ſhould be inſtructed in the religions of Mahomet or Confucius, than in none at all. I am ſo fully ſatisfied of the neceſſity and advantages of teaching a religion of ſome kind in our ſchools, that were I an arbitrary prince, I would ſuffer no ſchool to be eſtabliſhed in my dominions, in which the duties of morality were not inculcated, from a principle of obedience to the will of God.

I ſhall conclude this enquiry by two remarks on the diſcipline and amuſements of ſchools.

1. Let the government of our ſchools be ſtrict, that it may not be ſevere, and let no corporal puniſhment of any kind ever be inflicted upon the boys. Private admonition ſhould firſt be tried upon all offenders. If this fails of ſucceſs, recourſe ſhould be had to ſolitude—to low diet,—and, in extreme caſes, to darkneſs. If all theſe prove unſucceſsful, expulſion ſhould be uſed. A boy, who cannot be reclaimed by the above means, will ſoon infect a whole ſchool with his vices.

2. I have no objection to boys employing the intervals of their ſtudies in healthy and uſeful exerciſes, ſuch as ſwimming—ſcating, and the like. But it ſhould be remembered that labour is the buſineſs and intereſt of man, and that the ſooner boys become familiar with it, the better. It will preſerve the health, and keep them from many of the hurtful accidents to which moſt of the ſports of young people expoſe them. It will, moreover, preſerve their tempers from thoſe evil paſſions which competition even

in play, often excites in the breasts of school-boys. The care of a small garden has been found to seize powerfully upon their minds. It is the employment of the scholars of the methodist college at Abingdon, in Maryland, in the intervals of their school hours. The Moravians at Bethlehem wisely carry this idea of teaching their young people to work, so far, that they derive a considerable profit from their labour in several useful manufactures.

With these remarks I shall close this enquiry—but not without sincerely wishing, that if I have advanced a single opinion in any part of it, that is contrary to reason, or the best interests of my country, it may make no impression upon any part of my readers. On the contrary, if my opinions are just, I have only to add my fervent wishes, that their opposition to established habits may not prevent their becoming universal.

Philadelphia, June 11, 1789.

Original Letter from Mrs Keir (Authoress of "The INTERESTING MEMOIRS,") *to a friend who had promised to dine with her, and did not go.*

MADAM,

YOU trust too much to my good nature, when you expect to be forgiven for disappointing me of your company yesterday. So far from forgiving you, I have been meditating revenge, and think the best way of effecting my purpose is to give an account of the repast I prepared for you.

At the head of the table you would have found a very warm *heart*, stuffed with honesty, and other sweet herbs; at the foot, not a *Calves head*, (as is customary) but a Buck's, well dressed, with plenty of brains, which is rather uncommon—On the one side English Plainness, French Politeness, and Scotch hospitality were well mixed together for the *Pudding*. On the other side I had placed a beau, with Wit alamode, which, you must confess, makes a most delicate *Trifle*: between, you would have had, for *Jellies*, thoughts cool and solid, yet so transparent, that you might have seen through them. Your *Bread* would have been plain sense unleavened by hypocrisy, which we reckon the most wholesome, and, though there is no Attic Salt to be had now-a-days, Caledonian would have relished very well, when compounded with a spice of repartee, a grain or two of satire, and seasoned with mirth to your taste—Each dish was to have been *garnished* with good humour, which I think the freshest, pleasantest, and prettiest of evergreens; and though we cannot afford sparkling *Champaigne*, we would have crowned the repast with true English *Punch*, composed of strong affections, sweet expressions, poignant with wit and pure sentiments.—If you are fond of *Acids*, you should have had them of your own providing—And now confess—is not your mortification at least adequate to mine? But—though angry, I am not spiteful, and, I assure you I was at no expence for your Entertainment, having brought all the above mentioned articles from Scotland, where they are as plenty as one would wish; and farther I will add, you may atone for the past by your behaviour in future; for if you come soon, the rest of the dishes will keep cold, and my friendship, whenever you appear, will warm again, and be as good as ever.

Picture of a Drunken Company.

SWEET temperance, the continuer and restorer of health and the

cheerfulneſs! It is thou that giveſt us the moſt noble and exalted command that a human creature can poſſeſs—the command and empire over ourſelves! I could not help breaking out into this rhapſody, after making my eſcape, partly by ſtratagem, and partly by violence, from an entertainment I was lately preſent at. I have been ſo little uſed to ſuch company, that I really thought the barbarous and Gothic cuſtom of drinking to exceſs had become obſolete; but I found great reaſon upon this occaſion to alter my opinion. In the entertainments in which I have been chiefly engaged, ſo far from a man's being preſſed to drink more than he chooſes, no toaſts are given, and every one is left to help himſelf as he pleaſes. Under this regulation of affairs, that perſon muſt have a vaſt propenſity to liquor, or very little ſhame, who could contrive to get himſelf drunk: however, in this entertainment a very different ſyſtem prevailed.

A few mornings ago, a friend of mine, a wine merchant, called upon me; after ſome converſation, he told me, that he was obliged every year to dine at a certain public houſe which he ſerved with wine, for the good of the trade; that there would be there upon the ſame occaſion many reputable people in buſineſs, and, as the ſcene would be new to me, he requeſted heartily that I would make one of the party; two o'clock was the hour fixed; I was pleaſed with the plan; and, as I expected to be entertained and informed by the converſation of plain, ſenſible men, I readily agreed to attend upon my friend. He ſaid it was a rule with him never to drink more than two bumper toaſts, and after that every man was to fill and drink as he pleaſed This obſervation made no impreſſion on me at that time, for I had not the ſmalleſt apprehenſion of what was to enſue. At the hour and place appointed we appeared punctually. In ſpeaking of the events that followed, I ſhall, for obvious reaſons, make uſe of feigned names. We were ſhewn into a long low, pitched room, up ſtairs, with tables joined together from one end to the other. I ſaw ſome decent, grave-looking people, who had already taken their places at the table: ſome others of the company were whirling plates round on their forks, and ſome were paſſing away the time of waiting with large glaſſes of brandy and water, to give them an appetite, as they ſaid: ſeveral tumultuous peals of laughter broke forth without any adequate cauſe for ſuch an effect appearing to me, till I was convinced, as Bayes ſays of the boots, that the joke lay in the brandy and water. This I thought ominous, for I never could endure the practice of drinking any thing before dinner, as I look upon it to be a ſpecies of ſuicide. Forty people were expected, but not more than twenty-one appeared. The abſentees were ſpoken of with great aſperity, not ſo much for having broke their words, as for being ſuch fools as to miſs ſuch an opportunity of being happy. Great enquiries were made about Tom Racket, he being a real honeſt fellow. In the midſt of theſe Tom made his appearance: he ſeemed at firſt to be a very ſtout young fellow, of about 25, but in fact he was an old man, almoſt worn down by continual exceſſes of of all ſorts, as his tremulous frame confeſſed. Tom ſaid, that he had kept it up the night before, and had juſt been home to change his cloaths. His eyes were ready to ſtart out of his head, and he ſeemed quite ſickened at the preparations for dinner, till he had fortified his ſtomach by near a gill of brandy, and then he ſaid he was as hungry as a hawk. Unhappy man! if my advice can be of any ſervice to him, he is welcome to it: let

let him only for one month try the direct oppoſite courſe of life to that he now leads, and I will inſure him more pleaſure in it; for it is in vain to ſpeak to Tom upon any other ſcore: the true epicure will keep all his ſenſes free and unembarraſſed.

Dinner at length appeared, every thing was in plenty, and good in its kind: the table talk was not very inſtructive, a great part being taken up with the ham and chickens, &c. and others of the company complaining that they could eat nothing. At the head of the complainants I obſerved Tom, and the others who drank the brandy and water to give them an appetite; but theſe gentlemen made up for their bad appetites by plentiful libations of porter. The cloth being removed, buſineſs began in earneſt: plenty of punch and port was ſet upon the table, and my friend Vintage, the wine-merchant, placed in the chair: pipes and tobacco were then called for. I now expected a little rational converſation, but was diſmally diſappointed: for two hours nothing was attended to but toaſts, and the regular circulation of the glaſs, and by that time a jolly fellow was inſpired to give us a ſong, (the greateſt outrage upon muſic that ever was) at the cloſe of which there was a wonderful noiſe, by hallooing and beating the tables. I now deſpaired of meeting with any thing reaſonable, and as the fumes of ſo much liquor and tobacco began to diſtreſs me, I determined to move off. This was violently oppoſed, particularly by Vintage, whoſe countenance I now ſaw was wonderfully changed, and a kind of pert ſagacity upon it, which I had never diſcovered before. I ſat watching like a cat for two hours, for an opportunity to make my eſcape, highly chagrined at the oppoſition I had met with. Affairs now verged to a ſituation which was entirely new to me: one of the grave-looking men, whoſe appearance I was pleaſed with when I firſt went into the room, was now dancing upon the table with the 'hind part of his wig before, and two more of the ſame caſt dancing a minuet in the corner of the room, with their wigs flung into the chimney. Theſe were really men of ſubſtantial reputations, and reſpectable maſters of families!!! O, wine and punch, what tranſformations do you make! My friend Vintage, who had the mighty authority of toaſt-maſter to ſuppreſs theſe ridiculous enormities; inſtead of that, aided, countenanced, and abetted them, by laughing and roaring to the utmoſt extent of his lungs. In the corner of the room ſtood a long pole, with a pair of buck's horns on the top of it: Tom Racket takes the wig of one of the gentlemen, who was dancing a minuet, and places it between the horns: This piece of wit occaſioned a greater roar of laughter than I ever remembered to have heard, till the owner of the wig diſcovered the joke, and then ſerious conſequences were apprehended: he (being a married man) looked upon it as a dreadful innuendo, and it was with great difficulty and more noiſe, that a boxing bout was prevented on the ſpot: however, the quarrel was made up, and the diſputants fined a pint bumper a-piece. This ſeemed to diſpleaſe neither of them; for Racket ſaid, he never minded a bumper; and the other declared, that he was ſo thirſty with dancing, it was no puniſhment to him.

Inſtead of the rational converſation I expected, noiſe, abſurdity, and even danger, now diſguſted and alarmed me ſo much, that I determined to run for it, and, by bribing the waiter to leave the door on the jar, I ſome time afterwards found, and immediately ſeized the opportunity, not without overſetting Tom Racket and my neighbour Syrup, who endea-

voured to ſtop me—State of the company about ten o'clock, while the cloth was ſpreading for a cold cut: Dead drunk 7, raving mad 4, quite fooliſh and ſimpering 3, frowning and quarreling 2, making moſt ridiculous faces out of pure folly and good humour 2, ſwelling with the ideas of ſelf-importance in the moſt *outre* manner 2, dizzy, being the writer hereof, 1.

Is not this a moſt deplorable picture of human nature? Ought not every motive, divine and —— but I muſt not grow too ſerious at once upon ſuch a ſubject, leſt I ſhould appear as ridiculous and abſurd as theſe people. I ſhall reſerve for a future day ſome ſerious reflections that occurred to me on the above monſtrous intoxication, together with the "ſtrange eventful hiſtory" that was the conſequence of it.

The next day, about one o'clock, I called at Vintage's houſe, and was ſhown into the parlour, where ſat Mrs. Vintage, with eyes like a ferrit's. I enquired if my friend was at home. "At home, (ſays ſhe) yes; and like to be ſo for ſome time." Why, what's the matter, Madam? "Matter; I have been frightened to death about him. I ſat up till paſt two o'clock, and he never made his appearance here till paſt five, with a mob at his heels, and his head broke in two or three places. He has a knob upon his ſide as big as a turnip." As I knew Vintage was as peaceable a man as any in England, and indeed rather ſhy in venturing his perſon, I was apprehenſive of ill uſage, and propoſed an enquiry to be made. "No, (ſays ſhe) it was his own fault altogether; for when Mr. Vintage is in this way, he is ſo fooliſh—bruiſed as he was when he came home, he could not help capering and tumbling about, and challenging every body to fight with him—it is to be hoped he will be thoroughly aſhamed of himſelf." I then took my leave, and called upon my neighbour Syrup: The door was opened to me by an old woman, with a mixture of diſtreſs and anger in her countenance. I enquired for Mr. Syrup. "I wiſh he was dead (ſaid ſhe) with all my ſoul. He ſeems to be going on in a very bad way. He was in the watch-houſe, and then carried before the Juſtices. I ſuppoſe his pranks will coſt him a pretty penny. He has not been home above two hours. I obſerved a large glaſs of rum and an egg upon the table. This ſhe told me he ordered for his breakfaſt, as he muſt always have "an hair of the ſame dog" after his fine doings! But for fear of encroaching too much I ſhall conclude for the preſent, not without hopes, that when I reſume the ſubject, I may be able to produce ſome arguments and perſuaſions to bring theſe ſtrange people to a more rational ſyſtem of life.

Your humble ſervant,

ZENO.

On the Folly of affecting Genteel Connections.

AMONG the numbers who in this age, ſtrikingly diſtinguiſhed for its luxury, extravagance, and diſſipation, expoſe themſelves to ridicule while they make haſty ſtrides to ruin, none are ſurely more ridiculous in their ruinous ſituations than thoſe who are ſtripped of their fortunes, and robbed of their peace, by people whoſe follies they deſpiſe, and whoſe vices they deteſt, but with whom they aſſociate merely to have the pleaſure of boaſting of their genteel connections. To ſupport the vanity ariſing from ſuch connections, health, fortune, peace, and character, are all alternately ſacrificed.

Henry Paget had a ſmall fortune, but

but it was ſufficient to furniſh him with the decent neceſſaries of life; he was not rich, but he was independent. He had a taſte for retirement; he was a lover of ſcience, and of all thoſe intellectual pleaſures which are beſt enjoyed in ſcenes removed from the buſy paths of life. With a few ſelect friends of the ſame literary turn, he ſpent his happieſt hours, and if he breathed a wiſh for the increaſe of his fortune, it was to have it in his power to enlarge his mental ſtores. Happening, however, to fall in one day with a ſet of people who were addicted to ſenſual delights, whoſe *enjoyments of life* aroſe from tables luxuriouſly covered with all the dainties of the ſeaſon, who had a ſovereign contempt for every ſpecies of frugality, he was was ſo much affected by the jokes which they let off, with much vivacity, againſt all *ſober dogs* in general, and upon philoſophers in particular, that he thought he ſhould be held extremely cheap, and reckoned *nobody*, if he did not adopt their manners and ſtyle of living; in conſequence of this falſe ſuppoſition, he copied his originals with ſuch a cloſeneſs of imitation that he, in a ſhort time, annihilated his little fortune, ruined his conſtitution, and died in the moſt deplorable manner, ſeverely afflicted by poverty and pain, doubly afflicted by his penitential reflections, in the midſt of which he derived not the leaſt conſolation from the remembrance of his having mixed with ſome of the genteeleſt people in the kingdom.

Charles Sprightly hates cards, and has indeed a mortal averſion to all kinds of games; he is never ſo happy as when he is engaged in muſical parties, and is a pretty good performer himſelf upon ſeveral inſtruments; in converſation too he can bear his part to no ſmall advantage; by nature and education, indeed, Charles is enabled to ſhine in many ſubjects, but as he meets with card-tables in almoſt every genteel houſe he viſits, he deems it indiſpenſibly neceſſary for him, to accommodate himſelf to the taſte of the circle round him, to avoid the imputation of ſingularity and unpoliteneſs, an imputation which he has not ſufficient fortitude to ſupport: in compliance, therefore, with modes of amuſement which he can neither admire nor approve, he conſtantly ſits down to whiſt or quadrille, without being much preſſed, and having as little judgment as inclination, he is continually loſing ſums which he cannot prudently afford: he plays, it muſt be owned, with an infinite deal of ſpirit, and is perfectly the gentleman during the manœuvres of the evening; but he pays ſo dear for his gentility, that it is a moot point whether he will not be in the King's Bench before the King's next Birth Day.

Will Careleſs is the man in the world who naturally gives the ſmalleſt attention to his perſon: he is naturally of ſo frugal a diſpoſition, that he thinks the whole duty of dreſs conſiſts in a decent appearance: a large wardrobe is no part of his ambition; but he is unavoidably acquainted, *ex officio*, with a number of coxcombs, who make the embelliſhment of their bodies their principal concern, and who leave their minds totally uncultivated, who run about with all the variations of the faſhion, and who think they are not fit to be ſeen, if they are not in the extremity of the *ton;* he meets with ſo many mortifications from their winks and nods, at the ſimplicity of his apparel, and the ſhyneſs of his whole exterior, which are ſometimes accompanied with ſmart pieces of raillery and hints of intemperate mirth, that I pronounce him to be in the high road to puppyiſm.—He has already made ſome changes which plainly diſcover the imbecility of his mind; and I have great reaſon to believe that he will, in the courſe of one revolving moon, be as complete a

Macaroni, againſt conviction, as ever figured in the faſhionable world: he will, never, it is true, with all his imitations, look like thoſe whom he ſtudies to copy, to eſcape the laſh of their ridicule, but he will furniſh as much laughter as they poſſibly can, by his miſtakes of the head.

Narciſſa has a handſome face: there is a great deal of delicacy in it, but very little appearance of health. She is perpetually ſpeaking againſt Miſs Varniſh, her neighbour, abhors your high-coloured cheeks, and wonders how any woman can run the riſque of injuring her conſtitution, by making uſe of art for the improvement of her complexion: Yet ſhe never appears in public without having her cheeks daubed in the very manner againſt which ſhe ſeverely exclaims at home, in order to put herſelf upon a footing with thoſe women who would, ſhe thinks, give her no chance for admirers, with more Engliſh beauty. But Narciſſa is not frenchified only in her face; her inordinate paſſion for admiration prompts her to follow every Pariſian mode with the utmoſt minuteneſs, though ſhe is, in her heart, as ſevere an Antigallican as ever exiſted.

Miſs Minnikin has a pretty little perſon enough; and, in clothes proportioned to her ſize, has been often called the Pocket Venus; but her ambition is of a higher kind; ſhe flies at more exalted game. Her own hair is remarkably thick, and ſhe is particularly fond of a compactneſs in her dreſs, that ſhe may move about with the greater activity, yet ſhe, unaccountably, chuſes to imitate Lady Mary Tallboy, who is full ſix feet and two inches, without feathers, and will have her hair dreſſed higher by a quarter of a yard than any of her acquaintance; her Italian night-gown, too, is ſix yards from the neck bit, to the hem at the bottom, and conſequently proves ſo embarraſſing to her, that ſhe has fallen backwards ſeveral times, and torn three muſlin trains all to tatters.

Mrs. Fondle has ſo plain a perſon, and is altogether ſo inelegant a figure, ſuch a dowdy, that thoſe who are moſt partial to her are of opinion, that ſhe would not have married at all, had ſhe not been heireſs to a conſiderable eſtate, yet Mr. Fondle treats her with a tenderneſs that does honour to his character; ſhe, at the ſame time, quite enamoured with his perſon, wiſhes to return his affectionate behaviour; ſhe wiſhes to be fond of her children; ſhe wiſhes to ſhine as a wife, and as a mother; but ſince gallantries among married women have been ſo much the *ton*, ſhe thinks it impoſſible to go into *genteel* life, without the appearance, at leaſt, of an *affair* upon her hands; and therefore takes every method in her power to attract the attention of the men of pleaſure, in hopes of having the *reputation* of a *tete-a-tete*, though ſhe is the laſt woman in town likely to draw them into ſo faſhionable a connection with her. It is imagined alſo, that if ſhe could make the ſlighteſt pretenſions to a *divorce*, ſhe would arrive at the accompliſhment of her deſires. Such is the force of *imitation!*—How very neceſſary, therefore, is it, for people, eſpecially in the higher rank of life, to ſet examples, which may be followed with ſafety and honour, by thoſe who look upon them as patterns in the world, tho' they hold them extremely cheap in their own private opinions. T.

Fatal Conſequences of Eaſineſs of Temper.

THERE are men without number to be met with, who, from the ductility of their diſpoſitions, generally proceeding from the weakneſs of

of their underſtandings, are, like the Samſon of Milton, "in power of others, never in their own."

Harry Vane, naturally of a religious turn, is at the ſame time of ſo unſettled a temper, that he is in a continual ſtate of perplexity with regard to the beſt mode of worſhip, and is, in conſequence of his religious fluctuations, ſhifting his ground as often as ſome politicians, puzzled about a foreign war, do theirs.

To day, Harry is the higheſt of all high churchmen, and carries his orthodoxy ſo far, that he will quarrel by the hour in defence of every rite in the rubric, with an earneſtneſs ſufficient to make you believe that he is inflexibly attached to the whole code, were you not, on the other hand, convinced, from the mutability of his mind, that he will declare point blank againſt the hierarchy to-morrow, with equal earneſtneſs, and equal volubility—ſo that (to adopt a familiar phraſe) you never know "where to have him." Harry's variations would be altogether laughable, did they not, by threatening the derangement of his intellects, excite your compaſſion. By reading an incredible number of polemical writings on every ſide of the queſtion, and liſtening to innumerable diſputants on every controverted point, his ideas are ſo twiſted and confuſed, that he will, probably, in a ſhort time, blown about as he is with every wind of doctrine, be more fit for apartments as St. Luke's, than for thoſe which he now occupies in the vicinity of St. James's.

Will Waver is with regard to the ſtate of his body, juſt as much addicted to change, as Harry is from the fluctuations of his mind. Naturally bleſt with a good conſtitution, he every day takes pains, with the true ſpirit of a *malade imaginaire*, to weaken it, by pouring down his throat loads of phyſic, ſent in from different quarters, agreeable to the preſcriptions of different doctors, ſeverally applied to by him for their medical advice. Phyſic is indeed, almoſt become his daily food, and his cook's place is nearly as good as a ſinecure. However, though he is continually taking medicines in ſome ſhape or other, he is alſo continually perplexed about the vehicle in which it is conveyed to him. He has conſulted all the eminent phyſicians in town, in rotation, that he may, by converſing with them, arrive at ſome degree of certainty with regard to the beſt regimen for his caſe, but always returns from them in a ſtate of incertitude, doubtful and diſſatisfied. Yet, dubious as he is, with reſpect to the moſt efficacious method of treating his (imaginary) diſorder, he is quite clear that he ſtands in need of his apothecary's aſſiſtance, whom he keeps in full employment, by diſpatching the manuſcripts of the regulars and licentiates who have written for him. As Will gives ample credit to every man whom he conſults in the medical line, and follows their preſcriptions, even though they often militate againſt each other, with a large ſhare of phyſical faith, it is matter of no ſmall wonder amongſt his friends, that he is no worſe, yet he is unreaſonable enough to marvel that he is no better.

Charles Fickle, while he lived upon a ſmall annuity, was a very happy fellow, and as he had a very proper idea of œconomy, he made a more truly reſpectable figure than many of his acquaintance, who ſpent the ſum total of his income in a quarter of a year. By the ſudden death of a fox-hunting uncle, from whom he did not expect a farthing, he came into the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate, and by that legacy was robbed of all the happineſs he had till then enjoyed. His head was not ſtrong enough to bear the ſhock which he received from ſo ſplendid a bequeſt, and as he knew

knew as little of the management of an eſtate as he did of the government of a kingdom, he was utterly at a loſs to know how to turn his houſes and his land to the beſt account. In this ſituation, 'perplexed,' as Othello was upon another occaſion, 'in the extreme,' he addreſſed him to thoſe who he imagined were thoroughly qualified to give him the neceſſary information, and found them very well diſpoſed to put him in a way to improve his fortune. Charles was certainly right in his application to men verſed in affairs of which he was entirely ignorant, but he was, for want of judgment, wrong in his choice; wavering and weak, he ſoon became a prey to a ſet of harpies, who made him pay dear for their advice, and is at this preſent time ſo deeply engaged in brick and mortar, under the direction of an architect whoſe edifices are by no means 'caſtles in the air,' that he will not, I may venture to ſay, have a foot of land in his poſſeſſion, or a houſe which he can call his own.

George Turner is full as ready to put himſelf into "the power of others," as either of the three abovementioned dupes to mutability, but his compliances are to be conſidered in a very different point of view, as they not only prove injurious to himſelf, but ſtrongly mark him for a worthleſs, dangerous member of ſociety.—Being a fellow of looſe principles, he aſſociates only with the worſt part of his ſpecies, and there cannot be a ſcheme propoſed by any of his licentious companions to which he will not ſubſcribe with the greateſt alacrity, and though he has not, like Sharp, (the Lying Valet) "a head to plan," he has always, like him, "an hand to execute." With a more darling, as well as ductile animal, I am not acquainted: and when I compare his pliability with that by which Vane, Waver, and Fickle diſtinguiſh themſelves, it makes him appear to a particular diſadvantage; for though the firſt, by his credulity and irreſolution, excludes peace from his mind; though the ſecond drives health from his body, and the third is poſting to a gaol, their moral conduct has been hitherto irreproachable.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF THE HOUSE OF STUART.

THE Houſe of Stuart, if not famed for its virtues, will be for ever remembered for its misfortunes. But perhaps it has never yet been known in England, that the Head of this Houſe, who had once worn the Britiſh Crown, was reduced ſo low as to be a Meaſurer of Salt in a Salt Office in France. Such, however, was the caſe of King James II. as will appear from the following particulars:

In 1633, the famous Cardinal de Richelieu, then Prime Miniſter of France, finding the treaſury very low, reſolved to raiſe a preſent ſupply, by creating eleven offices to the ports, havens, and governments of Bronage, Oleron, the Iſle of Rhe, Marenne, and Rochelle, and receiving the ſum of 4,439,061 livres, that is, 403,551 livres for each. No ſalary was annexed to the place to be paid out of the Treaſury, but a tax was impoſed in lieu of ſalary, of eight ſous on every buſhel of ſalt ſold in thoſe places, which theſe new officers were impowered to exact for their own benefit. They were called Comptrollers and Sworn Meaſurers of Salt.

The Miniſter, who foreſaw that this tax would produce very high intereſt for the money, got Michael Maſſe, Prior des Roches, to buy one of the new offices in truſt for his Eminence. It accordingly deſcended to his heirs, and was enjoyed by the late Marſhal Duke de Richelieu.

In 1650, Cardinal Mazarin created many more of thoſe places, and got them all bought up in truſt for himſelf. He gave ſome of them as a fortune to his niece Anne Mary Martinoſi, who married the Prince de Conti; and the reſt

reſt fell to the Duke de Nevers, who became at laſt ſole proprietor of all theſe places that had been created by Cardinal Mazarin, by the purchaſe of thoſe held by the Prince de Conti.

In 1690, the unfortunate James II. being returned from Ireland, without any hope of his being reſtored to his former kingdoms, his kinſman, Louis XIV. who became leſs generous as he advanced in years, and found his treaſury exhauſted by unfortunate wars, ſaw that his royal kinſman would become a heavy burden to his finances, he therefore found it neceſſary to deviſe new means for the ſupport of this unfortunate King. Among other means, he bethought himſelf of the expedient adopted by Cardinals de Richelieu and Mazarin, and created a new place of the ſame nature for James II. and that unfortunate Monarch, who had once been at the head of a powerful empire, was actually appointed a Sworn Meaſurer of Salt in France; and from this office he derived no inconſiderable part of his ſupport; the produce of it was paid to him with the utmoſt regularity, which was not the caſe with reſpect to his allowance from the Royal Treaſury.

This office deſcended to his ſon, father to the late and preſent Pretenders; he enjoyed it whilſt he lived in France; but after he had eſtabliſhed his reſidence at Rome, he alienated it in favour of the Counteſs of Inverneſs, and of Mr Murray, whom he had created Earl of Dunbar.—This gentleman was brother to Lord Mansfield.

This revenues ariſing from this office are called to this day, in the province of Saintonge, *Les Droits des Rois d' Angleterre*; or the Kings of England's Duties.

QUEEN's BIRTH DAY.

LONDON, *Jan.* 19.

YEſterday being the day appointed for the celebration of her Maeſty's Birth-Day, a very ſplendid Court was aſſembled at St James's.

DRAWING ROOM.

The drawing room began at half paſt two, at which their Majeſties were both preſent, and which therefore rendered it (if we may uſe the expreſſion) the moſt perfect birth day ſince June 1788. The Royal preſence ſeemed to diffuſe peculiar joy and gratification through the whole circle; nor would it, we will venture to ſay, have been decreaſed, if *all* the Princes had honoured the Court with their preſence. The Prince of Wales only was there, with eaſe and vivacity which inchanted all. The Dukes of York and Clarence, we fear, are not yet ſufficiently recovered from their late illneſs. Various reaſons are given for the abſence of Prince Edward. The three Princeſſes, however, added as uſual to the Royal aſſemblage.

The following are ſome of the many nobility preſent:

His Royal Highneſs the Duke of Glouceſter, his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland, his Serene Highneſs the Duke of Orleans. The Archbiſhops of Canterbury and York, Mr Pitt, Dukes of Richmond, Leeds, Dorſet, and Montague. Marquiſſes of Stafford, Saliſbury, Bath, Worceſter, and Graham. Several Biſhops, Foreign Miniſters, &c. &c.

LADIES' DRESSES.

HER MAJESTY—A coquelicot and brown ſattin body and train, a white ſattin petticoat, embroidered with coquelicot and brown velvet in ſtripes, edged with fine blond, though elegant, yet quite plain.

PRINCESS ROYAL—A green and gold ſattin train, with a rich embroidered petticoat of laurel leaves, intermixed with purple foil, gold, and rich fringes.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA—A blue and gold ſattin train, with a rich embroidered petticoat of green leaves, and medallions of blue foil, with rich fringes.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH—Similar to the Princeſs Auguſta's; the colours purple and green.

Ducheſs of Rutland—A white ſattin petticoat, trimmed with fine Bruſſels point lace, lined with pink ſattin, and wreaths of green fur, with pink ſattin flowers.

Ducheſs of Dorſet—A rich white ſattin mantua, ſuperbly embroidered with ſpangles. The petticoat was elegantly trimmed with embroidered crape, blue foil, ſtone knots, and blue and ſilver bows in waves. The drapery was handſomely ornamented with ſpangles.

Duche-

Ducheſs of Richmond—A buff and green velvet mantua, trimmed with fringe, and petticoat of the ſame, with flounces, and rich gold fringe.

Counteſs of Warwick—A white velvet gown, and rich embroidery of crape, with purple creſcents and feſtoons of gold and coloured foils, and broad gold fringes.

Counteſs of Chatham—A train of white ſattin; her Ladyſhip's petticoat of the new faſhioned Paiſly gauze, ornamented with links of pink and black ſattin, beautifully embroidered in broad rich ſtripes, in various devices of medallions, &c. in blue and coloured foils.

Counteſs of Sutherland—Was likewiſe in a white ſattin train, the petticoat covered with a handſome embroidered crape, with great taſte and fancy, in gold and foils of different colours.

Counteſs of Elgin—Was dreſſed in white ſattin, her petticoat trimmed with a rich drapery of the new Paiſley manufacture.

Viſcounteſs Hampden—Had a petticoat of puckered crape; with pendant gold chains, and gold taſſels; and at proportionate ſpaces, embroidered ſtripes of laurel in green foil, berries of poppy foil, and gold ſpangles. The train was green ſattin, with gold fringe.

Lady Weſtmorland—A white ſattin body and train, ſpangled with gold ſpangles; a white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with vine leaves, and chains of large gold ſpangles.

Lady Ayleſbury—A petticoat of the new rich Paiſley gauze, ornamented with links of pink and black ſattin.

Lady Eardley—The moſt ſplendid dreſs in the room. Gown of white and ſilver tiſſue, petticoat covered with foil-ſtone in form of ſtars, a very rich body of green palm branches on the petticoat and drapery.

Lady Hawkeſbury—A brown ſtriped mantua, with a white ſattin petticoat, embroidered and covered with gold and ſilver crape, and flounced with a deep gold taſſel fringe.

Lady Frances Douglas—A crapeau with a ſattin ſtriped mantua, trimmed with embroidered crape white ſattin petticoat, with ſtripes of blue and gold foil, richly embroidered and fringed.

Lady Hume—White crape petticoat, richly ornamented with columns of green foil, intermixed with gold: train and body purple ſattin, with gold fringe.

Mrs J. Gordon—White crape petticoat, ſpangled with gold, and poppy-coloured foil, the bottom richly feſtooned with white and gold, the train and body poppy coloured ſattin, with white ſleeves.

Miſs Gunning—A rich green ſattin mantua, white ſattin petticoat, richly trimmed with embroidered crape, and different coloured flowers.

Miſs Morriſon—A train of white ſattin, crape petticoat ſpotted with ſilver, and white and gold fringe.

The ladies head dreſſes were ſattin caps, very high, and remarkably narrow, trimmed with crape, and ſpotted with foil. They were faſhioned ſo as to anſwer the other parts of the dreſs, and many of them adorned with wreaths of flowers. Oſtrich and Vautering feathers, broad, but not very high, were generally worn. The ſhoes were chiefly white ſattin, faſtened with roſes.

Many of the Ladies wore medallions of the King and Queen, ſome of them moſt beautifully ſet.

GENTLEMENS' DRESSES.

His Majesty wore a ſuit of ſcarlet cloth, enriched with a ſplendid embroidery of gold, the pattern a column formed of ſtars of gold, entwined with beautiful wreaths of laurel, and the whole was entirely of Engliſh manufacture. The loop, ſtar, and George, which his Majeſty wore, were of brilliants.

Prince of Wales—A moſt beautiful cut velvet gala ſuit, of a dark colour with green ſtripes, and ſuperbly embroidered down the front and ſeams, with a broad embroidery of ſilver flowers intermixed with foil ſtones; waiſtcoat white and ſilver tiſſue, embroidered like the coat; the garter faſtened with a ſhoulder knot of brilliants, brilliant ſtar, George, &c. The effect of this ſurpaſſes any dreſs thing we ever have ſeen.

Duke of Gloucester—In full dreſs regimentals, with a very brilliant ſtar attached to his order of knighthood.

Duke of Cumberland—In a pompadour velvet, very richly embroidered.

The Duke of Orleans wore a very rich purple velvet coat, beautifully embroidered on a point lace, in flowers of ſilver, gold, and jewels; the pattern

nearly

nearly reſembling that of the Prince of Wales, but was not, like his, laced down the ſeams. On his ſhoulder, his Serene Highneſs wore a very large knot of diamonds, of the fineſt luſtre; the croſs, &c. was alſo of brilliants: his waiſtcoat of rich ſilver tiſſue, ſuperbly embroidered to match the coat. The Duke of Orleans, after the Prince of Wales, was undoubtedly the beſt dreſſed man at the drawing room.

Duke of Richmond—A ſtriped velvet coat, very richly embroidered.

Duke of Leeds—Black velvet coat and breeches, and gold tiſſue waiſtcoat, richly embroidered with gold and ſilver ſtones, and lined with ſcarlet ſattin.

Duke of Dorſet—Pale coloured ſtriped velvet, with a very broad embroidery of flowers in ſilver, gold, and foil ſtones; white ſattin waiſtcoat richly embroidered.

Marquis of Lorn—A ſtriped ſilk coat, with a beautiful fancy embroidery, in different coloured ſilks.

The Earl of Cheſterfield—A very neat figured velvet, beautifully embroidered with different ſhades of ſilk; white ſattin waiſtcoat the ſame.

Lord Paget—A ſtriped and ſpotted velvet, the embroidery of gold, ſilver, and ſilks, and ſtones over point lace.

The Earl of Galloway—A dark green velvet coat, richly embroidered with ſilver, &c. diamond loop and ſtar.

The room was uncommonly crowded and brilliant. Many foreigners of diſtinction were preſent, and ſeemed charmed with the dancing, and general appearance of the Court.

The Court dreſſes yeſterday had one great recommendation; they ſeemed all of our own manufacture, with very few exceptions.

In the evening ſeveral illuminations appeared in honour of the occaſion.

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER LV.

Thurſday February 12, 1790.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day
Charm'd the ſmall pox, or chas'd old age away,
To patch, nay ogle, might become a ſaint,
Nor would it ſure be ſuch a ſin to PAINT. POPE.

THE dreſs of women has been a favourite, and it would almoſt appear an inexhauſtible topic of criticiſm, cenſure and ridicule. The beſt of our writers have on this ſubject occaſionally forgot the reſpect they otherwiſe pay to the ſex, and have indulged in all the wantonneſs of unqualified abuſe. That the ſubject ſhould have never occurred to me, cannot well be ſuppoſed: but when it occurred, I readily put it aſide, as one of thoſe on which enough has been already ſaid, or becauſe nothing new happened to be ſuggeſted to me. I ſhould not now have touched upon it, had not a late accident thrown a PAPER into my hands, which I cannot let eſcape without a few *trifling* remarks.

My readers are perhaps aware that although the importation of articles of merchandize from France was pretty common before the Commercial Treaty took place, yet as this laſt ſerved to lower the duties, it rendered importation more eaſy, and promoted home-conſumption in a greater degree. Among the various articles imported from that gay country, it gives me ſome concern to find that we deal ſo largely in perfumes, eſſences, pomatums, &c. and other artificial, and, I may ſay, *unnatural* mixtures, for the purpoſe of rendering our ladies more agreeable—A *liſt of thoſe articles* now in common uſe among ladies of quality and thoſe who follow ladies of quality, is the paper I allude to above, which was lately given me by a very eminent importer and dealer in perfumery.

I have now before me a liſt of twenty three different kinds of *Pomatums*

tums uſed in genteel circles—all with fine ſounding French names; for it is to be obſerved that all articles of faſhion from France are privileged to retain the original names, unaltered by the vulgar barbarity of the Engliſh tongue. Now this ſerves two purpoſes. It ſerves to give a pretty ſound, a ſort of faſhionable epithet to the thing; and it prevents the ridiculous blunders and odd tranſlations of half learned people. The ſame rule is not obſerved, indeed, in other articles we import from France—*Eau de vie* becomes Brandy in England, *vin rouge* claret, *ſoie* ſilk, and *tabatieres* are ſnuff-boxes. But pomatums are things of too much conſequence to be thus reduced to the vulgar comprehenſion. For inſtance, taken from the liſt before me, how much genteeler it is to aſk for *Pommade au pot-pourri*, than to call for *rotten-pot pomate*, which is the literal, whatever the metaphorical meaning may be? Then *Pommade des ſultanes et au muguet*, would not be one whit better underſtood if "Sultaneſſes pomatum made of lily of the valley," beſides that people would be apt to ſuſpect that there was ſome deception in the article, and that it was not the identical ſort of pomatum uſed by *Sultaneſſes*. The laſt of this liſt I ſhall notice is *Pommade a myladi*. This might it is true be eaſily tranſlated, but how vulgar would it be to ſend a ſervant to a ſhop for a box of *My Lady's Pomatum?*—The ſervant might think it was ſome her lady had bought, and not taken home with her. Four pomatums of this valuable Liſt are for *promoting the growth of hair*, or to uſe the words of the ſhop bill, *pour faire croitre les cheveux*—and Six other kinds are for *changing the colour*, all ſo delicately expreſſed in the original language, as to keep unlearned huſbands and ſervants as much in the dark as poſſible; like ſome apothecaries who give their preſcriptions ſtrange names, leſt their young 'prentices ſhould learn the diſorder of the patient, and *blab*. Among this liſt we find *Pommade de graiſſe de veau purifiee*—Who would think it neceſſary to import *calves greaſe* from Paris to improve Engliſh beauty?

We come next to the *Quinteſſences*, and *Smelling Waters*, upwards of fifty in number. The only remarkable ones here are *Lait Virginal d' Italie*—and *Eau a la Ducheſſe*, which ſhow the advantages theſe kind of people enjoy who make waters in French. Were we to do ſuch things in England, it would be thought indelicate; and yet *Virgin's Milk* and *Ducheſs's Water* in this country might be worth as much *per* gill, as the other.

Among the articles which follow, of the miſcellaneous kind, we have *Sultanes parfumes*. This being beyond my comprehenſion, I muſt leave it untranſlated. The liſt of paſtes and powders which follows is very numerous: the latter of all colours; but what ſhall we ſay to an article juſtly placed by itſelf, and in large characters, EAU CELESTE POUR TEINDRE LES VEINES—*Celeſtial water to colour or dye the veins?* Will this be believed by thoſe who live at a diſtance from the metropolis?—This liſt concludes with paints of different kinds for the face and neck.

Surely the periſhable nature of beauty is not *now* to lamented, when the ingenuity of man has provided ſo amply for the repairs, for the wreck of age and time. Wrinkles may come—but they may be filled up; the deepeſt furrows may be raiſed to the level of the adjoining plain, and the paleſt complexion, more complaiſant than nature, be accommodated with what colour the owner pleaſes. The face of youth is thus placed on the aged ſhoulders, the livid veins of declining years are tinted by the *Eau Celeſte* into the appearance of charming health, and the bloom

bloom of Sixteen kindly conceals the forbidding auſterity of a ſixty year old countenance. And if to this we add that teeth and gums, eyes and hair may be purchaſed and fitted to the body ſo as (to uſe the expreſſion of one of the coblers of nature) to appear even *beyond* nature, what is there wanting to comfort us when age comes on, and to enable us to go out of the world even more beautiful than we came into it? This ſyſtem defies the power of the *king of terrors and paleneſs* himſelf—for in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, a lady may exhibit the roſes and lillies of youth and health, and be admired for her complexion—the day ſhe is to be buried.

Yet I would not have this paper to be conſidered as altogether *trifling*. The prevalence of the abominable practice of painting is a ſerious ſubject. It is not confined to the ugly or the old, who *may think* they have a right to uſe it. The moſt beautiful faces and the beſt complexions are too often hid under a mixture of the pernicious articles ſold in the ſhops by French names. This is undoing all that inoculation was ſuppoſed to effect. That is ſaid, and with juſtice, to have added to the beauty as well as to the numbers of women in this country. And whatever difference of opinion may be entertained as to the propriety of inoculation (for that perhaps will always be a diſputed point, and ought to be regulated by the inclination of the parent) there need be no heſitation in ſaying that they are criminal in the higheſt degree who injure their health to indulge their vanity, or comply with faſhion. As to the *neceſſity* which thoſe who are called *ugly* may think themſelves under, to paint, I am afraid the plea will ſcarcely be allowed, by thoſe who know the world, and who know that NO GOOD WOMAN CAN BE UGLY, be her complexion what it may, her ſkin ſmooth or pitted. If there is beauty in the mind, no perverſity of features can conceal it; and if all beauty be centered in the countenance, it may lead to flattery, and it has led to deſtruction, but it is one of the leaſt ſources of happineſs, and by itſelf is the leaſt of all poſſeſſions.

REVOLUTION IN *FRANCE.*

(Continued from p. 729. Vol. 2.)

AUguſt 5, the Reſolutions on the articles of the Conſtitution, come to on the preceding evening, are all to undergo a reviſion, article by article; it being at length found that many of them claſh with each other, ſo as might render their effect doubtful, ſhould they be adopted in their preſent form.

This evening the three new Miniſters ſent formal letters to the Aſſembly, acknowledging the powers of the Aſſembly, and promiſing to conform to its principles.

Auguſt 6, the King granted *les Entrees* to the Preſident of the Aſſembly.

At ten in the evening a report was made of the arreſting of the Duc de la Vauguyon at Havre; when the propriety of the procedure was agreed to be referred to the Executive Power.

Auguſt 7. The article of *Droits de la Chaſſe* was debated this morning, and it was ſettled,

"That the Rights of the Chaſe and open Warrens ſhould be both aboliſhed, and every proprietor of land ſhould have liberty to deſtroy, or cauſe to be deſtroyed, on his own poſſeſſions, every ſpecies of game.

"That all the *Capitaineries*, royal ones included, and all reſerves for game under every denomination, ſhould be utterly aboliſhed.

"That the President be likewise charged to request of the King a release of all those confined in prisons or the gallies for crimes against the former laws respecting the chase, to recal the banished, and to stop all further proceedings against them."

This being adjusted, eight of the King's new Ministers were introduced, viz. Archbishop of Bourdeaux, Archbishop of Vienne, Mr. Necker, Count de St. Priest, Count de Montmorin, Marechal de Beauvau, Count de la Luzerne, and Count de la Tour du Pin Paulin.

The Keeper of the Seals spoke briefly, immediately on his introduction, on the state of the nation, and as to the disturbances reigning throughout the kingdom.

M. Necker followed next, and in the most pressing manner urged a loan of thirty millions of livres for the public service. Some were for voting the required sum on the moment, others contended that it should be first submitted to the Committee of Finances, and that the Assembly should wait for their report. The last proposition was agreed to.

August 8. The Duke of Aiguillon read the report of the Committee of Finances on the demand made by M. Necker for a loan of 30 millions; the result of which declared the loan to be necessary, and pointed out different plans for its form. A debate ensued on the question, Whether the Assembly should agree with the report of the Committee? which was at last agreed to.

The Marquis de la Coste afterwards rose, and in a long speech described the situation of France in respect to her debts, and asserted, that all reforms and all œconomics could not be able to answer the proposed end of relieving her from the situation she stood in. He therefore gave notice, that on a future day he should make the following motions:

1st, That all effects called *Ecclesiastiques*, of what nature soever, should belong to the nation.

2d, That from the year 1790, all tenths of the Ecclesiastics should be and remain suppressed.

3d. All incumbents whatever ought to retain for life a revenue equal to the produce of their present benefices, which sum shall be paid to them by the Provincial Assemblies, observing, that the endowments of the Curates should be further augmented.

4th, The Provincial Assemblies should in future regulate the honorary tax for the Bishops, who, with the Curates, are the only essential Ministers for propagating the Gospel. That they should equally fix the funds destined for the service of the cathedrals and for the retirement of the old pastors.

5th, They should also have power to pension, in an equitable manner, persons of both sexes engaged in the monastic orders, which orders should be suppressed.

By M. Necker's statement of the expences and revenues of France, we find that

	Livres.
The annual expences are	531,444,000
The annual revenue	475,294,000
Annual deficiency	56,150,000

Of this sum the mere reform of the pensions will produce 20 millions. In the whole, the pensions amount to 29,560,000 libres. Not more than nine millions of them will be found to be of real service.

The French guards were voted each a medal of fifty livres; but, with sentiments that do them infinite honour, they sent three of their body to the Hotel de Ville, to beg leave to decline this medal, as being too expensive, and likewise any other pecuniary emolument from their fellow-citizens; wishing however, as a mark of approbation, a medal of six livres each to

to wear at their button. They are to be incorporated with the city militia, and to have 20 sols per day.

A very simple affair has caused a most violent commotion, which had gone nigh to level the Mansion-house of the city of Paris to the ground. The Commissioners of the Powder works had sent a boat full of gun-powder to be refined at the mills at St. Essone. The passport for its transportation had been signed by the Marquis de la Salle, in the absence of the Marquis de la Fayette. The boat was stopped, and the people immediately exclaimed, that it was powder for the enemy. The mob was alarmed, and pronounced M. de la Salle as the traitor. Search was immediately made after him; his head was demanded, and the fatal cord was brought forward on the Place de Greve for his execution. Immediately the guard beat to arms, the burghers and soldiers arrived, and M. de la Salle was saved; but not before the mob had searched every corner of the Mansion-house to find him. The consequence has been, that he has given in his resignation.

The castle of the Duke of Wirtemberg, at Sonot, in Montbeliard, is quite destroyed.

August 12. The unexampled violences every where committed in this country, tho' the capital at present enjoys a state of tranquillity, have induced the necessity of putting the Provost law into immediate and full force, for the speedy execution of justice; and his Most Christian Majesty's edict to that effect was this day registered in Parliament. The new code of Municipal laws, comprehending the general police of Paris, is compleated, and its operations are directed at the Hotel de Ville to begin from Aug. 13.

On Saturday the 8th of August the Committee of Report presented to the Assembly an account of the various disasters in the provinces. In Alsace, Artois, Champagne, Normandie, Poitou, Augonnois, Saintonge, l' Aunis, le Perche, and several other provinces, were every where seen couriers, giving accounts of insurrections that never happened, to excite the people to tumult; and, in other places, persons unknown published a pretended edict of the King, countersigned by one of the Secretaries of State, which, by establishing equality of fortunes, invited the country people to rise against their Lords, to lay waste their estates, burn their castles, and destroy their charters and records.

His Majesty, being informed of these excesses, caused his Royal Proclamation to be issued, forbidding all persons, under colour of the chase, from entering unreaped corn-fields, or invading, in any manner whatever, the property of others. And, to the end that no one might plead ignorance thereof, he ordered this Proclamation to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom.

All the letters from the country are filled with accounts of the most shocking acts of barbarity.

The Marquis de Murat has been beheaded by the mob; and his servants were put to death at the same time, for having presumed to shew some attachment to their master in his distress, and endeavoured to save him from their fury.

The name of the noble Duc de Cosse has swelled the list of victims sacrificed by popular phrenzy. He was discovered at Duretal, near La Fleche, in Anjou; and his high rank, instead of procuring him respect, was the principal cause of his ruin. The only favour for which he was indebted to his rank was, that he was not hanged, but beheaded.

The world will be shocked to hear, that the venerable Marshal de Mailly has been butchered by the people.

This

This nobleman, after having ſpent more than half a century in the military ſervice of his country, and acquired the greateſt reputation as an officer, ſaw all his merits rewarded with the higheſt military honour in the power of his Sovereign to beſtow, —the ſtaff of Marſhal of France. From the noiſe and buſtle of the Court and of the world, he retired to his country ſeat at La Roche de Vaux, where, at the age of four-ſcore, he was butchered by the rabble, becauſe he refuſed to renounce his King, and put on the National Cockade.

The murders of Monſ. Cureau (miſprinted Kurea), and his ſon-in-law Montheſſon, were attended with particular circumſtances of horror. The ſavage tenants of the former cut off the noſes and ears of each before they cut off their heads.

On the 10th of Auguſt came on before the National Aſſembly the grand queſtion on the abolition of tythes; when the leading Members of the Clergy agreed to yield, with the beſt grace they could, what they were no longer able to defend. The Archbp. of Paris and the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault ſaid, in the name of their order, that they made this ſacrifice with pleaſure, and threw themſelves with confidence on the Repreſentatives of the nation.

On this day the Declaration of Rights of the 4th inſt. were reviſed, and in part agreed to. On that occaſion the National Aſſembly agreed unanimouſly to addreſs the King; —which addreſs concluded in theſe words:

"You, Sire, ſacrifice to the good of the people your perſonal pleaſures. Accept then our reſpectful acknowledgements, the homage of our love; and bear in all ages the only title that can add to the dignity of Royal Majeſty, the title that our unanimous acclamations have decreed you, The Reſtorer of FRENCH LIBERTY."

On Monday, Aug. 12, M. de Clermont Tonneire was choſen Preſident.

M. de Mirabeau, Member of the Committee of FIVE, made the Report of the Committee on the Declaration of Rights; and having in a ſhort ſpeech ſhewn the difficulty of ſuch a Declaration, as a preliminary of the conſtitution of a people whoſe principles are unaſcertained, he read the Report, conſiſting of XVIII articles, which comprehended the great and immutable truths which ought to be the baſis of all government.

After reading the above Declaration, M. Bergaſſe read an article from the Committee of conſtitution, concerning the organization of the Judicial Power.

This production drew the loudeſt plaudits from the Aſſembly, as well on account of the clearneis of the ideas, as the importance of the ſubject, and the judgement with which he has treated it.

The attention of the Aſſembly was then engaged by ſeveral petitions and communications from Bretagny. In conſequence of the letter of the Duke of Dorſet, ſuſpicions aroſe in Bretagny againſt various noblemen, whom they arreſted and detained. Letters ſtating the particulars were read; and the unfortunate gentlemen prayed the National Aſſembly to interfere, and to enable them to juſtify their honour againſt thoſe cruel and ſhocking accuſations. Another letter from the gentlemen and officers of Breſt, and a third from the Commiſſion appointed by the Aſſembly of Bretagny, ſtating, that they had made every poſſible enquiry into the fact, without gaining the leaſt light, and therefore requeſting the National Aſſembly to obtain from the Engliſh Ambaſſador further information on the ſubject, as his letter was vague and unſatisfactory; the Aſſembly, after a long and warm debate, in which it was ob-

obſerved, that the Duke of Dorſet ſaid, he knew no more of the plot than what he had communicated, reſolved, that they could do no more on the ſubject, and that this ſhould be made known to the States of Bretagny.

In the debates on the ſubject, the Duc de Chatelet obſerved, that ſuch plots, originating for the moſt part either with fools or villains, too obſcure to be capable of putting their deſigns in execution, ſhould be doomed to that ſilence and obſcurity from whence they originated; ſince, to make them an object of importance and attention, was running the riſk of planting the ſeeds of diſcord between nations in the habits of peace and good underſtanding.

He remarked, that, during the time he was Ambaſſador at the Court of London, ſeveral projects were offered him to burn the ports of Plymouth, and others; but that he had contented himſelf with rejecting thoſe offers, by explaining the degree of horror which ſuch attempts ought to excite between nations who underſtand and have a reſpect to juſtice.

This ſpeech of the Duc de Chatelet's was ſo well received, that moſt of the Members agreed in opinion with him, and the affair was dropped.

On the 20th of Auguſt, the National Aſſembly proceeded to the Declaration of Rights, and agreed to the firſt XVI articles.

On the 31ſt of Auguſt, the election of a Preſident for the enſuing fifteen days took place; when the choice fell on the Biſhop of Langres, by a majority of 271 voices.

In conſequence of various rumours propagated in Paris, of intrigues and cabals in the National Aſſembly, the minds of the multitude were inflamed to a high degree. They were told of a coalition between the Clergy and Nobleſſe; and that, they having acquired the aſcendancy, it was no longer to be expected that the nation could derive a free conſtitution from the endeavours of the patriotic party. They conſidered the King's *Veto*, or Royal Negative, as deſtructive of all liberty; and they concluded, that either intrigue or corruption had gained over many of the Members from the cauſe of the people; and they denounced vengeance againſt thoſe whom they ſuſpected. In this ſituation things ſtood, when it was reſolved by the Patriots at the Café de Foi, from whence all the popular meaſures iſſued during the Revolution, that Six Deputies ſhould be ſent to the Hotel de Ville, and Twelve to the National Aſſembly, accompanied by a certain number of armed men, of whom fifty ſhould compoſe a guard for M. de Mirabeau, whoſe life, they had heard, had been threatened, either by treachery or violence. All this commotion, it ſeems, had ariſen from the reports which had been circulated of what was paſſing in the Houſe on the queſtion of the Royal Negative inherent in the King.

A ſtrong party appeared in favour of dethroned Majeſty, headed by M. de Lally Tolendall, who in a previous debate had maintained the propriety of giving to the King an integral ſhare in the government of the country, and declared that with his laſt breath he would ſupport the juſtice of his cauſe, founded on the firſt principles of the French Monarchy, from which the Aſſembly were bound never to depart. Upon which the Patriots ſpread the report of a ſtrong Ariſtocratic party being nouriſhed in the boſom of the National Aſſembly; that the public liberty was in danger; that it was neceſſary that the King, the Dauphin, and the National Aſſembly, ought to be removed to Paris, where alone his Majeſty could be ſafe, under the protection of his faithful ſubjects the citizens of Paris.

In conſequence of which, the ſame night,

night, at the Caffé de Foi (the Crown and Anchor of the Patriots), a numerous party met; and it was instantly, though tumultuously, decided, that an Address should the next morning be sent to Versailles, desiring that the King, Dauphin, and Assembly, might instantly remove to Paris, and put themselves under the protection of the city.

At eleven o'clock at night a party set out from the coffee-house to the Hotel de Ville, to consult with M. de la Fayette.

The districts assembled at five o'clock in the 31st ult. in the morning, and consulted and agreed to the Address being sent to Versailles, escorted by 8,000 or 10,000 men.

After these resolutions, the city of Paris continued to exhibit a scene of tumult the whole succeeding day.

About seven o'clock, 300 French guards took possession of the Palais Royal, the garden, cleared the principal coffee-houses and shut them up, cut off the communication between the arcades and the garden, by locking all the gates under the arches but at the principal entrance, then divided into companies, and patrolled the rest of the evening, dispersing the people, by marching through every knot of men that chance or curiosity drew together.

About eleven o'clock, an extract from a verbal process of the Assembly of Representatives of the Commons of Paris was distributed among the people, authorising the Marquis de la Fayette to use the power entrusted to him for quelling all disturbances in the streets, and to take into custody those that appear most active, that they might be immediately tried and punished according to the nature of their offences.

The following is an authentic account of the rise and progress of the tumult at Paris and Versailles on the 5th instant, which terminated in the removal of the King and Royal Family from Versailles, and in what may be called their *imprisonment* in the old palace of the Tuilleries in Paris.

The military etiquette of France has established a custom through the service, that when a regiment marches into a town where there are troops in garrison, it is always entertained at the expence of those troops.—In consequence of this etiquette, and by no means through design, the officers of the Flanders regiment were invited to dinner by the Life-guards. The dinner was served up on the stage of the Opera-house in the Palace, as the most capacious place. When the glass had circulated rather freely, some toasts were given by the Life-guards, strongly expressive of loyalty to the King.—The officers of the Flanders regiment shouted approbation when they heard them, and drank them in the English style, with loud huzzas. This convinced the Life-guards that their guests and they were all of one mind; and then it was that the proposal was made for trampling under foot the national cockade, in which all joined most heartily.

The appearance of the King and Queen, with the Dauphin, who entered the place merely to do honour to the guests, increased the flow of loyalty: but when the musick struck up the air of, "O Richard—O my King," the allusion to his Majesty's situation, which those who ordered the band to play this tune would have thought to be like that of Richard Cœur de Lion, the situation of a Monarch deprived of his liberty, the officers felt themselves wound up to the highest pitch, and, as if animated by one soul, began to sing the words of the song. The King himself was affected; he immediately walked out, unable to speak, and with his handkerchief up to his eyes. The officers then solemnly pledged themselves to

one

one another, that they would ſtand by their King, and releaſe him from the bondage in which he was kept, or periſh in the attempt.

Theſe gentlemen, however, were comparatively few in number; and therefore, though they were of approved gallantry, they knew that, if they were not backed by their ſoldiers, they could do nothing. Such of the non-commiſſioned officers and privates as were known to have moſt influence on their fellow-ſoldiers were called in, and ſounded. They declared their readineſs to fight for their King, and ſecond their officers in what they called a glorious cauſe.—The officers, thus ſure of ſupport, treated the Garde Bourgeoiſe with ſovereign contempt, ridiculed their unmilitary appearance, and inſulted their national cockade.

[To be continued.]

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

CAMERA OBSCURA.

AS nature's beauties ly conceal'd,
Nor can minutely be reveal'd
Without inventions and machines,
To which ſir Iſaac has his claims,
Dioptric teleſcopes can teach,
What naked eyes could never reach.
In politics 'tis much the ſame,
Sir Robert fix'd the Theorem.
Their ſecrets are by art explor'd,
And when once ſeen, are much ador'd.
In his dark chamber men cou'd ſee,
Whatever they could wiſh to be;
Stars, ribbons, blue, or green, or red,
By art reflected on the ſhade,
A peerage, poſt or penſion plan,
As various as the heart of man.
By which our much admired laws,
Were handed down with great applauſe,
Yea, monuments of ſtone and clay
We vow in honor of their ſway;
A proof of more than human ſkill
In managing the people's will.
Sometimes the patron of the day,
To poliſh'd metal muſt give way;
Our politicians crack their jokes,
And whirl about like weather cocks.
They turn their coats with little care,
As eaſy as they change a pray'r.
This magic lanthorn can explain
The changes of a future reign,
Diſpenſe with ſcruples and with flaws,
Which muſt be done to mend the laws.
With a ſure frame, and ball, and lens,
No premier can well diſpenſe.
For by a bold ſcioptric view,
His politics he can renew,
Refute the prattlers of the day,
And laugh at whatſoe'er they ſay.
A glancing peep with half an eye,
Will all their rhetoric defy.
Fox-hunters may bawl after Fox,
Wild fanatics admire John Knox,
Reforming boroughs raiſe a din,
And play the devil to get in.
It does not ſignify a ſtraw;
The Camera directs the law.
No miniſter would ever yield,
Or be oblig'd to leave the field,
If he cou'd properly apply
The focus on thoſe ſtanding by,
Its charms tranſcend St Stephen's ſtore,
Yet ſtill they cry and pant for more,
The gallant, needy, and the gay,
Subſiſt by its diverging ray.
A Nabob's trial for a ſhow
To manage well he ought to know.
Let oppoſition bawl and roar,
They to his merit add the more;
There is no danger from harangue,
For nabobs are too rich to hang.
A plano-convex is the beſt,
By which he knows each friendly breaſt,

Let the machin'ry be of gold,
Surpriſing thick and many fold.
This kind retina clearly ſhows,
The ſtrength and number of his foes.
Repays with luſtre what is given,
And optics thus diſcover heaven,
Make ev'ry colour quick renew,
A charming captivating hue.
Jan. 23*d.* 1790. REGULUS.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The LAWLAND LASS.

INvoke the nine, ye lawlan' ſwains,
I ſcorn your nymphs o' high Parnaſſus;
I ſing the maid, o' Scotia's plains,
The faireſt fair o' lawlan' laſſes:
O my bonny, bonny lawlan' laſſie,
My handſome, charming, ſmiling laſſie;
May heavens beſt care protect the fair,
My handſome, charming lawlan' laſſie.

O! had I but a ———'s ſkill,
Or his, the pride of Airſhire's cauſie,
I'd ſound her praiſe, till hill and dale
Shou'd echo back my lawlan' laſſie.
O my &c.

Let lawland youths, with haughty grace
In rich apparel, ſtrut fu' ſaucy,
I envy not their gaudy dreſs;
Had I my handſome lawlan' laſſie.
O my &c.

A bonnet blew, a gay cockade,
A durk, claymore, and highland plaidy,
At her command, and thus array'd,
To die, or conquer, ſtill I'm ready.
O my &c.

If I was chief of all theſe plains,
Theſe rocks, theſe hills, and healthy fountains,
Wi' her conſent, ye lawlan' ſwains,
I'd ſnatch her to our loſty mountains,
O my, &c.

Tho' bleak and heathy be our ſoil,
And ſtrip'd of all that's vain or gaudy,
I wiſh no more, if ſhe but ſmile,
To be the happieſt highland laddie,
O my &c.

For her I'd brave the ſtouteſt foe,
And to my laſt, I'd ſtill be ſteady.
For her, I'd fiercely twang the bow,
Or wrap her in my highland plaidy,
O my &c.

No flowing ſtrain, to me more ſweet
Than—'s voice, the ſource of pleaſure,
Such melody, in this retreat,
To me's, ſuperior to a treaſure.
O my, &c.

Long may thoſe charms, unfading ſhine,
In her, the maid who all ſurpaſſes,
Nor ought moleſt her peace of mind,
The faireſt, fair, o' lawlan' laſſes.
O my &c.
Aberdeen, Jan. 28*th*, 1790. X.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

CARLOS *to* ANGELINA.

TRiumphant, ſable night excluding day,
Extends her reign in the white frozen north,
Till ſlowly Phœbus lends a chearing ray,
Magnetic drawing latent beauties forth.
So with her noxious breath will Slander try,
To dim our virtues, and obſcure our name,
A bleaken'd proſpect hold up to the eye,

'Till

'Till time diſpels it, and clears up our fame.
O Angelina, heed not then the tale
By envy prompted and by malice told,
Let truth, fair truth, with all its charms prevail,
Each veil remove, and ev'ry view unfold.
Scandal aſham'd ſhall hide her Gorgon head,
And love may come in wary caution's ſtead.

J. I.

LORENZO.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

From Poems by John Rannie, lately publiſhed.

I.

YE valleys to which I complain,
Now trac'd with the tear-ſtreaming eye,
I know that my ſorrows are vain,
Yet love to indulge the fond ſigh!

II.

To muſe on the days that are flown,
To think, deareſt LUCY, on thee!
My heart muſt be cold as thy own,
Ere loſt the remembrance can be.

III.

When ſummer in beauty array'd,
Shone here with a ſplendour refin'd,
In thee all its charms were diſplay'd,
In thee all its beauties conjoin'd.

IV.

Thy ſmile, to its luſtre ſerene,
The glories of Eden reſtor'd:
Whoſe death gave a damp to the ſcene,—
Whoſe death will be ever deplor'd!

V.

Who roſe, the ſweet flower of Delight!
Of Nature's perfection, in bloom:
Now left in the confines of Night,
—Conceal'd in the ſhade of the Tomb!

VI.

In whom love and friendſhip I found;
Heart-piercing reflection to me!
O LUCY—each object around,
Reminds thy LORENZO of thee.

VII.

The Winter now frowns on the year,
And loudly the hurricanes howl,
How lov'd—for a 'ſemblance they bear
To the tempeſts that rage in my ſoul!

VIII.

All Nature is ſadden'd to woe,
The ſongſters no longer are gay:
Dejected they ſit on each bough,
And mourn o'er the ſeaſon's decay.

IX.

But Nature again ſhall rejoice;
And Spring all her beauties reſtore;
The ſongſters again raiſe their voice,
In melody ſweet as before!

X.

The ſcene that ſo gloomy appears,
Again ſhall its brightneſs reſume:
Yet I ſhall explore it in tears,
Nor raiſe my ſad hopes from the tomb!

XI.

The Tomb over which I recline,
That cruelly keeps thee from view,
Dear LUCY, may ſhortly be mine!
That proſpect is all I purſue.

XII.

The ſports of the village I wave;
No longer endearing to me:
O LUCY—my ſoul's in thy grave,
My wiſhes all center in thee!

Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 4.

ACT *of* UNION *between the* BELGIC PROVINCES.

"THE States of Flanders, long ſince united by bonds of

friendſhip and intereſt with the States of Brabant, and animated by the ſame ſpirit for the preſervation of their rights and privileges, have thought that the only mode of attaining their independence, and ſecuring their liberty, was by uniting themſelves with the province of Brabant, and concluding a treaty of offenſive and defenſive union, under this expreſs condition—that neither party ever enter into any compromiſe with its former Sovereign but by common agreement.

"The States of Flanders being further willing to teſtify their ſincere friendſhip towards the States of Brabant, by the moſt unequivocal acts, agree to change this union into one common Sovereignty of the two States, ſo that all the power and exerciſe of it may be centered in a Congreſs, which ſhall be compoſed of deputies named by both parties, according to the articles of organization to be agreed on hereafter, on true principles of ſtrict juſtice, and dictated for the common good. The intention of the contracting parties is—that from henceforward the power of this Sovereign Aſſembly ſhall be confined to the ſole object of common defence—to the power of making peace and war—the ſupport of a national militia—and the maintenance of the neceſſary fortifications for the defence of the country—to contract alliances with foreign powers—and, in ſhort, to perform whatever regards the common intereſts of the two States, as well as thoſe which may hereafter think fit to accede to this union."

To this declaration the States of Brabant have publiſhed an anſwer aſſenting to the offer on nearly the ſame terms as the original.

The provinces of Malines, Tournay, Namur, Hainault, and all the other provinces formerly belonging to Auſtria, have acceded to this act, and have promiſed the early arrival of their deputies at Bruſſels, to enter more fully into the views of the States of Brabant and Flanders.

On the laſt day of the old year the States of Brabant aſſembled at the Hotel de Ville, where they mutually adminiſtered an oath religiouſly to preſerve the rights, privileges, and conſtitution of the country, in preſence of the Sovereign Council of Brabant, who in like manner took an oath from the hands of the States, as repreſentatives of the people. A large concourſe of citizens attended to ſee this happy ceremony, and that night there was a general illumination throughout the city.

The Emperor's revenue from the Netherlands was annually thirty ſix millions of florins—the maintenance of his civil and military eſtabliſhments coſt him only ſixteen millions—ſo that he netted a clear twenty millions. In time of war, an extraordinary contribution has been frequently raiſed out of theſe provinces, which in the year 1740 amounted to fifty-ſix millions.

Jan. 18. The States of Flanders were opened at Ghent on the 4th inſtant, with the greateſt pomp and ceremony. The States were declared independent, and the Emperor to have forfeited all right to the Sovereignty of that country, and the act of union with the States of Brabant was ſolenmnly ratified.

A private letter from Avignon, dated the 16th of December laſt, gives the very important intelligence, that on the preceding day a courier had arrived there from Rome, with the joyful tidings that his Holineſs the Pope had acceded in the moſt plenary manner to the requiſition of his ſubjects in the diſtrict of Avignon and county of Venaiſin, for the eſtabliſhment of a free conſtitution, ſimilar to that of France; and that an aſſembly of the principal nobility and burgeſſes was immediately to be held to fix on the election of new Senators.

The

The Treaty of Alliance between Pruſſia and Poland is now openly acknowledged. The offer comes from the King of Pruſſia, and his letter is to the following purport:

"That his Majeſty offers his friendſhip to the Republic and requeſts theirs;—he expreſſes his wiſh to ſee it happy and powerful, and deſires, in concert with his good allies, Great Britain and the United Provinces, to enter into an Union with Poland, which no Court intrigues ſhall be able to diſſolve. That, with this view, he further hopes that the form of Government given to the Republic ſhould be fixed and eſtabliſhed as ſoon as poſſible, as its future welfare depends on it."

A few weeks will conclude this buſineſs, on which his Pruſſian Majeſty appears ſo extremely urgent.

The propoſal of the King of Pruſſia to the Republic of Poland is truly curious, and requires the ſerious conſideration of Engliſhmen. The letter of the King of Pruſſia was read in the Aſſembly with great ſecrecy; and we underſtand there is a deciſive majority in the Aſſembly for the Court of Berlin. Should this treaty take place, the two Imperial Courts will be forced into a peace with the Porte, at the expence of all the captures they have made, and will ſit down ſo crippled as to be unable to act hoſtilely for ſome years to come.

LONDON.

Weſtminſter, Jan. 21. This day his Majeſty came to the Houſe of Peers, and being in his Royal Robes, ſeated on the Throne with the uſual ſolemnity, Sir Francis Molyneux, Gentleman Uſher of the Black Rod, was ſent with a meſſage from his Majeſty to the Houſe of Commons, commanding their attendance in the Houſe of Peers. The Commons being come thither accordingly, his Majeſty was pleaſed to make the following moſt gracious Speech;

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"Since I laſt met you in Parliament, the continuance of the war on the Continent, and the internal condition of different parts of Europe, have been productive of events which have engaged my moſt ſerious attention.

"While I ſee, with a juſt concern, the interruption of the tranquility of other countries, I have at the ſame time great ſatisfaction in being able to inform you, that I receive continued aſſurances of the good diſpoſition of all Foreign Powers towards theſe kingdoms; and I am perſuaded that you will entertain, with me, a deep and grateful ſenſe of the favour of Providence, in continuing to my ſubjects the increaſing advantages of peace, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of thoſe bleſſings which they have ſo long derived from our excellent conſtitution.

"*Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

"I have given directions that the eſtimates for the preſent year ſhould be laid before you, and I rely on your readineſs to grant ſuch ſupplies as the circumſtances of the ſeveral branches of the public ſervice may require.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"The regulations preſcribed by the act of the laſt Seſſions of Parliament, relative to the corn, trade, not having been carried into effect in ſeveral parts of the kingdom, there appeared reaſon to apprehend, that ſuch an exportation of corn might take place, and ſuch difficulty ariſe in the importation of foreign corn, as would have been productive of the moſt ſerious inconvenience to my ſubjects. Under theſe circumſtances, it appeared abſolutely neceſſary to take immediate and effectual meaſures for preventing the exportation, and facilitating the importation of particular ſorts of corn; I therefore, by the advice

vice of my Privy Council, iſſued an order for that purpoſe; a copy of which will be laid before you.

" I have only further to deſire, that you will continue to apply yourſelves to thoſe objects which may require your attention, with the ſame zeal for the public ſervice, which has hitherto appeared in all your proceedings, and of which the effects have been ſo happily manifeſted by an increaſe of the public revenue, the extenſion of the commerce and manufactures of the country, and the general proſperity of my people."

Died at Clapham, Jas. Webſter, Eſq; a merchant of London. This gentleman is one of thoſe ſingular characters which convince the mercantile part of the world how far a ſtrict attention to commercial concerns, may raiſe a ſplendid fortune. He died worth upwards of *one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds!* which ſum was accumulated from a very trivial outſet in life. Born at Dundee, in Scotland, his firſt appearance in London was as a clerk, as only 15l. a year; from which, by an impartial and ſtrict attention to the compting houſe, added to the honour of his dealings, he aroſe to this pre-eminence.

IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Thurſday, January 21.

This evening, at four o'clock, his Excellency John Earl of Weſtmorland, Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, went in ſtate to the Houſe of Peers with the uſual ſolemnity; and the Commons being ſent for, his Excellency was pleaſed to make the following ſpeech:

" *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

" The King having been graciouſly pleaſed to place me in the Government of this kingdom, I have his Majeſty's command to meet you in Parliament, and it affords me peculiar ſatisfaction, that I enter upon the diſcharge of this moſt important truſt at a period when this country, in common with the reſt of his Majeſty's dominions, is in the ſecure enjoyment of the bleſſings of peace, and of the ineſtimable advantages ariſing from our free conſtitution.

" This happy ſituation will undoubtedly encourage you to perſevere in the maintenance of good government, and to adhere to that wiſe ſyſtem of policy which has eſtabliſhed the credit, the induſtry, and the proſperity of your country upon a firm and ſteady foundation.

" *Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

" I have ordered the national accounts to be laid before you; and I truſt you will make ſuch proviſion as ſhall be neceſſary for the exigencies of the State, and the honourable ſupport of his Majeſty's government.

" *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

" Your zeal for the intereſts of this country will naturally direct your attention to whatever can increaſe the wealth and extend the induſtry of Ireland. Her agriculture and linen manufacture will claim your eſpecial care; and the inſtitutions of the Charter and other Proteſtant Schools, will, I am perſuaded, receive from you that conſideration which the intereſts of religion, and the good education of youth peculiarly demand. I earneſtly recommend to your attention the improving and continuing ſuch laws, as experience hath ſhewn to be of national benefit; and I have the King's commands to aſſure you, that ſuch meaſures as may contribute to that end will meet with his Majeſty's moſt gracious concurrence.

" Impreſſed with a deep ſenſe of the diſtinguiſhed honour which his Majeſty has conferred upon me by my appointment to this arduous ſituation, I ſhall endeavour, with the utmoſt zeal and attention, to promote the happineſs and welfare of Ireland, fully ſenſible that I cannot otherwiſe hope either to render my ſervices acceptable to my Sovereign, or to inſure your favourable opinion and confidence."

EDINBURGH, Jan. 14.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.

On Monday came on before the High Court of Juſticiary, Lord Swinton, in abſence of the Lord Juſtice Clerk, being choſen Preſident, the trial of Duncan Wright, gardener

in New Town of Paiſley, (a married man upwards of fifty years of age) accuſed at the inſtance of his Majeſty's Advocate, of committing a rape upon Mary Anne Petrie, of the ſame place, a young girl of about 15 years of age.

After the evidence was cloſed, the Lord Advocate addreſſed the Jury on the part of the Crown, as did Mr Wight for the pannel. Lord Swinton ſummed up the evidence with great candour, and the Jury returned their verdict on Tueſday, finding, by a great plurality of voices, the pannel GUILTY.

Lord Hailes pronounced the judgment of the Court with feeling, ſentencing the priſoner to be hanged at the common place of execution, upon Wedneſday the 24th of February. He was afterwards reprieved, and is to be ſent to Botany bay for life.

ABERDEEN.

Died in Old Aberdeen, the 30th of December 1789, much and juſtly regretted, Robert Hay Eſq; of his Majeſty's navy.

December the 21ſt, died at Elgin, Mr Alexander Duguid, an old eccleſiaſtick of the Romiſh perſuaſion, aged between 70 and 80 years.

Died at Edinburgh, on Saturday the 26th Decr. in the 85th year of her age, Lady Forbes, widow of the deceaſed Sir William Forbes, bart. of Monymuſk.

The Preſbytery of Edinburgh, at their laſt meeting, unanimouſly concurred with a preſentation to Mr James Likly, one of the maſters of Gordon's Hoſpital, to be Miniſter of the Scotch Church at Campvere.

Abſtract of the number of Patients received into, and diſmiſſed from the Aberdeen Infirmary, from January 1, 1789, to January 1, 1790.

January 1, 1789. Patients remaining in the houſe,	76
Admitted from January 1, 1789, to January 1, 1790,	1001
	1077
Of whom there are perfectly cured,	829
Recovered, but not perfectly cured,	96
Improper, diſmiſſed at their own deſire, and deſerted,	24
Dead,	41
January 1, 1790. Patients remaining in the the Houſe	87
	1077

Beſides theſe admitted into the Hoſpital, 2256 have had the benefit of advice and medicines as out patients.

The ſeaſon at preſent is the mildeſt ever known at this time of the year. The graſs has a verdure like that occaſioned by a warm ſpring; in the garden Polyanthus and other early flowers are in full blow; and in a garden rented by the publiſher of this of this paper, ſome Strawberries are in flower, and laburnum-trees have put out and expanded their young leaves.

On Tueſday January 6th a manufacturer's ſervant in this place drowned himſelf in the river Dee, near the Brick-kilns. The poor man had been obſerved to be melancholy for ſome time paſt. [Journal of Jan. 11.

The revd. Mr Cruickſhank, a native of this county, and rector of a pariſh near Town Malling in Kent, died very ſuddenly on laſt Chriſtmas-day. He did duty in the morning, give the ſacrament, took a fit on leaving the altar, and fainted, threw up a pint of blood, and expired in a few moments.

January 1ſt died here, Mr Hugh Gordon, late Watchmaker in this place.

On Monday January 4th died here, Mrs Forbes elder of Blackford.

Same day died at Drummin, Charles Stewart, eſq; aged 80.

Died at Hendon place near London, on the 24th December, Capt Alexander Irvine, of the 1ſt regiment of guards, ſon to the late Geo. Irvine Eſq; of Artamford. It is hoped his friends and relations will take this as a ſufficient notification of his death.

Died January 9th Mrs Margaret Chalmers, ſpouſe to the Revd Mr Francis Dauney, Miniſter at Banchory Ternan.

Died here, January 12th, Mrs Margaret Lumſden, relict of the deceaſed Mr Hugh M'Veagh, manufacturer in Huntly.

On Monday January 4th died here, Miſs Margaret Leſlie, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Leſlie, merchant in the Green.

January 17th was married here, George Gordon jun. Eſq; of Hallhead, to Miſs Anne Baird daughter of the deceaſed William Baird Eſq; of Newbyth.

On January 22d died here, Miſs Mary Dauney, daughter of the revd Mr Francis Dauney, miniſter at Banchory Ternan.

About a fortnight ago, Peter Smith, a well known errand-boy at Huntly, having drank ſpirits to exceſs at a wedding, expired in a few hours.

On the 26th January, died at Montroſe, Mr James Low, Merchant, and late Provoſt of that Borough.

On Tueſday the 2d Febr. died, Mrs Jean Littlejohn, ſpouſe to Mr James Maſſon, merchant here.

Laſt week, the Caſhier of the Poor's Hoſpital received a donation of One Pound ſterling from the Lemon Tree Club. We mention it with the deepeſt gratitude, and to the honour of this *humane* and *charitable* Society, that ſince the year 1783, they have contributed no leſs a ſum to the poor than Forty Two Pounds ſterling. Happy for the poor indeed, if ſo liberal an example were as much imitated as admired!

Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, Bart, has been pleaſed to grant a preſentation to the Revd George Forbes, Miniſter at Lochell, to be Miniſter of the Church and Pariſh of Inſch, in the Preſbytery of Garioch, and County of Aberdeen, vacant by the death of the Revd Alexander Mearns.

Laſt week, the Univerſity and King's College of Aberdeen conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on Mr Thomas Norgate, Surgeon at Aſhfield, in the County of Suffolk.

On Friday Feb. 5. died here, in an advanced age, the Reverend Dr John Gordon, Miniſter of St. Paul's Chapel in this city.

A female ſwindler, or rather ſhoplifter, made her appearance here laſt week. She attempted at ſeveral ſhops to get a ſight of goods to ſome perſons whom ſhe mentioned, but never failed to carry off whatever ſhe could lay her hands on. In one place, while the ſhop-keeper was buſy on Friday in ſerving cuſtomers, ſhe picked up a five pounds note, and got clear off. She left town that evening, and was ſeen on the north-weſt road. She is too well marked to do more miſchief, if the public will be aware of a tall thin woman, pale complexion, black eyes, a mole on her right cheek, has a burr in her ſpeech, and of a behaviour remarkably impudent.

Acknowledgements to Correſpondents.

Muſophilus is unfit for publication. The Anecdotes of Doctor Swindler, alias Candleſtick, we have conſigned to the flames. Perſonal Abuſe is no part of our plan.

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER LVI.

Thurſday February 25, 1790.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day
Charm'd the ſmall pox, or chas'd old age away,
To patch, nay ogle, might become a ſaint,
Nor would it ſure be ſuch a ſin to
PAINT. POPE.

SUBJECT OF MY LAST PAPER CONTINUED.

IT would give me much uneaſineſs ſhould I hear that any part of my laſt paper had been taken in a wrong meaning, either that I deſigned to be ſevere and cenſorious on the ſex, or that it was my deſign to bring into diſrepute the articles of artificial beauty there ſpecified, though the laſt conſideration does not appear to be of much conſequence. It is, however, the fartheſt from my thoughts, and ever has been, to offer any unqualified cenſures of the manners of that ſex, or of any great ſociety of perſons whatſoever. If I had not been pretty well aſſured that few if any of my readers could apply to themſelves what was ſaid in my laſt paper, I will not ſay I would have ſuppreſſed my opinion, but I would have expreſſed it with more ſerioufneſs, as what reſulted from conviction and concern, and not from ſiniſter motives of any kind. If in addreſſing a ſubject particularly to the ladies, I have been at any time plain, and perhaps ſevere, it is becauſe the baby age of women is now paſt, and their education is calculated to make them think for themſelves, as well as liſten to the thoughts of others. Since the underſtandings of women have been more cultivated, no man need be afraid to addreſs them as rational creatures, a light in which many polite writers have affected not to conſider them.

I ſhall, therefore, employ this paper in a few reflections on the ſubject of *Painting*, not without hope that what little of the paper may meet with approbation will be remembered with advantage, and that where it falls ſhort of merit, others may take a hint and improve it by their own con-

ſideration and experience. It is not unimportant, becauſe it may not yet have extended to this part of the country, ſince according to the progreſs of public manners, we have reaſon to ſuſpect it ſoon may.

Painting, if we conſider it as uſeful, muſt be deſigned to give the appearance of beauty where it is not, and to heighten it where it is. I ſay, this muſt be conſidered as the *uſe* of painting, by thoſe who do not practice it merely as a faſhion. But that it is abſolutely inſufficient for both purpoſes will appear, First, if we remark that the beauty of the face *muſt* be natural, that nature has furniſhed that part of the body in all womankind in ſuch a manner that it is incapable of any addition by art—and therefore every ſuch addition appears *obvious*—the beſt painted lady ever ſeen could not conceal that ſhe was painted from an eye at all accuſtomed to conſider the "human face divine." A clown or a purblind perſon may be miſtaken, but no man uſed to genteel aſſemblies, and whoſe ſight is perfect, can for a moment be deceived. Accordingly, as he ſees here a complexion which is not natural, his only enquiry is, "Is it well or ill put on?" but here he forgets the woman, and is ſtudying the perfection of a maſk.

Secondly; As ſoon as we have diſcovered that the face is painted, we naturally wiſh to know *why?* an enquiry which uſually brings on reflections very unfavourable to that vanity which the paint gratifies, and that beauty which the painter wiſhes to be thought poſſeſſed of. It is a queſtion, indeed, ſo very difficult to be reſolved, that conjecture is often in vain; the *confidante* being perhaps the only perſon who is in the ſecret—The Wit therefore who was told that Miſs — was very beautiful, very properly replied, "There is no judging unleſs one could ſee her face"—I queſtion whether man, woman or child (except perhaps the *confidante*) has ſeen the face of Lady A—r thoſe twenty years, and it would now be as difficult to aſcertain the hue of her natural face, as to diſcover the ſource of the Nile.

Thirdly; All natural charms being now out of the queſtion, we come to conſider what advantages the painted object gains—To be thought beautiful? NO! for ſhe wants thoſe ſpeaking charms which beautify the plaineſt face, and without which the moſt beautiful face is a mere doll—ſhe wants that very requiſite charm, change of countenance, the mantling bluſh, the ſmiling dimple—In all theſe reſpects ſhe is abſolutely veiled, or if a bluſh ſuffuſes thoſe parts of her face where the *rouge* has not been laid on, what a flaming conteſt between nature and art? I need not add, among other inconveniences, the ludicrous effects of a warm room, the exerciſe of dancing, or even a chaſte ſalute, in which laſt inſtance I have known a lady loſe above *half a cheek*. But I ſhall here be told that *good paint* will not come off in this manner. The anſwer is eaſy; *good paint* is that which penetrates the ſkin, and leaves thoſe dreadful furrows which at the age of thirty muſt be more mortifying to female pride than the natural wrinkles of ſixty—Of this more hereafter.

If then painting fails in its effect as a *deception*, it approaches to a folly, and is not a great way, in the eyes of a true judge of beauty, from a deformity. And what is rather extraordinary is, that ladies will indulge the practice of painting, although they cannot but know that it is diſguſting to men in general. There is not a more common expreſſion in the mouths of fine gentlemen and gallants, than—"She is a fine woman"—"Yes—*but* ſhe *paints*"—or—"That is a beautiful girl—Yes "—but her mother is to oblige her

"to

" to paint before ſhe introduces her " into company—What a pity"—Such expreſſions, the ſex may depend upon it, are very common. Even amorous Epicures, thoſe voluptuaries who purſue the ſex only for the worſt of purpoſes, deteſt the cuſtom, and not unfrequently think they are tolerably ſecure of a woman whoſe egregious painting marks her egregious vanity.

And here let me add one remark more—Every woman who paints proclaims her own vanity, her deſire to be thought more beautiful than ſhe is, and however deceived ſhe may be in this reſpect, her vanity is ſo dear to her that one would ſuppoſe ſhe ſacrificed the end to the motive, and was deſirous to deſtroy and promote her purpoſe at one and the ſame time.

The laſt conſideration I ſhall mention, and ſurely with a reaſonable creature, it ought to have weight, is that all the kinds of paint made uſe of, by whatever fine names they may be advertiſed, or whatever ſpecious impoſitions may attend the ſale of them, are directly pernicious to the complexion. The more they are calculated to prevent the accidents mentioned above, the more corroſive is their compoſition. Hence it is that ladies who in their youth, by the prejudices of education or faſhionable example, or perhaps a reſidence in France, have been initiated in the art and myſtery of painting, can never leave it off. And this it is which occaſions our ſeeing ſo many elderly ladies with a thick layer of paint over their faces, reſembling, as the witty Sheridan ſays, " a *mended* ſtatue, in which the connoiſſeur can diſcover with half an eye that the *head* is *modern*, though the *trunk* is *antique*." A better deſcription of an old woman painted I have never met with, and it ſhall conclude this paper.

Miſcellaneous Obſervations on the Origin of certain Cuſtoms and Inventions.

DIFFERENT ſubſtances were formerly employed, inſtead of books, for preſerving knowledge. The firſt characters, as we learn from ſcripture, were traced out upon ſtone; but, in proceſs of time, the leaves of the palm-tree, the outer and inner rind of the lime-tree, and the Egyptian *papyrus*, were uſed for the ſame purpoſe. Thin pieces of board, covered with wax, were alſo employed, upon which letters were formed with a ſharp-pointed inſtrument of iron, called a *ſtylus*. Skins were afterwards ſubſtituted in the room of theſe, and eſpecially thoſe of ſheep and goats; which gave riſe to the invention of parchment. Lead, linen, ſilk, horn, and laſtly, paper, were uſed in ſucceſſion for writing. Books were formed, alſo, of certain parts of vegetables. This cuſtom ſtill ſubſiſts among the Kalmouk Tartars, and ſome other people of the North. When the ancients had occaſion to treat of any ſubject that required length, they uſed leaves, or ſkins, ſtitched one to the end of another, which they named *rolls;* a cuſtom followed by the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Perſians, and even by the Indians, and which continued ſeveral centuries after the birth of our Saviour. Theſe books, compoſed of ſheets ſtitched to one another, were rolled up on a piece of wood, named *umbilicus;* the outſide of the leaves was called *frons*, and the extremities of the piece of wood *cornua;* they were ornamented with bits of ivory or ſilver, and even with gold and precious ſtones. When the volume was unrolled, it might be about a yard and a half in breadth, and four or five in length. The preſent form of books is ſaid to have been invented by Attalus, King of Pergamus. The leaves of all books were formerly dipped in oil of cedar, or

perfumed with the ſkin of the citron, to prevent them from being deſtroyed by inſects. Before the invention of printing, books were more valuable and rare than precious ſtones. The barbarous nations of Europe had ſcarcely any till the time of Charlemagne, and from the reign of that Prince to Charles V. and from Charles V. to Francis I. they were ſtill very ſcarce. Grecia, Counteſs of Anjou, purchaſed a Collection of Homilies, in 1067, under Philip I. for two hundred ſheep, a meaſure of wheat, another of rye, a third of millet, and a certain quantity of martens' ſkins. From the eighth century of our æra till the thirteenth, the Arabs alone were in poſſeſſion of books. China was filled with them at a time when the people of Europe could not read. Henry II. of France, in 1555, publiſhed a declaration forbidding any book to be printed without the name of the author, and Louis XIII. publiſhed one of the ſame kind in 1626. The Romans condemned pernicious books to the flames, and the buſineſs of ſeeing this executed was entruſted to the Triumvirs, and ſometimes to the Prieſts and Ædiles. The ſatirical Labienus was the firſt whoſe works were treated with this indignity. In Italy one muſt be an Inquiſitor of the Faith to have permiſſion to read forbidden books, according to the bull *cum pro munere* of Pope Pius V. and that of in *Cæna Domini*.

The art of explaining all ſorts of coats of arms is an invention of the French. It began to be in vogue in the eleventh century, and the technical terms which expreſs the different parts of coats of arms, are the names of different pieces which compoſed then the harneſs of the knights. It was neceſſary for heralds at arms to be well verſed in this ſcience, becauſe they characteriſed the arms of thoſe who wiſhed to enter the liſts in tournaments.

The Egyptians are ſaid to have been the inventors of beer, in the year 1212 before the Chriſtian æra. They named it the *Peluſian liquor*, becauſe it was firſt made at Peluſium, a city near the mouth of the Nile.

The brutality and ſavage fury of the Barbarian, who, after a battle, took from their graves ſuch of their enemies as had periſhed, that they might inſult and ſtrip them, introduced among the ancients the cuſtom of burning dead bodies. The Greeks adopted it long before the Trojan war; and Sylla, fearing that the Romans would treat him in the ſame manner as he had treated Caius Marius, ordered, when dying, that his body ſhould be placed on a funeral pile. From that epoch, till the time of Theodoſius, theſe people always burnt their dead.

The uſe of coffee was not known in Europe till the ſixteenth century. The tree which produces it grows in great abundance in the kingdom of Yemen. For the cultivation of it we are indebted to the Dutch, who carried it from Moka to Batavia, and thence to Holland. The properties of coffee were diſcovered, as is ſaid, by the Prior of an Arabian monaſtery, who having obſerved that cattle did not ſleep when they eat certain ſmall beans, tried the effects of them upon his monks, to prevent them from falling aſleep in the choir during the night.

Among the Romans, at the end of December, during the Saturnalia, children drew lots with beans to ſee who ſhould be *King*; and this cuſtom was borrowed from that practiſed at Athens for the election of magiſtrates. Hence, perhaps, is the origin of our drawing for *King* and *Queen* on Twelfth Night.

Cardinals were at firſt only the principal prieſts, or clergymen, of the different pariſhes in Rome: but this title was not confined to the church

of Rome; it was uſed alſo in France. The Biſhop of Paris, and ſeveral others, had their Cardinal Prieſts. Theſe prieſts alone had the right of adminiſtering the ſacraments; and when they were promoted to be Biſhops, their Cardinalſhip was at an end. In this ſtate things remained till the eleventh century, when the Sovereign Pontiff thought that his grandeur required him to have a council of Cardinals ſuperior in dignity to the ancient prieſts. But theſe Cardinals had no longer pre-eminence over the Biſhops; they never claimed this privilege till they aſſumed to themſelves the right of electing the Pope. Other diſtinctions followed. They obtained a red cap, and the purple. Urban the Eighth granted them the title of *Eminence*, on the 10th of January, 1630; till then they had been ſtyled only *Moſt Illuſtrious*, a diſtinction which the Princes of Italy who have no title ſtill enjoy.

Coaches, as well as all other kinds of carriages which have been ſince made in imitation of them, were invented by the French, and the uſe of them is of a modern date. Under Francis I. there were only two coaches; that of the Queen, and that of Diana, natural daughter of Henry II. The Kings of France, before they uſed theſe machines, travelled on horſeback; the Princeſſes were carried in litters, and ladies rode behind their ſquires. The magiſtrates, who went to the palace on mules, oppoſed the luxury of coaches as much as they could. In 1563 they petitioned Charles IX. to forbid them in the city, and preſerved their ancient cuſtoms till the commencement of the ſeventeenth century. The number of coaches began then to encreaſe. The firſt Lord at court who had one was John de Laval de Bois Dauphin, and ſeveral others followed his example. Nevertheleſs, about the middle of the laſt century, there were no more than three or four coaches in Paris; at preſent there are above fifteen thouſand, without including hackney coaches, and thoſe which are let for hire. A perſon of the name of Sauvage, who lived in the ſtreet of St. Martin, at the Hotel of St. Fiacre, firſt formed the idea of eſtabliſhing public carriages, which made the name of *fiacre* be applied both to the carriage and the driver.* In 1650 Francis Villerme obtained the excluſive privilege of letting out for hire all kinds of chaiſes, and ſeven years after, one was granted for hackney coaches to Mr. Givri. The ſucceſs of this enterprize excited many other individuals to ſolicit the ſame favor, and carriages were ſoon ſeen in all the quarters of Paris. Some hiſtorians, and eſpecially thoſe of Italy, give the name of coach to the principal ſtandard of any army, which was fixed to a pole erected in a chariot covered with purple. This is ſaid to have been the invention of Heribert, archbiſhop of Milan, about the year 1124. The emperor Otho IV. and ſeveral kings of Hungary employed carriages of the ſame kind.

Aſhes among ſeveral nations were a mark of grief and repentance. The Hebrews covered their heads with them in the time of pnblic calamities, and the people of Niniveh expiated their faults with ſackcloth and aſhes. In the primitive church, the biſhop marked with aſhes the forehead of a ſinner who began his penitence, and hence came the practice enjoined by the council of Beneventnm, in 1091, of going to receive ſome on the Wednesday† which precedes the firſt Sunday of Lent. There are ſtill ſome monaſteries where the monks expire upon aſhes. The Greeks and the Romans, who were accuſtomed to

* *Fiacre*, in French, ſignifies both a coach and a hackney coachman.

† Hence called Aſh Wedneſday.

burn

burn their dead, and to collect the aſhes in urns, gave riſe to that elegant expreſſion of the poets, *the aſhes of the dead.*

The ancient Gauls conſidered long hair as a mark of honor and liberty, but Cæſar made them lay it aſide as ſoon as he had ſubdued them. Eccleſiaſtics rendered homage to God by cutting their hair ſhort, and imagined that in doing this they gave him a proof of their ſpiritual ſervitude, and of their perfect ſubmiſſion to his will. People formerly ſwore by their hair; and to cut off this badge of dignity from any one was to devote him to ignominy. Thoſe who entered into a conſpiracy were obliged to cut off each others hair. It was a piece of refined politeneſs among the French to pull out a hair when they met a friend, and to preſent it to him. In the eighth century great lords cauſed the firſt hair of their children to be cut by thoſe for whom they entertained the greateſt eſteem, and by this ceremony they became their ſpiritual ſponſors. About the year 1116 long hair was conſidered as a luxury, and a mark of effeminacy. Eighty years after, whoever wore long hair was, by a canon, excluded from entering the church; and on Chriſtmas-day at maſs, Godfroy, biſhop of Amiens, refuſed at St. Omer, in preſence of Robert, Earl Flanders, the offerings of thoſe who had preſerved their hair. Francis I. wore his hair ſhort on account of a wound which he had received in his head: his courtiers followed his example, and the people imitated the courtiers.

The invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians; however this may be, it is certain that they were always uſed to announce the feſtivals in honor of Oſiris. Amongſt the Hebrews the high prieſt in grand ceremonies wore a kind of tunic, ornamented with ſmall golden bells. At Athens the prieſts of Proſerpine and Cybele uſed them during their ſacrifices, and in ſome meaſure they made a part of their myſteries. Bells were known alſo among the Perſians, the Greeks and the Romans. Pope Sabinian, and St. Paulin of Nola, introduced them into the church, to call the faithful to divine worſhip, and to diſtinguiſh the canonical hours, but it does not appear that large bells were uſed before the ſixth centry. In 610 the army of Clotaire, who were beſieging Sens, were ſo frightened by the noiſe of the bells of the church of St. Stephen, which Loup, biſhop of Orleans, ordered to be rung, that they raiſed the ſiege, and betook themſelves to flight. About the beginning of the following century bells were baptiſed; for Alcuin, preceptor to Charlemagne, conſiders this ceremony as much older than the year 770.

The Romans invented lotteries, to enliven their Saturnalia. This feſtival began by the diſtribution of tickets which gained ſome prize. Auguſtus made lotteries which conſiſted of things of little value, but Nero eſtabliſhed ſome for the people, in which a thouſand tickets were diſtributed daily, and ſeveral of thoſe who were favoured by Fortune got rich by them. Heliogabalus invented ſome very ſingular; the prizes were either of great value or of none at all; one gained a prize of ſix ſlaves, and another of ſix flies; ſome got valuable vaſes, and others vaſes of common earth. A lottery of this kind exhibited an excellent picture of the inequality with which Fortune diſtributes her favours.

The firſt watches were made at Nuremberg in 1500, by Peter Hell, and called *Nuremberg eggs*, on account of their oval form. The ſame year George Purbach, a mathematician of Vienna, employed a watch that pointed to ſeconds, for aſtronomical obſervation,

The

The art of making perukes was invented at Paris, about the end of the reign of Lewis XIII. and people then gave over the uſe of calottes ornamented with a double row of hair, quite ſtraight or frizzed. The Abbè la Riviere firſt ſet the example: his peruke weighed two pounds. Theſe head dreſſes were heavy, and of an enormous ſize, until 1680, when the Sieur Eravis deviſed a method of curling the hair. Perukes then became real ornaments, and ſeemed to baniſh the marks of old age.

Nonius Marcellus refers the origin of New-year's gifts among the Romans to Tatius, king of the Sabines, who reigned at Rome conjointly with Romulus, and who having conſidered as a good omen, a preſent of ſome branches cut in a wood conſecrated to *Strenia*, the goddeſs of ſtrength, which he received on the firſt day of the new year, authoriſed this cuſtom afterwards, and gave to theſe preſents the name of *Strenæ*. However this may be, the Romans on that day celebrated a feſtival in honor of Janus, and paid their reſpects at the ſame time to Juno; but they did not paſs it in idleneſs, leſt they ſhould become indolent during the reſt of the year. They ſent preſents to one another of figs, dates, honey, &c. to ſhew their friends that they wiſhed for a happy and agreeable life. Clients, that is to ſay, thoſe who were under the protection of the great, carried preſents of this kind to their patrons, adding to them a ſmall piece of ſilver. Under Auguſtus the ſenate, the knights and the people preſented ſuch gifts to him, and in his abſence depoſited them in the Capitol. Of the ſucceeding princes ſome adopted this cuſtom, and others aboliſhed it, but it always continued among the people. The early Chriſtians condemned it, becauſe it appeared to be a relique of Paganiſm, and a ſpecies of ſuperſtition; but when it began to have no other object than that of being a mark of veneration and eſteem, the church ceaſed to diſapprove of it.

The origin of abbeys is very ancient, and may be traced back to the firſt ecumenical council of Nicea in the fourth century. Some active eccleſiaſtics cultivated the earth, with an intention of conſecrating the fruits of their labor to the relief of indigence; and while with one hand they fertiliſed the deſarts, they aſſiſted the diſtreſſed with the other. By their benefactions they acquired friends, and by their labour they procured riches. Their inſtruments of huſbandry appeared to be inconteſtible titles of their right of poſſeſſion; and, in the courſe of time, diſmal and barren ſolitudes were converted into rich houſes. The name of monaſtery ſeemed then no longer applicable to them, and they exchanged it for that of abbey.

Antimony, that remedy ſo celebrated, was diſcovered by a German monk, named Baſil Valentine, who, ſearching for the philoſopher's ſtone, and having thrown to the hogs what remained after ſome of his experiments, obſerved, that thoſe who ſwallowed it, after being violently purged, became much fatter. He took it into his head to make a trial of it upon ſome of his brother monks; but, as the doſe was too ſtrong, they all died. Hence comes the name of *antimoine* in French, which has been given to this mineral ſubſtance.

Poſts were eſtabliſhed in 1462, under Louis XI. King of France, on account of the ſiege of Nanci; the proceedings of which were regularly conveyed to him, by couriers ſtationed at certain diſtances on the road. This expedient was found to be convenient, and it was afterwards continued, and brought to perfection.

The cuſtom of ſaying *God bleſs you* to thoſe who ſneeze, is ſaid to have originated from Pope Gregory, ſurnamed

named the Great, during the time of an epidemical diſorder, which carried people off in a fit of ſneezing. Some, however, pretend that this cuſtom is much older, and that it was known to the Greeks and the Romans long before the Chriſtian æra.

Cards were invented under the reign of Charles VI. King of France, to amuſe him during the intervals of that diſorder which conducted him to the grave. The world would have been at no loſs, had his Majeſty been ſuffered to die in peace without this invention.

Burying grounds were not eſtabliſhed until the year 200. People before were interred in the highways, and ancient tombs are ſtill to be ſeen on the roads leading to Rome. Hence theſe words, ſo often repeated in epitaphs, *Sta viator:* Stop traveller.

John Van-Eick, better known under the name of John of Bruges, invented painting in oil, about the commencement of the fourteenth century.

In 1474, the phyſicians and ſurgeons of Paris repreſented to Louis XI. that ſeveral people of diſtinction were afflicted with the ſtone, and that it would be of the higheſt utility to anatomy to examine, in a living ſubject, that part of the human body which is the ſeat of this diſorder. They therefore requeſted his Majeſty, that he would order a perſon, named Franc-Archer, who had been ſubject to this malady, and who was condemned to be hanged, to be delivered into their hands. This being granted, the firſt operation of cutting for the ſtone was performed publicly at Paris, in the burying ground of St. Severin. The criminal was completely cured in the ſpace of a fortnight, and obtained, beſides his pardon, a conſiderable reward. We cannot here help obſerving, that this is a ſtriking inſtance of the viciſſitudes of life, ſince, to be cured of his diſorder, it was neceſſary that this unhappy man ſhould be condemned to the gallows.

THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

JOHN ELWES, Eſq.

Every ſingular character merits ſome notice from poſterity—and I have always ſaid, that if fate prolonged my life, I would write his.

Shafteſbury's Charact.

THE family name of Mr. Elwes was Meggot: and as his name was John, the conjunction of Jack Meggot made ſtrangers ſometimes imagine that his intimates were addreſſing him by an aſſumed appellation. His father was a brewer of great eminence. He purchaſed, during his life, the eſtate now in poſſeſſion of the family, at Marcham, in Berkſhire, of the Calverts, who were in the ſame line. The father died while the late Mr. Elwes was only four years old; ſo little of the character of Mr. Elwes is to be attributable to him; but from the *mother* it may be traced at once—for though ſhe was left nearly *one hundred thouſand pounds*, by her huſband—ſhe *ſtarved herſelf to death!*

The only children from the marriage above, were Mr. Elwes, and a daughter who married the father of the late colonel Timms—and from hence came *the intail* of ſome part of the preſent eſtate.

At an early period of life, he was ſent to Weſtminſter ſchool—where he remained for ten or twelve years. During that time he certainly had not miſapplied his talents—for he was a good claſſical ſcholar to the laſt

laſt—and it is not a little remarkable, though well authenticated, that he never read afterwards. Never was he ſeen at any period of his future life with a book, nor has he in all his different houſes left behind him, books that would, were they collected together, *ſell for two pounds* His knowledge in accounts was ſtill more trifling—and in ſome meaſure may account for the total ignorance he always was in, as to his own affairs.

The contemporaries of Mr. Elwes, at Weſtminſter, were Mr. Worſley, late maſter of the board of works, and the preſent lord Mansfield; who, at that time, had no objection to borrow all that young Elwes, even then, would lend. His lordſhip, however, has ſince changed his diſpoſition, though Mr. Elwes never altered his.

From Weſtminſter ſchool, Mr. Elwes removed to Geneva, where he ſoon entered upon purſuits more agreeable to him than ſtudy. The riding maſter of the academy there had then to boaſt three of the beſt riders in Europe, Mr. Worſley, Mr. Elwes, and ſir Sidney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the moſt deſperate: the young horſes were always put into his hands, and he was the rough rider to the other two.

During this period he was introduced to Voltaire, whom he ſomewhat reſembled in point of appearance; but though he has mentioned this circumſtance, the genius, the fortune, the character of Voltaire, never ſeemed to ſtrike him—they were out of his contemplation, and his way: the *horſes* in the riding ſchool he remembered much longer, and their reſpective qualities made a much deeper impreſſion on him.

On his return to England, after an abſence of two or three years, he was to be introduced to his uncle, the late ſir Harvey Elwes, who was then living at Stoke, in Suffolk, perhaps the moſt perfect *picture of human penury* that ever exiſted. The attempts in ſaving money were in him ſo extraordinary, that Mr Elwes perhaps, never quite reached them, even at the laſt period of his life.

To ſir Harvey Elwes he was to be the heir, and of courſe it was requiſite to pleaſe him. On this account it was neceſſary, even in old Mr. Elwes, to maſquerade a little; and as he was at that time in the world and its affairs, he dreſſed like other people. This would not have done for ſir Harvey; ſo the nephew uſed to ſtop at a *little Inn*, at Chelmsford which he did not much like, and began to *dreſs in character*—a pair of ſmall iron buckles, worſted ſtockings darned, a worn-out old coat, and a tattered waiſtcoat, were put on, and onwards he rode to viſit his uncle, who uſed to contemplate him with a *miſerable kind* of ſatisfaction, and ſeemed pleaſed to find *his* heir attempting to come up with him in the race of avarice. There would they ſit—*ſaving pair!*—with a ſingle ſtick upon the fire, and with one glaſs of wine occaſionally, betwixt them, talking over the extravagance of the times; and when evening ſhut in, they would retire to reſt—as "going to bed ſaved candlelight."

But the nephew had then, what he had always, a very extraordinary appetite, and this would have been a monſtrous offence in the eye of the uncle; ſo Mr. Elwes was obliged to pick up a dinner, firſt with ſome neighbour in the country, and then return to ſir Harvey with a little diminutive appetite that was quite engaging.

A *partridge*, a *ſmall pudding*, and a *potatoe*, did the buſineſs! and the fire was ſuffered to go out, while ſir Harvey was at dinner, as eating was quite exerciſe enough.

But as Mr. Elwes inherited from ſir Harvey a great part of the preſent fortune, ſomewhat of their hiſtories become neceſſarily intermixed: and, I truſt, a ſmall digreſſion to give the picture of ſir Harvey, will not be thought unamuſing or foreign to the ſubject. He was, as may be imagined, a moſt ſingular character—and the way in which he lived was not leſs ſo. His ſecluſion from the world, nearly reached that of an hermit: and could the extremity of his avarice have been taken out of the queſtion, a more blameleſs life was never led.

Of this character a few ſingular circumſtances ſhall be given ſoon: and, to men of modern times and more diſſipated manners, uſed to hurry, and accuſtomed to continual variety—ſuch a ſyſtem of living as he purſued, will ſcarcely appear credible. But the picture is real and curious. It will ſerve to ſhew—"There is living out of London,"—and that a man may at length ſo effectually retire into himſelf—that there may remain little elſe but—vegetation in a human ſhape.

Providence, perhaps, has wiſely ordered it, that the *poſſeſſors of eſtates* ſhould change like the ſucceſſion of ſeaſons: the day of tillage and the ſeed time—the harveſt and the conſumption of it—in due order, follow each other; and in the ſcale of events, are all neceſſary alike. This ſucceſſion was exemplified in the CHARACTER OF SIR HARVEY ELWES: who ſucceeded to ſir Jervaiſe, a very worthy gentleman, that had involved, as far as they would go, all the eſtates he received and left behind him. On his death, ſir Harvey found himſelf nominally poſſeſſed of *ſome thouſands* a year, but really with an income of *one hundred pounds* per annum. He ſaid, on his arrival at Stoke, the family ſeat, "that never would he leave it, till he had entirely cleared the paternal eſtate,"—and he lived to do that, and to realize above *one hundred thouſand pounds* in addition.

But he was formed of the very materials to make perfect—*the character of a* MISER. In his youth he had been given over for a *conſumption*, ſo he had no conſtitution and no paſſions. He was timid, ſhy, and diffident in the extreme: of a thin, ſpare habit of body, and without a friend upon earth.

As he had no acquaintances, no books, and no turn for reading—the hoarding up, and the counting his money, was his greateſt joy. The next to that, was—*partridge ſetting*; at which he was ſo great an adept, and game was then ſo plentiful—that he has been known to take 500 *brace of birds* in one ſeaſon. But he lived upon partridges—he and his whole *little houſhold*—conſiſting of one man and two maids. What they could not eat, he turned out again, as he never gave away any thing.

During the partridge ſeaſon, ſir Harvey and *his man* never miſſed a day, if the weather was tolerable—and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he ſeldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times, he wore a black velvet cap much over his face—a worn out full-dreſſed ſuit of clothes, and an old great coat, with worſted ſtockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough-bred horſe, and "the horſe and his rider" both looked as if a guſt of wind would have blown them away together.

When the day was not ſo fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall, to ſave the expence of fire.

If a farmer in the neighbourhood came in, he would ſtrike a light in a tinder-box that he kept by him, and putting *one ſingle ſtick* upon the grate, would not add another till the firſt was nearly burnt out.

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As he had but little connection with London, he always had three or four thouſand pounds at a time in his houſe. A ſet of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the *Thackſted Gang*, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unſuſpected at the time, as each had ſome apparent occupation during the day, and went out only at night, and when they had got intelligence of any great booty.

It was the cuſtom of ſir Harvey to go up into his bedchamber at eight o'clock, where, after taking a baſon of *Water gruel*, by the light of a ſmall fire, he went to bed, to ſave the unneceſſary extravagance of a candle.

The *gang*, who knew the hour when his ſervant went to the ſtable, leaving their horſes in a ſmall grove on the Eſſex ſide of the river, walked acroſs and hid themſelves in the church porch, till they ſaw the man come up to his horſes. They then immediately fell upon him, and after ſome little ſtruggle, bound and gagged him: they then ran up towards the houſe, tied the two maids together, and going up to ſir Harvey preſented their piſtols, and demanded his money.

At no part of his life did ſir Harvey ever behave ſo well as in this tranſaction. When they aſked for his money, he would give them no anſwer till they had aſſured him, that his ſervant, who was a great favourite, was ſafe:—He then delivered them the key of a drawer in which were 50 guineas. But they knew, too well, he had much more in the houſe, and again threatened his life, without he diſcovered where it was depoſited. At length he ſhewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, where were *ſeven and twenty hundred guineas*. This they packed up in two large baſkets, and actually carried off. *A robbery which, for* QUANTITY *of* SPECIE, *was perhaps never equalled.* On quitting him, they told him, they ſhould leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for aſſiſtance. On which he very coolly, and with ſome ſimplicity, took out his watch which they had not aſked for, and ſaid, "Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your eſcape: after that time, nothing ſhall prevent me from ſeeing how my ſervant does." He was as good as his word, when the time expired, he went and untied the man; but though ſome ſearch was made by the village, the robbers were not diſcovered.

When they were taken up ſome years afterwards for other offences, and were known to be the men who robbed ſir Harvey, he would not appear againſt them.

Mr. Harrington, of Clare, who was his lawyer, preſſed him to go to Chelmsford to identify their perſons; but nothing could perſuade him. "No, no," ſaid he, "I have loſt my money, and now you want me to loſe my time alſo."

Of what temperance can do, ſir Harvey was an inſtance. At an early period of life, he was given over for a conſumption, and he lived till betwixt *eighty* and *ninety years of age.*

Amongſt the few acquaintance he had was an occaſional club at his own village of Stoke—and there were members of it, *two baronets* beſide himſelf, ſir Cordwell Firebras, and ſir John Barnardiſton. However rich they were, the reckoning was always an object of their inveſtigation. As they were, one day ſettling this difficult *point*, an odd fellow, who was a member, called out to a friend who was paſſing—"For Heaven's ſake, ſtep up ſtairs and

aſſiſt *the poor!* here are three baronets worth a *million of money*, quarrelling *about a farthing.*'

When ſir Harvey died, the only tear that dropped upon his grave, fell from the eye of his ſervant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that ſervant he bequeathed a farm of 50l. per annum, "to him and his heirs."

In the chaſtity and abſtinence of his life, ſir Harvey Elwes was a rival to ſir Iſaac Newton—for he would have held it unpardonable to have *given*--even his affections. And, as he ſaw no lady whatever, he had but little chance of bartering them matrimonially for money.

When he died he lay in *ſtate*, ſuch as it was, at his ſeat at Stoke. Some of the tenants obſerved, with more humour than decency, that "it was well ſir Harvey could not ſee it."

On his death, his fortune, which had now become immenſe, fell to his nephew, Mr. Meggot, who, by will, was ordered to aſſume the name and arms of Elwes.

Thus lived, and thus died, the uncle to old Mr. Elwes, whoſe poſſeſſions, at the time of his death, were ſuppoſed to be at leaſt, *two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds*, and whoſe annual expenditure was about *one hundred and ten pounds!*"

However incredible this may appear, it is yet ſtrictly true; his cloaths coſt him nothing, for he took them out of an old cheſt, where they had lain ſince the gay days of ſir Jervaiſe.

He kept his houſehold chiefly upon game and fiſh, which he had in his own ponds; and the cows which grazed before his door, furniſhed milk, cheeſe, and butter, for the little œconomical houſehold. What fuel he did burn, his woods ſupplied.

Thoſe who have wiſhed to find an excuſe for the penury of ſir Harvey, have urged, that he had paſſed ſo long a period of his life alone, in recovering the eſtate, that he could not again encounter the world; and that his ſhyneſs was ſo extreme that company gave him no pleaſure.

To thoſe who are continually courting the buſtle of ſociety, and the favour of public ſcenes, it may be curious to learn, that here was a man, who had the courage to live nearly *ſeventy years alone!*

And this was done without former ſcenes to afford matter for reflection, or books to entertain, but in purſuing one ruling paſſion—the amaſſing unuſed *wealth.*

To the whole of this property Mr. Elwes ſucceeded; and it was imagined, that his own was not, at that time, very inferior. He got too an additional ſeat—but he got it, as it had been moſt religiouſly delivered down for ages paſt. The furniture was moſt ſacredly antique; not a room was painted, not a window repaired; the beds above ſtairs were all in canopy and ſtate, where the worms and moths held their undiſturbed reign; and the roof of the houſe was inimitable for *the climate of Italy.*

In ſhort, the whole verified what was ſaid—"That nobody would live with ſir Harvey Elwes if they could--nor could they if they would."

The contemplation of ſuch a character as that of ſir Harvey Elwes, affords a very mortifying and melancholy picture of human infirmity. The contraſt of ſo much wealth, and ſo much abuſe of it, is degrading to the human underſtanding. But in return, it yet has its uſes. For let thoſe who fancy there is a *charm in riches*, able to fix happineſs, here view all their inability, and all their failure; and acknowledge, that the mind alone "makes or mars" our felicity. For who almoſt would credit

credit, that while the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, are ſuppoſed to confer happineſs, and be the foundation of our pleaſures—who would credit that ſir Harvey Elwes, poſſeſſed of *two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds*, ſhould live for above 60 years in ſolitude, to avoid the expence of company!—Should deny himſelf almoſt fire and candle!—Should wear the caſt off cloaths of his *predeceſſor*, and live in a houſe where the wind was entering at every broken caſement, and the rain deſcending through the roof—voluntarily impoſing on himſelf a condition little better than the pauper of an *alms-houſe!*"

To this uncle, and this property, Mr. Elwes ſucceeded, when he had advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age. And for fifteen years previous to this period, it was, that he was known in the more faſhionable circles of London. He had always a turn for play, and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and not always being paid, that he conceived diſguſt at the inclination.

The acquaintances which he had formed at Weſtminſter ſchool, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conſpired to introduce him into whatever ſociety he beſt liked. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. And, as ſome proof of his notoriety at that time, as a man of deep play—Mr. Elwes, the late lord Robert Bertie, and ſome others, are noticed in a ſcene in the *Adventures of a Guinea*, for the frequency of their midnight orgies. Few men, even from his own acknowledgement, had played deeper than himſelf: and with ſucceſs more various. I remember hearing him ſay, he had once played two days and a night without intermiſſion; and the room being a ſmall one, the party were nearly up to the knees in cards. He loſt ſome thouſands at that ſitting. The late duke of Northumberland was of the party—who never would quit a table where any hope of winning remained.

Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by ſome thouſands for the mode in which he paſſed this part of his life: but the vowels of I. O. U. were not in uſe, and the ſums that were owed him, even by very noble names, were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loſer by play; and though he never could, or perhaps would aſcertain the ſum, I know from circumſtances ſince, that it was very conſiderable. The theory which he profeſſed—"*that it was impoſſible to aſk a gentleman for money*,"—he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this feeling to the lateſt hour of his life.

On this ſubject, which regards the manners of Mr. Elwes—gladly I ſeize an opportunity to ſpeak of them with the praiſe that is their due. They were ſuch—ſo gentle, ſo attentive, ſo gentlemanly, and ſo engaging, that rudeneſs could not ruffle them, nor ſtrong ingratitude break their obſervance. He retained this peculiar feature of the old court to the laſt. But he had a praiſe far beyond this; he had the moſt gallant diſregard of his own perſon, and all care about himſelf, I ever witneſſed in man. The inſtances in younger life, in the moſt imminent perſonal hazard, are innumerable. But, when age had deſpoiled him of his activity, and might have rendered care and attention about himſelf natural, he knew not what they were. He wiſhed no one to aſſiſt him——"He was as young as ever——he could walk—he could ride, and he could dance——and, he hoped, he ſhould

ſhould not give trouble, even when he was old."

He was, at that time, ſeventy-five.

As an illuſtration of this—an anecdote, however trivial, may be pardoned. He was, at this time, ſeventy-three, and he would walk out a-ſhooting with me, to ſee whether a pointer, I at that time valued much, was as good a dog as ſome he had in the time of ſir Harvey. After walking for ſome hours, much unfatigued, he determined againſt the dog, but with all due ceremony. A gentleman who was out with us, and who was a very indifferent ſhot, by firing at random, lodged two pellets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes, who ſtood by me at the time. The blood appeared, and the ſhot certainly gave him pain; but when the gentleman came up to make his apology and profeſs his ſorrow—"*My dear ſir*," ſaid the old man, "*I give you joy on your improvement—I knew you would hit ſomething by and by.*"

In this part of his character, nothing could be more pleaſant than was Mr. Elwes; it was the pecuniary part, which ruined, as the Dramatiſt would ſay—"the ſtage effect of the whole thing."

Recurring, however, from this momentary digreſſion, to the ſubject which we left (the ſcenes of play in which Mr. Elwes had been formerly engaged), it is curious to remark, how he then contrived to mingle ſmall attempts at ſaving with objects of the moſt unbounded diſſipation. After ſitting up a whole night at play for thouſands, with the moſt faſhionable and profligate men of the time, amidſt ſplendid rooms, gilt ſophas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, *not towards home*, but towards Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a farm of his in Eſſex! There would this ſame man, forgetful of the ſcenes he had juſt left, ſtand, in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcaſs butcher *for a ſhilling!* Sometimes, when the cattle did not arrive at the hour he expected, he would walk on, in the mire, to meet them; and more than once, has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without ſtopping, which was ſeventeen miles from London, after ſitting up the whole night.

Had every man been of the mind of Mr. Elwes, the race of inn keepers muſt have periſhed, and poſt-chaiſes have been returned back to thoſe who made them; for it was the buſineſs of his life to avoid both. He always travelled on horſeback—to ſee him ſetting out on a journey was truly curious; his firſt care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great-coat pocket, or any ſcraps of bread which he found—Baggage he never took—then, mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London, into that road where turnpikes were the feweſt. Then, ſtopping under any hedge, where graſs preſented itſelf for his horſe, and a little water for himſelf, he would ſit down and refreſh himſelf and his horſe together. Here preſenting a new ſpecies of Bramin, worth *five hundred thouſand pounds*.

The chief reſidence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was in Berkſhire, at his own ſeat, at Marcham. Here it was he had two ſons born, who inherit the greateſt part of his property, by a will made about the year 1785. He failed not however, at this time, to pay very frequent viſits to ſir Harvey, his uncle, and uſed to attend him in his daily amuſement of partridge-ſetting. Mr. Elwes was then ſuppoſed to have ſome of the beſt ſetting dogs in the kingdom—their breed and colour were pe-

peculiar---they were of a black-tan, and more reſembled a hound than a ſetter. As a proof of their ſtrength and ſpeed, Mr. Elwes once told me, that one of them, in following him to London, hunted all the fields adjoining the road---a diſtance of ſixty miles.

On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes then came to reſide at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the manſion-houſe he found here, he left one ſtill worſe behind him at Marcham; of which the late colonel Timms, his nephew, uſed to mention the following proof. A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain fell in the night—he had not been long in bed before he felt himſelf wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the cieling upon the bed—he got up, and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found the ſame inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after puſhing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the cieling was better ſecured, and he ſlept till morning. When he met his uncle, at breakfaſt, he told him what had happened—"Aye!—Aye!"—ſaid the old man—"*I don't mind it myſelf; but to thoſe who do, that's a* nice corner *in the rain!*"

On coming into Suffolk, it was—that Mr. Elwes firſt began to keep fox-hounds; and his ſtable of hunters, at that time, was ſaid to be the beſt in the kingdom. Of the breed of his horſes he was ſure, becauſe he bred them himſelf; and, what never happens at preſent, they were not broke in till they were ſix years old.

The keeping fox-hounds was the only inſtance in the whole life of Mr. Elwes, of his ever ſacrificing money to pleaſure, and may be ſelected as the only period when he forgot the cares, the perplexities, and the regret, which his wealth occaſioned. But, even here, every thing was done in the moſt frugal manner. Scrub, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, when compared with Mr. Elwes' huntſman, had an idle life of it. This famous huntſman might have fixed an epoch in the *Hiſtory of Servants*; for, in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows—he then prepared breakfaſt for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him; then, ſlipping on a green coat, he hurried into the ſtable, ſaddled the horſes, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he *refreſhed* himſelf, by rubbing down two or three horſes as quickly as he could; then running into the houſe to lay the cloth, and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the ſtable to feed the horſes—diverſified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived with him for ſome years, though his maſter uſed often to call him—"*an idle dog!*"---and ſay---"*he wanted to be paid for doing* nothing!"

[To be continued.]

A Singular Inſtance of Bodily Strength.

WHILE Louis XIV. was in Flanders, his coach, in croſſing a very bad part of the road, ſunk ſo deep in the mud, that all the horſes and oxen that could be yoked to it were not able to extricate it, as the nave of one of the wheels was entirely hid. One of the King's guards, named Barſabas, impatient at being an idle ſpectator of this ſcene, immediately

diately dismounted from his horse, lifted up the wheel, and giving a signal to the coachman to whip his horses, soon disengaged the carriage. For this piece of service Louis XIV. gave him a pension, and he soon became major of Valenciennes. After he had risen to this rank, a Gascon, who quarrelled with him, offered to fight him. "I agree," said Barsabas, holding out his hand; "touch that." Upon which the Gascon stretched out his, but the major squeezed it so hard, that he broke some of his fingers, and rendered him entirely incapable of fighting. Another Gascon, on a like occasion, took advantage of this example; and, instead of complying, when Barsabas desired him to hold out his hand, ran him through the body with his sword, saying, "thus I defend myself against the treachery of a man like you!" The wound, however, did not prove mortal. The major, one day, in a certain village, went to a farrier's shop; and, having asked for some horse-shoes, broke all those that were presented to him, telling the blacksmith, that they were too brittle. The farrier then wished to make others; but Barsabas took up his anvil, and concealed it under his cloak, so that, when the farrier had heated his iron, he was much surprised not to find his anvil, and his astonishment was greatly encreased, when he perceived it under the major's cloak. Imagining, therefore, that he had to deal with the devil, he immediately betook himself to flight, and could not be prevailed on to return, until he was assured that the supposed demon was gone. Barsabas had a sister equally strong as himself; but he did not know her, because he had quitted his father's house when very young, to seek his fortune in the army; and she had been born during his absence. Having met with her in Flanders, where she dealt in ropes, he purchased some of the largest she had, which he snapped in pieces; telling her, that they were worth nothing. "I will give you some "stronger," said she; "but, if you "please, lay down the money for "them."—"I will give you whatever you ask," replied Barsabas, pulling out a handful of crowns. His sister then took the crowns, and breaking them all into two or three pieces, told him, that his crowns were no better than her ropes, and desired him to give her some others. The major, surprised, desired to know her name; and having learned to what family she belonged, soon discovered that he was his sister. The Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. being desirous to see some proofs of this man's prodigious strength, he put himself below his horse, raised him up, carried him upon his shoulders more than fifty paces; and, afterwards stooping, placed him on the ground, with as much ease as if he had weighed only twenty pounds.

A Narrative of the Disaster which happened to the Barge of his Majesty's Ship the Assistance of 50 guns, commanded by Sir Charles Douglas, on the Night of the 30th or 31st of December 1783, in the Bay of New York; when the Hon. Hamilton Douglas Hallyburton, First Lieutenant of the said Ship, who commanded the Barge, and eleven other young Gentlemen and one Mariner, unfortunately perished, by being cast away, and frozen to Death.

HIS Britannic Majesty's ship the Assistance of 50 guns, commanded by Commodore Sir Charles Donglas, arrived in the Bay of New York on the 20th of December 1783, in pursuance of orders from Government, to superintend the fulfilling of that

that article in the treaty of peace which related to the final evacuation of New York by the Britiſh troops. On the 30th following, about five in the evening, the long boat being ſent to fetch water from a tranſport that lay at a ſmall diſtance, the crew ſeized and ſecured the officer who commanded, hoiſted their ſail, and the wind being fair in ſhore, made for the land. This daring and mutinous act being ſeen by the officers of the Aſſiſtance, all that were then on the quarter deck voluntarily offered to purſue the deſerters, in order that they might reſcue their companion, and bring the offenders (deſertions having been frequent ſince their arrival upon the coaſt) to exemplary puniſhment. Unfortunately their offer was accepted, and the barge immediately manned with twelve young gentlemen and one mariner, it not being judged prudent to truſt more of the common ſailors upon ſuch ſervice; Mr Hallyburton, firſt Lieutenant, voluntarily undertaking the command. The wind was high when the barge left the ſhip; and, as uſual, in that rude and tempeſtous climate, during the wintery months, ſoon blew a ſtorm, with violent ſnow and thick weather, and night coming on, the whole hemiſphere was involved in inexpreſſible darkneſs and horror. The ſtorm continued all that night, the next day, and the night following; during which period, nothing could be ſeen or heard of the unfortunate adventurers.

On the morning of the ſecond day, January 1ſt, 1784, the weather clearing up, the barge was diſcovered from the ſhip by the help of glaſſes, lying upon her ſide upon the Jerſey ſhore. Boats were immediately diſpatched; when, mournful to relate! the barge was found ſtranded in a marſh, and near it, eleven of thoſe gallant young men lay all upon their faces, frozen to death in the mud, from which they had in vain ſtruggled to extricate themſelves. Had the barge been driven but fifty yards on either ſide, from the place where ſhe was ſtranded, the company would have eſcaped, as did the deſerters, who landed on a more favourable ſpot. The bodies of the other two were afterwards found at a diſtance in the ſame ſtate, and were buried by the Americans. This is all that is certainly known of this melancholy event; melancholy in every point of view, but particularly, that ſo many gallant young gentlemen ſhould, after the dangers of a long war, periſh in ſo inglorious a manner, and in a ſervice, though voluntarily undertaken in the ſpirit and ardour of youth, ſo little worthy of them. It is one of thoſe unfortunate events on which it is impoſſible to reflect but with the deepeſt regret.

Mr Hallyburton, who commanded the party, deſerves to be mentioned with particular honour. He was ſon of the late, and only brother of the preſent Earl of Morton, and had taken the name of Hallyburton, in addition to the family name of Douglas, in conſideration of an eſtate which had devolved to him from the ancient family of Hallyburton of Pitcurr, in Scotland, of which he was in actual poſſeſſion. He had early devoted himſelf to the ſea ſervice, and had purſued it with unremitted ardour and application, through much hard duty.

He had learned the rudiments of his profeſſion on board the Apollo frigate, under the late Captain Pownall, by whom he was particularly beloved for his openneſs and generoſity of temper, his warmth of affection, and his gallant and enterprizing ſpirit; the laſt words of that brave officer, when mortally wounded and expiring by his ſide, were addreſſed to him, and were kindly intended to aſſuage the grief and anguiſh which he ſaw him ſuffer, for the diſaſter that had befallen him. He entertained,

indeed, a paternal affection for him, and ever expreſſed the higheſt expectation of him as an officer.

The loſs of Mr Hallyburton will always be lamented by his friends with heart-felt grief and affection—indeed it may juſtly be regretted as a public one, for he had given early and repeated proofs of great profeſſional ſkill and abilities. An inſtance of this occurred but a few days before his death; for upon the arrival of the Aſſiſtance off Sandy Hook, the country having been given up by the Britiſh Government, no pilot would obey the ſignals, or come off, to conduct the ſhip over the Bar. The Aſſiſtance, therefore, could not have been brought into a ſafe ſituation, had not Mr Hallyburton undertaken the pilotage, which he accompliſhed with ſucceſs, from obſervations made by him ſome years before, on board the Apollo frigate, when little more than fourteen years of age.

A plain ſquare monument of Portland ſtone, calculated by its ſolidity to endure the inclemency of the climate, has been erected upon Sandy Hook, over the grave of this unfortunate gentleman and his companions who periſhed with him, with the following inſcription engraved upon a white marble ſlab, on which are quartered the arms of Morton and Hallyburton:—

Here lye the remains
Of the Honourable Hamilton Douglas Hallyburton, ſon of the late Scholto Charles Earl of Morton, heir and repreſentive of the ancient family of Hallyburton of Pitcurr in Scotland, firſt Lieutenant of his Britannic Majeſty's ſhip the Aſſiſtance;

Who periſhed on this coaſt, with eleven more young gentlemen, and one common ſeaman, in the ſpirited diſcharge of duty, the 30th and 31ſt of December 1783. Born October the 10th 1763:

A youth, who in contempt of hardſhip and of danger (though in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune), ſerved ſeven years in the Britiſh Navy with a manly courage, and ſeemed to be deſerving of a better fate.

To his dear Memory, and that of his unfortunate companions, this plain monumental ſtone is erected by his unhappy mother Katharine, Counteſs Dowager of Morton.

James Champion, Lieut. of Marines.
Alexander Johnſton. ✗
George Paddy.
Robert Haywood.
Robert Wood.
Charles Gaſcoigne.
Andrew Hamilton.
William Scott.
William Spry.
John M'Chain.
David Reddie.
William Tomlinſon.
} Midſhipmen.
George Towers, common ſeaman.

Caſt away! all found dead and frozen!
Buried in this grave.

Reader, if not deſtitute of humanity, drop a generous and commiſerative tear, to the memory of theſe gallant youths, in ſympathy with thoſe afflicted parents and friends, who ſurvive to bewail their loſs: and may Heaven avert from thee ſo ſad and diſaſtrous a fate!

On Fortitude.—By Dr Beattie.

[From 'Elements of Moral Science,' juſt publiſhed.]

FEAR ſhould not riſe higher than to make us attentive and cautious; when it gains an aſcendency in the mind, it becomes an inſupportable tyranny, and renders life a burden. The object of fear is evil; and to be exempt from fear, or at leaſt not enſlaved to it, gives dignity to our nature, and invigorates all our fa-

faculties. Yet there are evils which we ought to fear. Thoſe that ariſe from ourſelves, or which it is in our power to prevent, it would be madneſs to deſpiſe, and audacity not to guard againſt. External evils, which we cannot prevent, or could not avoid without a breach of duty, it is manly and honourable to bear with fortitude. Inſenſibility to danger is not fortitude, no more than the incapacity of feeling pain can be called patience: and to expoſe ourſelves unneceſſarily to evil, is worſe than folly, and very blameable preſumption: it is commonly called fool-hardineſs, that is, ſuch a degree of hardineſs or boldneſs as none but fools are capable of.

Courage and Fortitude, tho' confounded in common language, are however diſtinguiſhable. Courage may be a virtue or a vice, according to circumſtances, Fortitude is always a virtue; we ſpeak of deſperate courage, but not of deſperate fortitude. A contempt or neglect of danger without regard to conſequences may be called Courage; and this ſome brutes have as well as we: in them it is the effect of natural inſtinct chiefly; in man it depends partly on habit, partly on ſtrength of nerves, and partly on want of conſideration. But fortitude is the virtue of a rational and conſiderate mind; it is indeed a virtue rather than a paſſion: and it is founded in a ſenſe of honour and a regard to duty. There may be courage in fighting a duel, though that folly is more frequently the effect of cowardice; there may be courage in an act of piracy or robbery; but there can be no fortitude in perpetrating a crime. Fortitude implies a love of equity and of public good; for, as Plato and Cicero obſerve, courage exerted for a ſelfiſh purpoſe, or without a regard to juſtice, ought to be called audacity rather than fortitude.

This virtue takes different names, according as it acts in oppoſition to different ſorts of evil; but ſome of thoſe names are applied with conſiderable latitude. With reſpect to danger in general, Fortitude may be termed *Intrepidity;* with reſpect to the dangers of war, *Valour;* with reſpect to pain of body or diſtreſs of mind, *Patience;* with reſpect to labour, *Activity;* with reſpect to injury, *Forbearance;* with reſpect to our condition in general, *Magnanimity.* Fear in war, or fear that hinders a man from doing what he ought to do, is *Cowardice;* ſudden fear without cauſe is *Panic;* habitual fear is *Puſillanimity;* fear of the labour that one ought to undergo, is *Lazineſs.* Fear with ſurpriſe is *Terror;* and violent fear with extreme deteſtation is *Horror.* Thoſe unaccountable fears too are called *Horrors,* which ſometimes ariſe in the imagination in ſleep, or in certain diſeaſes, and produce trembling, ſweating, ſhivering, and other nervous ſymptoms.

Fortitude is very becoming in both ſexes; but courage is not ſo ſuitable to the female character: for in women, on ordinary occaſions of danger, a certain degree of timidity is not unſeemly, becauſe it betokens gentleneſs of diſpoſition. Yet from thoſe of very high rank, from a queen or an empreſs, courage in emergencies of great public danger would be expected, and the want of it blamed; we ſhould overlook the ſex, and conſider the duties of the ſtation. In general, however, maſculine boldneſs in a woman is diſagreeable; the term *virago* conveys an offenſive idea. The female warriors of antiquity, whether real or fabulous, Camilla, Thaleſtris, and the whole community of Amazons, were unamiable perſonages. But female courage exerted in defence of a child, a huſband, or a near relation, would be true fortitude, and deſerve the higheſt encomiums.

The motives to fortitude, are many and powerful. This virtue tends greatly to the happineſs of the individual, by giving compoſure and preſence of mind, and keeping the other paſſions in due ſubordination. To public good it is eſſential; for, without it, the independence and liberty of nations would be impoſſible. It gives to a character that elevation, which poets, orators, and hiſtorians have in all ages vied with one another to celebrate. Nothing ſo effectually inſpires it as rational piety; the fear of God is the beſt ſecurity againſt every other fear. A true eſtimate of human life; its ſhortneſs and uncertainty; the numberleſs evils and temptations to which by a long continuance in this world we muſt unavoidably be expoſed; ought by no means to diſcourage, or to throw any gloom on our future proſpects; but ſhould teach us, that many things are more formidable than death; and that nothing is loſt, but much gained, when, by the appointment of Providence, a well-ſpent life is brought to a concluſion.

Let it be conſidered, too, that puſillanimity and fearfulneſs can never avail us any thing. On the contrary, they debaſe our nature, poiſon all our comforts, and make us deſpicable in the eyes of others; they darken our reaſon, diſconcert our ſchemes, enfeeble our efforts, extinguiſh our hopes, and add tenfold poignancy to all the evils of life. In battle, the brave ſoldier is in leſs danger than the coward; in leſs danger even of death and wounds, becauſe better prepared to defend himſelf; in far leſs danger of infelicity; and has before him the animating hope of victory and honour. So in life, the man of true fortitude is in leſs danger of diſappointment than others are, becauſe his underſtanding is clear, and his mind diſencumbered; he is prepared to meet calamity without the fear of ſinking under it; and he has before him the near proſpect of another life, in which they who piouſly bear the evils of this will obtain a glorious reward.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF ALBA, (OR ALVA)

Governor of the Netherlands, at the Revolution under PHILIP II.

THE Duke of Alba indiſputably ranks amongſt the greateſt Generals of the ſixteenth century. He was one of the moſt valiant men of his time, and on every occaſion ſhewed himſelf entirely devoted to his Sovereign. Long ago would the hiſtorian have placed his name in the liſt of heroes, and perhaps a grateful poſterity would ſtill have bleſſed his memory, had not his laurels been ſo often drenched in blood, and the brilliancy of his victories tarniſhed with barbarity. But for this, his pride and inſatiable avarice might have paſſed unnoticed, concealed underneath his more ſplendid qualities.

This remarkable perſon, whoſe character exhibits ſuch a ſingular mixture of vices and virtues, was born in the year 1508. He was deſcended from one of the moſt ancient, wealthy, and illuſtrious families in Spain. Deſtined from his youth to the profeſſion of arms, he made his firſt campaign at the age of ſeventeen, and the year following was preſent at the famous battle of Pavia. When Charles V. repaired to the Netherlands, in 1539, to chaſtiſe the inhabitants of Ghent, who had revolted from him, the Duke of Alba was in his ſuite. Brantome, in his Memoirs, relates, that the Emperor, preſenting him to a Lady of the Court of France, ſaid, "This, Madam, is the Duke of Alba, for whom

I have a particular regard. He is of an illuſtrious birth, and I can anſwer for his becoming one day a great General; nor ſhall I fail to promote him according to his merit. I only wiſh that he was a little leſs ſtiff and reſerved; but it is the diſtinguiſhing character of our nation: gaiety and vivacity are the marks of yours. Peloux*, for inſtance, is never ſtill; he is the perpetual motion itſelf. I wiſh that Alba had a little of his diſpoſition."

Even at this early period of his life, the Duke ſhewed ſigns of that cruelty which afterwards rendered him ſo odious. Strada gives us the following inſtance of it. The Emperor aſking his advice on the manner in which he ſhould puniſh the revolters, he anſwered, That ſuch a rebellious city ſhould be raſed to the ground. Charles, who, notwithſtanding his wrath, ſtill preſerved an affection for the city in which he was born, ordered the Duke to aſcend a tower, from which the whole extent of the city might be ſeen. On his return, he aſked him, with a ſcornful ſmile, how many Spaniſh ſkins would make ſuch a glove; the name of Ghent in French, in which language he addreſſed him, ſignifying a glove. Alba, perceiving the ſeverity of his ſentence had offended the Emperor, held down his head, without making any reply.

In the year 1542, the Duke of Alba, having the command of the fortreſs of Perpignan, which was beſieged by the French, defended it with ſuch intrepidity, that the enemy were obliged to raiſe the ſiege, and return to France, without having effected any thing. From this time he found himſelf daily riſing in his Sovereign's favour, ſo that he was appointed Grand Maſter of the Imperial Court; and in 1546, was made Commander in Chief of the army in Germany. At the battle of Mulelberg he gave proofs of extraordinary courage, and contributed not a little to the victory obtained there. It was reported, that, during the combat, the ſun ſtood ſtill as if to render the Emperor's triumph more complete. Charles had ſufficient weakneſs and vanity to wiſh that this ridiculous tale might obtain belief, and he be conſidered as a ſecond Joſhua. His flatterers (for where is the Monarch without them?) carried their ſervility ſo far as to ſay and write, that they were witneſſes to this miracle. Some years afterwards, Henry II. of France, aſked the Duke of Alba if this event had really happened. "Indeed," ſaid the Duke, "my attention was ſo taken up with what there was to do upon earth, that I had no time to obſerve what paſſed in the heavens." After the battle, the Emperor cauſed a Council of War to be held on the Elector of Saxony, who was made priſoner. The Duke of Alba, who was Preſident, was for putting the unfortunate Prince to death; and, could he have had his will, this ſentence would undoubtedly have been carried into execution.

In the war with France the Duke of Alba commanded the army under the Emperor. At the ſiege of Metz, in 1552, he performed prodigies of valour; but the place was ſo well defended, that Charles was obliged to raiſe the ſiege. In 1555, the Emperor appointed him Commander in Chief of the armies in Piedmont, and his Viceroy in Italy. The Duke immediately took poſſeſſion of his office, which gave him an unlimited power; but his firſt exploits fell ſhort of his Sovereign's expectations. His antagoniſt, the brave Marſhal de Briſſac, diſconcerted all his ſchemes, and made

* A Frenchman who had followed the Duke of Bourbon in his retirement, and who afterwards attached himſelf to the Court of Charles V.

made himſelf maſter of ſeveral places belonging to the Emperor. The Duke at length found himſelf obliged to go into winter quarters, after having experienced conſiderable loſſes, without having been able to obtain the leaſt advantage over the enemy.

In the following campaign againſt Pope Paul IV. who took the part of the French, he was more ſucceſsful. He penetrated into the territories of the Church, and made himſelf maſter of ſeveral towns, the greater part of which voluntarily ſubmitted themſelves without reſiſtance. The Pope, alarmed at ſo ſudden an invaſion, had no other expedient but to demand a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities, which was granted him. The Pontiff, however, ſeeing himſelf ſupported by the French army, ſoon broke the truce. The war was renewed with the ſame ſucceſs on the part of the Spaniards; and the French being recalled to their own country, Paul was obliged to have recourſe to freſh negotiations. In 1557, peace was concluded: the Duke repaired to Rome, kiſſed the Pontiff's feet on his knees, and even demanded his pardon. This haughty ſoldier, the proudeſt man perhaps of his time, and who from his youth had converſed familiarly with Princes, afterwards confeſſed, that, at the ſight of the Pope, his preſence of mind forſook him, and he could not pronounce his ſpeech without faltering.

Whatever favour the Duke of Alba had enjoyed under Charles V. his greatneſs was not at its ſummit till the reign of Philip II. He was ſoon the acknowledged favourite of this cruel Monarch, with whoſe ſanguinary diſpoſition his own perfectly accorded. In 1559, he was ſent to Paris, to eſpouſe the Princeſs Elizabeth in his maſter's name, and conduct her into Spain. Six years afterwards, when Charles IX. King of France, the Queen his mother, and Elizabeth, had a interview at Bayonne, the Duke was again appointed to be the conductor of the latter. He appeared with a moſt ſplendid equipage; and, at the entertainments made on the occaſion, ſignalized himſelf greatly by his addreſs and ability. Even the conſtable De Montmorenci, expert as he was in all kinds of exerciſes, durſt not encounter with him, but contented himſelf with executing the office of King at Arms.

The Flemings, robbed of their privileges, and, by the eſtabliſhment of the Inquiſition, deprived of their deareſt poſſeſſion, Liberty, had frequently addreſſed their complaints to the Court of Spain: but their complaints were always unnoticed, unredreſſed. The repeated contempt they experienced exhauſted their patience, and they took up arms. The Duke of Feria and the Prince Eroti adviſed the King to employ gentle methods with them; but the Duke of Alba was for compelling the rebels to return to their duty by force. This counſel was too well ſuited to the King not to meet his approbation; accordingly he gave it the preference, and, without taking time to weigh the matter deliberately, inſtantly reſolved to ſend into the Netherlands a choſen army under the command of the Duke of Alba, to whom he gave an unlimited authority, with the title of Governor-General of thoſe countries.

Every one trembled at this choice, convinced that each ſtep of the Duke would be marked with blood. Don Carlos, the King's ſon, felt this ſo ſenſibly, that when the Duke of Alba came to take leave of him, in the firſt emotions of his rage he drew his poniard, and exclaimed, "Before I will ſuffer thee to deſtroy a country ſo dear to me, I will pierce thy heart." Nor was it without difficulty the Duke eſcaped his fury.

For more than ſix years the Duke ruled

ruled the Netherlands with a rod of iron†. The unfortunate Counts Egmont and Horne were the first victims of his rage, losing their lives on the scaffold. Many people of rank expressing themselves to the Duke with some surprise at his rigour, he answered coolly, "The heads of a couple of salmon are better than those of a thousand frogs." Such was his cruelty, that he frequently boasted of having caused upwards of eighteen thousand men to suffer by the hands of the executioner, during his regency.

No sooner were the two Counts dispatched, than the Duke of Alba turned his arms against the confederates, over whom he obtained a complete victory at Gemmingen. On this occasion an incident occurred which strongly marks the character of the man. The joy excited by his success soon gave way to the emotions of rage, when he learnt, that the regiment of Sardinia had, from mere wantonness, set fire to a neighbouring village. He was so incensed at this action, not less contrary to the laws of war than to those of humanity, that he ordered the regiment to be surrounded, and the ringleaders to be hung up on the spot: at the same time he broke the regiment, one company excepted, which had no concern in the affair, and reducing the officers to the rank of common soldiers, incorporated them, with the rest, into other regiments.

The defeat at Gemmingen did not however abate the courage of the Prince of Orange, who, since the death of the two Counts, was the principal support, as well as the chief of the oppressed Flemings; and in a short time he again made his appearance at the head of a considerable army. Frederic of Toledo, son to the Duke of Alba, who was ordered with a detachment to observe the motions of the enemy, sent to his father, to request permission to attack the Prince. But the Duke, who never departed from his principle, that it was the place of the Commander in Chief alone to judge when it was proper to give battle, answered the officer, in a threatening tone, "Tell my son, that the consideration of his youth and inexperience alone induce me to pardon him this time; and that if ever he make me a similar proposal in future, it will certainly cost his messenger his head."

The Duke of Alba did not delay putting the greater part of his troops in winter quarters, repairing with the rest to Brussels, where he gave orders for celebrating his victory with the greatest pomp and magnificence. On this occasion he gave the most unequivocal marks of his pride and vanity. Amongst other things, he caused medals to be struck to eternalize the remembrance of his exploits. The most remarkable of these was one in which he was represented sitting on a triumphal car; behind him was the Goddess of Victory crowning him with laurels; in his right hand he held a sword, in his left a shield; the one as an emblem of the victory he had obtained at Gemmingen, the other of the prudence with which he had conducted himself when opposed to the Prince of Orange: the chariot was drawn by owls, birds sacred to Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom.

But perhaps his pride displayed itself still more strongly at Antwerp. Five bastions being to be added to the Citadel there, he thought proper that they should bear his name and titles, one excepted, to which he gave the name of the Engineer. Thus they were called, Duke, Ferdinand, Toledo, and Alba: and

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The defeat at Gemmingen did not however abate the courage of the Prince of Orange, who, ſince the death of the two Counts, was the principal ſupport, as well as the chief of the oppreſſed Flemings; and in a ſhort time he again made his appearance at the head of a conſiderable army. Frederic of Toledo, ſon to the Duke of Alba, who was ordered with a detachment to obſerve the motions of the enemy, ſent to his father, to requeſt permiſſion to attack the Prince. But the Duke, who never departed from his principle, that it was the place of the Commander in Chief alone to judge when it was proper to give battle, anſwered the officer, in a threatening tone, "Tell my ſon, that the conſideration of his youth and inexperience alone induce me to pardon him this time; and that if ever he make me a ſimilar propoſal in future, it will certainly coſt his meſſenger his head."

The Duke of Alba did not delay putting the greater part of his troops in winter quarters, repairing with the reſt to Bruſſels, where he gave orders for celebrating his victory with the greateſt pomp and magnificence. On this occaſion he gave the moſt unequivocal marks of his pride and vanity. Amongſt other things, he cauſed medals to be ſtruck to eternalize the remembrance of his exploits. The moſt remarkable of theſe was one in which he was repreſented ſitting on a triumphal car; behind him was the Goddeſs of Victory crowning him with laurels; in his right hand he held a ſword, in his left a ſhield; the one as an emblem of the victory he had obtained at Gemmingen, the other of the prudence with which he had conducted himſelf when oppoſed to the Prince of Orange: the chariot was drawn by owls, birds ſacred to Minerva, the Goddeſs of Wiſdom.

But perhaps his pride diſplayed itſelf ſtill more ſtrongly at Antwerp. Five baſtions being to be added to the Citadel there, he thought proper that they ſhould bear his name and titles, one excepted, to which he gave the name of the Engineer. Thus they were called, Duke, Ferdinand, Toledo, and Alba: and

† He arrived at Bruſſels in Auguſt 1567, and did not quit Flanders till the end of December 1573.

and when the Citadel was finiſhed, he cauſed his ſtatue to be erected in the Place of Arms. It was caſt by a German, named Jungeling, who was reckoned the moſt able artiſt of his time. It repreſented the Duke in a threatening poſture, his right arm extended towards the city: at his feet were two allegorical figures, one repreſenting the people, the other the nobility, on their knees, as if demanding pardon: theſe figures had a porringer hanging at each ear, and a wallet on their ſhoulder, in alluſion to the nickname of beggars, which the Spaniards gave to thoſe gentlemen who were deputed to preſent the complaints of the Flemings; they were alſo ſurrounded with ſerpents, otters, and other emblems of duplicity, malignity, and avarice. The whole, even to the pedeſtal, was of bronze; and the cannon taken at Gemmingen were employed for the purpoſe. On the pedeſtalwas the following inſcription:

FERDINANDO ALVAREZ A TOLEDO
ALBÆ DUCI,
PHILIPPI II.
HISPANIORUM APUD BELGES PRÆFECTO, QUOD
EXTINCTA SEDITIONE,
REBELLIBUS PULSIS, RELIGIONE PROCURATA,
JUSTITIA CULTA, PROVINCIARUM PACEM
FIRMAVIT, REGIS OPTIMI
MINISTRO FIDELISSIMO POSITUM†.

But this monument, far from inſpiring the malcontents with greater reſpect, ſerved but the more to exaſperate them. His ſucceſſor, to ſatisfy the Flemings, and at the ſame time avoid too marked an inſult to the late Governor, cauſed it to be removed to a much leſs frequented place: but when the confederates became maſters of Antwerp, in 1577, their firſt care was, to break to pieces the ſtatue of a tyrant held by them in the utmoſt deteſtation. This they executed with a kind of fury, and every blow gave them almoſt as much pleaſure as if it had been given to the tyrant himſelf. The greater part of the fragments were carried off, and kept with the utmoſt care, by whoever could be fortunate enough to obtain them, as a mean of tranſmitting to poſterity the remembrance of their vengeance.

The cruelties of every ſpecies committed daring the government of the Duke of Alba are too well known to need a repetition: ſuffice it to ſay, that, without regard to age, ſex, or condition, an infinite number of perſons were ſacrificed on the moſt doubtful teſtimony, nay on the moſt groundleſs ſuſpicions. His ſanguinary plan, however, of drowning the pretended rebellion in the blood of theſe unhappy victims of his barbarity, was not attended with ſucceſs: far from being intimidated at the ſight of ſuch frequent executions, the malcontents were but the more reſolutely bent on vengeance. The Duke, it is true, obtained ſome more victories over the confederates; but they aroſe from defeat with unabated courage. The laſt exploit of this cruel Governor was the taking of Haarlem, in 1563, which was ſignalized by unnumbered horrors. Philip at length perceived the neceſſity of employing gentler methods, and recalled the Duke, with whoſe diſpoſition lenity was totally incompatible. Delivering up the reins of government to a milder ſucceſſor, he

† This ſtatue was erected to Ferdinand Alvarez, of Toledo, Duke of Alba, Governor of the Netherlands for Philip II. of Spain, the moſt faithful ſervant of the beſt of Kings, for having ſuppreſſed ſedition, defeated the rebels, protected religion, maintained juſtice, and eſtabliſhed peace throughout the Province.

returned to Spain, with his ſon, through Germany and Italy.

Notwithſtanding the innumerable complaints made againſt the Duke, the King received him, on his return, in the moſt friendly manner, loaded him with favours, and gave him his confidence in a greater degree than ever. Exchanging the art of war for that of courts, Philip's moſt able General became his moſt active and beſt informed Miniſter. Thus he lived many years, eſteemed by his friends, hated in ſecret by thoſe who envied him, and deified by his flatterers, till an unforeſeen accident loſt him his Maſter's favour, and baniſhed him from his court.

Garcias de Toledo, one of his ſons, had ſeduced a lady of the firſt rank under a promiſe of marriage, which he refuſed to fulfil. The King gave orders, that he ſhould be arreſted and confined till he had performed his promiſe. By the help of his father, who was no leſs averſe to the match than himſelf, Garcias found means to eſcape; and, the better to fruſtrate the King's intention, was immediately married to his couſin, the daughter of the Marquis of Villeux. Philip was ſo highly incenſed at this ſtep, that he forbade the Duke to appear at court, and baniſhed him to the caſtle of Uzeda. This was a thunderſtroke to the Duke, who was obliged to ſpend near two years thus in exile.

Immediately on the death of Henry King of Portugal, in 1580, Philip reſolved to aſſert his pretenſions to that kingdom. Succeſs could only be hoped for from arms; and for this enterpriſe who ſo fit as the Duke of Alba, in whom all the talents and qualifications conſtituting a great General were in the moſt eminent degree united? Thus, when he leaſt expected it, the baniſhed Duke received a viſit from two meſſengers of the King, who demanded, whether his health would permit him to take the command of the army deſtined for the conqueſt of Portugal. Alba anſwered, without much heſitation, That he was ready to ſacrifice in the King's ſervice what little health and ſtrength he had left; and immediately prepared for his departure. His intention was to pay his reſpects to his Sovereign in perſon: but Philip, who never forgot, and never pardoned an offence, would not ſee him, ſending him his orders and inſtructions in writing.

The Duke arrived in Portugal, at the head of his army, in the month of June 1580. Almoſt every town opened its gates to him, and acknowledged Philip as its lawful Sovereign. Don Antony, Prior of Crato, having aſſembled a conſiderable army at Liſbon, and ſeated himſelf on the throne of Portugal, it was neceſſary to repair to that city. To avoid various inconveniencies, the Duke of Alba reſolved on tranſporting his army to Caſcais by water. On his arrival, he found the enemy advantageouſly poſted; he, however, prepared to attack them in their intrenchments. The Spaniards, waiting only the word of command, were ſurpriſed to learn, that the Portugueſe had on a ſudden taken flight. The Duke was ſoon in poſſeſſion of Caſcais, where he exerciſed his uſual cruelties. Many places ſucceſſively experienced the ſame fate. Don Antony was attacked, defeated, and his army entirely deſtroyed. Liſbon immediately ſurrendered, and the whole kingdom was at the mercy of the conqueror. The iſſue of this enterpriſe was a new triumph for the Duke, now upwards of ſeventy years old; but in Portugal, as in the Netherlands, his laurels were tarniſhed by pride, avarice, and cruelty.

Alba did not long ſurvive the conqueſt of Portugal; dying in 1582, at the

the age of seventy-four. He was reputed one of the most able commanders of the age; though Cardinal Granvelle, in his Memoirs, asserts, that this opinion was by no means universal. This, perhaps, was owing to the ill success of his compaign against the French in 1555. At one time, indeed, he was held in so little esteem, that a Spaniard of distinction, writing to him, addressed him in the following terms: To the Duke of Alba, General of the King's armies in time of peace, and Grand Master of his court in time of war."

Brantome relates, that the Duke first introduced the use of muskets into the Spanish army in the Netherlands. The effect of this new weapon was at first extraordinary; every one took to their heels the instant they heard the Spaniards call out for the musqueteers to advance in the front; but the Flemings soon procured musquets also, and handled them with no less dexterity than their enemies.

The following is the character drawn of him by a modern writer: "His look was animated, but haughty; his physiognomy announced courage, but sometimes inspired terror; his walk was majestic, and his mien bold; he was strong and well made; he spoke with precision, and his every action, nay his silence was expressive; he was sober, slept little, was constantly employed, and dispatched his business himself. There is no circumstance of his life which does not offer some remarkable peculiarity: from his earliest youth he was thoughtful and judicious, never childish in his words or actions; the dissolute way of life of the soldiery in general never led him into dissipation; in the midst of the tumults of war he found leisure to attend to politics; when he gave his advice in an assembly, he paid no respect to the desires of the Prince, or the interests of Ministers: frequently had he the satisfaction to bring over to the side of equity those who heard his arguments; and if he failed, he never gave his opinion contrary to his sentiments. His intrepidity was not confined to the field; and his friends often trembled for his head, hearing him defend with firmness the memory of Charles V. against the sarcasms of Philip II. In his house reigned an air of grandeur which his descendants have not been able to preserve. He was always surrounded by young men of rank, whom he took a pleasure in forming to the arts of war and politics: his pupils have long occupied the first posts in Spain, and perpetuated his reputation by their talents. The history of his country affords no example of a General capable like him of maintaining a considerable war with few forces, destroying the most powerful armies without an engagement, making an enemy change his post without quitting his own, obtaining the confidence of his soldiers, and suppressing their murmurs. It has been said, that for near sixty years, during which he made war in various countries, and against divers enemies, he was never beaten, forestalled, or surprised. What a man! had not such great talents, and good qualities, been tarnished by a severity which frequently rendered him cruel and inhuman.

POETRY.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE:

Elegy on the Death of a particular Friend, who died abroad.

NOT now amused in pleasure's gay domain,
Where thoughtless fancy leads the mind astray,

Ano-

Another ſubject claims the ſerious ſtrain,
Another theme excites the mournful lay.

The calls of Friendſhip rouze my feeble tongue,
Nor let the gay theſe monitors deride;
Too long remains the tender verſe unſung,
To worth a tribute, not to airy pride.

Some friendly tears, ſome marks of pious care,
The voice of ſoft humanity demands:
The dead, could they their ſecret thoughts declare,
Would claim this laſt ſad office at our hands.

Like ſome huge foreſt of uncultured trees
The tranſient, fleeting, race of man appears;
Alike expoſed to tempeſt, or to breeze,
Th' unequal wood its tuſted ſurface rears.

Full many an hopeful plant, of bloſſom fair,
(So falls the ſtripling in the morn of life,)
Juſt taſtes the moiſture, and imbibes the air,
When ruin marks it with her murd'ring knife.

Of loftier growth, in ſoil luxuriant plac'd,
Th' aſpiring trees, with youthful verdure crown'd,
Oft feel the rending whirlwind's furious blaſt,
Or to the woodman's heavy ax reſound:

While in the cleft of ſome projecting rock,
The ſhatter'd elm exalts its aged head,
To meet of warring elements the ſhock,
No birds to carol, and no leaves to ſhade.

Expoſed and bare its bleaching arms appear,
Of age protracted ſuch full oft the fate,
Which, while its comforts dwindle year by year,
Juſt breathes at laſt to mourn an happier ſtate.

Some ſtudious ſtrive to gain th' encircling bays,
By deep-learn'd ſchemes, and labours of the brain,
While others ſcorn ſuch ſedentary praiſe,
And ſeek for glory on the martial plain.

Mid' courts their feſtive days the many ſpend,
Some choice or fortune deſtines to the vale:
To what bright goal thoſe various purſuits tend,
Aſk the deep-yawning grave, for it can tell.

Let heedleſs man, with empty joys elate,
Muſter each hope, then mark the fix'd decree,
Which plann'd by wiſdom, and impell'd by fate,
Depriv'd the world, O deareſt ſhade, of thee.

Ah! why ſhould Pleaſure ſpread her tempting arms,
Diſcloſing fancied ſcenes of mirth and eaſe?
Ah! why ſhould Wealth unfold ideal charms,

To lure her victims from the paths of peace?

Of ills attendant on the human frame
Complex and loathſome is the vaſt amount;
Each grim diſeaſe, each racking pain, to name,
Were the ſad annals of the grave to count.

Then why ſhould Miſery with an aſpect kind
Poor mortals to her ſtern embrace invite?
Or guileful Sorrow, flattering, court mankind,
Array'd in the gay ſemblance of delight?

But all theſe fair illuſions to deſcry
Heaven kindly grants us, if explored with care;
Calm judging Reaſon can, with eagle eye,
Pierce the thin veil, and mark the lurking ſnare.

To feeble minds alone 'tis thus decreed
To ſing, inglorious, at the ſyren's call:
The wiſe and prudent ſhun the vulgar meed,
To meet a nobler, though a heavier fall.

Theſe fair ambition points the road to fame,
And ſhews a crown, which is not hers to give,
Rouzes with proſpects fair the kindling flame,
Proſpects to pleaſe deſign'd, and to deceive.

Ambition with each nobler paſſion grows,
The generous ſoul ſtill feels its fairy charm;
Dull is the heart which can its voice oppoſe,
And cold the boſom honour fails to warm.

Had not bright glory's call thy breaſt inſpired,
O bleſt with all that nature, truth, e'er gave,
No tears untimely had thy doom required,
Or given at leaſt to ſhed them o'er thy grave.

Nor ſeized with wild deſire, or youthful heat
Was he, on carnaged foes to build his fame,
That liſping orphans might with tears repeat,
Or ſighs of widows waft his deathful name.

But of his ſoul, with virtuous hope elate,
Bright independence was the darling theme,
To riſe, ſuperior to the frowns of fate,
To well-earn'd glory, and deſerv'd eſteem.

To ſuccour genius pining and oppreſt,
To rear that merit, which he loved ſo well;
Theſe godlike motives touch'd his ardent breaſt,
And led impetuous from the peaceful vale.

In vain did friendſhip, with officious care,
Life's thorny path, and checquer'd ſcenes pourtray,
Each future hardſhip picture, to deter,
And paint each preſent joy, to form delay.

Of

Of climes uncertain, and tempeſtous ſeas,
In vain the numerous woes ſhe ſtrove to name,
And what, alas! but ill conjoins with theſe,
The habit delicate, and tender frame.

Though urged by paſſion and with fervour preſt,
Too weak, alas! each motive ſerved to move,
All that affection, beauty could ſuggeſt,
The ties of kindred, and the chains of love.

Ah! when in youthful rapture loſt, he gave
Gay fancy thro' the fields of bliſs to roam,
When joy light danc'd on pleaſure's ſwelling wave,
And hope exultant painted ſcenes to come;

Then even Maria, tender artleſs maid,
Would, as ſhe liſten'd, check the riſing ſigh,
While her fair cheek the virgin bluſh o'erſpread,
And the ſoft ſmile illumed her watery eye.

Thus in the ſweet but faithleſs month of May,
'Twixt parting clouds ſurcharged with ſtores of rain,
Burſts the mild influence of the ſolar ray,
Too ſoon obſcured, alas! and veil'd again.

Shall memory e'er forget the hallow'd place,
Or unobſerv'd neglect the ſacred day,
When, drown'd in tears, I ſhar'd his laſt embrace,
And, wrung with anguiſh, tore myſelf away.

Conflicts till then unknown our breaſts betray'd;
Oft we return'd, and thoughtful oft withdrew;
Faintly, unequal to its taſk, eſſay'd
Each faultering tongue to ſpeak the laſt adieu.

When at that ſad, that ſilent ſcene we ſtood,
Prophetic fears alarm'd my conſcious breaſt;
His hand, methought, the damps of death bedew'd,
A chilly coldneſs all its warmth repreſt.

Sudden, methought, his ſeat the ſpoiler took,
In that wan cheek, with beauty clad erewhile;
Reluctant as he gave the parting look,
Grinn'd the pale monarch 'neath the ſtiffening ſmile.

Methought, I ſaw the film o'ercaſt his eye,
Methought, I ſaw the gloom ſurround his head,
My boding boſom heaved a myſtic ſigh,
But friendſhip warn'd me to ſuppreſs my dread.

Full long keen expectation, eager, ſought
The gladſome tidings to ſecure her peace,
And pleas'd with fairy proſpects, dream'd of nought
But future happy days reſign'd to eaſe:

Till tired at length, when no propitious morn

E'er

E'er dawn'd to cheer the ſlow revolving years,
Exhauſted hope gave up the cauſe, forlorn,
And anxious doubt began to ſtart its fears.

Still meek-eyed Patience all his woe conceal'd,
Too kindly loath to ſhare thoſe pangs he bore;
But fate, at laſt, th' unwelcome news reveal'd,
And truth confirm'd what dread preſaged before.

Ah! fond Maria! how ſhall I impart
Th' o'erflowing cup of anguiſh dire to thee?
Thus deep, alas! to wound ſo ſoft a heart,
Is more than torture, more than death to me.

Yet ſhall not Fame's unfeeling voice convey
The news, with inſult, to thy boſom pure:
No, Friendſhip ſhall each lenient art eſſay,
And pity ſoften what it cannot cure.

Perhaps, even now the dear, deluded, maid,
Unconſcious of the deſolating blow,
For him prepares, with joy, the bridal bed,
While from her lips the tuneful accents flow:

Perhaps even now, with chaſte and holy grace,
To pitying heaven ſhe pours the fervent prayer,
Safe to reſtore him to her warm embrace,
And ſpare that life, which is not heaven's to ſpare.

Thus, oft on this uncertain, ſhifting, ſcene,
O'erwhelming blaſts the faireſt flower deſtroy,
And, oft, when pleaſure gilds the ſmiling mien,
A hand appears to daſh the cup of joy.

But, love-lorn maid, though lowering clouds aſſail,
The firſt, the faireſt, comforts yet remain;
No name ſhall echo thro' the peaceful vale,
Which foul-mouth'd envy leſs can dare to ſtain.

Like precious ointment, his progreſſive praiſe
Shall o'er thy breaſt it's ſweeteſt balm diffuſe,
More grateful than, in ſummer's ſultry days,
The bluſhing roſe impearled with evening dews.

Accept, lamented Ghoſt, theſe riſing ſighs,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharged with woe,
Nor tears unfeign'd like theſe, with frowns deſpiſe,
The only honours which 'tis ours to ſhew.

Stern fate, alas! each better thought controuls,
And round us ever-troubled oceans cloſe;
Each kind, each genial, impulſe of our ſouls
Bleak hills, rough rocks, and dreary waſtes oppoſe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A

A Paſtoral Elegy.

WHAT keeps my dear charmer away,
How long ſhall I ſigh to embrace
The fountain of all that is gay,
The flow'r that enlivens the place?

II.

In vain I have flatter'd my mind,
With promiſes made by my fair,
Cou'd beauty, which once was ſo kind,
Condemn a poor wretch to deſpair?

III.

No—virtue and beauty combin'd
Compoſe the dear theme of my lay,
I'll tell her, that ſhe is unkind,
And force her to haſten away.

IV.

Can any thing, where ſhe remains,
Induce her ſweet fancy to roam,
Each moment inflicting new pains
Anticipates pleaſures to come.

V.

The walks and the woodlands ſhe loves,
Each object, which gave her delight
Are taſks, which my heart ſtill improves,
I languiſh from morning to night.

VI.

I wildly ſurvey the wide plain,
In hopes her fair image to ſee,
But ah! ſhe forgets with diſdain,
The brook and her favourite tree.

VII.

Where Flora had wantonly ſpread
Of violets and daiſies a ſtore,
A carpet well ſuiting the maid,
Who did all their beauties adore.

VIII.

I cannot get clear of my fate,
Another young ſhepherdeſs woo?
Each gipſy is true to her mate,
And I will be faithful to you.

IX.

I need not attempt to complain,
If Cupid's a ſtranger to you,
The wound of his arrow's in vain,
Unleſs 'tis divided in two.

X.

The breezes that ruffle the grove,
The murmurs of yon little rill,
The birds that now wallow in love,
Invoke you to witneſs their ſkill.

XI.

The grimace and the tumult of towns
I'm ſure are not pleaſing to thee,
The heart, which with prudence abounds,
Muſt ſtill be endearing to me.

XII.

Minerva directed my aim,
And Pallas approved of my taſte,
Fair Venus allow'd me the claim,
And Cupid came in for the reſt.

Feb. 17th, 1790. REGULUS.

THE ORIGIN OF GROG.

Written on board the Berwick, a few days before Admiral Parker's engagement with the Dutch fleet on the 5th of Auguſt 1781.

BY DOCTOR TROTTER.

[Tune, "Vulcan contrive me ſuch a Cup."]

'TIS ſung on proud Olympus hill,
The Muſes bear record,
Ere half the gods had drank their fill,
The ſacred nectar four'd.

At Neptune's toaſt the bumper ſtood,
Brittannia crown'd the cup;
A thouſand Nereids from the flood
Attend to ſerve it up.

"This nauſeous juice," the monarch "cries,
"Thou darling child of fame,
"Tho' it each earthly clime denies,
"Shall never bear thy name.

"Ye azure tribes that rule the ſea,
"And riſe at my command,
"Bid Vernon mix a draught for me,
"To toaſt his native land."

Swift

Swift o'er the waves the Nereids flew,
Where Vernon's flag appear'd;
Around the ſhores they ſung, "True Blue†,"
And Britain's hero cheer'd.

A mighty bowl on deck he drew,
And fill'd it to the brink;
Such drank the Burford's gallant crew‡,
And ſuch the gods ſhall drink.

The ſacred robe which Vernon wore§,
Was drench'd within the ſame;
From hence his virtues guard our ſhore,
And Grog derives its name.

To Heaven they bore the pond'rous vaſe,
From Porto Bello's ſpoil;
And all Olympia's bumpers blaze
With "Health to Britain's iſle!"

Gay with a cup Apollo ſung,
The Muſes join'd the ſtrain;
Mars cried "Encore!" and Vulcan rung—
"Let's drink her o'er again."

"Some ſignal gift," they all exclaim,
"And worthy of the ſkies,
"Shall long protect this iſland's name,
"And ſee her Genius riſe.

"Henceforth no foes her coaſts ſhall brave,
"Her arts and arms ſhall crown,
"Her gallant tars ſhall rule the wave,
"And Freedom be her own."

With three times three, the deed was ſign'd
And ſeal'd at Jove's command,
The mandate ſent on wings of wind,
To hail the happy land.

(CHORUS.)

This cup divine, ye ſons of worth,
Was fill'd for you alone,
And he that drinks is bound by oath,
To ſink with Britain's ſun.

* A favourite Song.

† Flag-ſhip, at the taking of Porto Bello.

‡ Admiral Vernon uſually wore a grogram cloak in bad weather, from which the ſailors call'd him Old Grog; hence the name, in honour of him, was transferred to the ſpirit and water, becauſe he was the firſt officer who ordered it in this manner on board his Majeſty's ſhips.

SONNET,

Inſcribed to the accompliſhed
MISS SEWARD.

THIS thou, O SEWARD! pleaſing ſtrik'ſt the lyre,
Which thou can'ſt make melodiouſly impart
Its lovely notes to thrill the human heart,
With ſounds that all approving muſt deſire!
Go on, enchantreſs! tune again thy lays,
So well deſerving of the greateſt praiſe,
That can be given by a grateful land
To *Sonnets* fraught with true poetic fire,
As is in thine, fair ANNA! ever bland
With ev'ry grace and merit to admire:
Long may you flouriſh in a vernal morn,
Nor paſs away too like the fleeting gale,
But here remain, your country to adorn
With thy ſweet Muſe, which fragrance does exhale.

WILLIAM——

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LVII.] Thurſday March 11, 1790. [Price 3d.

An Account of Dr. John Moore, Author of Zeluco, and his Writings.

DR. MOORE is ſon of the Rev. Mr. Charles Moore, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, highly eſteemed for the purity of his manners and his amiable diſpoſition. He was many years one of the Miniſters at Stirling, in North Britain, where Dr. Moore, the only ſon who ſurvived him, was born in the year 1730.

His mother was daughter to John Anderſon, Eſq. of Dowhill, near Glaſgow.

On the death of her huſband, which happened ſeven or eight years after her marriage, this lady left Stirling with her children, and returned to her native city of Glaſgow, where the fortune left her by her father lay.

She was a woman of a moſt reſpectable character, diſtinguiſhed by the ſtrength of her underſtanding, her piety, and the benevolence of her heart.

Dr. Moore was educated at the Univerſity of Glaſgow, and began the ſtudy of medicine and ſurgery under the care of Dr. Gordon, an eminent practitioner in that city, attending the anatomical demonſtrations of Dr. Hamilton, and the medical lectures of the celebrated Dr. Cullen, at that time Profeſſor of Medicine at Glaſgow, and to whom Dr. Moore, as we underſtand, is related.

In the year 1747 the late Duke of Cumberland commanded the allied army in Brabant; many Britiſh ſtudents of medicine and ſurgery paſſed over to that country with a view to obſerve the practice, and act as mates in the Military Hoſpitals. Mr. Moore adopted this meaſure, and having been introduced by his relations at Glaſgow to the preſent Duke of Argyle, then repreſentative in Parliament for that city, and Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of foot ready to embark for Brabant, he accompanied him on board, and paſſed over under his protection to the Continent.

Having reached Maeſtricht he attended the Military Hoſpitals there, then full of wounded ſoldiers after the unfortunate battle of Laffeldt.

Mr. Moore was ſoon after recommended by the late Mr. Middleton, Director General of the Military

Hoſpitals, to the Earl of Albemarle, one of the Generals of the Duke's army, and Colonel of the Coldſtream Regiment of Foot Guards, then quartered at Fluſhing, and commanded by the late General Braddock, and was ſoon after detached from the hoſpital to the aſſiſtance of the ſurgeon of that regiment, in which there was an extraordinary ſickneſs.

Mr Moore remained during the autumn 1747 at Fluſhing, and went the winter after with the Coldſtream to Breda, where there many Britiſh regiments then in garriſon. Early the ſame ſpring the allied army took the field; but the peace being concluded the ſame ſummer, Mr. Moore came to England in the tranſport with General Braddock.

After remaining ſome time in London, and attending the anatomical lectures of Dr. Hunter, Mr. Moore was adviſed to go to Paris and attend the hoſpitals and medical lectures there; a plan much in vogue in thoſe days, and conſidered as highly proper for ſtudents of medicine and ſurgery.

Mr. Moore went from London to Paris in company with Sir William Fordyce, who had acted in Brabant as ſurgeon's mate of the third regiment of Foot Guards, when Mr. Moore belonged to the Coldſtream.

The Earl of Albemarle was then Ambaſſador from the Court of Great Britain to that of France, and ſoon after Mr. Moore's arrival at Paris appointed him ſurgeon to his houſehold. But as his Excellency lived in the houſe of the Marquis de Mirepoix, which is near the Invalides, and at a great diſtance from the hoſpitals and medical colleges, Mr. Moore took lodgings nearer them, and viſited the Ambaſſador's family only when his aſſiſtance was required.

Having reſided near two years at Paris, a propoſal was made to him by Dr. Gordon, at Glaſgow, that he ſhould return to that city and become a partner in his buſineſs. Mr. Moore's relations, as we have been told, all joined in preſſing him to agree to this propoſal, and he ſoon after left Paris and returned to London, where he remained a few months for the purpoſe of attending another courſe of Dr. Hunter's lectures, and alſo thoſe of Dr. Smellie, who then read lectures on midwifery.

He then returned to Glaſgow and went into partnerſhip with Dr. Gordon, which continued for two years, when Dr. Gordon having received a diploma from the Univerſity, acted entirely as a phyſician, and Mr. Moore continued the buſineſs of ſurgeon, having aſſumed for partner the late Mr. Hamilton, profeſſor of anatomy, inſtead of Dr. Gordon.

Mr. Moore married Miſs Simſon, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Simſon, profeſſor of divinity in the Univerſity of Glaſgow; by this lady, who is ſtill alive, he has a daughter and five ſons.

In the year 1771 Mr. Moore attended the late George Duke of Hamilton in a conſumptive diſorder, of which, after a lingering illneſs, he died. We never heard him mention this youth but in terms of admiration, and he has recorded his extraordinary endowments in an inſcription on his tomb in the family burying-place at Hamilton. The following ſpring Mr. Moore obtained a diploma as Doctor of Medicine, from the Univerſity of Glaſgow, and was engaged by the Ducheſs of Argyle to attend her ſon, the preſent Duke of Hamilton, abroad, as the companion of his travels, with whom he accordingly ſpent five years on the continent.

At their return Dr. Moore brought his family from Glaſgow to London; and in the year 1779 he publiſhed

"A

"A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany;" a work, of which there are at preſent ſeven editions, beſides the Iriſh editions, and the French, German, and Italian Tranſlations. Two years after, he publiſhed a continuation of the ſame work in two more volumes, intitled "A View of Society and Manners in Italy."

The period which Dr. M. ſpent abroad, it is probable, rendered him averſe to engage in general practice as a Phyſician, although he has always been conſulted in that capacity by particular friends.

In the year 1785 he publiſhed his "Medical Sketches," a work favourably received by the public, though it is ſaid to have given offence to ſome individuals of the profeſſion. This, like all the other works of Dr. Moore, is free from perſonal ſatire: but ſome truths are declared in this work, which a certain claſs of the Medical Tribe have an intereſt in concealing.

A work intitled "Zeluco—Various Views of Human Nature," is alſo imputed to Dr. Moore, though his name does not appear in the title page.—Of this excellent performance, which increaſes daily in reputation, we have ſo recently given extracts, that it is not neceſſary to ſay any thing further in this place.

Dr. Moore's family conſiſt of his wife and daughter.

John, Repreſentative in Parliament for the Boroughs of Lanerk, Linlithgow, Selkirk and Peebles in Scotland, and Major of the 51ſt reg. of foot.

James, Surgeon in London; Author of a Pamphlet intitled "A Method of Preventing or Diminiſhing Pain, in ſeveral Operations of Surgery;" and an "Eſſay on the Proceſs of Nature, in filling up Cavities and reſtoring Parts which have been deſtroyed in the Human Body," for which he obtained the Prize Medal given by the Lyceum Medicum Londinenſe for the year 1789.

Graham, a Lieutenant in the royal navy.

Francis, a Clerk in the Secretary of State's Office, and private Secretary to his Grace the Duke of Leeds.

Charles, a Student of Law, entered at Lincoln's Inn.

MEMOIRS OF Dr. GEORGE CLEGHORN.

DR. Cleghorn was born of reputable parents, at Granton, in the pariſh of Cramond, near Edinburgh, on the 18th of December, 1716. His father died in 1719, and left a widow and five children. George, who was the youngeſt ſon, received the rudiments of his education in the grammar-ſchool of Cramond, and in the year 1728 was ſent to Edinburgh to be further inſtructed in the Latin, Greek, and French; where, to a ſingular proficiency in theſe languages, he added a conſiderable ſtock of mathematical knowledge.

In the beginning of the year 1731 he reſolved to ſtudy phyſic and ſurgery, and had the happineſs of being placed under the tuition of the late Dr. Alexander Monro, a name that will be revered in that univerſity as long as ſcience ſhall be cheriſhed and cultivated.

This great profeſſor was eſteemed by all, but moſt by thoſe who were immediately under his direction. It was the lot of young Cleghorn to live under his roof; and in one of his letters his pupil appeared to dwell with peculiar pleaſure upon this circumſtance; obſerving, that "his amiable manners "and unremitting activity in pro-

" moting the public welfare, endear-
" ed him to all his acquaintance, but
" more particularly to thoſe who
" lived under his roof, and had daily
" opportunities of admiring the
" ſweetneſs of his converſation, and
" the invariable benignity of his diſ-
" poſition."

For five years he continued to profit by the inſtruction and example of his excellent maſter, viſiting patients in company with him, and aſſiſting at the diſſections in the anatomical theatre; at the ſame time he attended in their turn the lectures in botany, materia medica, chemiſtry, and the theory and practice of medicine; and by extraordinary diligence he attracted the notice of all his preceptors.

On Dr. Fothergill's arrival from England at this univerſity, in the year 1733, Dr. Cleghorn was introduced to his acquaintance, and ſoon became his inſeparable companion. Theſe twin pupils then ſtudied together the ſame branches of ſcience, under the ſame maſters, with equal ardour and ſucceſs; they frequently met to compare the notes they had collected from the profeſſors, and to communicate their reſpective obſervations. Their moments of relaxation, if that time can be called relaxation which is devoted to ſocial ſtudies, were ſpent in a ſelect ſociety of fellow-ſtudents, of which Fothergill, Ruſſel and Cuming, were aſſociates; a ſociety ſince incorporated under the name of The Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh.

Early in the year 1736, when young Cleghorn had ſcarcely entered into his twentieth year, ſo great had been his progreſs, and ſo high a character had he acquired, that at the recommendation of Dr. St Clair he was appointed ſurgeon in the 22d regiment of foot, then ſtationed in Minorca, under the command of Gen. St. Clair.

During a reſidence of thirteen years in that iſland, whatever time could be ſpared from attending the duties of his ſtation, he employed either in inveſtigating the nature of epidemic diſeaſes, or in gratifying the paſſion he early imbibed for anatomy, frequently diſſecting human bodies, and thoſe of apes, which he procured from Barbary, and comparing their ſtructure with the deſcriptions of Galen and Verſalius. In theſe purſuits he was much aſſiſted by his correſpondent Dr. Fothergill, who he acknowledges was indefatigable in ſearching the London ſhops for ſuch books as he wanted, and in forwarding them by the earlieſt and beſt opportunities.

In 1740 he left Minorca, and came to Ireland with the 22d regiment; and in autumn 1750 he went to London, and, during his publication of " The Diſeaſes of Minorca," attended Dr. Hunter's anatomical lectures. In the publication of his book he was materially aſſiſted by Dr. Fothergill.

Of this work the following eulogium has been pronounced by a competent judge: " It forms a juſt model for the imitation of future medical writers: it not only exhibits an accurate ſtate of the air, but a minute detail of the vegetable productions of the iſland; and concludes with medical obſervations, important in every point of view, and inſtances either new, or applied in a manner which preceding practitioners had not admitted." It is a modern practice, for which we are indebted to Dr. Cleghorn, to recommend aceſcent vegetables, in low, remittent, and putrid fevers, and the early and copious exhibition of bark, which had been interdicted from miſtaken facts, deduced from falſe theories.

In 1751 the Doctor ſettled in Dublin; and, in imitation of Monro and Hunter, began to give annual courſes of anatomy.

A few years after his coming to Dublin, he was admitted into the univerſity as lecturer in anatomy. In the year 1784, the College of Phyſicians there elected him an honorary member; and ſince that time, from lecturer in anatomy he was made profeſſor; and had likewiſe the honour of being one of the original members of the Iriſh Academy for promoting arts and ſciences, which is now eſtabliſhed by Royal authority. In 1777, when the Royal Medical Society was eſtabliſhed at Paris, he was nominated a fellow of it.

In one of his epiſtles to Dr. Cumming, he modeſtly concluded, "My "greateſt ambition is to be reputed "a well-meaning member of ſociety, "who wiſhed to be uſeful in his ſta- "tion; and who was always of opi- "nion, that honeſty is the beſt policy; "and that a good name is better than "riches."

In another letter to the ſame friend, written in 1785, he ſays, "In the "year 1772, increaſing buſineſs and "declining health obliged me to "commit the chief care of my an- "nual anatomical courſe, for the "inſtruction of ſtudents in phyſic and "ſurgery, to my favourite pupil Dr. "Purcell, who has not only kept it "up ever ſince, but improved it ſo as "to advance its reputation and his "own: yet ſtill I continue to read, "as I have done for upwards of "twenty years, to a crowded audi- "ence, a ſhort courſe of lectures, the "deſign of which is to give to ge- "neral ſcholars a comprehenſive "view of the animal kingdom, and to "point out to them the conduct of "nature in forming their various "tribes, and fitting their ſeveral or- "gans to their reſpective modes of "life: this affords me an opportunity "of exciting in my hearers an eager "deſire for anatomical knowledge, "by ſhewing them a variety of elegant "preparations, and of raiſing their "minds from the creature to the "Creator, whoſe power, wiſdom, "and goodneſs, is no where diſplayed "to greater advantage than in the for- "mation of animals."

About 1764, on the death of his only brother in Scotland, he ſent for his ſurviving family, conſiſting of the widow and nine children, and ſettled them in Dublin under his own eye, that he might have it more in his power to afford them that protection and aſſiſtance which they might ſtand in need of. His elder nephew William * he educated in the medical profeſſion; but after giving him the beſt education which Europe could afford, and getting him joined with himſelf in the lectureſhip, the Doctor's pleaſing hopes were moſt unfortunately fruſtrated by the young gentleman's death, which happened about 1784. He died univerſally and ſincerely regretted by all who knew him, on account of his uncommon abilities, and moſt amiable diſpoſition.

Dr. Cleghorn, with an acquired independence, devoted his moments of leiſure from the ſeverer ſtudies of his profeſſion to farming and horticulture.

Parva ſeges ſatis eſt. Satis eſt requieſcere tecto,
Si licet, et ſolito membra levare toro.

But his attention to this employment did not leſſen his care of his relations, who, from a grateful and affectionate regard, looked up to him as a parent; the duties of which ſtation he ſo tenderly filled up, as to induce Dr. Lettſom, from whoſe memoirs this account is taken, to apply to him the words of Horace,

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* He took his degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Edinburgh in 1779, and wrote and publiſhed a very ingenious inaugural diſſertation, entitled, *Theoriam Ignis Complectens.*

Notus

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

Dr. Cleghorn died in December 1789.

The Queſt of a Wife :—A Tale.

IN the internal regions of Africa, if all the narrations of travellers may be believed, lies a country, populous, extenſive, and rich in the various gifts of nature. In this region, where no European foot, ſince the adventurous Gaudentio di Lucca, ever has been able to penetrate, reſide a people, though not in the higheſt ſtate of civiliſation, yet poſſeſſed of minds capable of every improvement. Among theſe was born Zoban, the hero of our tale, of a family though not noble, yet reſpectable, and poſſeſſed of what in that country conſtituted very conſiderable opulence. Zoban had been educated at a diſtance from the capital among ſages eminent for virtue and knowledge, whoſe inſtruction and example had their full force in forming his principles, diſpoſitions and character. With a heart not inſenſible to the tender attachments and endearments of life, he was poſſeſſed of a ſound and cultivated underſtanding, tho' as yet but little acquainted with the ſentiments and maxims of the world.

By the unexpected death of his father, Zoban found himſelf, when ſcarce entered upon manhood, in the poſſeſſion of wealth that would enable him to live in comfort and even in ſplendour. Unlike many of his countrymen, who in that remote region could boaſt of all the vices of more cultivated climates, our hero felt no inclination to plunge into diſſipation and debauchery, but reſolved at once to ſettle in domeſtic tranquillity, and for that end, wiſhed to ſeek out a conſort whoſe congenial manners might at once ſmooth and enliven his future years. In the retirement in which he had been brought up, female ſociety was almoſt unknown : he found therefore, that ſuch a companion as he wiſhed for, muſt be ſought elſewhere ; and as he had heard by report of the ſuperior accompliſhments of the ladies of Gumala, the capital of the country, haſtened to that city, nor doubting but among the numerous virgins that reſided within its walls, many eligible companions for him might be found.

Taught by the leſſons of the ſages to ſet little value on riches and external ſplendour, and concluding that the ſentiments of others were ſimilar, Zoban took care that his outſet in life, even in the gay city of Gumala, ſhould be marked with that ſimplicity in dreſs, equipage, and appearance, that became a wiſe man : no oſtentation was diſplayed, no marks of affluence exhibited in his ſtyle of living. By the attention of thoſe to whom he had been introduced, he found admiſſion into ſeveral of the moſt brilliant and faſhionable circles, and thought at firſt that fame had not deceived him in extolling the graces, the accompliſhments and the beauty of the ladies of the capital.

Our hero ſoon perceived with ſatisfaction, that with all their charms the damſels of Gumula were not inacceſſible and inexorable divinities, but affable and condeſcending to moſt of the youths that courted their notice. With the natural deſire of gaining their favour, and the additional motive of ſelecting from among them a companion for life, he attempted to mingle in their ſociety, engage in their converſation, and partake of their attention. But here he failed ; the plainneſs of his dreſs conveyed the idea of poverty, the ſimplicity of his manners and obſervations ſurpriſed and diſguſted the ladies, accuſtomed to the elegance of a city edu-

education. Coldneſs and diſdain were the only returns that Zoban met with. "What creature is this?" cried one of them, "come among us, "with a complexion ſo black and "ugly?" for a country reſidence had increaſed its natural darkneſs. "I "know not," ſaid another, "but ſup- "poſe he is ſome he-cub, whom his "dam has ſent from the plough, to "be licked into ſhape in the capital." "The fellow," ſaid a young miſs, "might at leaſt have tried to dreſs "like a gentleman, before he venture "to come near us." "It would have been to no purpoſe," rejoined an old maid, "dreſs how he would, his man- "ners will always mark him out for "a clown." Agreeably to theſe notions, Zoban found himſelf treated; if he ventured to pay a compliment to a lady, ſhe eyed him from head to foot, turned aſide to her companions, and burſt into laughter. If he offered his hand to conduct one to her ſeat, ſhe drew it back, as if ſhe had been in danger of touching a ſerpent. If he requeſted the honour of dancing with another, with a contemptuous glance ſhe told him ſhe was engaged.

Diſguſted at his treatment, Zoban was about to leave the city, determined to look elſewhere for a ſuitable conſort; but while he meditated his retreat, one of the followers of the faſhionable circles, to whom his connections and ſituation were known, accidentally mentioned one day the extent of his fortune, and gave a hint of the buſineſs on which he was viſiting the capital. The intelligence ſpread with great rapidity, and the reſpectability of Zoban increaſed in proportion. The young ladies remarked with wonder, how much the dingineſs of his complexion had been ſoftened by a ſhort reſidence in Gumala; and in his manners and addreſs how ſurpriſingly he was improved; the plainneſs of his dreſs intimated the dignity of his mind, and the ſimplicity of his remarks was a proof either of wiſdom or of wit. Parents who had marriageable daughters ſolicited his acquaintance, and married ladies who had younger ſiſters expreſſed the happineſs they would receive from his viſits.

Zoban moſt readily attributed all this change to the approbation beſtowed on his character and conduct; the coldneſs of the firſt reception he aſcribed to prudence, unwilling to repoſe too much confidence in a ſtranger; the preſent cordiality he received as the ſincereſt teſtimony of his merit. Thus pleaſed with himſelf, and charmed with the females of Gumala, he began ſeriouſly to look around among his numerous acquaintances, to find one with whom he might hope to form a happy and comfortable union.

The firſt that occurred to him, as a fit object of his choice, was Damuha, a female not deficient in grace and accompliſhments, but chiefly diſtinguiſhed for the nobility of her birth; her great grand father having, it is ſaid, been head cook to the firſt emperor of Gumala. In converſation with her, Zoban one day was ſpeaking with warmth of the diſtinguiſhed virtues and active benevolence of one of the ſages among whom he had been educated. "Of what family is he?" ſaid Damuha coldly. "His father," replied Zoban, "was a poor and "honeſt farmer, and the ſon roſe to "reputation by his own merit alone." "I thought," cried ſhe ſcornfully, "he muſt be ſome low creature, as I "never heard of him before; I find "he is one whom nobody knows." "By no means, Madam"; interrupted Zoban, "he is well known to "many people in the neighbourhood "where he reſides, and is univerſally "reckoned a bleſſing to the place." "He may be known," ſaid Damuha, "to ſome, but it is only to vulgar "folks,

"folks, among whom for my part I "deſire neither acqnaintance nor con-"nection." Even the nobleſt, Madam, might be proud of the acquaintance of men of merit. "Indeed, Sir, you "are much miſtaken; we may ſome-"times condeſcend to take notice of "them, when their fortune is con-"venient for us, but as they can never "ſuppoſe themſelves our equals, the "richeſt among them muſt always "keep at a humble diſtance from "thoſe of high life, and even count it "an honour, if one of us ſhould deign "to make uſe of that opulence which "vulgar ſouls want taſte to enjoy." If ſo, thought Zoban, I ſhould be finely matched with ſuch a partner, who ſhould do me the honour to ruin my eſtate, and all the while regard me as an inferior being. He quickly took leave of Damuha, and reſolved never to ſeek a wife among high-born damſels.

The next that attacted his particular attention was Lemouri. Her beauty, as beauty in that country was deemed, ſurpaſſed moſt of her companions, and had the advantage of being ſet off with a dreſs always diſpoſed in the moſt juſt and elegant taſte; her livelineſs and gaiety were conſpicuous wherever ſhe entered. Zoban was ſtruck with theſe ſplendid qualifications, and willingly joined the crowd of her admirers. On the evening of a great feſtival he attended her to an entertainment, where the company as uſual made a point of vying with one another in the elegence of their appearance and the ſplendour of their dreſſes. Lemouri was diſtinguiſhed by all The ſymmetry of her form and beauty of her features were no leſs admired than the peculiar grace which the plume of feathers that adorned her head was diſpoſed in. With ſecret delight ſhe heard expreſſions of admiration breathed around, and the ſatisfaction ſhe felt inſpired her with unwonted hilarity. She ſmiled, ſhe talked, ſhe flirted, with ſuch lively good humour and enchanting grace, that Zoban was enraptured, and fancied he had now met with the paragon of the ſex. In the midſt of his gaiety, a ſtranger lady entered the room, with graces and charms equal to Lemouri, and with a head-dreſs ſtill more eminent for elegance and ſplendour. The applauſes of the company were transferred to the new-comer, and the good humour of Lemouri inſtantaneouſly diſappeared. Fretful and peeviſh, ſhe complained, with no ſmall petulance, of the warmth of the place, the vulgarity of moſt of thoſe who were preſent, and the tediouſneſs of all ſuch amuſements. Zoban was aſtoniſhed at the change, but thought it became him to divert this temporary effuſion of melancholy by ſome amuſing converſation. He began ſome good natured remarks on the company, whom, with characteriſtic ſimplicity, he praiſed without reſerve; and among others, commended, with ſome ardor, the appearance of the rival ſtranger. Lemouri only replied by ſome poignant reflections on the folly and want of taſte of the young men of that age, and the vanity of country boobies attempting to mix in the circles of faſhion. At that inſtant, an accompliſhed young Gumalan came up, and ſeating himſelf by her ſide, began a converſation, in which ingenuity itſelf could ſcarce trace the ſhadow of a meaning, intermixing many ſatirical remarks on the aſpect of thoſe around them, and giving hints that the formidable rival was, in his opinion, aukward in her perſon, fantaſtic in her dreſs, and homely in her countenance. Lemouri recovered her gaiety, and ſmiled upon her new companion; but Zoban, who once more attempted to addreſs her, was repulſed with a frown, in which indignation ſeemed blended with contemptuous diſguſt. Though

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our hero could not divine the cauſe, he felt the effect of this conduct, and from that hour was convinced it would be prudent in him to chuſe for his companion a leſs capricious fair.

Zoban was ſoon conſoled for the uneaſineſs this diſappointment had given him, by the captivating converſation and mild graces of Yado, who though not poſſeſſed of all the charms, ſeemed free from the caprices of Lemouri, and did not entertain ſuch ideas of her beauty as to be ſenſibly hurt by the applauſe of a rival. Zoban frequently made one in the ſelect parties of pleaſure, in which Yado bore a part, and found always new occaſion to admire the diſpoſition and manners of his new companion. There prevailed at that time among the ladies of Gumala a diverſion not unlike the childrens play of caſtle-building, in which the whole amuſement conſiſted in the various arrangement of certain blue, green, and yellow ſticks, and the victory was aſſigned to the perſon who was able to do ſo in the moſt expert and expeditious mode. In this diverſion it happened that Yado took a ſhare, and Zoban placed himſelf by her ſide as an unconcerned ſpectator. He had not ſat long, when he was ſurpriſed to find the countenances of all engaged aſſume a caſt of the deepeſt thoughtfulneſs, and Yado, regardleſs of the pleaſures of converſation, attentive only to the poſition of the ſticks on the table. By and bye her face began to put on a ſtill more ſerious aſpect, till at length ſhe exhibited a picture of horror, and ſtarting up uttered a multitude of execrations on the fabricator of ſticks, that had proved ſo unmanageable in her hands. In a few moments he ſaw her ſit down once more to the ſame diverſion, and obſerved her artfully contriving ſo to ſubſtitute one piece for another, that ſhe came off as victorious, though inferior in ſkill and conduct. Zoban was confounded at theſe new traits in his miſtreſs' character, but thought a damſel attached to an amuſement which could excite firſt to anger, fury, then to deceit and diſhoneſty, was very different indeed from the female he would wiſh to ſelect for a wife.

Diſappointed in each of theſe objects of his choice, our hero next began to think of paying his addreſſes to Endiva, in hopes of finding in her a diſpoſition free from the failings that had diſguſted him in his former acquantance. Among the other inſtructions which Zoban had in his education received, was a ſteady and uniform abhorrence of vice, in whatever form it might appear; a ſimilarity of thought he expected in all he converſed with, and uſed, without much reſerve, to give vent to theſe feelings when opportunities preſented; it was true that he found the company frequently ſhocked at the bluntneſs of his expreſſions, but he attributed this not to any want of diſlike to what was bad, but to a tenderneſs, that was backward in ſpeaking ſcandal of their neighbours. To this diſpoſition he referred the conduct of Endiva, when he found her often diſpoſed to palliate and excuſe the diſſipation and debauchery of the youths of the age; though he was at the ſame time unable to account for the malignant ingenuity with which ſhe diſcovered, and expoſed the bad actions of ſome whoſe general conduct was blameleſs. About this time an intrigue of a very criminal nature, attended with circumſtances of falſehood and deceit on the part of the ſeducer, made ſome noiſe in Gumala. Zoban heard the circumſtances with horror, and ſpoke of it to Endiva in the ſtrongeſt ſtyle of condemnation. To his ſurpriſe he found ſhe did not expreſs much diſſatisfaction, and ſaid only,

the fellow had been no doubt imprudent and indiſcreet. "But is not his "conduct, Madam, ſo wicked as to "merit univerſal deteſtation?"—"Don't be ſo violent on the ſubject, ſaid Endiva, "Gentlemen in faſhi-"onable life muſt have avocations. "I ſhould ſcarce have thought," anſwered Zoban, "that the virtuous "part of the ſex would have called by "ſo gentle a name, a conduct ſo "flagitious; I certainly expected, that "they at leaſt would have united in "baniſhing from their ſociety thoſe "men whoſe debauchery and profli-"gate lives ſhew the eſtimation in "which they hold female virtue."—"Such men, my good Sir, are men "of ſpirit and men of honour, and a "few irregularities in the conduct of "ſuch may be eaſily overlooked or "forgiven."—"But can thoſe who "paſs a great part of their hours "in the company of the diſſolute "and abandoned, ever be fit to ap-"pear in the preſence of the modeſt "and virtuous?"—"No doubt of it, "and much fitter too than thoſe "cold and formal fools, in whoſe "company inſipidity and languor "prevail, and whoſe regularity of "conduct betrays a want of ſpirit "more contemptible in the eyes of "the ladies, than exceſſes that pro-"claim a ſoul ſuperior to the vulgar. Zoban broke off the converſation, and rejoiced at his good fortune, in diſcovering in time the ſentiments of Endiva, as he was convinced that the approbation of vice could never be a very eligible quality in a companion for life.

The attention of Zoban was ſoon after ſolicited by the character and conduct of Radzig, and both his own obſervation and the voice of report ſatisfied him that ſhe could not be charged with pride or caprice, the love of gambling, or a predilection for diſſipation; in ſpite of the ſolicitations of her companions, her time was paſſed in a ſtate of domeſtic tranquillity, unknowing and almoſt unknown. To her he found means to get himſelf introduced, and to recommend himſelf to her notice, began a converſation that he thought was ſuited to her diſpoſition. As ſhe ſeemed to have as little reliſh as himſelf for faſhionable gaieties, he made no mention of thoſe, but expatiated with the rapture he felt on the beauties of Nature, and the wiſdom of its Author, as well as on the various works of ingenuity which the inhabitants of that region had from time to time produced. Radzig heard with liſtleſs attention, and made no reply. When Zoban ventured to aſk her ſentiments on any ſubject, the only anſwer he received was, "I know nothing of theſe matters." Still he attempted to intereſt her attention, by renewing the theme in the moſt pleaſing colours he could find; but in the midſt of the converſation, he was interrupted by his miſtreſs breaking out, "I never ſaw the like of it."—"Like what Madam," ſaid Zoban. "Like that fly upon the wall," ſaid ſhe; "I have been flapping at it "with a feather for a half an hour, "and it will not fly away." Zoban was confounded at this employment which Radzig had amuſed herſelf with during his exertions to entertain her; and never thought more of paying his addreſſes to one who knew ſo little how to value or employ her time or her talents.

Zoban was by this time tired of a purſuit that ſeemed to him almoſt hopeleſs; and bidding adieu to Gumala, returned to his native place to conſole himſelf for his diſappointments in the converſation of the ſages. To one of them he unboſomed himſelf, and recounted his adventures. The old man, well acquainted with the world, ſmiled when Zoban mentioned his reſorting to the capital in queſt of a wife: and wiſhing to

direct his inexperienced views, began a converſation on the ſubject. "I "ſhould ſcarce have thought," ſaid he, "of expecting to find in Gu "mala, the centre of diſſipation and "folly, a proper companion for one "of your diſpoſition; not but ſuch "may be found there, but they are "but rarely to be met with. But "among what claſſes in the capital "did you make your inquiries?" "In "the faſhionable circles." "I no "longer wonder at your diſappoint-"ments; they were no other than "any one, acquainted with the world, "could have foreſeen. Pray, amidſt "all the eagerneſs of your reſearch, "did you ever think of turning your "attention to any females known "and diſtinguiſhed for their piety?" "Never." "Strange! do not you "conceive, that ſuch a diſpoſition, "if ſincere, muſt prove an infallible "ſecurity againſt the faults and fail-"ings which ſo juſtly offended you "in the ſeveral objects, on whom you "had fixed your choice?"—"I know "not."—Would not a principle that "enjoins humility and univerſal be-"nevolence root out all the haughty "ſentiments with which pride of "birth had inſpired Damuha?"—It "certainly would."—Could a diſpo-"ſion, elevated in its views above "preſent and external objects, and "intent upon what was truly and "permanently uſeful, be liable to feel "the trifling caprice and ſilly va-"nity of Lemo?"—"I believe it "could not."—Could one whoſe time "was filled up with important duties, "and whoſe mind was much employ-"ed in the contemplation of the no-"bleſt objects in the univerſe, either "find leiſure or inclination for frivo-"lous amuſements? or if ſhe did, "could theſe have power to harraſs "and diſcompoſe her temper?"—"In-"deed I think not."—"Muſt not a "principle that moſt ſtrongly incul-"cates univerſal purity by the moſt "powerful motives, completely era-"dicate every diſpoſition to palliate "vice, becauſe it is faſhionable?"—"Without doubt it muſt."—"Is it "likely that a mind, having the beſt "and juſteſt notions of the value of "time, ſhould allow that time to paſs "in vacant indolence, or that one "taught habitually to turn its re-"ſearches upon the Creator and his "works, ſhould with liſtleſs inatten-"tion hear ſuch ſubjects enlarged "upon?"—"It ſcarcely could."—"Remember, then, you have now "found a principle that may be of "ſome uſe to you in your future "purſuits of the kind you have been "engaged in."

Zoban was ſatisfied, and altering the channel of his purſuits by the direction of the ſage, ſoon found his wiſhes completely crowned with ſucceſs.

To the Ladies.

On Trifling Acquiſitions—and Hints on a faſhionable Amuſement.

IF it muſt be confeſſed that we frequently pride ourſelves on the acquiſition of things of little importance, which confer no merit and can lead to no fame, it muſt at the ſame time be owned that we are frequently eſteemed and regarded in the world, not according to our real worth, but according to our having rendered ourſelves remarkable by ſome trifling accompliſhments. How many men are careſſed by their acquaintances, and invited into all companies, merely from their being able to ſing a good ſong; and when a lady wiſhes to make up what ſhe calls an agreeable party, does ſhe not ſelect one perſon becauſe ſhe plays a good hand at whiſt, and another becauſe ſhe will make a fourth

at a pool of quadrille? It is ſurpriſing how many people there are who find their way through the world on the ſtrength of ſuch petty accompliſhments, and who have not pride enough to be ſenſible that if they did not play a good hand, or ſing a good ſong, they would paſs unnoticed, and remain uninvited.

A lady of my acquaintance, who commonly ſees "a great deal of company," at the Chriſtmas ſeaſon, and who, according to the faſhion now prevailing, is allowed by her huſband to *invite* company, is very happy in her ſelection of parties for each day. One ſet of company ſhe brings together, becauſe they are all fond of whiſt; another, becauſe partial to quadrille; a third, becauſe they are a people who know each other and like to be together; and a fourth, becauſe they are a kind of odd ſort of people whom we muſt now and then invite, but whom one does not much care for, and therefore it is better to have them *all together*, and ſo get rid of one's plagues at once. To pleaſe her huſband, ſhe divides his friends into much the ſame claſſes, thoſe who drink, and thoſe who do not drink; the whiſt players, the quadrille players, and the humdrums—the latter ſhe commonly ſets down to loo, or ſome round game.

Another diviſion ſhe neceſſarily adopts, is that of thoſe who play high and thoſe who play low; and this I could wiſh other miſtreſſes of ceremonies would attend to; for, from want of ſuch attention, many perſons, aſhamed to ſeem poor, very ſoon make themſelves ſo; and it is in this reſpect that cards, from being an amuſement and a pleaſure, are really in many families become a peſt and a nuiſance.—But to return to my ſubject.

The vanity we entertain from being maſters of trifling arts would be unpardonable, were it not for the wayward opinions of people in general, who are much more apt to think well of a man and eſteem him for thoſe trifles, than to diſcern and admire his more ſolid accompliſhments. The moſt learned philoſopher, the moſt acute genius, the greateſt orator, or the moſt elegant poet, are nothing in company—they acquire no reſpect from poſſeſſing thoſe characters; they are elbowed out of their places by a coxcomb, and diſconcerted by a ſilly coquette—without they at the ſame time poſſeſs ſome of the arts we have mentioned above, they will not be the people a perſon of faſhion will think of inviting to his table.

In the metropolis, there are many hundreds of people of both ſexes who may be ſaid to live entirely by the poſſeſſion of ſome little art which renders them agreeable at a table.—Either, as has been obſerved already, they play a good hand at cards, or dance well, or ſing a good ſong, or tell a good ſtory, or poſſeſs ſome ſimilar accompliſhment, which renders them an acquiſition to companies where ſuch arts are eſteemed. I once knew a man who was called "the life and ſoul" of company, and without whom few tavern parties were complete, whoſe principal merit was a happy faculty of mimicking the barking of a dog, the braying of an aſs, and the mewing of a cat. On the ſtrength of theſe, however, he made a ſhift to get many a good dinner, and live at his eaſe, and it was not until he had loſt his teeth and his voice, that he diſcovered how little gratitude people entertain for paſt favours; when he could no longer perſonify the aſs, the dog, and the cat, he was *no company*, and left to ſtarve at his leiſure.

The misfortune that attends an injudicious choice of acquaintances, con-

connected together by nothing but petty acquiſitions which they mutually diſplay, is, that the moral character is often overlooked, and the intellectual is thought of no importance. It is to be feared that thoſe who ſelect their friends merely becauſe they play well at cards, are not over-ſcrupulous in enquiring whether their other qualifications are ſuch as ought to entitle them to familiarity. And if we chuſe our acquaintances by ſuch marks as theſe, we may have a great deal of company, a numerous liſt of viſitors and *viſited*, but where is the opportunity to form a *friendſhip*—where are the inducements to engage a *friend?*——When Timon of Athens was rich, he ſaw much company, he gave great entertainments—*friends*, as they called themſelves, oppreſſed him with offers of kindneſs which he had no temptation to accept, and with preſents which he did not want.—But, when Timon became poor, his pretended friends forſook—but did his *real* ones remain?—No—not *one* of his numerous acquaintance remained to merit that appellation.

The preſent bond of union in all companies ſeems to be *gaming*. Every body cannot talk, nor liſten with pleaſure or advantage to thoſe who are talking; every body cannot ſing, or dance, or drink; but every body can play ſome game or other. This univerſal amuſement now occupies the place of every other. It has baniſhed converſation—for what are the talents which fit for converſation, when they are not held in eſtimation? It has abridged the intellectual pleaſures of ſociety, and ſubſtituted a mode of waſting time, the only merit of which is that it is not unpleaſant, and that it is effectual. Time creeps on imperceptibly, and the day which would hang heavy on our hand, runs rapidly into midnight, without the diſagreeable neceſſity of our counting the hours, and deploring the lazineſs of time.

Had mere amuſement, the original purpoſe of our meeting together in company, been ſtill the objects, cards would have probably alternated with converſation; but cards are no longer an amuſement; with thoſe perſons who pride themſelves on the little accompliſhments of human life they are a ſtudy, I had almoſt ſaid a ſcience; the ſums played for even in families of middling life, are no longer ſuch as may be ſpared without injury, or loſt without chagrin. Intemperate mirth, and ſpiteful joy follows ſucceſs; and our loſſes are too great not to be followed by real pain, vexation, and ill temper. Sums of money are ſtaked by perhaps one who can afford it, and the bet accepted by one who cannot: debts are thereby contracted which cannot be paid without difficulty, or mentioned without ſhame; for whatever liberties people may take with *time*, however they may plead that their hours are their own, and that buſineſs is not neglected, yet it is a ſacred maxim in philoſophy and morals, that they who hazard money they cannot ſpare, are guilty of egregious folly, and they who contract debts they have not a proſpect of paying, are highly criminal.

Theſe hints are thrown out looſely, and as gently as the nature of the ſubject would admit. They were ſuggeſted by many ſcenes of which I had occaſion to be ſpectator, or of which I have been informed by others.

NESTOR.

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"*You would be a better man if you could* PUN." TATLER

ALTHOUGH it be the cuſtom with thoſe who are about to write upon a favourite ſubject, to give it a degree of ſuperior confidence, by ſhewing its great importance to mankind in all ages, from the earlieſt periods of time to the preſent day, its effects upon the religion, government, and manners of people, yet the ſubject I have choſen for this day's paper will not, I am ſorry to ſay it, admit of ſuch very powerful claims on public attention.

My ſubject is PUNNING. It is vain that I endeavour to ſearch into the annals of kingdoms for the effects of punning—It does not appear to have been the inſtrument of revolutions; it has not added to the catalogue of wars; no king ever ruled the better or the worſe for want of a pun: It contributed nothing to diſpell the darkneſs of the middle ages; It ſupported not the efforts of the firſt reformers—nor can it be truly ſaid that it has added to the genius, the taſte or liberality of the moſt poliſhed times. Uſeleſs in all theſe reſpects, *Punning* has but feeble claims on public attention, and an Eſſay on the ſubject, if pardonable at all, is pardonable only in the writings of a Profeſſed Trifler.

Yet I can find among the ancients a tendency to *punning*. When Plato heard an eminent Citizen, one *Leo (Lion)* loud and immoderate in his clamours in the Senate, he ſaid, "This is to be a Lion indeed,"—a pun not of the very beſt kind, for many better are to be found in the writings of the ancients, could any one be prevailed upon to overlook their taſte, their morality, their fine language, and only ſeek for their puns.—Our own day and time, however, is moſt diſtinguiſhable for punning. I need not inform my readers that the laſt and preceeding centuries have left us ſome famous punſters of all profeſſions, law, phyſic and divinity. But the preſent century has the merit of having produced the greateſt punſter the world ever ſaw—need I add his name? Every friend to punning muſt recollect his great Patron, the Dean of St Patrick's. Other *punſters* practiſed the art only, Swift wrote on it, reduced it to a ſyſtem, he united profeſſion with practice, and no man ought to be deemed a legitimate punſter who has not made himſelf maſter of the Dean's writings on this ſubject. One treatiſe I in particular recommend, wiſhing only he had given it another title. *God's Revenge againſt Punning. Shewing the miſerable fate of perſons addicted to this crying ſin, in court and town*—and his *Rules for Punning*, which are to be found in his poſthumous works. I have, indeed, long had an intention of improving on the former treatiſe, by giving the world in three or four volumes, THE LIVES OF EMINENT PUNSTERS, having been perſonally acquainted with ſeveral of the moſt famous of the preſent time; but as ſome of their *lives* are not in any ſenſe finiſhed, I muſt poſtpone my intentions to ſome future period, and in the mean time content myſelf with collecting materials for this great Biographical Work. A ſhort ſketch of the *Contents* of one of my Lives will ſhew the plan.

Of A—B— a notorious punſter—Of his Education, and how he punned at School—Is ſent to the Univerſity and PUNS *there—Takes a Journey to London, and how he was introduced among the punſters of the Inns of Court—Viſits France, and learns to make*

French

French puns—Of his death and dying puns, &c.

Although punning be ſo general that no ſex, nor profeſſion are free from it, yet we find there are ſome perſons ſo peculiarly formed by nature as to be incapable of emitting or receiving a pun. Servants, generally ſpeaking, are not punſters; your very great men are above it; and your money-making men finding by calculation that a pun will *fetch nothing*, appear not to be ſuſceptible of punning. But on the other hand, we ſee many hundreds in whom *punning* is ſo natural that we are inclined to think it ariſes from ſomething in the conſtitution. If I might be permitted from experience to advance a theory on the ſubject, I would venture, though at ſome riſk of reputation in medical matters, to declare, that "Punning is a Natural Diſcharge of a certain matter which ſuddenly riſing and fermenting in the brain would produce a diſorder, were it not ſpeedily expelled."—This is my theory of *punning*, and I think it may be confirmed by the following obſervations.

No man can keep in a *pun* without much uneaſineſs, and the head that is much oppreſſed with puns muſt have ſome vent. What would a lady in grief do, were it not for *tears?* The ſame uſe, I take it, is ſerved by punning. Indeed, a few nights ago, a lady of my acquaintance, very ſubject to puns, was ſuddenly ſeized with an excellent one, but not having an opportunity to diſcharge it, fell into hyſterics, as I thought, but ſhe candidly informed me afterwards that it was only the effects of a pent-up pun. I recommended ſome *Hollands*, but ſhe anſwered, "ſhe was not yet put to her *ſhifts*."

Many perſons ſuffer exceedingly by endeavouring to ſtop natural diſcharges; and we knew that when perſpiration is ſuddenly obſtructed by our coming out of a warm room into the cold air, the conſequences may be very dangerous. An obſtructed pun, if no relief be at hand, is likewiſe attended with very bad conſequences, for it is an affection ſo connected with the animal ſpirits, that thoſe perſons, whoſe puns have been ſtopped, have frequently been dull, diſcontented, and ſtupid for a whole evening. Tom Quibble, an old friend of mine, and an incurable punſter, takes care his puns have a free diſcharge, bolting them out ſo vociferouſly, and with ſo little attention to good manners, that he ſometimes gives offence, and a gentleman very modeſtly told him lately—"I beg you would not let a pun to night."—All this, however, ſhows that there is ſomething in *punning* which, to ſay the leaſt, cannot be obſtructed without much difficulty.

Having ſtated that *punning* is a natural diſcharge, it follows that where that diſcharge is too great, remedy ſhould be found. But in this, I own I have always been diſappointed. I have had ſeveral patients recommended to me in this diſorder, but after long and repeated trials, have been obliged to diſmiſs them as incurable. Severe remedies, ſtrong, draſtic medicines are always improper, and how to get at the ſeat of the diſorder is the great puzzle. Nay, what is worſe, many think the diſorder a credit to them, and when that is the caſe, they will rarely be prevailed upon to take medicine. Hence that affectation of the diſorder which many people practiſe; but I can aſſure them that *punning* and the *ſmall-pox* are two very different things. In punning, it is ſafeſt and beſt to have it the *natural way*. Inoculation will rarely ſucceed—and I have ſeen a man, who thought he caught the diſorder by being in company with punſters, ſtrain and writhe, and torment the alphabet without being

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able to ſhow any thing like a true, natural pun.—I think of renewing this ſubject perhaps in my next paper.

The THREE THIEVES;

Or, Hamet and Berard.

THREE rogues in the vicinage of Lân, uniting the ingenuity of their talents, had for a conſiderable time put both monks and laymen under contribution. Two of them were brothers, their names Hamet and Berard.—Their father, who had followed the ſame profeſſion, had juſt finiſhed his career at the gallows: the name of the third was Travers. They never robbed or murdered, but only followed the buſineſs of pilfering and kidnapping, in which they had arrived to an aſtoniſhing degree of ingenuity.

As they were walking together one day in the wood of Lân, and talking of their ſeveral feats of dexterity, Hamet, the eldeſt of the two brothers, eſpied a magpie's neſt at the top of a lofty oak, and ſaw the mother fly into it. "Brother," ſaid he, to Berard, "what ſhould you ſay to a perſon that ſhould propoſe to go and take the eggs from under that bird, without diſturbing it?" "I ſhould tell him," anſwered the younger brother, "that he was a fool, and propoſed a thing entirely impoſſible."—"Well, learn my friend, that he who cannot accompliſh ſo practicable a theft, is but a booby in his profeſſion. Obſerve me." This ſaid, he immediately climbs the tree. Having reached the neſt, he makes a hole in it underneath, receives ſoftly in his hand the eggs, as they ſlip through the opening, and brings them down, deſiring his companions to obſerve that not a ſingle egg was broken. "By my ſoul," cries Berard, "I muſt allow you to be an incomparable thief; but if you could go and replace the eggs under the mother, as quietly as you have taken them from her, we ſhould acknowledge you our maſter."

Hamet accepted the challenge, and again mounts the tree; but his brother deſigned a trick upon him. The latter, as ſoon as he ſees the other at a certain height, ſays to Travers, "You have juſt been a witneſs to Hamet's dexterity, you ſhall now ſee what I can do in the ſame way." He inſtantly climbs the tree, and follows his elder brother from branch to branch, and whilſt the latter has his eyes fixed upon the neſt, entirely taken up with his deſign, and watching every motion of the bird, the ſlippery rogue looſens his trowſers, and brings them down as a ſignal of triumph. Hamet in the mean time contrives to replace all the eggs, and coming down looks for the praiſe due to ſo clever an exploit. "Oh, you only want to deceive us," ſaid Berard, bantering him, "I'll wager that you have concealed the eggs in your trowſers." The other looks, ſees that his trowſers are gone, and ſoon finds out the trick of his brother. "Excellent rogue," ſaid he, "to outwit another."

As for Travers, he was loſt in equal admiration of theſe two heroes, and could not determine which had the advantage. But he felt himſelf humbled at their ſuperiority, and piqued at not being able to contend with them, cried, "Friends, you are too knowing for me." You would eſcape twenty times, when I ſhould be the ſcape goat. I perceive that I am too aukward to thrive in this buſineſs, ſo I ſhall go and follow my own trade. I renounce thieving for ever. I have good ſtrong arms, and will return home and live with my wife; with the help of God I ſhall be able to procure a ſubſiſtence." He fulfilled

ed his declaration, and returned to his village. His wife loved him, he became an honeſt man, and ſet himſelf to work with ſo much induſtry, that at the cloſe of a few months he had earned wherewithal to buy a hog. The animal was fattened at home: at Chriſtmas he killed it, and having hung it in the uſual way againſt the wall, he went into the fields. But it had been much better for him to have ſold it, he would then have ſaved himſelf a vaſt deal of trouble and uneaſineſs.

The two brothers, who had not ſeen him ſince their ſeparation, came at this very time to pay him a viſit. The wife was alone ſpinning. She told that the huſband was juſt gone out, and that he would not return till night.

With eyes accuſtomed to examine every thing, you might have ſworn the hog could not have eſcaped their notice. "Oh, oh," ſaid they, on going out, "this fellow is going to regale, and did not think us worth inviting. Well, we muſt carry off his pork, and eat it without him." The rogues then laid their plot, and till night ſhould enable them to act, they went and concealed themſelves behind a neighbouring hedge.

At night, when Travers returned, his wife told him of the viſit ſhe had received. "I was much alarmed," ſaid ſhe, "at being alone with them, they had ſo ſuſpicious an appearance, that I did not venture to aſk either of their names or buſineſs. But they ſearched every corner with their eyes; I don't think a ſingle peg eſcaped their notice." "Ah, it muſt have been my two queer companions," cried Travers, in great trouble, "my hog is loſt, and I now heartily wiſh I had ſold it." "We ſtill have a reſource," replied the wife, "let us take down the pork, and hide it ſomewhere for the night. To-morrow morning you may conſider what is to be done." Travers adopted his wife's advice. He took down the pork, and laid it under the bread oven, at the oppoſite end of the room, after which he laid down, but not with an eaſy mind.

Night being come, the two brothers came to accompliſh their project; and whilſt the eldeſt kept watch, Berard began to penetrate the wall in that part where he had ſeen the pork hanging. But he quickly perceived that nothing remained but the ſtring by which it was ſuſpended. "The bird is flown, ſaid he, and we are come too late." Travers, whom the dread of being robbed kept awake, thinking he heard a noiſe, waked his wife, and ran to the oven to feel if the pork was ſafe; he found it there, but as he was apprehenſive alſo for his barn and houſe, he determined to make the circuit of them, and went out armed with a hatchet. Berard, who heard him go out, took the advantage of that opportunity to force open the door, and approaching the bed, and counterfeiting the voice of the huſband, "Mary," ſaid he, "the pork is removed from the wall, "what have you done with it?" "Don't you remember then that we put it under the oven," anſwered the wife. "What has fear turned your brain?" "No, no, I had only forgot—but ſtop, I will ſecure it." In ſaying which, he lifts it upon his ſhoulders, and made off.

After having gone his rounds, and viſited carefully his doors, Travers returned to the chamber. "I have got a huſband, ſaid the woman, who it muſt be confeſſed has got a curious head upon his ſhoulders, to forget one moment what he has done with his pork another." At theſe words Travers ſet up a cry, "I told you they would ſteal it from me, it is gone, and I ſhall never ſee it again." Yet as the thieves could not be gone far, he had ſtill ſome hopes of recovering it, and inſtantly ran after them.

They had taken to a bye path, acroſs the fields, that led towards the wood, where they intended to hide their booty. Hamet went before to ſecure the way, and the brother, whoſe load was a conſiderable impediment, followed him at a ſmall diſtance. Travers ſoon came up with the latter, he ſaw him plainly, and recognized him. "You muſt be ſomewhat tired," ſaid he, aſſuming the voice of the elder brother, "give me the load, and let me take my turn."—Berard, who thought his brother had been ſpeaking to him, gives Travers the pork, and walks on. But he had not proceeded one hundred yards, ere, to his great aſtoniſhment, he falls in with Hamet. "Zounds," cried he, "I have been enſnared. That rogue Travers has taken me in; but ſee if I cannot make amends for my folly."

He then ſtrips himſelf, puts his ſhirt over his clothes, makes himſelf a kind of woman's cap, and in that trim runs as faſt as he can by another path to the houſe of Travers, whoſe arrival he waits for at the door. As he ſees him approaching, he comes, appearing as his wife, to meet Travers, and aſks, with a feigned voice, whether he had recovered the pork. "Yes, I have it," anſwered the hnſband.—"Well give it me, and run quickly to the ſtable, for I heard a noiſe there, and I fear they have broke in." Travers throws the carcaſe upon the others ſhoulders, and goes once more to make his round. But when he returns into the houſe, he is ſurpriſed to find his wife in bed crying, and half dead with fear. He then perceived that he had been cheated again. Nevertheleſs he was determined not to give out, and, as if his honour were concerned in this adventure, he vowed not to give up the conteſt, till by ſome means or other he came off victorious.

He ſuſpected that the thieves this trip would not take the ſame road but he knew the oreſt was the place they would make for, and accordingly went the neareſt way for it. They had, in fact, already got there, and in their triumphal eagerneſs to taſte the fruit of their dexterity, they had juſt lighted a fire at the foot of an oak to broil a piece of the meat. The wood was green, and burned but indifferently, ſo that to make it blaze they were obliged to go and gather ſome dried leaves and rotten branches.

Travers, whom the light ſoon directed to the thieves, takes the advantage of their diſtance from the fire. He ſtrips himſelf entirely naked, climbs the oak, ſuſpends himſelf by one arm, in the poſition of one who had been hanged, and when he ſees the rogues returned, and buſy in blowing the fire, he roars out, with a voice like thunder, "unhappy wretches, you will come to the ſame end with me." The two brothers in confuſion, imagine they ſee and hear their father, and think of nothing but their eſcape. The other quickly ſnatches his clothes and his pork, returns in triumph to his wife, and gives her an account of his recent victory. She congratulates him with a kiſs on ſo bold and well executed a manœuvre. "Let us not yet flatter ourſelves with too much ſecurity," ſaid he, "theſe queer fellows are not far off, and ſo long as the pork ſubſiſts, I ſhall not think it out of danger. But boil ſome water, we will dreſs it, and if they return, we ſhall ſee what method they will divine to get hold of it again." The one then made a fire, while the other divided the carcaſe, and put it piece by piece into the kettle. They both then ſeated themſelves to watch it, one on each ſide of the fire place.

But Travers who was almoſt exhauſted for want of reſt, and fatigued by the operations of the night, ſoon began to ſhew a propenſity to ſleep. "Go

"Go and lay yourself down," said the wife, "I will take care of the pot; all is fastened, there is nothing to fear, and at all events if I should hear a noise I will give you notice."

On this assurance he threw himself upon the bed in his clothes, and immediately fell fast asleep. The wife continued for some time to watch the caldron, but at last fell asleep.

In the mean time our thieves, after recovering from their alarm, had returned to the oak, but finding there neither pork, or man in chains, they easily unravelled the plot. They conceived themselves dishonoured, if in this conflict of stratagems Travers should finally have the advantage; so they returned to his house for this last time, to strain their ingenuity to the utmost.

Before they undertook any thing, Berard looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to see if the enemy were upon the guard. He saw upon the one hand Travers stretched upon the bed, and on the other his wife, whose head nodded from side to side, with a ladle in one hand, while the pork was boiling in the caldron. "They had a mind to save us the trouble of dressing it," said Berard to his brother, "and indeed it is the least they could do, considering what trouble they have given us already. By steady, and rest assured I will help you to some of it. He then goes and cuts down a long pole, which he sharpens at one end, with this pole he climbs up the roof, and letting it down through the chimney, he sticks it into a piece of pork, and raises it up.

Travers at that instant happened to awake, he saw the manœuvre, and judged that with such expert enemies peace was preferable to war. "Friend," cried he, "you have not done right in breaking through the roof of my house, and I have also been to blame in not inviting you to partake of the pork. Let us contend no longer for the superiority in artifice, for it is a contest that would never end. But come down and let us feast together."

He went and opened the door for them, they sat down at table together, and were heartily reconciled to each other.

Curious Particulars of the COAL TRADE *of* Newcastle.

[From Brand's History of Newcastle.]

THE first mention of coal in the History of England is in a grant of Henry III, 1239, where the townsmen have a charter to dig for coals.

In 1306, the use of it was prohibited by parliament, as a public nuisance, corrupting the air with its stink and smoke. How very differently have succeeding parliaments thought of it! As early as 1421, it appears to be a trade of great importance, and that a duty of two pence per chaldron had been imposed upon it for some time.—In 1599, the queen, requiring the payment of all arrears of this duty, it was found to have been so long neglected, that they were unable to comply with her request, on which the fraternity of Hostmen* was incorporated, upon con-

* These seem to be first appointed by 5 Hen. IV c. 9. (1404), which enacts 'that in everie porte sufficient hoostes shall be assigned to the same merchants, who shall dwell in none other place, &c.—Camden gives the following etymon, 'from Oustmanni, east-men, traders from the east:' and it appears, from the earliest entries in the societies books, that the stranger arriving to buy coal, is called the 'oaste.'—This society are also called Fitters.

dition than they ſhould pay one ſhilling per chalder exported from thence to the free people of England for ever: though they ſay they did this from gratitude for her majeſty's incorporation.—In 1620, there were 28 acting fitters, who had 85 keels, and vended 9,080 chalders of coals, at from ten to eight ſhillings per chaldron.—In 1616, 13,675 tons of coals were ſhipped from Newcaſtle.

Many of king Charles 1ſt's arbitrary acts reſpecting coal, appear to have been no inconſiderable part of that unhappy monarch's political ſins. In 1627, a charter was granted to three perſons for the ſole practice of a new invention of ſmelting iron with coal.—In 1630, an excluſive grant was obtained by David Ramſay, to raiſe water from coal mines. The ſame year the king let the duties on coal to farm.—In 1634, ſolely by his own authority, he impoſed a duty of four-pence per chaldron on all coal exported to foreign parts.—In 1637, he granted to ſir Thomas Tempeſt and others, the ſole power of ſelling coal from the Tyne for 21 years.—And, in the year following, he erected another company of monopolizers, revoking, probably, the former grant.

From various documents it appears, that one of the moſt diſtreſſing circumſtances to the parliament party, was the occaſional poſſeſſion of Newcaſtle by the Royaliſts; the city of London being at thoſe times in abſolute want of fuel.

Grey's account, in his Chorographia of the coal-trade in 1649, is well worth tranſcribing; 'There came ſometimes into this river for coales, 300 ſayle of ſhip. Many thouſand people are employed in this trade; many live by working them in the pits; many live by conveying them to the Tyne; many are employed in conveying them in keels from the ſtathes aboard the ſhips: one coal-merchant imployeth 500 or 1000 in his works, yet for all his labour, care and coſt, can ſcarce live of his trade: nay, many of them hath conſumed and ſpent great eſtates, and died beggars. I can remember one of many that hath raiſed his eſtate; many I remember that hath waſted great eſtates.—Some ſouth gentlemen have, upon great hope of benefit, come into this country to hazard their monies in coal-pits. Maſter Beaumont, a gentleman of great ingenuity and rare parts, adventured into our mines with his 30,000l. who brought with him many rare engines not known then in theſe parts; as the art to boore with iron rods, to try the deepneſs and thickneſs of the coale: rare engines to draw water out of pits; waggons with one horſe to draw down coales from the pits to the ſtathes, &c. Within few years he conſumed all his money, and rode home upon his light horſe.'

In 1667, three ſhillings per chalder were laid upon Newcaſtle coals, to be applied to the rebuilding of the city of London.

In 1677, the reverſion of twelve-pence a chaldron was granted to the duke of Richmond.

In 1699, two hundred thouſand chaldron of coals were ſhipped from Newcaſtle to London.

In 1710, a duty was laid upon coal, for building fifty churches in London.

In 1740, 13 George II. c. 21. enacted, that treble damages ſhould be given for damaging collieries by water.

The following is the average account of coal annually ſhipped from Newcaſtle 1770—1776.

To London and coaſtwiſe 351,000 chaldrons.
Britiſh plantations, 2.000.
Foreign parts, 27,000.
Duty to the crown on 351,000. —167,000l.
Medium revenue of the duke of Richmond, 17,550l.

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REVOLUTION IN *FRANCE.*

(Continued from page 81.)

ON hearing of theſe proceedings, the diſturbances in Paris became ſo general on Monday the 5th inſt. that all the diſtricts of the capital were ſummoned; and the Marquis de la Fayette was ordered to proceed immediately to Verſailles, at the head of a large body of troops, and bring the King under his guard to Paris. On receiving theſe orders, the Marquis de la Fayette remonſtrated, ſaying, that he would firſt go thither attended by only a few of the Magiſtrates and ſome guards, and make his report of the neceſſity of a reinforcement.

This ſoon got wind abroad; and the mob, ever ready to catch at any thing which could bear an unfavourable conſtruction, inſiſted that the Marquis de la Fayette and the Mayor, whom they likewiſe ſuſpected, were gained over to betray them. While this ſuſpicion was circulating, another party erected two gallowſes in the Place de Grêve, and threatened to hang them, if the orders were not inſtantly complied with.

In the evening of Monday, therefore, M. de la Fayette ſet out for Verſailles, at the head of 20,000 of the Pariſian guard, and attended by ſeveral of the Magiſtrates of the city of Paris. He had been preceded in the morning by about 8000 perſons, chiefly fiſhwomen, accompanied by their Chief, who has the appellation of Queen of Hungary.

The troops did not arrive at Verſailles till late in the evening, and were under arms the whole night, partly to take their ſtations about the palace and ſecure the avenues, and in order to repel any attack from the troops poſted within.

At two o'clock on Tueſday morning (the 6th), a conſiderable number of the perſons who were habited in women's dreſſes, but, as it ſince appears, were many of them guards, having gained the outward entrances of the caſtle, forced their way into the palace, and up the ſtaircaſe leading to the Queen's apartment, with an intent (as it is generally ſuppoſed) to ſeize and murder her. Fortunately, a greater number than uſual of the King's body guard were ordered to be poſted in the anti-chambers leading to it, and to be particularly vigilant againſt any alarm.

The diſturbance ſoon rouſed them to arms, and the firſt body who made their approach were fired on, and ſeventeen killed on the ſpot. The reſt terrified at the fate of their companions, inſtantly retreated, and every thing reſumed a tolerable ſtate of quietude till the morning.

The Pariſian troops having then demanded entrance at the palace, it was refuſed; and they received a fire from the regiment of the King's body-guard, who defended the approach of the place. A few troops, and ſome women who had mixed with the crowd, fell on the firſt fire, which was immediately returned by the Pariſian guard. The action becoming more general, the Count de Luſignan, Commandant of the Flanders regiment, ordered his troops to fire, which they refuſed to do, and laid down their arms. The King's body guard, finding themſelves overpowered, took to flight; and the troops then forced the entrances of the caſtle, and were only prevented from entering the palace in a body, by the management and command of the Marquis de la Fayette. There is reaſon to believe, that, had this happened, the King, Queen, and Royal Family would have fallen victims to their fury.

The Marquis was ſoon after introduced to the King, with ſome of the Magiſtrates of Paris; and communi-

municated the desire of the city, that he might conduct his Majesty and the Royal Family thither. On being assured of protection, the King made no hesitation to comply with the request, well knowing that it would not have availed him. Orders were therefore immediately given for the Royal equipages to be got ready; and their Majesties, with the Dauphin, Monsieur, and the King's Aunts, proceeded to town, and were attended by the Marquis de la Fayette, and about 5000 guards. His Majesty was in the first carriage, with a nobleman of his household; the Queen and Dauphin in the second.

The road from Versailles was so thronged by the mob, that, notwithstanding 50,000 of the Parisian troops had been sent out to keep the way clear, the Royal Family were six hours in reaching the Hotel de Ville, though only a distance of twelve miles.

Being arrived at the Hotel de Ville, the Royal Family stopped there near two hours. The King was shewn into the Great Hall, where he was harangued by Monsr. de St. Mery, who assured his Majesty of his safety; that he had only been conducted to Paris for his better security; and that he would find himself more happy among his loyal children there, than he had been at Versailles. To all this his Majesty seemed to pay but little attention. The Royal Family were then conducted to the old ruinous palace of the Thuilleries, which has not been inhabited since the days of Louis XIV. where nothing was prepared for their reception.

In the affray at Versailles, the King's body-guards behaved most nobly. In the slaughter which happened there, about fifty of the Parisian troops and mob were killed, and thirty of the King's guards cut to pieces. Eighty of them were taken prisoners and brought to Paris; the rest saved themselves by flight.

This regiment is composed, both privates as well as officers, of persons of the second order of nobility in France. The heads of those who were slain were carried in triumph to Paris, and shewn about the streets on tent-poles, as a further specimen of the savageness and ferocity of a Parisian mob.

On Wednesday (the 7th) all the districts of Paris met early in the morning, and orders were given to surround all the avenues of the Thuilleries, which had been only defended the preceding night by a common guard. A thousand troops were immediately ordered on that duty; and all the gates of the palace were further secured by a train of cannon to prevent any surprise or escape.

Wednesday at noon, being the court-day, their Majesties received all the Foreign Ministers in the palace. The King looked uncommonly dejected; the Queen was in tears the whole time, and only talked a few words to the Imperial Ambassador. The sight was uncommonly gloomy and affecting, and the Court broke up after a short time.

In the evening the districts of Paris passed a resolution, that the regiment of the King's body-guard should be immediately broken, and never more revived; and that in future his Majesty should be guarded by citizens, instead of soldiers.

The above may be depended on. There are many reports, though they are not confirmed, that several noblemen of the King's party have been massacred, among whose names are the Duc de Guichet, Duc de Chatelet, Count d'Estaing, and the Count de Lusignan; but these rumours want confirmation, though all these gentlemen are missing, having probably fled. There is likewise a report of 200 of the King's party in the

the National Aſſembly having been proſcribed.

Tueſday, October 20. The Preſident announced, that his Majeſty had appointed that evening, at half paſt ſix, to receive the Deputation of the Aſſembly.

Wedneſday, October 21. On reading the proceedings of yeſterday, it was obſerved, that the Preſident, in future, ought not to deliver any prepared ſpeech to the King, without firſt communicating it to the Aſſembly. The obſervation ſeemed to be generally approved; but no order was made reſpecting it.

A Deputation from the Community of Paris was admitted to the bar, and laid before the Aſſembly a melancholy narrative of the tumults which for the laſt twenty-four hours had diſtreſſed the capital. They ſtated, that the mob had ſeized a baker, whom they accuſed of having flour concealed in his cellar, which he refuſed to ſell, and conducted him in a riotous manner to the Hotel de Ville. Being there interrogated, he proteſted that he had never been in want of flour; that, at the time of the greateſt ſcarcity, he had always exerted himſelf to bake ſeveral times in one day; that he had even employed ſome paſtry-cooks, his neighbours, to aſſiſt him; that he had ſtill plenty of flour, and had never thought of with holding from his fellow-citizens the means of ſubſiſtance. The Repreſentatives of the Community, touched with the ſimplicity of theſe declarations, did every thing in their power to ſave his life. They harangued the populace, they offered to try the culprit in their preſence, and even to appoint him judges from among his accuſers, provided they would liſten to reaſon, and proceed with coolneſs: but in vain! a furious multitude entered the apartments of the Hotel de Ville, demanded their priſoner, and threatened to hang up the Magiſtrates, if they refuſed to give him up; and the unfortunate citizen was carried off and hanged, his head cut off, and paraded through the ſtreets.—After this ſhocking recital, they added, that the capital was in the utmoſt danger, if the Aſſembly did not interpoſe; that part of the National Militia had already refuſed to aſſiſt in quelling the mob; that the ſcarcity of proviſions aroſe from the exportation, which was ſtill continued in the frontier provinces; and that peace could not be re-eſtabliſhed, without martial law againſt riotous aſſemblies.

A debate immediately took place on the cauſe of the ſcarcity of corn which was felt in Paris and the provinces.

M. de la Galiſſonniere, ſupported by ſeveral other Members, was of opinion that the Miniſters ſhould be ordered to attend, and give an account of their conduct in their reſpective departments: others, in addition to this motion, called for martial law. M. de Mirabeau propoſed to demand of the executive power what means were neceſſary to ſecure proviſions, to grant thoſe means, and make thoſe entruſted with them reſponſible. M. de Robertſpierre obſerved, that it was not againſt a people periſhing of hunger that martial law ought to be employed; that they ought to unravel the web of conſpiracy, to check its abominable machinations, and appoint a National Tribunal, to try and puniſh delinquents in an exemplary manner.

After a long and painful diſcuſſion to this effect, the Aſſembly reſolved:

"1. That the Committee of Conſtitution ſhall immediately withdraw, and prepare the draught of a law againſt riotous aſſemblies, which may be decreed this day, and preſented for the royal ſanction.

"2. That the King's Miniſters ſhall declare poſitively what are the means

means and resources with which the National Assembly can furnish them, to enable them to secure the subsistence of the kingdom, and especially of the capital; to the end that the National Assembly, having done all that belongs to them to do on this head, may depend on the laws being put in execution, or make the Ministers, and other agents of authority, responsible for the failure."

The Committee of Constitution withdrew accordingly; and, being returned, their plan was adopted, with only one amendment; and a decree against riotous assemblies passed unanimously, in substance as follows:

"1. That the Municipal Officers shall be obliged to declare that the military force is necessary, as soon as it appears to them to be so; responsible, however, for what may happen.

"2. That, on the first appearance of tumult, the officers aforesaid shall demand of the persons assembled the cause of their assembling, and the abuses of which they desire redress.

"3. That, after declaring martial law, the red flag shall be hoisted at the Hotel de Ville, and paraded through the streets.

"4. That all riotous assemblies, formed notwithstanding the signal of the red flag, shall be dispersed by military force.

"5. That on the signal of the red flag, the Marechaussés, the Militia, and the military of all descriptions, shall be obliged to exert all their force to protect the public interest.

"6. That the citizens riotously assembled shall be twice summoned to disperse.

"7. That force shall be employed against those who shall refuse obedience to these summonses.

"8. If the people shall disperse quietly, the ringleaders only shall be punished; with three years imprisonment, if unarmed; if armed, with death.

"9. The same penalties against those who offer violence.

"10. Degradation and three years imprisonment to all officers and soldiers who shall refuse to act; and death, if found guilty of promoting the riot.

"11. The Municipal Officers shall draw up an account of all that happens on such an occasion.

"12. After peace is established, the abolition of martial law shall be proclaimed; the red flag shall be taken down, and a white flag hoisted in its place, which shall also be paraded through the streets for eight days successively.

Such is the outline of this formidable law*.

A Deputation from the people of colour in the West India Islands, being admitted to the bar, presented an animated and striking picture of the indignities and oppressions to which they were exposed from the absurd and barbarous prejudice of the whites, which operated with all the force of laws against them. They stated, That although by the edict of 1685 the descendants of free parents ought to be ranked with citizens, they were subjected to all taxes, and yet excluded from public employments, and even from the exercise of several mechanic arts; that when the whites assembled to choose persons to represent them in the National Assembly, the people of colour were not invited to attend. But that, roused by the voice of Reason, which speaking from the bosom of the Assembly, called all the ranks of citizens to exercise that sovereignty which belongs equally to every mem-

* In consequence of this law taking effect, seven persons, who had been principally concerned in the tumults of the preceding week, and in the murder of the baker, have been summarily tried, convicted and hanged.

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bers of the body politic when assembled either personally or by representation; and encouraged by the Declaration of the Rights of Men and Citizens; they had met together, drawn up an account of their grievances, and chosen representatives to carry their remonstrances to the Assembly; that they had, moreover, enjoined their Deputies to deposit six millions of livres on the altar of their country, and to give a fiftieth of their property towards the redemption of the National Debt.

Their representation was received with applause; and the President assured them it would be taken into consideration.

A Deputy from the inhabitants of Mount Jura, who were formerly in a state of vassalage, was introduced, to return thanks to the Assembly, in the name of his countrymen, for the blessings of liberty diffused amongst them, by the abolition of the feudal system. This venerable old man, 120 years of age, was led into the Hall by his daughter, and seated opposite to the President. The Assembly resolved to make a contribution for him among its own members, the amount to be placed in the public funds, and the interest paid him during his life, with reversion to his family. This they preferred to granting to his family the reversion of a pension of 200 livres, which the King, to whom he was presented, had been pleased to bestow on him.

Previous to the above a deputation from the Jews of Alsace and Lorraine desired to be heard on the persecutions to which they are subject; and after some debate, being admitted to the bar, presented the following address:

"Gentlemen, It is in the name of the Eternal Author of Justice, and of Truth; in the name of God, who, by giving to all the same rights, hath prescribed to all the same duties; in the name of humanity, outraged for so many ages by the ignominious treatment which the unfortunate descendents of a people the most ancient of all have undergone, in almost every country on earth; that we this day come to conjure you to vouchsafe to take their deplorable destiny into consideration.

"Every where persecuted, every where despised, and though always held in subjection, never rebellious; among all nations, objects of indignation and contempt, though deserving toleration and pity—the Jews, whom we represent at your feet, have ventured to hope, that, in the midst of your important labours, you will not reject their prayers, you will not disdain their complaints; that you will listen with some degree of feeling to the timid remonstrances which they dare to form in the bosom of that profound humiliation in which they are buried.

"We should waste your time, Gentlemen, by enlarging on the nature and the justice of our claims; they are recorded in the memorials which we have submitted to your inspection.

"May we be indebted to you for an existence, less miserable than that to which we are condemned! May the veil of obloquy, which hath covered us so long, be at length rent from our heads! May men look upon us as their brethren! May that divine charity which is so particularly recommended to you, extend also to us! May a complete reform take place in the ignominious institutions by which we are enslaved! and may this reform, hitherto so ineffectually desired, which we now solicit with tears in our eyes, be the work of your labour, the gifts of your country!"

The President returned for answer:

"The grand principles to which you appeal, in support of your demands, do not permit the Assembly to

hear them with unconcern. The Assembly will consider your request, and be happy to restore your brethren to tranquillity and happiness; and this you may inform those whom you represent."

[To be continued.]

POETRY.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE:

Elegy on the Death of a particular Friend, who died abroad.

(Continued from p. 118.)

NO weeping virgin at thy tomb appears,
For thee no saints eternal requiems crave,
No friend's sad sorrow, and no lover's tears,
But heaven's blest drops alone bedew thy grave.

O may no rude, unholy hand molest
Thy sacred dust, till heaven shall grant release,
But may the verdant turf uninjur'd rest,
Where thy pure ashes sleep in silent peace.

Around the sleepless couch, and weary bed,
No pious friends attend with constant care,
To soothe thy woes, support thy drooping head,
But pale dejection only watches there.

The bitter pangs of cold neglect to know,
Of gloomy insult, and capricious ire,
To roll the languid eye of helpless woe,
Which faintly speaks unsatisfied desire;

To the lone walls to heave the deathful moan,
With slow-consuming tortures still to pine
Thro' the long night, unpitied, and alone;
Such fate, hard fate! unhappy youth! was thine.

But happier realms now hail thy gentle shade,
Where endless joy, and peace eternal reign;
All tears are wip'd away, and sighs are fled,
And constant jub'lees cheer the blest domain.

'Tis ours a while of life's protracted date,
Thro' the black vale to grope our weary way,
Where lurking gulphs the miry path beset,
And the dark grave howls eager for its prey.

Thrice happy those, (since death must level all,
And his dun cave with porch still gaping lies,)
Who in its earliest entrance timely fall,
Ere boisterous winds, and stormy billows rise.

For vain the reasoning of the moral sage

To prove, that care alike to all is given,
That playful infancy, and joyleſs age,
Alike endure th' impartial frowns of heaven.

Then, why on ſome, thoſe equal frowns to bear,
Are hardier forms, and bolder ſouls beſtow'd?
Alas! even on the braveſt too ſevere
Is ſorrow's galling chain, and heavy load.

Friend of my ſoul, with each returning night,
Still thy lov'd image riſes to my view,
When fond remembrance calls the paſt to ſight,
Still ſtarts the tear unto thy memory due.

When ſleep's ſoft power o'erſhades my cloſing eye,
Thy well known virtues paſs in fair array;
Methinks, thy friendly form approaches nigh,
But, ah! theſe viſions fleet before the day.

Sometimes, methinks, I ſee thy courteous ſhade,
An angel form, with heavenly ſmiles appear,
In ſnow-white robes, and ſpotleſs garments clad,
While harmony divine allures mine ear:

Then kindly bending, to my raviſh'd ſoul
Celeſtial truths, and ſecrets high impart,
Tell what bright worlds extend from pole to pole,
And what bright crowns await the lowly heart.

Like the famed mantle of the hoary ſeer,
Ah, had thy robe the generous ſpirit caught,
Thrice happy he who lived that robe to wear,
With wiſdom, energy, and virtue, fraught.

But, when the ſweat of death o'erſpread thy face,
Thine own Maria felt the ſad controul;
Thy dying lips 't was not allow'd to preſs,
Nor with th' expiring ſigh receive the ſoul.

As ſages old, howe'er, with pleaſure muſe,
If ſp'rites aerial human converſe deign,
T' inſpire their purſuits, and direct their views,
And kindly hover round th' abodes of men:

Then, gentle ſpirit, may thy guardian care
Still guide our wanderings thro' this twilight vale,
For happier realms our willing ſouls prepare,
And kindly warn us ere the deathful knell.

Baſking aloft in heaven's all chearing beams,
Mid' the bright fields, if any fields there be,
Though ardent love inſpires ſublimer ſtrains,
But for a moment can'ſt thou look on me?

Though burden'd with increaſing weight of woe,
The thought would animate my cheerleſs breaſt,

O'er

O'er the ſad gloom a tranſient ſunbeam throw,
And lull my griefs to momentary reſt.

But, ah! how vain the hope ſuch joys to ſhare!
Soon ſhall theſe bodies ſink, for ſink they muſt,
And worn by the ſharp edge of cank'ring care,
Embrace the grave, and join their kindred duſt.

GAVIN ROCH.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

DAPHNIS, a PASTORAL.

'TWas Spring, and the Meadows were gay,
The Fields with freſh verdure were clad;
When Daphnis aroſe with the day;
And with joy the woodland ſurvey'd.

He haſted, releas'd from the fold,
His Flocks that were white as the Snow:
(What pleaſure theſe flocks to behold
Spreading over the valleys below?)

To his voice as he paſſed along,
The Groves were reſponſive around;
And Echo that ſported among
The green woods, repeated the Sound.

He ſung, and a Nymph was his theme,
The faireſt who dwelt on the plain;
The faireſt, and Phillis her name,
Admir'd and belov'd by the Swain.

"Ye Warblers that dwell in the Groves,"
With joy the Shepherd would ſing;
"Like the Seaſon ſo fleeting your Loves,
They paſs and are gone with the Spring.

But I am ſtill conſtant and true,
And Phillis for ever is dear,
E'en now when remov'd from my View,
In Mem'ry her Image is near.

For oft as I viſit the rocks,
The haunts where ſo often we ſtray'd;
The meads where we tended our flocks,
Or the groves where we hid in the ſhade:

There always occur to my mind
The days that were once, but are gone;
When Phillis was near and was kind,
Before ſhe left Daphnis alone.

O tell, ye dear bow'rs in the ſhade,
For well do ye know how I lov'd,
How glad when my cares ſhe repaid,
And ſmiling my paſſion approv'd!

With rapture I bleſs'd the dear tongue,
The ſtories of love when ſhe told;
The pleaſure was great when ſhe ſung,
But who could her ſmiling behold?

Ye breezes that blow on the plain,
Or murmuring ſigh thro' the grove;
O waft to my Charmer the ſtrain,
And whiſper how conſtant I love.

If ſhe chance to ſtray by the rill,
Where often I've ſeen her before;
On the wood at the foot of the hill,
There tell her I'll ſee her once more.

For now that the ſpring is return'd,
E'en yet I will viſit her there,
And tell her how long I have mourn'd,
How conſtant I've been and ſincere.

Ye ſtreams that meandering flow,
To the ſea whence your fountains ariſe;

So

So I to my Phillis will go,
For ſhe all my comfort ſupplies.

If virtue on earth but reſides,
If ſhe deigns to inhabit below;
With Phillis ſhe ſurely abides,
And peace and content will beſtow.

Long then may ſhe dwell on the plain,
In bliſs and in goodneſs improve;
And when life is required again,
May ſhe ſoar to the regions above."

Thus ſung the fond ſwain all the day,
With pleaſure attending his care;
For love breathed ſoft in his lay,
A paſſion for Phillis ſincere.

Happy ages of innocence theſe,
When truth and ſimplicity reign'd:
When nothing but virtue could pleaſe,
And goodneſs and love were unfeign'd.

Aberdeen Feb.
27th 1790. G. REID.

THE SPRING.

HIGH ſoaring larks by dawn of day
Spring from the dewy thorn,
While Phebus with a chearful ray
Proclaims the coming morn.
All nature with enlivened ſtrain,
Surveys the riſing ſun,
Refreſh'd from labour, care or pain,
The wonted taſk's begun.
From day to day in penſive thought,
With notions not confin'd,
The human mind purſues its lot,
Still variouſly inclin'd.
The various ſeaſons of the year
Denote each ſtage of life,
How quick they paſs! how wondrous near!
And winter ends their ſtrife.
Scarce have we ſeen the light of day,
And view'd its objects vain,
When gladly we return to clay,
Thro' anguiſh, grief, or pain.
Variety of hope and fear,
Compoſe the golden dream;
By which mankind is flatter'd here,
Still floating down the ſtream.
The farmer now with eager pace
Throws lib'rally his corn,
In hopes of reaping more increaſe,
Then former years have born.
All nature feels the charming gleam,
It pants in ev'ry flow'r,
See joyful flocks now mark the theme,
Of animating pow'r.
Relenting blaſts invite the birds
To ſing on ev'ry ſpray;
Rejoicing ſhepherds with their herds,
Sing merrily and play.
In Hanover or beggars lace,
Now daily you may ſee,
The rural beauty deck'd full nice,
Preparing ſeed with glee.
In hopes before another ſpring,
To be a blooming bride,
Each action has its ſecret ſting,
Whatever may betide.
The duſky ploughman homeward plods,
And hies him from the field;
His labour done to break the clods,
To night and reſt muſt yield.
Reſt, which in ſweetneſs far exceeds,
That of a Royal couch,
Or thoſe who boaſt of mighty deeds,
As ev'ry court can vouch.
Darkneſs beſtows its only boon,
Which light cou'd not afford,
While languor claims the riſing ſun,
Youth moves upon a board.
The moors and hills in horrid blaze,
In flame the ſilent air,
While men from weary'd action ceaſe,
Their former ſtrength repair.

March 1ſt. 1790. REGULUS.

MON-

Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

EUROPE.

A MINIATURE PICTURE.

THE King of France—acceding to every propoſition for the full eſtabliſhment of liberty, and a priſoner in his own palace.

The King of Spain—with a numerous army and fleet, trembling at the ſight of a newſpaper.

Empreſs of Ruſſia—rewarding Generals who have exhauſted her treaſury, with ſnuff-boxes and ſilver-hilted ſwords

Emperor—dying of a broken conſtitution, a broken empire, and a broken heart.

King of Pruſſia— ſettling all diſputes around him, merely by ſhewing his troops.

The Pope—deſirous to diſpoſe of the Holy See, by way of annuity, as he knows he has no chance of a natural ſucceſſor.

The King of Sweden—keeping up the balance, by pitting the mob againſt the Nobility, and preparing for another campaign, not becauſe he *gained* in the two former, but becauſe his enemies *loſt*.

The King of Poland—a King ſince the year 1764, but in doubt whether he wears a crown or not.

King of Denmark—Vox et præterea nihil.

Queen of Portugal—aboliſhing French cockades as dangerous to the peace of her kingdom.

Stadtholder—ſometimes inclined to ſay with Don Iſaac in the Duenna, "Here's uſage for a *Brother-in-law*."

Emperor of the Turks—making alliances with one half of Europe, and fighting with the other.

King of Great Britain—enjoying the bleſſings of peace and proſperity, and reigning over a free and a happy people.

EDINBURGH, March 4.

COURT of JUSTICIARY.

Yeſterday a petition in behalf of William Tennant, now under ſentence of death, was preſented to the Right Honourable the Lords of Juſticary, ſtating, that he had been found guilty of theft, by a verdict, and ſentenced to be executed on the 10th of February laſt: That application had been made to his Majeſty for mercy, and a reſpite for a month granted, which expired that day: That the purpoſe of the reſpite was to give the Judges an opportunity to report upon the caſe, which had been tranſmitted in due time; and that no ſubſequent order had ſince been received, as had been the invariable practice in like caſes, ſignifying his Majeſty's ſentiments that the criminal ſhould be pardoned, or that the execution of the ſentence ſhould be ſuſpended till his Majeſty's pleaſure be known.

The Court having conſidered the petition, they ſuperſeded the execution of the ſentence till Wedneſday the 24th day of March inſtant, and then to be put in execution, if no further reſpite arrives before that time.

On Friday laſt came on the election of a Member of Parliament for the boroughs of Glaſgow, Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Rutherglen, in room of the late Lord Advocate, now Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion. The candidates were, John Crawford, Eſq; of Auchinames, and John Dunlop, Eſq; merchant in Glaſgow. Two boroughs voted for each gentleman, and Mr Crawford was elected member, by the caſting vote of Renfrew, the preſiding borough.

DUNDEE, Jan. 20, 1790.

At a numerous and reſpectable Meeting of the Burgeſſes of Dundee, they *unanimouſly reſolved*, to continue their contributions for defraying the expence of the bill now in Parliament, for a Reform in the Internal Government of the Royal Boroughs of Scotland; and, with determined reſolution, to perſevere in their endeavours for regaining their ancient rights.

Re-

Reſolved, That the ſpirit of freedom, which has ſhone forth ſo ſucceſsfully in countries long ſhackled by tyranny, and darkened by ſuperſtition, affords a glorious example of the effects of magnanimity and perſeverance; and, that the Citizens of Scotland would render themſelves unworthy of the name of freemen, were they to leave untried, any reſource in the rights of man and of the conſtitution, for emancipating themſelves from little tyrannies which are diſgraceful, and which they feel, from experience, to be pernicious and oppreſſive.

ABERDEEN.

On the 3d Feb. died here, Mrs Suſan Gordon, Crichie, relict of John Gordon, Eſq;

Died at Peterhead, on the 5th Feb. Mr Thomas Arbuthnot, merchant, in the 86th year of his age. The character of this worthy citizen was eminently diſtinguiſhed by that piety, benevolence, and integrity, which made his life highly valuable to ſociety, and has marked his death with ſentiments of the moſt ſincere regret.

Wedneſday Feb. 7. a Ball was given in the New Inn, by the gentlemen of *the Wedneſday Club*.—There was a very brilliant ſhew of beauty and faſhion on the occaſion. Much praiſe is due to the ſtewards for their attention. After the ball, a conſiderable part of the company ſupped. Many excellent ſongs were given by the ladies and gentlemen, and it may be with truth ſaid, that this was a very happy meeting.

On February 8th, the Mariſchal College and Univerſity of Aberdeen conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws on Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, Eſq; of Culſh, Commiſſary of Aberdeen.

Extract of a letter from Dunrobin, February 16.

"The weather hitherto has been remarkably fine; I have upwards of 200 head of cattle, which have not taſted one mouthful of ſtraw or hay this winter. The turnip is ſhot as tall as I am, and in full bloom."

On the 18th Feb. died here, John Still of Millden, Eſq; Merchant in Aberdeen, aged ſixty-nine.

Laſt week was committed to priſon, Margaret Anderſon, from the pariſh of Old Machar, for child-murder.

There was alſo committed to priſon, John Gordon, wright, for breaking open the back ſhop of James Black, in the Narrow Wynd, and ſtealing goods to a conſiderable amount; and Alexander M'Combie, blackſmith, for breaking open the ſhop of George Sangſter in the Caſtlegate.

We hear from Banff, that on the night of the 16th Feb. a woman travelling between Bachlaw and Mill of Alvah, was attacked by a wild cat which came out of the wood, and tore her leg terribly. The woman loſt a great deal of blood, but it is hoped will recover.

SCOTCH REFORM.

The preparation for bringing forward, in the preſent Seſſion of Parliament, the Bill for regulating the Internal Government of the Royal Boroughs of Scotland, is, at preſent, occupying the minds of the people in the different towns. The readineſs with which the Burgeſſes have contributed to the ſupport of this conſtitutional queſtion, during a period of ſeven years, affords an inconteſtable proof of their ſincerity in the application; and the particular regard now ſhewn, in many parts of Europe, to the *rights* of *men*, and the well defined privileges of *free citizens*, are the beſt arguments which can be adduced of the moderate and reaſonable claims of the Scotch Burgeſſes—claims congenial with the firſt principles of a free government.— The Delegates, in the annual Convention of the Burgeſſes,

geſſes, have for two years paſt voted a ſpecific ſum for the ſupport of Reform; and never was money levied with greater eaſe, becauſe it has been given with readineſs, and without compulſion. The Committee of Citizens of Aberdeen have not been inattentive to their duty on the occaſion. A ſubſcription has been lately opened in the Committee, to which the members have contributed with great liberality; and the citizens at large, with equal promptitude, follow the example of thoſe to whom they have committed the care of their intereſts in this buſineſs of ſo much public importance.

FIARS of Aberdeenſhire, for Crop 1789.

Price of the Boll of	*Sterling.*
Great Oats with Fodder,	L. 0 11 8
Ditto without Fodder,	0 10
Brocked Oats with Fodder,	0 7 6
Ditto without Fodder,	0 6 0
Small Oats with Fodder,	0 6 8
Ditto without Fodder,	0 5 8
Bear with Fodder,	0 15
Ware Bear with Fodder,	0 11 8
Ditto without Fodder,	0 10
Farm, or Market Bear, without Fodder,	0 13 4
White Meal Nine Stone,	0 11 0
Farm Meal, Eight Stone,	0 10
Market Malt,	0 16
Peaſe,	0 15
Wheat,	1 1
Rye,	0 13 4

On February 27th was married here, Mr Charles Farquharſon, Merchant, to Miſs Elizabeth More, daughter to Gilbert More, Eſq; of this place.

On Monday the firſt of March curt. came on in Mariſchal College, agreeably to the Foundation Charter, the election of a Rector, Dean of Faculty, and Rector's Aſſeſſors, for the year commencing the firſt of March, when the following Gentlemen were unanimouſly choſen:

SIR WILLIAM FORDYCE, KNIGHT, M. D. LORD RECTOR.

Major James Mercer, Dean of Faculty,

Alexander Irvine, Eſq; of Drum,
Doctor Alexander Bannerman of Kirkhill,
John Copland, Eſq; One of the Bailies of Aberdeen,
John Dingwall Eſq; of Rannieſtown,
} Lord Rector's Aſſeſſors

Died here the 5th current, much and juſtly regretted, Miſs Chriſtian Copland, daughter to Charles Copland, merchant in Aberdeen.

Died, laſt month, in the 85th year of his age, and the 58th of his miniſtry, Mr John Brown, Miniſter of Longſide. A Paſtor more pious, blameleſs, beneficent, and aſſiduous, ſeldom adorns any church.

Laſt week, a child about 3 years of age, climbing up the rails of a garden, got his head entangled between the bars, and was unfortunately ſtrangled before he was diſcovered.

The Muſical Society, at their general meeting on the 3d current, appointed the Right Hon. Lord Haddo Governor, and Dr George Skene, Alexr Annand Eſq; Mr Alexander Dauney, Mr Moir, Scotſtown, and Mr John Dingwall jun. Directors for the enſuing year.

Mrs Hay of Rannes was delivered of a daughter at Leith-hall the 5th of March.

Return of Diſpenſary Patients who have had the benefit of Medicines and the attendance of a Phyſician at their own houſes, from the 1ſt of March 1789 to the 1ſt of March 1790.

Number of Patients attended		1309
	Cured	100
	Improper	91
	Dead	92
	Under Cure	118 —
		1309

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LVIII.] Thurſday March 25, 1790. [Price 3d.

The HISTORY *of the* TROGLODITES.

To the EDITOR.

The following elegant Fiction was written by the celebrated Monteſquieu. That excellent Judge of literary Merit, the late M. d' Alembert, calls it 'un Morceau digne du Portique—a Compoſition that would have done Honour to the fineſt Writers of ancient Greece.' Yet although eſteemed one of the moſt beautiful and finiſhed Pieces of Moral Painting that was ever exhibited, it was long before it met with Juſtice in a Tranſlation. That which I have the Pleaſure to ſend to you is the Production of a Gentleman of great Taſte, who, to uſe the Virtuoſo Phraſe, has tranſlated it con Amore, and preſerved all the Beauties of the excellent Original.

Feb. 2, 1790. LUCIUS.

A Small diſtrict in Arabia was once inhabited by a people, deſcended from thoſe Troglodites, of whom ancient hiſtory informs us, that they reſembled brutes rather than men; not, indeed, in their outward form, but in their depraved diſpoſitions and ſavage manners. It is true, they walked erect; they were not ſhagged with hair; their countenances too, and voice, were human; and they were not armed with either tuſks or talons. Yet fierceneſs and cruelty were predominant in their boſoms: they were ſtrangers to juſtice and humanity.

A prince of foreign extraction once reigned over them, who entertained the ambition of ſubduing their barbarous natures; and, with this view, attempted to rule with ſeverity. They conſpired againſt him, put him to death, and extirpated his family.

Thus they were reduced to the neceſſity of erecting a new government. Innumerable and violent were the conteſts that enſued. At length, however, they choſe a number of magiſtrates. But ſcarcely were theſe magiſtrates choſen, when they were maſſacred by this incorrigible generation.

Anarchy followed, and was embraced. Every individual declared loudly againſt ſubjection. Every one thought

thought himself sufficient to take care of his own interests; and, why give himself any concern about another's?

'Why should I harass myself to death,' said a Troglodite, 'for the benefit of those, who care for me as little as I do for them? No: I will not do it. My solicitude shall be centered in myself. I will provide for my own necessities, and live as happy as I can. Let my neighbours follow my example; or if it be their pleasure, let them starve, and be wretched.'

It was seed time. Every one said, 'I will prepare and sow just such a parcel of ground as shall yield sufficient for my own consumption. Superfluity will be needless; and I am determined to be at no needless pains.'

The soil of this small territory was different in different places; in the uplands dry and thirsty; in the vallies, rich and well-watered. The drought of this year happened to be extreme: the consequence was, that, while the natives of the low grounds rioted in plenty, the mountains proved barren; their inhabitants were reduced to distress and famine; and many of them perished; for their brethren of the vallies refused to supply them.

The succeeding year was not less remarkable for heavy rains, which drowned and rotted the harvest of the low country, but rendered the high grounds uncommonly fertile. It was now the turn of the inhabitants of the vallies to implore assistance. They did, and were denied in their turn.

One of the principal Troglodites had a handsome wife. His neighbour fell in love with, and seized her. They contended, and fought: but, at last, agreed to refer the dispute to a certain Troglodite, who had been wont to maintain some authority, so long as the republic subsisted. He absolutely refused to be the umpire. He would not even hear their arguments. 'What is it to me,' said he 'whose this woman is? I have my land to till; and am not in a humour to settle your affairs to the neglect of my own. I beg of you to leave me in quiet; and decide your quarrel, as you can.'—The ravisher, who had strength on his side, swore he would quit his life sooner than his prize. The husband had nothing left but to repine to no purpose at the injustice of his neighbour, and the unfriendliness of his judge. In his way home he met a beautiful young woman returning from the well. He had now no wife, and was pleased to supply his loss so soon and so agreeably: but it increased his satisfaction to find, that she was the wife of the very person, who had refused to be his arbitrator.

Another Troglodite was in possession of a piece of ground, which was very fertile, and which he cultivated with great industry. Two of his neighbours resolved to dispossess him. Accordingly, they drove him from his house, and agreed, mutually, to enjoy and defend their acquisition against any invader. They did so for some months; till one of them, choosing to be sole master, killed his companion. But he did not long maintain his treacherous usurpation; and unable to defend himself singly against two other Troglodites, who attacked him, he was obliged at once to surrender his possessions and his life.

It is recounted of another of this people, who was in distress for clothes, and almost naked, that he cheapened a parcel of wool. The merchant bethought himself: 'It is true, the just price of my wool is but so much, enough to buy me two measures of corn; but I will not part with it under four times that sum; which is the value of eight measures.' The buyer was not in a condition to dispute the demand. He must pay the money.

'Now,'

'Now,' says the seller, 'I am able to provide myself with corn.'—'What! are you in want of corn then?' says the buyer, 'I have some to dispose of. You will, perhaps, be a little staggered at the price. You know corn is extremely dear on account of the famine. Give me back my money, and you shall have for it a single measure; not a grain more, were it to save you from starving.'

A pestilential disease broke out, and ravaged this miserable country. Its progress was checked by the arrival of a foreign physician, who administered his medicines so skilfully, that whoever applied to him was recovered. When the disorder had disappeared he went about, soliciting his rewards; but none could he obtain from his ungrateful patients; and he was obliged to return into his own country, harassed with fatigue and chagrin. It was not long, however, before this malignant distemper made its second appearance, and exercised more cruel ravages. His assistance was then earnestly implored: instead of waiting his arrival, they sent to beseech and hasten it. 'Go,' said he, 'miserable and ungrateful wretches; what would you be cured of? A more terrible, a more baneful poison than that which infects your bodies preys upon your selfish, your cankered souls! Ye are unworthy longer to burthen the earth, void as ye are of humanity and justice. The gods have doomed you to swift perdition. Let them execute their righteous vengeance. It becomes not such as I am to oppose it.'

But diseases were not necessary to extirpate such a race. Their injustice was sufficient.

Two families, however, remained; two families, descended from two ancestors, who, among such a people, might well pass for prodigies!—from two men, who witnessed the workings of humanity, who were awake to the dictates of justice, who felt the charms of virtue; separated alike from the universal depravity of their countrymen, and united in strict friendship by the mutual integrity of their hearts, and by that compassion each experienced for the general ruin he foresaw approaching. They lived together in a retired, but happy spot, which, remote from the scenes of injustice and oppression, seemed pleased to be cultivated by such hands, and yielded a chearful abundance to their virtuous industry. They knew no differences, no strife or contention, but in the exertion of good offices. Their interest was the same; their labour and care reciprocal. Their days flowed in an even tenour. All was friendship and tranquillity.

They loved their wives, and were tenderly beloved by them. Their sole solicitude was to inspire their children with the love of virtue; and to this point they paid an unceasing attention. They were continually setting before their eyes the miseries of their distracted country; and they never failed to inculcate this lesson, that the interest of individuals is involved in the interest of the public; that these interests cannot subsist at variance: 'Public virtue,' said they, 'is private tranquillity: be just to another, and you are friendly to yourself.'

Their pains were not mispent nor unrewarded. The children were virtuous as the parents; and begot a race virtuous as themselves. They married, and multiplied: but their virtue, instead of degenerating, was confirmed by time: the more their numbers increased, the more examples they furnished to animate the succeeding generation.

Who can describe the happiness of this virtuous people? Could they be other, than the favoured of heaven? They, who were so delighted to discover the gods in their works and in-

terpositions; and who constantly approached them with gratitude and veneration? Religion co-operated with Nature to soften and polish their manners. Nature left but little unfinished. That little, Religion compleated.

They instituted festivals in honour of the gods. The feasts, upon these occasions, were frugal indeed, but crowned with chearfulness and good humour; and the young people of both sexes were delighted to engage in the dance, though the music was simple and rustic. Sprightliness animated the happy band, and diffused over their countenances an inexpressible enchantment. The lover looked; the virgin blushed; the observant mother's heart exulted at the prospect of the blissful union. The father smiled; and his consent was not difficult to obtain.

The Troglodites were wont to frequent the temples of their deities, and often preferred their petitions: but for what? They were too happy to employ a thought on riches. If any one prayed for wealth, it was not for himself, but for his neighbour. No! that health may be restored to a sick parent; that harmony might be preserved among brothers; that a husband might continue to repose upon the tenderness of his wife; and that their children might never cease to honour them with duty and affection. These were the great blessings which inspired the devotion of a Troglodite: for these they bowed with reverence at the altar. Did a virgin kneel, and offer up her tender heart? The only boon she sighed for, was, 'Let me be blest with the power to make one worthy man happy.'

In the evening, after the flocks were gathered into the folds, and the tired ox was released from his yoke, it was their custom to assemble in parties, and close the day with a frugal repast, and a festive or moral song. They recounted in these compositions the injustice and calamities of the original Troglodites: they celebrated the rise of the new succession, their happiness and virtue; they resounded the praises of the immortals, 'How august their presence! How benign to grant assistance to those who implore it! How condescending to honour with their approbation such, who are solicitous to obtain it! But how terrible their displeasure! How inevitable their vengeance!' They descanted on the delights of a country life; a life of innocence and tranquillity. Thus were they wont to pass their evenings, till they retired to rest, and sunk into slumber, which they had neither cares nor passions to prevent or interrupt.

Nor indeed was there aught to excite their cares. Nature was as bountiful, as their wishes were moderate; and in this blest region penury and avarice were alike unknown. They frequently interchanged presents; and he that had an opportunity of obliging another, was sure to be accounted a fortunate man. They lived like one family: their flocks fed in common, and were so blended, that it was difficult for any one to know his own property; and this was a matter too of so much indifference, that hardly any one ever cared to be at the trouble of it.

Who could be weary of recounting instances of their virtue? A Troglodite said one day: 'My father intends to-morrow to labour in his field. He shall be disappointed: for I will rise two hours before him; and when he goes to set about his work, he shall find it finished to his hand.'

'My sister,' said another, 'seems to cherish an inclination for such a one, who is of our kindred. She endeavours to conceal it; but in vain. I will speak for her to my father; and he will bring about the match.'

A third was told that a band of rob-

robbers had carried off his flock: 'I am ſorry for it,' ſaid he; 'there was a milk white kid, which I had deſtined as an offering to the gods.'

Another was heard to ſay: I muſt go to the temple, and pay my thankſgivings for the recovery of my brother. If he had died, what a brother had I loſt! And my father! How would his hoary head have ſupported the ſtroke! He muſt have ſunk with ſorrow into the grave.'

'I am determined,' ſaid one, 'to plant a couple of trees at the edge of my father's ground. The poor people who labour in the adjacent field are every day expoſed to the heat of the ſun; and it is pity but that they ſhould have a ſhelter, to which they may retire for refreſhment.'

In an aſſembly of Troglodites an old man ſpoke with ſeverity of a young one, whom he ſuſpected of having committed a crime. 'We cannot,' ſaid his young companions, 'perſuade ourſelves that he is guilty: but if he be, let him feel the misfortune to die the laſt of his family.'

A Troglodite heard that his houſe had been pillaged by ſtrangers, and entirely ſtripped of its furniture. 'I muſt be angry with them, ſaid he, 'for their injuſtice; otherwiſe I ſhould wiſh them well with their acquiſition; and that they may enjoy it longer, and with more ſatisfaction than I have done.'

Such was the virtue, ſuch the happineſs of the Troglodites. But their happineſs could not eſcape the envy, nor their virtue ſkreen them from the violence of the people of ſome neighbouring diſtricts, who aſſembled, and determined, under ſome falſe pretence, to rob them of their cattle. The Troglodites heard of their reſolution; and immediately diſpatched ambaſſadors, who addreſſed them in this manner:

'What have the Troglodites done to excite your enmity? Have they carried off your wives? Have they driven away your flocks or your herds? Have they laid waſte your country? We are incapable of committing ſuch crimes: we reverence the gods. What then do you want of us? Is it wool for your clothing? Milk for your flocks? Or do you ſtand in need of the fruits of the earth? Lay down your arms, and come among us like friends. Your wants ſhall be chearfully and amply ſupplied. But if you attempt to ſupply yourſelves by hoſtilities, we ſwear by the immortal gods! by whatever is great and ſacred! we will not be the tame ſpectators of ſuch outrages: we will repel force by force; we ſhall look upon you as a ſavage and brutal people; and deſtroy you as we ſhould wolves and tigers'

This remonſtrance was treated with contempt: it could not divert the barbarians from attacking an inoffenſive people; who, they thought, truſted to their innocence alone for their defence.

But they were miſtaken. The Troglodites ſtood ready to receive them, animated by the moſt heroic courage; undaunted at the numbers of their enemies, but aſtoniſhed at their iniquity. They had placed their wives and children in the midſt of them. They were reſolved to periſh to a man. No one thought of flight or ſafety; or felt any concern upon his own account. Each one devoted himſelf for another. The ſon was eager to ſhed his blood for his father. The huſband offered himſelf up a joyful victim for his wife and children. Gladly would the brother ſurrender his life for his brothers. Not a man but was fired with the enthuſiaſm of a patriot. To die for his country! for the Troglodite people was, in the eyes of every man, glorious and deſirable! If any one fell, his place was inſtantly ſupplied; and his ſucceſſor, far from being diſpirited, was in-

inflamed with additional courage to revenge the death of his companion.

What could withstand such a band of heroes? Their barbarous enemies could not. Injustice was no match for such virtue. The dastardly robbers gave way. They, who had not been ashamed to attack unjustly, were not ashamed to betake themselves to flight; unable to resist the bravery of the Troglodites, yet unaffected by the generous principle which inspired it!

In process of time, when the Troglodites became numerous, they were seized with the inclination to choose a king. They were unanimous in the opinion, that the crown should be given to some one, who was distinguished for his regard to justice. They were alike unanimous in their choice. An old man, full of days and of honour, venerable in his aspect and character, was the person who occurred to every one's thoughts. But he had refused to assist at their deliberations: he sat pensive at home, and oppressed with grief.

Deputies were sent to inform him of his election. 'Alas,' said he, 'could the Troglodites find no one more worthy of their choice? Am I, of all men, deserving to be deemed the most just and virtuous among so just and virtuous a people? God forbid it should be truth! or that I should cherish so vain and injurious a thought! But if you are determined to force the crown upon me—I must receive it; but I shall receive it with the heart-piercing regret to think, that I have lived to see my gallant countrymen, to see the Troglodites, part with their freedom.' Here the tears trickled down his cheeks: 'Miserable man that I am! could I have ever thought to see this day?' He proceeded with a firmer tone, and a look of severity: 'I guess too well what has incited you to this determination. Your virtue grows a burthen. You are impatient to be delivered from its bondage. You are aware, that in the state, in which you have hitherto lived, it is absolutely necessary; that you cannot subsist without it; that without it, you must fall into the calamities and desolation of your unfortunate ancestors. But you wish to be rescued from this danger at an easier rate; by subjection to a prince, instead of subjection to virtue; by obedience to laws less restrictive than the customs and manners you have hitherto been wont to observe. Ambition, riches, and pleasure begin to have charms for you; and you long to be placed in a situation in which you may court these vain delusions; in which you may aspire to be great; may pursue riches; or indulge in luxury: in which you may lay aside the solicitude after virtue, provided you are cautious to avoid open and dangerous crimes. Here the tears burst forth afresh, and streamed in greater abundance. He paused for a moment. 'And what,' resumed he, 'what is the nature of the office you impose upon me? To command? Whom or what shall I command? Am I to command a Troglodite to be virtuous? What can I command him, which his own disposition would not first suggest, and more powerfully prompt him to do? Alas, my friends! I am almost arrived at the end of my journey, fatigued and spent! My time among you can be but short. I shall soon retire from this scene; soon return to your brave fathers, those venerable! those sacred men! How will they be grieved to hear of their degenerate offspring! How shall I tell them, that their sons can stoop to aught but Virtue!'

THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

JOHN ELWES, Esq.

(Continued from page 103.)

TO Mr. Elwes, an inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal ſubjects of averſion. The words "*give*" and "*pay*" were not found in his vocabulary—and, therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horſes, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could perſuade him to have any aſſiſtance. He rode the chaſe through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only ſome days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be neceſſary, that he conſented to go up to London, and—hard day! part with ſome money for advice.

No hounds were more killing ones than thoſe of Mr. Elwes. The wits of the country uſed to ſay, "it muſt be ſo, or they would get nothing to eat." In truth, it may be credited they lived but ſparingly; though ſcarcely will it be believed by the Meynells, the Cokes, and Pantons of the preſent day, that the whole fox-hunting eſtabliſhment of Mr. Elwes—huntſman, dogs, and horſes, did not coſt him three hundred pounds a year!

In the ſummer, they always paſſed their lives with the different tenants, where they had "more meat and leſs work;" and were collected together a few days before the ſeaſon began.

During this time, while he kept hounds, and which conſumed a period of nearly 14 years, Mr. Elwes almoſt totally reſided at Stoke, in Suffolk. From thence he made frequent excurſions to Newmarket—but he never engaged on the turf.

A kindneſs, however, which he performed there, ſhould not paſs away without remembrance.

Lord Abingdon, who was ſlightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkſhire, had made a match for ſeven thouſand pounds—which it was ſuppoſed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the ſum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unaſked, unſolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement. The generoſity of this act no one will deny—but it was the fate of Mr. Elwes to combine ſome great actions with a meanneſs ſo extraordinary, that he no longer appeared one and the ſame perſon.

The anecdote which accompanied it, I had not long ago from a clergyman, on whoſe authority I can place the moſt perfect reliance.

On the day when this match was to be run, he had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to ſee the fate of it. They were to go, as was the cuſtom of Mr. Elwes, on horſeback, and were to ſet out at ſeven in the morning. Imagining they were to breakfaſt at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreſhment, and away they went. They reached Newmarket about eleven, and Mr. Elwes began to buſy himſelf, in enquiries and converſation, till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of lord Abingdon. He then thought they ſhould move off to the town, to take ſome breakfaſt; but old Elwes ſtill continued riding about; till three and then four arrived. At which time, the gentleman grew ſo impatient, that he mentioned ſomething of the *keen air* of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner—"Very true," ſaid old Elwes, "very true—ſo here, do as I do!"—offering him at the ſame time, from his great-coat pocket, a piece of an old

crush-

cruſhed pancake, which he ſaid he had brought from his houſe at Marcham, two months before—but, "*that it was as good as new.*"

The ſequel of the ſtory was, that they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was ſo tired, that he gave up all refreſhment but reſt! And old Elwes, having hazarded *ſeven thouſand pounds* in the morning, went happily to bed with the reflection—he had ſaved *three ſhillings!* Such were the extraordinary contradictions of this *extraordinary man!* But, not amongſt ſtrangers alone, was *money* with him the deareſt object of his life. He had brought with him his two ſons out of Berkſhire, and certainly if he liked any thing, it was theſe boys. But no money would he laviſh on their education; for he declared, that "putting things into people's heads, was the ſure way to take money out of their pockets."

From this mean, and almoſt ludicrous *deſire of ſaving*, no circumſtance of tenderneſs or affection—no ſentiment of ſorrow, or compaſſion, could turn him aſide. The more diminutive the object ſeemed, his attention grew the greater; and it appeared as if Providence had formed him in a mould that was miraculous, purpoſely to exemplify that trite ſaying—"*penny wiſe, and pound fooliſh.*"

That Mr. Elwes was not troubled with too much natural affection, the following little anecdote will teſtify. One day he had put his eldeſt boy upon a ladder, to get ſome grapes for the table, when by the ladder ſlipping, he fell down, and hurt his ſide againſt the end of it. The boy had the precaution to go up into the village to the barber, and get blooded: on his return, he was aſked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm? He told his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! Bled!" ſaid the old gentleman, "but what did you give?"—"A ſhilling," anſwered the boy:—"pſha!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead! never part with your *blood!*"

From the parſimonious manner in which Mr. Elwes now lived—for he was faſt following the footſteps of ſir Harvey, and from the two large fortunes of which he was in poſſeſſion—riches now rolled in upon him like a torrent.—And had he been gifted with that clear and fertile head, which, patient in accumulation, and fruitful in diſpoſition, knows how to employ as well as accumulate—which working from principal to intereſt—by compounding, forms a principal again—and makes money generate itſelf: had he poſſeſſed ſuch a head as this, his wealth would have exceeded all bounds. But nature, which ſets limits to the ocean, forbade, perhaps, this monſtrous inundation of property: and as Mr. Elwes knew almoſt nothing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing—he was obliged, in the diſpoſal of his money, to truſt much to memory—to the ſuggeſtions of other people ſtill more. Hence every perſon, who had a *want* or a *ſcheme* with an apparent high intereſt—adventurer or honeſt it ſignified not—all was prey to him, and he ſwam about like the enormous pike, which, ever voracious and unſatisfied, catches at every thing, till it is itſelf caught!—Hence are to be reckoned viſions of diſtant property in America: phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaus filled with bonds of *promiſing* peers and members, long diſmembered of all property. I do not exaggerate when I ſay, I believe Mr. Elwes loſt in this manner, during his life, full *one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds!* But perhaps in this ordination, Providence was all-wiſe. In the life of Mr.

Mr. Elwes, the luxuriant ſources of induſtry or enjoyment all ſtood ſtill.

He encouraged no art; he beſtowed not on any improvement: he diffuſed no bleſſing around him, and the diſtreſſed received nothing from his hand. What was got from him, was only obtained from his want of knowledge—by knowledge that was ſuperior; and knaves and ſharpers might have lived upon him, while poverty and honeſty would have ſtarved.

But not to the offers of high intereſt alone were his ears open. The making him trifling preſents, or doing buſineſs for him for nothing—were little ſnug allurements, which, in the hands of the needy, always drew him on to a loan of money. A ſmall wine-merchant, who had theſe views, begged his acceptance of ſome very *fine wine*, and, in a ſhort time, obtained the loan of ſome hundred pounds.

Old Elwes uſed, ever after, to ſay, "it was, indeed, *very fine wine*, for it *coſt him* 20*l. a bottle!*"

Thus was there a reflux of ſome of that wealth, which he was gradually denying himſelf every comfort to amaſs. For, in the penury of Mr. Elwes, there was ſomething that ſeemed like a judgment from Heaven. All earthly comforts he voluntarily denied himſelf: he would walk home in the rain, in London, ſooner than pay a ſhilling for a coach: he would ſit in wet cloaths ſooner than have a fire to dry them: he would eat his proviſions in the laſt ſtate of putrefaction ſooner than have a freſh joint from the butcher's; and he wore a wig for above a fortnight, which I ſaw him pick up out of a rut in a lane, where we were riding. This was the laſt extremity of laudable œconomy; for, to all appearance, it was the caſt-off wig of ſome beggar!—The day in which I firſt beheld him in this ornament, exceeded all power of face, for he had a torn brown coat, which he generally wore, and had been obliged to have recourſe to the old cheſt of ſir Jervaiſe, from whence he had ſelected a full-dreſſed green velvet coat, with ſlaſh ſleeves; and there he ſat at dinner in boots, the aforeſaid green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and this black ſtray wig at the top of all. A captain Roberts, who was with us at the time, and who had a great reſpect for Elwes, was yet unable to ſit at dinner for laughing.

When this inordinate paſſion for *ſaving* did not interfere, there are upon record ſome kind offices and very active ſervices, undertaken by Mr. Elwes. He would go far and long to ſerve thoſe who applied to him: and *give*—however ſtrange the word from him—would give himſelf great trouble to be of uſe. Theſe inſtances are gratifying to ſelect—it is plucking the ſweet briar and the roſe from the weeds that overſpread the garden.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for ſome neglect, incurred the diſpleaſure of the ſpiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "*excommunication.*"—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly underſtand, but they had heard ſomething about ſtanding in a church and doing penance, and their ideas immediately ran upon a *white ſheet.* They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and, as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make ſubmiſſion, and how the ſentence might be prevented. No time was to be loſt. Mr Elwes did that which fairly ſpeaking, not one man in five thouſand would have done;

he had his horſe ſaddled, and putting, according to his uſual cuſtom, a *couple of hard eggs* in his pocket, he ſet out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the ſubmiſſion of the culprit damſels. Riding ſixty miles in the night, to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thouſand would have done; but where perſonal fatigue could ſerve, Mr. Elwes never ſpared it.

The ladies were ſo overjoyed—ſo thankful—"ſo much trouble and expence!—what returns could they make?" To eaſe their conſciences on this head, an old Iriſh gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote theſe words—"*My* dears, *is it* expence *you are talking of? Send him* ſix pence, *and he gains* two pence *by the journey.*"

The character of an impartial and upright country magiſtrate, is the beſt character which the country knows. What a lawgiver is in a ſtate, an intelligent magiſtrate is, in a leſs degree, to the diſtrict where he reſides. Such a magiſtrate was Mr. Elwes, while he reſided in Berkſhire, and it was almoſt totally owing to this beſt of recommendations, that an offer was made to him afterwards, of bringing him in as repreſentative for the county.

The proſpect of a conteſted election, betwixt two moſt reſpectable families, in Berkſhire, firſt ſuggeſted the idea of propoſing a third perſon, who might be unobjectionable to both parties.——The perſon, thus propoſed, was Mr. Elwes; and the county were obliged to lord Craven for the propoſition.

It was at this period that Mr. Elwes was paſſing—amongſt his horſes and his hounds, ſome rural occupations, and his country neighbours—the happieſt hours of his life—hours which no future ſituation ever recalled—hours in which alone he ſtole from the perplexities which his wealth occaſioned him afterwards; and where he forgot, for a time, that ſtrange anxiety and continued irritation about his money—and that, which I know not how better to denominate, than by calling it the *inſanity of ſaving!*

But as his wealth was accumulating faſt, various were the people who were kind enough to make applications to employ it for him. Some, very obligingly, would trouble him with nothing more than their ſimple bond—others offered him a ſcheme of great advantage, with "a ſmall riſque and a certain profit," which as certainly turned out the reverſe—and others propoſed, "tracts of lands in America, and plans that were ſure of ſucceſs." But, amidſt theſe *kind offers*, the fruits of which Mr. Elwes long felt and had to lament, ſome pecuniary accommodations were not beſtowed amiſs, and enabled the borrowers to purſue induſtry into fortune, and form a ſettlement for life. And it is to be mentioned, to the praiſe of Mr. Elwes, that in all the various ſums which he lent, in the courſe of a long life, not one uſurious contract or improper advantage taken, lives in the remembrance of any body.

This, in the conduct of a man living only to amaſs money, is peculiar praiſe—and, while holding the pen of a faithful biographer, I am forced to recount circumſtances I cannot commend—a moſt unpardonable omiſſion ſhould I eſteem it, were I to omit the record of an action, that, in ſome meaſure, ſhould ſhield this part of his character from reproach!—which claims a merit becauſe the reverſe might have been expected; and proves his avarice conſiſted not in hard-heartedneſs, but in ſelf-denial.

Mr.

Mr. Elwes, from his father, Mr. Meggott, had inherited ſome property, in houſes, in London; particularly about the Haymarket, not far from which old Mr. Elwes drew his firſt breath—for, by the regiſter, it appears, he was born in St. James's pariſh. To this property he began now to add, by engagements with one of the Adams, about building, which he increaſed from year to year to a very large extent. Great part of Marybone ſoon called him her founder. Portland-place and Portman-ſquare—the Riding houſes and Stables of the ſecond troop of life-guards—and buildings too numerous to name, all roſe out of his pocket. And had not lord North and his American war kindly put a ſtop to this rage of raiſing houſes, much of the property he then poſſeſſed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar.

The extent of his property, in houſes, ſoon grew ſo great, that he became, from calculation, his own inſurer; and he ſtood to all his own loſſes by conflagrations. He ſoon therefore, became a *philoſopher upon fire.* And I remember well, on a public-houſe, belonging to him, being conſumed, that he ſaid, with great compoſure—"*Well, well, there is no great harm done: the* tenant *never paid me: and I ſhould not have got quit of him ſo quickly in any other way.*"

In poſſeſſions ſo large, of courſe it would happen that ſome of the houſes were without a tenant—and, therefore, it was the cuſtom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of theſe premiſes which might happen to be vacant. He had thus a new way of ſeeing London and its inhabitants—for he travelled, in this manner, from ſtreet to ſtreet; and, whenever any body choſe to take the houſe where he was, he was always ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging; and, though maſter of above a hundred houſes, he never wiſhed to reſt his head long in any he choſe to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, were all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all theſe moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him trouble, for ſhe was afflicted with a lameneſs that made it difficult to get her about quite ſo faſt as he choſe: and then, the colds ſhe took were amazing, for ſometimes ſhe was in a ſmall houſe in the Haymarket; at another, in a great houſe in Portland place; ſometimes was in a little room and a coal fire; at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of moſt ſplendid but frigid dimenſions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glaſs. In truth ſhe perfectly realized the words of the Pſalmiſt—for, though the old woman might not be wicked, ſhe certainly was "here to day, and gone to-morrow."

The ſcene which terminated the life of this old woman, is not the leaſt ſingular among the anecdotes that are recorded of Mr. Elwes: but it is too well authenticated to be doubted. I had the circumſtance related to me by the late colonel Timms himſelf.

[To be continued.]

Particulars of a ſingular Voyage, performed by Hypolitus Stepanoff, from Kamſchatka to Macao, and from thence to Batavia.

HYPOLITUS STEPANOFF, according to his own relation, was a Ruſſian gentleman, poſſeſſed of conſiderable landed property in the country, and from his youth had

ſerved in the guards of Iſmailof, which were thoſe that attended the Empreſs; but in the year 1762, being a captain in that corps, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, he requeſted leave to reſign, on account of the revolution, which had dethroned Peter III.

At firſt he reſolved to live privately, and within the compaſs of his fortune, but he was prevented from purſuing this plan; for the Empreſs having ordered every province in her territories to ſend two deputies to court, to aſſiſt in forming a new code of laws, he was choſen by the province of Moſcow, at its repreſentative for that purpoſe; and on this account he ſet out for Peterſburgh. When the aſſembly had deliberated for two months, a diſpute of a very ſerious nature aroſe between him and one of the moſt reſpectable of the deputies, which terminated by his being thrown into priſon, and afterwards ſent into baniſhment to Kamſchatka. After a journey which laſted ten months, he arrived in October 1770, with four other exiles, at a ſmall place in that country called Bargeretzkoy, where he remained eight months in the greateſt miſery. In concert with ſeveral of his companions, he here formed the bold reſolution of embarking in ſome ſmall veſſel, with a deſign of reaching the Chineſe coaſt, oppoſite to the ſtreights of Barſcherewſky, and from thence making his way to ſome port in Europe. To accompliſh this ſcheme, it was neceſſary to embrace the firſt favourable opportunity of embarking with the greateſt privacy, and without noiſe, in one of thoſe ſmall two-maſted veſſels, which are employed on the coaſts, where the inhabitants go in queſt of beavers. They intended firſt to make for Guam, one of the Ladrona iſlands, belonging to the Spaniards. The governor of the place, having thought proper, in the ſpring time, to treat his priſoners with more than uſual ſeverity, Stepanoff aſſembled all thoſe whom he knew to be favourable to his deſign, and who had reſolved to accompany him in his flight; they amounted in number to thirty-two. They agreed to ſeize all the inhabitants from whom they apprehended danger; and the execution of this enterpriſe appeared to be ſo much the eaſier, as the place was neither fortified nor provided with any defence, except three pieces of cannon, and ſix ſoldiers. On the 27th of April, they commenced their attempt. Having taken poſſeſſion of the imperial treaſure, and all the ammunition, and having diſarmed the ſoldiers, they travelled over land to Tſchekaſka, ſituated at the diſtance of forty werſts from Bargeretzkoy. On the 1ſt of May, they arrived at this place, where they found their veſſel, which they immediately began to free from the ſurrounding ice; and having equipped it for a ſea voyage, they called it the St. Peter. In eleven days, every thing being ready, they elected a commander, and the whole crew then conſiſted of eight ſlaves, thirty-two free perſons, one merchant, one pilot, nine ſailors, one chancellor, one ſecretary, ſeven natives of Kamſchatka, one native of the Kurile iſles, two Ruſſian boys, four married women, and two ſervants of the pilot Tſchurin, amounting in all to ſeventy people.

On the 12th of May, they ſet ſail, midſt the noiſe of cannon, and ſteered north-eaſt, with a fair wind, in order to avoid the coaſt; but ſoon after, the weather being bad, and the wind contrary, they purſued their courſe in a northern direction, and then towards the eaſt.—After two days ſail, they diſcovered one of the Kurile iſles, which they left on the right. Next day, a violent wind ariſing, accompanied by a thick fog, they were in danger of being loſt: on this account

count they reſolved to anchor, and having hoiſted out a ſmall boat, made of whales ſkin, ſent a few men in it to examine the coaſt, and to ſearch for a ſafe landing place. As they found a bay, the entrance of which was three fathoms in depth, they caſt anchor in it, and remained in that ſituation, from the 18th of May to the 12th of June, when they again prepared for their departure; and having baked ſome bread, and dried their biſcuit, they continued their voyage towards the ſouth-eaſt, with a fair wind, the ſea being now and then calm and the tide favourable, eſpecially from the forty-eighth degree of northern latitude—According to their own reckoning, they were between the Ladrone and the Marian iſlands, when their proviſions began to fall ſhort, and they had then nothing elſe to ſubſiſt on but a ſmall quantity of meal, and ſome putrid water in leaky caſks.

As all the crew began to murmur, they changed their courſe, with a view of making the coaſts of China or of Japan. For two days ſucceſſively they purſued the ſame route, with a fair wind, but a furious tempeſt coming upon them from the ſouth-eaſt, in the evening, they reefed all their ſails, except the mizen ſail, which in an hour after was torn to pieces by the wind. They were obliged then to leave the veſſel at the mercy of the wind and the waves; the heavens appeared overcaſt, the rain poured down in torrents, and the violence of the ſtorm increaſed every moment, the billows riſing ſometimes to the clouds, and threatning to ſwallow them up.—The veſſel having ſprung a leak, they ſhifted the ballaſt, and endeavoured to ſtop it in the beſt manner they could.—The third day, the wind became more furious, and ſhattered their veſſel in a dreadful manner; but Providence ſaved them from this imminent danger. On the fourth day, the wind began to grow a little calmer, and the day following, the weather being much clearer, they found themſelves in the 33d degree of north latitude.—Soon after they diſcovered land, and imagining it to be Nangazaky, they reſolved to make themſelves paſs for Dutchmen, and hoiſting a green flag, in the evening caſt anchor in forty fathoms water, near a part of the coaſt where they obſerved a great many fires.

Next morning, Stepancff embarked early with Major Wimbla, and eight men, in a boat, to ſeek ſome bay on the coaſt, where they might procure a ſupply of freſh water. They could not, however, land without being perceived by the inhabitants, who were enabled to diſtinguiſh them by the light of their fires. This was the firſt time they had ever ſeen the Japaneſe. Being ſurrounded by a crowd of theſe people, they pretended to be Dutchmen,* and immediately a ſign was made to them, to proceed along the coaſt farther to the north. The Japaneſe becoming a little more familiar with them, began to examine the arms and dreſs of theſe ſtrangers, who made them a preſent of ſome pieces of ſilk ſtuff, a few ſhirts, and ribands; but when Stepanoff ſaw them approaching in too great numbers, he returned to his veſſel, leaving ſix men on ſhore. When he had provided himſelf with a ſufficient quantity of freſh water and rice, which the Japaneſe brought him, he again ſet ſail, and coaſted along the iſles towards

* It is well known, that of all Chriſtian nations, the Dutch alone ſince the expulſion of the Portugueſe, have the liberty of touching at Japan, and of trading, but only under the name of Dutchmen, and not under that of Chriſtians, whom the Japaneſe abhor ſo much, that they dare not land books, concerning the Chriſtian religion, under pain of death.

the

the north, with a view of finding a place where he and his companions might land in ſafety. About evening, they obſerved ſeveral canoes coming towards them, the people in which ſhewed them a harbour, where they entered on the 10th of July, by the aſſiſtance of the Japaneſe themſelves; for at that time it was a perfect calm. Here they were again ſupplied with freſh water and rice, but four canoes kept guard continually around the veſſel, and theſe, after a certain ſpace, were relieved by others.

On the 11th of July, Stepanoff and his commander quitted their veſſel, intending to make a little excurſion on ſhore, but they were met by ſeveral canoes filled with Japoneſe, who gave them to underſtand by their ſigns, that they had come to prevent their deſign, the execution of which would have coſt them their lives. The Ruſſians, therefore, put about, and returned on board, where they got their caſks ready for receiving water. On the 12th, the Japaneſe brought them water, but in ſuch a quantity as was ſcarcely ſufficient for one day, and they would not permit them to procure any farther ſupply. The Ruſſians immediately ordered their caſks to be carried on ſhore, under a guard of armed men; but the Japaneſe prevented them, by bringing enough of rain water, to ſerve them for two days.

When the veſſel was ſufficiently ſtocked with freſh water and rice, they again ſet ſail, directing their courſe ſouth-eaſt; and, at the end of ſeven days, they diſcovered unknown land. Having approached the coaſt, they found a bay, in which they came to anchor, and where they remained till the 1ſt of Auguſt. This country was the iſland of Uſmaſky, ſituated in the twenty-eighth degree of north latitude. After procuring here biſcuit and freſh water, they continued their voyage, and after ſailing ten days, diſcovered more land in the twenty-fourth degree of north latitude. This they imagined to be the iſland of Tarmova, but there being a calm, they did not reach it until the third day, and anchored in forty fathoms water. Part of the crew, who had been ſent on ſhore with a boat, returned ſoon after, and informed the reſt, that the inhabitants had fired upon them: on this account they immediately departed, cruiſing along the coaſt, and keeping on a ſouth-eaſt courſe. Meeting with contrary winds, and a ſtrong current, which drove them from their courſe, they arrived at the promontory of an iſland, and having approached near to the ſhore, they ſaw coming towards them ſeveral canoes, filled with the natives, who ſhewed them a bay, which they entered, and where they provided themſelves with water. Next morning, they went in queſt of more, but ſome of their company having amuſed themſelves too long in a rivulet, where they went to bathe, they were ſurpriſed by the inhabitants, and aſſaſſinated. Stepanoff immediately made a deſcent on the coaſt, at the head of thirty men, to revenge the death of his unfortunate companions; but three or four thouſand of the inhabitants, armed after their own manner, came to oppoſe them. The Ruſſians, dividing themſelves into three bodies, marched boldly forward to meet the enemy, and having killed ſeveral of them on the ſpot, diſperſed the reſt, and burnt almoſt a thouſand of their huts or houſes. After this ſignal victory, they returned to their veſſel, and departed on the 20th of Auguſt.

Their intention was to make for Manilla, but contrary winds obliged them to proceed to the north. Next day they ſteered eaſt, and in ſix days diſcovered land. Coaſting along the ſhore, they arrived firſt at Tſchin China, a place belonging to the Chineſe, where they refreſhed themſelves for five days, and having procured water, and a coaſting pilot, purſued their

their voyage till the 22d of September, when they arrived safe at Macao, without losing any more of their people than the three who had been assassinated.—Here they sold their vessel for 3960 Dutch florins. Some unlucky circumstances occasioned Stepanoff to be arrested at Macao; but he was released very soon after. Having in vain attempted to get himself sent to Lisbon, in order to prove his innocence, he obtained from the governor a certificate, respecting his conduct, and at the same time permission to go to Batavia, where he arrived, and died in great misery and distress, in the month of July, 1772.

The Philosophy of Natural History:—By William Smellie; Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.

[We congratulate the Public on the Appearance of this Book, which has been for some time eagerly expected; and we take the first Opportunity of laying an Extract from it before our Readers.]

On the distinguishing Characters of Animals and Plants.

NATURAL bodies, when viewed as they have a relation to man, are marked with characters so apparent, that they escape not the observation of the most unenlightened minds. In a system where all the constituent parts have a reciprocal dependence, and are connected by relations so subtile as to elude the perception of animals, such obvious characters were indispensible. Without them, neither the affairs of human life, nor the functions of the brute creation, could be carried on. Characters of this kind are accommodated to the apprehension of brutes and of vulgar men.

But when the productions of nature are more closely examined, when they are scrutinized by the eye of philosophy, the number of their relations and differences is discovered to be almost infinite; and their shades of discrimination are often so delicate, that no sense can perceive them. Nothing, apparently, is more easy than to distinguish an animal from a plant; and yet the proper distinction has puzzled the most acute inquirers, and perhaps exceeds the limits of human capacity.

'A plant,' says Jungius, 'is a *living*, but not a *sentient* body, which 'is fixed in a determined place, and 'grows, increases in size, and propagates its species.' In this definition living powers are ascribed to vegetables; but they are denied the faculty of sensation. Life, without some degree of sensation, is an incomprehensible idea. An animal, limited to the sense of feeling alone, is the lowest conception we can form of life. Deprive this being of the only sense it possesses, and, though its figure should remain, we would instantly conclude it to be as inanimate as a stone. The life, attributed to plants, seems to be nothing more than an analogical deduction from their growth, nutrition, continuation of their species, and similar circumstances.

Ludwig defines vegetables to be 'natural bodies, always endowed 'with the same form, but deprived 'of the power of local motion.' Every branch of this definition is, with equal propriety, applicable to precious stones, salts, and some animals; and, therefore, requires no farther attention.

Sir Charles Linnæus, in his Fundamenta Botanica, intends to discriminate the three kingdoms of Nature in two lines. 'Stones,' says he, 'grow; vegetables grow and live; 'animals grow, live, and feel.'

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This is an aſſemblage of words, the meaning of which is entirely perverted. The idea of growth implies nutrition and expanſion by the intervention of organs. The magnitude of ſtones may be augmented by an accretion of new matter. But this is not growth, or expanſion of parts. The ſecond definition, 'That vege-' tables grow and live,' is equally inaccurate. Inſtead of proving the life of plants, Linnæus takes it for granted, and makes it the characteriſtic between vegetables and brute matter. The third, 'That animals grow, ' live, and feel,' is not leſs exceptionable. Growth, life, and mere ſenſation, convey the moſt ignoble notions of animated beings. From this definition, we would be led to imagine, that Linnæus meant to deſcribe the condition of a polypus or an oyſter. All animals, it is true, grow, live, and feel: But theſe are only the paſſive properties of animals. The definition includes none of thoſe inſtinctive, intellectual, and active powers, which exalt the animal above the vegetable, and ſo eminently diſtinguiſh the different tribes from each other.

Theſe, and many other abortive attempts, have been made to aſcertain the preciſe boundaries between the animal and vegetable. Definitions have been the perpetual aim of moſt writers on this ſubject. But definitions, when applied to natural objects, muſt always be vague and eluſory. We knew not the principle of animal life. We are equally ignorant of the eſſential cauſe of vegetable exiſtence. It is vain, therefore, to dream of being able to define what we never can know. We may, however, diſcover ſome qualities common to the animal as well as to the vegetable.

Senſation, motion, and ſtructure of parts, give animals a more extenſive range in their connection with external objects. A certain portion of intellect, joined to the vital principle, ſeem to be the moſt diſtinguiſhing properties of animals, and to conſtitute their eſſence or being. Animals will, determine, act, and have a communication with diſtant objects by their ſenſes. They have the laws of nature, in ſome meaſure, at command. They protect themſelves from injury by employing force, ſwiftneſs, addreſs and cunning. But vegetables remain fixed in the ſame place, and are ſubject to every thing that moves. Animals eat at intervals; their food requires time for digeſtion, and to anſwer the complicated purpoſes of ſecretion and nutrition. The ſtructure of plants is more ſimple: They receive perpetual nouriſhment without injury. Animals ſearch for and ſelect particular kinds of food. But plants muſt receive whatever is brought to them by the different elements. Animals exiſt on the ſurface, and in the interior parts of the earth, in the air, in water, in the bodies of men and other animals, in the internal parts of plants, and even in ſtones. But, if we except a few aquatics, plants are fixed to the earth by roots.

All animals, it has been affirmed, have a heart, or particular fountain for propelling and diſtributing their fluids to the different parts of their bodies: But caterpillars, and many other inſects, have no ſuch general receptacle.

The loco motive faculty has been conſidered as peculiar to animals. But even this character is extremely ſuſpicious. Oyſters, ſea-nettles, the gall-inſects, and a variety of other animals, can hardly be ſaid to enjoy the power of local motion. Many ſpecies remain for ever fixed to the rocks on which they are produced, and have no motion but that of extending or contracting their bodies. Beſides, examples of different kinds of motion are diſcoverable in the vegetable

getable kingdom. When the roots of a tree meet with a ſtone, or any other obſtruction to their motion, in order to avoid it, they change their former direction. They turn from barren to fertile earth, which indicates ſomething analogous to a ſelection of food. Like the polypus, plants, when confined in a houſe, uniformly bend toward the window or aperture through which the rays of light are introduced.

The ſenſitive plant poſſeſſes the faculty of motion in an eminent degree. The ſlighteſt touch makes its leaves ſuddenly ſhrink, and, together with the branch, bend down toward the earth. But the moving plant, or hedyſarum movens, of which there are ſpecimens in the botanic garden of Edinburgh, furniſhes the moſt aſtoniſhing example of vegetable motion. It is a native of the Eaſt Indies. Its movements are not excited by the contact of external bodies, but ſolely by the influence of the ſun's rays. The motions of this plant are confined to the leaves, which are ſupported by long flexible foot-ſtalks. When the ſun ſhines, the leaves move briſkly in every direction. Their general motion, however, is upward and downward: But they not unfrequently turn almoſt round; and then their foot-ſtalks are evidently twiſted. Theſe motions go on inceſſantly as long as the heat of the ſun continues: But they ceaſe during the night, and when the weather is cold and cloudy. Our wonder is excited by the rapidity and conſtancy of the movements peculiar to this plant. The frequency, however, of ſimilar motions in other plants, renders it probable that the leaves of all vegetables move, or are agitated by the rays of the ſun, though many of theſe movements are too ſlow for our perception.

The American plant, called Dionæa Muſcipula, or Venus's Fly-trap, affords another inſtance of rapid vegetable motion. Its leaves are jointed, and furniſhed with two rows of ſtrong prickles. Their ſurfaces are covered with a number of minute glands, which ſecrete a ſweet liquor, and allure the approach of flies. When theſe parts are touched by the legs of a fly, the two lobes of the leaf inſtantly riſe up, the rows of prickles lock themſelves faſt together, and ſqueeze the unwary animal to death. If a ſtraw or a pin be introduced between the lobes, the ſame motions are excited.

When a ſeed is ſown in a reverſed poſition, the young root turns downward to enter the earth, and the ſtem bends upward into the air. Confine a young ſtem to an inclined poſition, and its extremity will ſoon aſſume its former perpendicular direction. Twiſt the branches of any tree in ſuch a mannner that the inferior ſurfaces of the leaves are turned toward the ſky, and you will, in a ſhort time, perceive that all theſe leaves reſume their original poſition. Theſe motions are performed ſooner or later, in proportion to the degree of heat, and the flexibility of the leaves. Many leaves, as thoſe of the mallow, follow the courſe of the ſun. In the morning, their ſuperior ſurfaces are preſented to the eaſt; at noon, they regard the ſouth; and, when the ſun ſets, they are directed to the weſt. During the night, or in rainy weather, theſe leaves are horizontal; and their inferior ſurfaces are turned toward the earth.

What has been denominated the Sleep of Plants, affords an inſtance of another ſpecies of vegetable motion. The leaves of many plants fold up during the night; but, at the approach of the ſun, they expand with renewed vigour. The common appearances of moſt vegetables are ſo changed in the night, that it is difficult to recogniſe the different kinds, even by the aſſiſtance of light.

The modes of folding in the leaves, or of ſleeping, are extremely various. But it is worthy of remark, that they all diſpoſe themſelves ſo as to give the beſt protection to the young ſtems, flowers, buds, or fruit. The leaves of the tamarind-tree contract round the tender fruit, and protect it from the nocturnal cold. The caſſia, or ſenna, the glycine, and many of the papilionaceous plants, contract their leaves in a ſimilar manner. The leaves of the chickweed, of the aſclepias, atriplex, &c. are diſpoſed in oppoſite pairs. During the night, they riſe perpendicularly, and join ſo cloſe at the top, that they conceal the flowers. The leaves of the ſida, or althaea Theophraſti, of the ayenia, and œnothera, are placed alternately. Though horizontal, or even depending, during the day, at the approach of night they riſe, embrace the ſtem, and protect the tender flowers. The leaves of the ſolanum, or nightſhade, are horizontal during the day; but, in the night, they riſe and cover the flowers. The Egyptian vetch erects its leaves during the night, in ſuch a manner that each pair ſeem to be one leaf only. The leaves of the white lupine, in the ſtate of ſleep, hang down, and protect the young buds from being injured by the nocturnal air.

Theſe, and ſimilar motions, are not peculiar to the leaves of plants. The flowers have alſo the power of moving. During the night, many of them are incloſed in their calixes. Some flowers, as thoſe of the German ſpurge, geranium ſtriatum, and common whitlow graſs, when aſleep, hang their mouths toward the earth, to prevent the noxious effects of rain or dew.

The cauſe of thoſe movements, which conſtitute the ſleep of plants, has been aſcribed to the preſence or abſence of the ſun's rays. In ſome of the examples I have given, the motions produced are evidently excited by heat. But plants, kept in a hot-houſe, where an equal degree of heat is preſerved both day and night, fail not to contract their leaves, or to ſleep, in the ſame manner as when they are expoſed to the open air. This fact evinces, that the ſleep of plants is rather owing to a peculiar law, than to a quicker or ſlower motion of their juices.

A ſtomach and brain have been reckoned eſſential characteriſtics of the animal; and plants are ſaid to poſſeſs nothing analogous to theſe organs. But the polypus has no ſtomach; or rather, like vegetables, its whole body may be conſidered as a ſtomach. Its internal cavity contains no viſcera; and, when this animal is turned outſide in, it ſtill continues to live, and to digeſt its food, in the ſame manner as if it had received no injury. The mode by which plants are nouriſhed is extremely analogous. They imbibe food by the roots, the trunk, the branches, the leaves, and the flowers. Inſtead, therefore, of having no ſtomach, their whole ſtructure is ſtomach. With regard to the brain, the polypus, and many other inſects, are deprived of that organ. Hence neither ſtomach, nor brain, are eſſential characters which diſcriminate the animal from the vegetable.

But all animals are endowed with ſenſation, or at leaſt with irritability, which laſt has been conſidered as a diſtinctive character of animal life. Senſation implies a diſtinct perception of pleaſure and pain. We infer the exiſtence of ſenſation in organized bodies, when we perceive that they have organs ſimilar to our own, or when they act, in certain circumſtances, in the ſame manner as we act. If an organized being has eyes, ears, and a noſe, we naturally conclude that it enjoys the ſame ſenſations as theſe organs convey to us.

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If we ſee another being, whoſe ſtructure exhibits nothing analogous to our organs of ſenſation, contracting with rapidity when touched, directing its body uniformly to the light, ſeizing ſmall inſects with *tentacula*, or a kind of arms, and conveying them into an aperture, placed at its anterior end, we heſitate not to pronounce that it is animated. Cut off its arms, deprive it of the faculty of contracting and extending its body, the nature of this being will not be changed; but we will be unable to determine whether it poſſeſſes any portion of life. This is nearly the condition of the ſmall ſections of a polypus, before their heads begin to grow. The wheel-animal, the eels in blighted wheat, and the ſnails recorded in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, afford inſtances of every appearance of ſenſation, or even of irritability, being ſuſpended, not for months, but for ſeveral years, and yet the life of theſe animals is not extinguiſhed; for they uniformly revive upon a proper application of moiſture.

Theſe, and ſimilar acts ſhow, that we are entirely ignorant of the eſſence and properties of life. What life really is, ſeems too ſubtile for our underſtanding to conceive, or our ſenſes to diſcern. If we have no other criterions to diſtinguiſh life, than motion, ſenſation, and irritability, the animals juſt mentioned continued for years in a ſtate which every man would pronounce to have been perfectly dead. It is poſſible, therefore, that life may exiſt in many bodies which are commonly thought to be as inanimate as ſtones. Hence it would be raſh to exclude plants from every ſpecies of ſenſation. The degrees of ſenſation decreaſe imperceptibly from man to the ſea-nettle, gall-inſects, and what are called the moſt imperfect animals. Every vegetable, as well as the ſenſitive plant, ſhrinks when wounded. But, in moſt of them, the motion is too ſlow for our perception. When trees grow near a ditch, the roots which proceed in a direction that would neceſſarily bring them into the open air, inſtead of continuing this noxious progreſs, ſink below the level of the ditch, then ſhoot acroſs, and regain the ſoil on the oppoſite ſide. When a root is uncovered, without expoſing it to much heat, and a wet ſpunge is placed near it, but in a different direction from that in which the root is proceeding, in a ſhort time the root turns towards the ſpunge. In this manner the direction of roots may be varied at pleaſure. All plants make the ſtrongeſt efforts, by inclining, turning, and even twiſting their ſtems and branches, to eſcape from darkneſs and ſhade, and to procure the influences of the ſun. Place a wet ſpunge under the leaves of a tree, they ſoon bend downward, and endeavour to apply their inferior ſurfaces to the ſpunge. If a veſſel of water be placed within ſix inches of a growing cucumber, in twenty-four hours the cucumber alters the direction of its branches, bends either to the right or left, and never ſtoops till it comes into contact with the water. When a pole is placed at a conſiderable diſtance from an unſupported vine, the branches of which are proceeding in a contrary direction from that of the pole, in a ſhort time, it alters its courſe, and ſtops not till it clings around the pole.

Facts of this kind excite our wonder; but they by no means prove that vegetables live, or that they are endowed with ſenſation, which implies a diſtinct perception of pleaſure and pain.

There is an inferior ſpecies of ſenſation, which is diſtinguiſhed by the term *irritability*. This term denotes that power by which muſcular fibres, even after they are detached from the

body, contract upon the application of any ſtumulating ſubſtance, whether ſolid or fluid. The heart of a frog, when pricked with the point of a pin, continues to beat, or to contract and dilate, for ſeveral hours after it has been cut out of the animal's body. The heart of a viper, or of a turtle, beats diſtinctly from twenty to thirty hours after the death of theſe animals. The periſtaltic motion of the inteſtines is produced by their irritability. When the inteſtines of a dog, or any other quadruped, are ſuddenly cut into different portions, all theſe portions crawl about like worms, and contract upon the ſlighteſt touch. Though irritability be unqueſtionably a vital principle, yet it is equally certain, that muſcular fibres, when ſeparated from the body to which they belong, have no diſtinct perception of pleaſure or pain. Their regular contraction and dilatation are evident ſymptoms of life, which, in many caſes, may lead us to attribute living powers to ſubſtances that enjoy neither life nor ſenſation. Hence, tho' all plants were irritable, this circumſtance would not prove that they are poſſeſſed of life. The contraction and dilatation of the ſenſitive plants, and the various motions of the leaves, branches, flowers, and roots of vegetables formerly mentioned, ſeem to indicate that moſt plants are endowed with irritability. Perhaps all vegetables have more or leſs of this quality. The heart, inteſtines, and diaphragm, are the moſt irritable parts of animal bodies: And, to diſcover whether this quality reſides in all plants, experiments ſhould be made chiefly on their leaves, flowers, buds, and the tender fibres of the roots.

From this narration of facts, it appears, that plants make a very near approach to animals; and that this ſimilarity, as well as the difficulty of fixing the preciſe boundaries by which theſe two great kingdoms of nature are limited, are direct conſequences of the organization of vegetables. It is owing to their organic ſtructure alone, that plants and animals are capable of affording reciprocal nouriſhment to each other. This organic ſtructure, though greatly diverſified in the different ſpecies of animals and vegetables, evinces that Nature, in the formation of both, has acted upon the ſame general plan. May we not preſume, therefore, as plants as well as animals are compoſed of a regular ſyſtem of organs, that the vegetable part of the creation is not entirely deprived of every quality which we are apt to think peculiar to animated beings? I mean not to inſinuate, that plants can perceive pleaſure or pain. But, as many of their motions and affections cannot be explained upon any principle of mechaniſm, I am inclined to think, that they originate from the power of irritability, which, though it implies not the perception of pleaſure and pain, is the principle that regulates all the vital or involuntary motions of animals. To aſcertain this point, would require a ſet of very nice experiments. I ſhall mention one, which might be performed with tolerable eaſe. It was formerly remarked, that plants kept in a hot-houſe, where the degree of heat is uniform, never fail to ſleep during the night. This is direct evidence, that heat alone is not the cauſe of their vigilance. But they are deprived of light. Let, therefore, a ſtrong artificial light, without increaſing the heat, be thrown upon them. If, notwithſtanding this light, the plants are not rouſed, but continue to ſleep as uſual, then it may be preſumed that their organs, like thoſe of animals, are not only irritable, but require the reparation of ſome invigorating influence which they have loſt while awake, by the agitations of the air and the ſun's rays, by the act of growing, or by ſome other latent cauſe.

It is almoſt unneceſſary, to mark the

the diſtinction between vegetables and minerals. The tranſition from the animal to the plant is effected by ſhades ſo imperceptible, as to elude the moſt acute obſervers. But, between the plant and the mineral, there is a vaſt chaſm in the chain of being, which may be the ſource of great diſcoveries. In bodies purely mineral, not a veſtige of organization, can be diſcovered. The fibrous ſtructure of the aſbeſtos has been regarded as an approach toward organization, and as the link which connects the mineral to the vegetable kingdom. But this is one of thoſe ſtrained analogies which are too often employed by theoretical writers. Though the aſbeſtos is compoſed of a kind of threads, or fibres, theſe fibres are not tubular; neither are they interwoven, like that regular tiſſue, or fabric, which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhes organized from brute matter. Of courſe, the magnitude of the aſbeſtos can only be increaſed by the appoſition of new matter, and not by any developement or expanſion of parts. But tho', in the mineral kingdom, Nature ceaſes to organize, ſhe continues to arrange.

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A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR—CONTAINING THE CHARACTERS OF MR. AND MISS TIMID—THEIR STEADY ADHERENCE TO TRUTH—AND ATTACHMENT TO TRUISMS.

The author of the following letter is ſo *very* a Trifler, that it would be from the purpoſe of my lucubrations not to admit his communication.

To the TRIFLER.

SIR,

YOU have in ſundry places and at divers times given us your grave opinion reſpecting company, converſation, and all that—and unqueſtionably you have a right to expect that we ſhould ſhow ſome viſible tokens and ſigns of having improved under your zealous and aſſiduous miniſtrations. You have in particular, Sir, cautioned us againſt the ſins of lying, fibbing, prevarication, and all kinds and degrees of mental reſervation, and I think that I can bring proof that your labours have not been in vain—and that in one place at leaſt you may depend upon a rich harveſt.—*Mr Perilous Timid* and *Miſs Timid* his ſiſter are my neighbours, and both readers of your paper, of which I have often heard them expreſs the warmeſt approbation—I know not whether the influence of your writings alone may have produced the effect I am about to mention, but I am certain that there are no two perſons in the kingdom more faithfully attached to truth in every word they ſpeak, than *Mr Timid* and his ſiſter.

They are indeed two of the beſt people in the world, and you may be in their company for a whole century without hearing a ſingle ſentence, part of a ſentence, word or ſyllable, that is not conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt principles of eternal and immutable truth. They deal indeed in nothing but axioms, ſelf-evident propoſitions, or *Truiſms* as they are called—And conſidering that they are by no means deficient in converſation, from habit or ſex, you muſt allow that I ſend you the characters of two very extraordinary people, in days of degeneracy like the preſent, when moſt men indeed ſtrive to outvie one another in lying, and when indeed we have kicked the orb of truth ſo much out of its due direction, that a lie is much more ſure of belief than a fact—or, as Hudibras expreſſes it,

The world is generally averſe
To all the truth it ſees and hears;

But

But ſwallows nonſenſe and a lie
With greedineſs and gluttony.

This is far, very far from being *Mr Timid*'s caſe; he never ſpeaks but upon ſure grounds, never preſumes but on undoubted authority—and ſhould you but tell him "It is fine weather," he had rather had it *ſo ſo* than raſhly agree with your propoſition—His converſation is made up of thoſe certainties which no man can deny, and thoſe aſſertions which it is impoſſible to contradict; a friend told told him the other day that his brother left town that morning; Mr Timid ſeemed to doubt, but that he might do nothing raſhly anſwered—"Well, if he went, he went"—and *Miſs Timid* afterwards ventured ſo far as to ſay that "ſhe *ſuppoſed* he was abroad, for he *certainly* was not at home."

There are, beſides what may caſually occur, certain pocket piſtols of converſation with this *ſure* Couple are ever *popping* at their friends—ſuch as "two and two make four, and there's an end to the matter,"——"*moſt* people die of ſome diſorder or another"——"there were ten in company *more or leſs*"—"well, if you won't ſtay, you won't ſtay"—"I ſhall do it if I can, but if I can't, I wont"—"Poſitively I will not eat a bit more; when one has dined, one has dined"—"If ſo, he muſt let it alone, for if he can't afford it, he can't afford it."

Once and only once I remember that *Mr Timid* launched on the broad ocean of politics, where the ſhoals, rocks and quickſands of lying are ſo many and ſo dangerous, that it muſt be accounted a miracle if one eſcapes without either giving or receiving ſome damage—*Mr Timid*, however, was aware of his danger, and ſteered with the ſkill of the beſt of pilots—The ſubject was the character of our preſent ſovereign, which was canvaſſed pro and con, as all things of that nature are—Mr Timid opened his mouth, to my utter aſtoniſhment, and ſaid that "Our King, he believed, was elector of Hanover."——The Prince of Wales was next our topic, and here *Miſs Timid*, emboldened by her brother's ſucceſs, hinted to us with tolerable firmneſs, that "he would be twenty eight next Birth-day."

Happy, thrice happy were it for mankind, if ſuch attention to the ſacred fountains of truth were general throughout the world—if all like *Mr Timid* and his ſiſter thus choſe the deepeſt foundations whereon to build their information, and the firmeſt ground to defend the cauſe of truth—Nay, ſo ſecure are they, that you cannot entrap them by a haſty queſtion—they are always cool and deliberate—give way to no ſudden and blind impulſes—an inſtance occurred the laſt week, which is ſo much to the credit of *Miſs Timid*, eſpecially as you will perceive that the matter was a matter of importance, that I cannot help recording it—A gentleman accoſted her, "So Miſs Timid, your brother's wife is brought to bed, what? is it a boy?"——Mark the cautious prudence of the anſwer—"No—Sir—*gueſs again*."

Thus, Mr Trifler, I have taken the trouble to *Cottrel** theſe two characters into your acquaintance—and I hope you will not think them unworthy to be propoſed as a pattern to the preſent race of daſhing converſation people, who really lie ſo faſt, that they reſemble nothing but a walking newſpaper. Far different, I am ſorry to ſay, is the practice of modern times, and I could give you two characters which might ſerve as an admirable contraſt to the two I now ſend you—but that I defer until I ſee

* Sir Clement Cottrel is maſter of Ceremonies at Court, and introduces the foreign ambaſſadors, &c.

whether

whether you print this—for as *Mr Timid*, would ſay "If you print it, you print it"—and I am,

Your very humble ſervant,

A SPORTSMAN.

P. S. You may recollect my hand—laſt year you had ſome oddities from me under the ſame——I ſhould ſay *above* the ſame ſignature—which it is not material to change; as *Miſs Timid* ſays, "a name is a name."

Mode of Managing Flax in Ireland.

FLAX is chiefly grown in Ireland by the cottagers, a poor induſtrious claſs of people, whoſe chief wealth conſiſts in a cow and a few acres of land, a part of which is always appropriated to the growth of the ſtaple article of their food, potatoes, which are cultivated in a very different manner to what they are in moſt parts of England, the land being ſeldom or never ploughed before it is planted with them; it is moſtly paſture land, and well dunged before they ſet the potatoes, which they manage in a way almoſt peculiar to themſelves, and which it is foreign to my preſent purpoſe to enumerate. The ſecond crop of this potatoe ground is commonly oats or flax; the part appropriated to flax is the ſtrongeſt and richeſt, being eſteemed a very impoveriſhing crop. It is firſt well-harrowed, and, where the ſoil is gravelly, all the ſtones are carefully raked and picked off; they ſow it in March and April, and, during its growth, are extremely attentive to keep it clean by frequent weeding.

When ripe, which depends upon the ſeaſon, ſoil, time of ſowing it, &c. it is pulled up by the roots, and tied in ſmall ſheaves; if ſuffered to ſtand abroad a-while in the fields, it is collected in what they call *ſtooks*, which are the ſame as *traves* in England; at other times it is carted away, almoſt immediately, and ſteeped. This is often done indiſcriminately in ſoft or hard water, in ponds or holes in their *bogs*, or in rivers or lakes. They moſtly lay heavy ſubſtances upon it, in order to keep it down, and prevent its being carried away by the current, ſuch as ſtones and ſods of turf.

After it has been ſteeped about two or three weeks, it is taken up and carried upon ſome incloſed ground, where cattle are excluded, and which is but bare of graſs, they then ſpread it very thinly and neatly in rows. As this is the *bleaching* proceſs, it is allowed to remain a longer or ſhorter time, according to the views of the proprietor, with reſpect to having white, or what they term *blay*, flax; but it moſtly requires to be expoſed thus better than a fortnight, in order to be thoroughly waſhed and cleanſed of its impurities. They generally turn it once or twice before it is removed off the field.

When they judge it ſufficiently bleached, they tie it up in bundles the firſt fine day that comes, and commit it to the next proceſs, *viz.* the drying.

This is moſtly done in the open air, for ſafety, by the ſides of banks and hedges. They make a fire of peat, which they call *turf*, and place a hurdle over it at the height of about four or five feet from the ground, on which the flax is laid in thin layers; it is frequently turned; and, when well dried, and as yet warm and criſp from the fire, they conſign it to another operation: this is termed *beetling*; which requiring to be done immediately after the drying, and being looked upon as a grand *gala*, a number of beetlers are collected, moſtly women, who borrow each others aſſiſtance upon this occaſion, which they return

in

in kind. It is performed upon large, flat, irregular ſtones, by taking a handful of the flax, and ſtriking it repeatedly with a round piece of wood, which is turned for the purpoſe, about 18 or 20 inches long, and ſix in circumference at the largeſt end, the other being ſmall to take in the hand. It reſembles an apothecary's marble peſtle, only upon a larger ſcale, and being of one entire piece. This is called a *beetle;* and when they think the reedy, or internal part, and rind, are ſufficiently ſeparated by beating, it is either laid up, or oftener delivered over to another order of aſſiſtants, to be *ſcutched;* the apparatus for which conſiſts of a piece of board four or five feet long, and eight or ten inches wide; this is inſerted at one end into a heavy piece of plank, and ſtands perpendicular upon its baſe. The upper end of this board is tapering and ſharpiſh, and left full at the ſides, which of courſe makes a hollowneſs in the middle. A handful of flax is placed over its end, and ſtruck frequently, edge ways, with a thin, long piece of wood, ſomewhat like a broad ſword, only wider: this is the *ſcutching* proceſs. This operation completely ſeparates its parts, and may be continued ſo as to give the flax a ſilky ſoftneſs and feel, by laying a ſmall portion over the end of the board at firſt, and gradually lengthening it as the *ſcutching* is accompliſhed.

The laſt operation it undergoes, previous to ſpinning and weaving, is heckling. This proceſs ſeparates the tow from the flax, and is performed by drawing it through a number of ſteel pins, finely poliſhed, tapering, and pointed, ſet into a ſquare piece of wood at different diſtances, and of different degrees of fineneſs. This being a nice operation, it is done by perſons regularly taught the art, the *hecklers*, who keep a number of different-ſized *heckles*, to produce coarſe or fine flax.

Other parts of the kingdom may, perhaps, vary a little from the method here deſcribed; yet I believe this to be more univerſally practiſed than any other, particularly among the more induſtrious and poor claſs of people. In many places, flax-mills are much uſed for the operations of *beetling* and *ſcutching*, which ſhorten the labour attending the method here deſcribed greatly; but theſe being expenſive, the country very populous, and labour extremely cheap, they are not ſo extenſively advantageous as they might be in ſituations deſtitute of the above-mentioned reſources.

The deſcription of theſe mills would be foreign to the deſign of my preſent paper, they curtailing the employment of the induſtrious poor, which it is my wiſh to promote as much as poſſible.—But, in order to convert this account to the greateſt public advantage, it is neceſſary that ſome other deſcribe faithfully and accurately the mode of manufacture moſt approved, on different parts of the Continent, Ruſſia, and America; in all which places it forms an extenſive article of commerce; that from theſe collected relations uſeful improvements may be made, by comparing notes, and drawing proper concluſions. The importance of this ſubject will be evident, when we reflect that flax is the material of the great ſtaple of the ſiſter kingdom, the linen manufacture; which article is in ſuch eſtimation all over Europe, as to be preferred at moſt of the foreign markets, both on account of its beauty and cheapneſs.

Being in French Flanders about two years ago, I ſaw conſiderable quantities of flax growing near Liſle, and in all the circumjacent country. The ſoil and mode of tillage ſeemed excellently calculated for it, and excited my curioſity to be minutely informed of the different ſtages of their ma-

management; but I could not collect ſuch an account as to make the relation ſatisfactory to myſelf or the public.

It may not be foreign to my preſent ſubject to remark, that though flax communicates ſomething of an extremely noxious or poiſonous quality to the water in which it is macerated, as I have been convinced by ſeeing conſtantly a number of dead fiſh floating on its ſurface when there unluckily happened to be any where it was ſteeped; whether this ariſes from any thing ſpecifically poiſonous in flax, or from the ſtrong putrid taint which the water acquires during the maceration, I cannot take upon me to decide; yet, notwithſtanding this, the ſeed is, perhaps, one of the moſt nutritious of any vegetable in uſe. They contain a large quantity of oil, which is uſed for many purpoſes in medicine as well as the arts; and, after the expreſſion of the oil in London, the *reſiduum* is made into thin flat cakes, and ſold at a conſiderable price, in order to fatten different animals, particularly oxen. At firſt they diſlike the oil-cakes very much, and will not feed: but by breaking them ſmall, and mixing a little chaff or oats with them, to entice them to eat, they ſoon become very fond of them. The fat commonly acquires a yellow rancidneſs, but it is ſcarcely diſcoverable by the flavour, particularly if their food be changed to hay and turnips, or ſomething elſe, a week or ten days before they are ſlaughtered. Hogs fatten quickly upon them, but the meat is ſo rancid and ſtrong as not to be marketable.

They ſeldom cultivate any flax in Ireland for ſeed, being ſupplied on better terms, annually, from America, than they could raiſe it themſelves; but, during the late war, they were neceſſitated to import it from Ruſſia, and different parts of the Baltic.

On Good Humour; by Mr Colman.

OF all the qualifications of the mind, which are not poſitive virtues, I do not know any that is more deſirable than Good Humour. No quality renders the poſſeſſor more eaſy and happy in himſelf, or recommends him more forcibly to other people. Virtue itſelf receives additional luſtre, abates the rigid ſeverity of its character, and takes its moſt raviſhing graces and embelliſhments from ſuch a diſpoſition; a diſpoſition ſo amiable in its nature, that even a man of looſe principles, when of ſo agreeable a turn, often conciliates to himſelf many friends and well-wiſhers. The men at leaſt allow that he is a pleaſant fellow, court his company, and account him no-body's enemy but his own; while the women call him a dear agreeable creature, and declare, that though, to be ſure, he is a wild devil, it is quite impoſſible to be angry with him.

It is hardly ſaying too much in favour of this quality, to aſſert that it is one of the firſt requiſites in ſociety; for though ſtrict honour and integrity are of more eſſential value in the grand purpoſes of human life; yet Good Humour, like ſmall money, is of more immediate uſe in the common commerce of the world. There is no ſituation in life, no engagement in buſineſs, or party of pleaſure, wherein it will not contribute to mitigate diſappointments, or heighten enjoyment. A huſband, friend, acquaintance, maſter or even ſervant, however faithful or affectionate, will occaſion many miſerable hours to himſelf, as well as to thoſe with whom he is connected, if his virtues are not ſeaſoned with Good Humour; and whether he is a partner for life, or a partner in a country-dance, an aſſociate in great and mighty undertakings, or a companion in a poſt-chaiſe, he ſhould, on every occaſion, cheriſh

and keep alive this agreeable diſpoſition.

Some perſons may almoſt be ſaid to be of a good-humoured complexion, and ſeem to be conſtitutionally endued with this amiable turn of mind: a bleſſing, for which they may thank heaven with the ſame kind of gratitude that he ought to feel, who experiences the comforts of being born in a delightful and temperate climate. My fellow-countrymen, I think, are many of them deficient in that airy pleaſantneſs, and chearful temper, that diſtinguiſhes this quality: and as our climate, while it anſwers all the purpoſes of uſe and plenty, yet ſeldom affords us blue ſkies, or tempts us to cool grots and purling ſtreams, to lie down on the damp graſs, or to thoſe other rural delights ſo often mentioned by the poets; ſo the Engliſh themſelves, though overflowing with humanity and benevolence, ſuffer clouds of gloomy thoughts to come over their minds, and, however they muſt be allowed to be *good natured*, are ſeldom remarkable for being *good humoured*. Yet this half-virtue is worth cultivation, as it beſtows new charms on that real one. Good Humour is the fair-weather of the ſoul, that calms the turbulent guſts of paſſion, and diffuſes a perpetual gladneſs and ſerenity over the heart; and he that finds his temper naturally inclined to break out into ſudden burſts of fretfulneſs and ill-humour, ſhould be as much upon his guard to repreſs the ſtorm, that is for ever beating in his mind, as to fence againſt the inclemencies of the ſeaſon. We are naturally attached even to animals that betray a ſoftneſs of diſpoſition. We are pleaſed with the aukward fondneſs and fidelity of a dog: Montaigne could diſcover agreeable muſick in the good humoured purring of his cat; and, though our modern grooms and jockies beſtow all their attention on make, colour, eyes, and feet, yet the beſt writers on horſemanſhip conſider a good temper as one of the beſt qualities in a horſe.

We ſhould be the more attentive to encourage and preſerve this pleaſing quality, becauſe many people loſe it by little and little in the progreſs of their lives. The thoughts of intereſt frequently prove a growing ruſt and canker in the mind; and the many troubles and embaraſſments attending worldly purſuits often ſour the temper, and entirely deſtroy the ſpirit of chearfulneſs and Good Humour that prevailed in the artleſs and undeſigning ſeaſon of our youth. I do not know a more diſagreeable companion, than a man, who, having ſet out in life with vaſt and vain hopes of advancement, together with a mighty conſciouſneſs of his own merit, has not been able to ſuſtain the ſhock of diſappointment, but has permitted his misfortunes to embitter his diſpoſition. Such a man overflows with gall on every occaſion, and diſcharges the ſpleen that riſes within him on all his fellow-creatures. He diſturbs the peace of the family to which he belongs, and poiſons the happineſs of every company to which he is admitted. But the diſquiet that he brings with him, wherever he comes, is nothing but an evidence of his own miſery and weakneſs of ſoul. How much more is he to be imitated, who meets the ſtrokes of fortune with an even temper, who ſuffers neither reproach nor diſtreſs to ruffle his Good Humour, and is, as Hamlet deſcribes his friend, "As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing!" Life is like a game at backgammon; and if an unlucky throw comes, we muſt make the beſt of it, and play on without grumbling at our ill luck: but who would venture to ſit down to the table with a man who could not bear an adverſe caſt without turning over the board in a fury, and throwing the dice-box at the head of his companion? The character

racter of Sir Thomas More, though peculiarly illuſtrious for unſhaken integrity, was in no inſtance more winning and amiable than in true pleaſantry and Good Humour. His chearful behaviour on the ſcaffold, and in every particular relative to his death, is familiar to all; but there is no circumſtance in which the evenneſs of his mind is more truly delineated, than in his behaviour to his family on his reſignation of the Chancellorſhip. The way in which he diſcovered it to his wife beſpoke the moſt genuine Good Humour. When he went out of church, it was always uſual for ſome of his officers to go to his lady and acquaint her of his departure: but the Sunday after his reſignation, he went himſelf up to her pew, and, bowing, gravely ſaid, "*Madam, My Lord is gone.*" She, who was accuſtomed to the facetiouſneſs of his manner, did not immediately comprehend his meaning; but on his explaining the matter to her, as they went home, ſhe began to upbraid him for his ſhameful inattention to his intereſt; upon which, without being at all diſconcerted by this conjugal lecture, he took occaſion to turn the diſcourſe, by finding fault with ſome part of her dreſs.—This abſolute command of temper, and pleaſant vein, is ſurely to be envied; and he who ſees the goods of fortune fall from him, not only without ſhaking his fortitude, but alſo without abating the gaiety of his heart, may fairly be ſaid to poſſeſs an uncommon ſhare of Good Humour.

SURLY is a man of eaſy fortune, humane and benevolent in his nature, and, as Dogberry ſay, "honeſt as the ſkin between his brows;" but he has contracted a kind of habitual peeviſhneſs, and every common occaſion of life affords him matter of offence. The inſtant he riſes in the morning he is diſquieted with the appearance of the weather, and pours forth execrations on the climate; and when he ſits down to breakfaſt, the water is ſmoaked, the butter rank, the bread heavy, the news-paper dull and inſipid, and his ſervant ſulky or impertinent; yet all the while, he has no malice in his mind, and means no harm to any creature in the world. He has a thouſand good qualities, which the quickneſs of his temper converts into petulance and ill-humour. He is a great lover of wit, but cannot bear the leaſt piece of pleaſantry on himſelf: and the moſt innocent jeſt touches him to the quick. He will beſtow twenty pounds in an act of charity, or do the kindeſt offices to ſerve an acquaintance in diſtreſs, and the next moment quarrel with his friend for diſturbing his reflection by humming an opera tune. Thus Surly lives, much eſteemed, and little beloved; and though every body thinks well of him, there are very few that care to cultivate his acquaintance.

But if the want of good humour is ſo conſpicuous in a man, of how many charms does it deprive one of the other ſex! ſoftneſs is their diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic; but though, like milk, they are naturally ſmooth, yet, like milk, they create particular diſguſt when they turn ſour. No female character is more offenſive than a ſhrew, and the impolite ſpirit of the Engliſh law has provided very rough treatment for termagants, and prepared the ſevereſt diſcipline for the cure of a ſcold. The greateſt reproach on an old maid, that character ſo much dreaded and ridiculed in the female world, is her ill-humour; and croſſneſs is the worſt part of a prude. On the contrary, Good Humour, like the Ceſtus, encircles the fair one with new beauties, and is an antidote to the ravages of age and the ſmall pox. It is the beſt part of the portion with a virtuous wife, and a moſt amiable feature in the face of a queen.

Among our own ſex there is no race of men more apt to indulge a ſpirit of acrimony, and to remit their natural Good Humour, than authors. They come abroad, indeed, with a conſummate ſelf-ſatisfaction and delight; but the leaſt ſhock given to their vanity taints the mind, and converts all their pleaſantry to rancour. The flame of emulation often kindles into envy, and theſe mettleſome gentlemen preſs ſo furiouſly onward to the goal of fame, that they are ſometimes driven to the neceſſity of joſtling one another in the courſe. For my part, I would rather chuſe to conſider myſelf as on a journey than in a race; and ſurely it is better and pleaſanter to jog on in an eaſy trot, regardleſs who is left behind, or who is gone before, than to whip and ſpur a jaded genius, and, in the heat of furious ſpleen and blind rage, to be carried, perhaps on the wrong ſide of the poſt.

Good Humour is the happieſt ſtate of mind for a writer, as well as for every other man. Why ſhould an author ſuffer every hornet of the preſs to ruffle his temper, or dip his pen in gall, and prepare wormwood draughts to ſweeten the ill-blood of a contemporary? He that cauſeleſsly and malignantly traduces another, writes a libel on himſelf; as the highwayman, who makes an attack upon the road, is, in fact, a greater enemy to himſelf than to the harmleſs traveller: ſuch a poor wretch, we know, as well as the reſt of the gang, will be brought to juſtice ſooner or later, but nobody cares to have their deaths lie at his own door.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

NIGHT, an ELEGY.

WHEN balmy ſlumbers ſoothe the careful mind,
And duſky night extends her ſilent reign;
Oft in ſome ſolemn haunt I refuge find,
And dedicate to her the youthful ſtrain.

No murmur now the liſt'ning ear invades,
But ſtillneſs reigns in every diſtant grove;
Save where embower'd in darkneſs and in ſhades,
Lone Philomela charms the ſwain in love:

Save where the torrent from ſome lofty ſteep,
Pours down impetuous in the gulf below;
Or where the gentler rill is heard to weep,
'Mong plaintive willows on its banks that grow:

Save where the lonely owl in dreary ſtrains
From ſome old blaſted oak, or ruin'd tow'r,
To yon pale glimm'ring orb of night complains,
If ſtrangers wander near her ſecret bow'r.

This is the ſolemn hour for reſt aſſign'd,
When wearied mortals ſeek to find repoſe——
Ah hardly granted to the troubled mind,
Which groans beneath the preſſure of its woes!

Or when his conſcience wounds the ſinner's breaſt,
And ſtrikes its arrows thro' his trembling heart,
In vain he hopes on beds of down to reſt,
Or eaſe the poignant feelings of the ſmart.

Nor him, who longing for the morning light,

Lies

Lies toſſing to and fro with pale diſeaſe,
Does ſoft repoſe or balmy ſleep invite,
Or ought the raging of his pain appeaſe.

Of this unmindful all the ſons of vice,
Their riots to the midnight hour purſue;
And ſtill the wretches in the thought rejoice,
That theſe their ways are hid from mortal view.

Yet let them know, that he who dwells on high,
Sees all their paths as with meridian light;
And theſe bright orbs that deck th' expanded ſky,
Behold and witneſs all their deeds by night.

But ye who love, when ſacred ſilence reigns,
With devious ſteps to range the mountain's ſide:
Or muſing wander o'er the verdant plains,
Where chryſtal rills with eaſy murmurs glide;

Like you, at ſilent evening hour I love,
In theſe lone walks to court the ſacred muſe;
Or read the volumes of the ſky above,
And careful ev'ry ample page peruſe.

How grand the proſpect, how ſublime the ſcene,
Which Night unfolds to the obſerver's eye!
How vaſt the diſtance theſe bright ſuns between,
How great their ſplendors, and their ſpheres how high!

Theſe all their great creator's will obey,
And praiſe him as at midnight hour they ſhine;
All in their ample rounds his pow'r diſplay,
And ſhew the hand that made them is divine.

G. Reid.

For the Aberdeen Magazine.

A DUETTO.

SWEET Belinda, come and ſing
Raptures of the charming ſpring,
Fields and woodlands now proclaim
Flora come with all her train;
Sing the beauties of the field,
Sing the comforts which they yield,
Sing them ſweetly, ſing them true,
For I know, you love them too!
No—the muſes won't agree,
Calliope frowns on me.
Blooming meads, and purling ſtreams,
Cou'd I but command the ſtrains,
Shou'd my theme with pleaſure be,
But the art's deny'd to me.
Let me all their ſweets admire,
Tho' I want Apollo's lyre.
See the herds now friſk and play,
Nature keeps a holiday,
Ev'ry animal and flow'r
Panted for the happy hour.
Why ſhou'd man alone be ſad?
Since for joy he was made,
Time is fleeting, beauty vain,
Look with pity on your ſwain.
Pan exulting chears the fields,
While he all his magic yields.
Boreas is fled away;
All his retinue is gay.
Diana with a graceful mien,
Queen of woods, and vallies green,
Long before the dawn of day,
Calls the ſportſmen, hark away!
When the lawn is ſpread anew
With the cobweb of the dew,
When the birds begin to rove,
From their ſhelter in the grove,
When the Partridge here and there,
Chirps a good morning to his fair,
That's the ſcene, which I admire,

Na-

Nature rouſes all her fire.
Woods and thickets grant to me,
Rivers winding to the ſea,
Gravel walks and ſhrubberies;
Laurel bowers for ſummers breeze,
Diſtant views of rugged rocks,
Yonder ſcatter'd bleating flocks,
Theſe upon my fancy play
All this ſeaſon night and day.
Fancy paints a thouſand charms,
Glad imagination warms,
When I dream of Venus grove,
Where I was wont to whiſper love.
Ev'ry tree ſeems void of grace,
Ev'ry flow'r conceal its ce,
Nought is lovely, kind or true,
While I am depriv'd of you.
Witneſs of my power to be,
I ſubmit and come to thee.
Ev'ry vacant ſultry hour
Shall add violets to the bower,
Where our happy minutes paſs,
Muſing o'er the dewy graſs,
Since for me you long to woo,
Beauties, which I will purſue.

March 17th 1790. } REGULUS.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The Lamentation, a City Paſtoral.

CEASE, ceaſe now to peſter my ears,
Ye ſwains who have carol'd ſo ſo long,
Give a look to my cheeks wet with tears,
And attend to the theme of my ſong.

For a ditty ſo ſober and ſad,
So full of complainings and woe,
Was never be-rhym'd by a lad,
What a pity it e'en ſhould be ſo?

I know not what to do or to ſay,
Of this theme is my boſom ſo full,
Ah gone is the mirth of my lay,
And my brains, ſpite of ſcratching, are dull.

Of myſelf that I careleſs am grown,
You may ſee by my negligent air,
To my breaſt is the roſe knot unknown,
Nor bind I with garlands my hair.

My viſage ſo wan and ſo thin,
Is a ſpectre quite frightful to view,
And the down is ſo long on my chin,
That to ſtrangers I ſeem as a Jew.

No ruffles I wear at my ſleeve,
To my head I oft powder refuſe;
And more, what you'll ſcarcely believe,
Both my buckles go looſe in my ſhoes.

In the morning I murmur and weep,
Thro' the day I ſtill ſigh and adore,
When ev'ning arrives I muſt ſleep;
When I ſleep I do nothing but ſnore.

What a picture is this I preſent,
Yet it ſhews you not half what I feel,
For could all my ſorrows find vent,
From my howling with horror you'd reel.

Will no doctor preſcribe me a cure,
Can no healing balm be found out,
Yes, ſome with a clyſter would lure,
But ſtill of its virtue I doubt.

What bolus can rid me of pain?
Have ye found the Philoſophers ſtone?
Without it all efforts are vain,
Nor e'er can I ceaſe to bemoan.

Oh wretched the life that I live,
I am told by the ſwains of the town,
From the grave if I wiſh a reprieve,
That in punch I my ſorrows ſhould drown.

They ſay 'tis a liquor they love,
'Tis the Lethe ſo fabled of yore,
That

That all my complaints 'twill remove,
And I ſhall be briſk as before.

But alas what they ſay is not truth,
For they with each morning return,
What a pity ſo handſome a youth,
Should always be ſuffer'd to mourn!

Since fate is not like to relent,
'Tis more than one mortal can bear,
Lend me aid, for I fear I ſhall faint,
Ah look how I ſink on this chair.

Sing my dirge, each fair blooming maid,
Ye youths join the chorus of woe,
In the grave ſee my winding ſheet laid,
But I chuſe not that I ſhould be ſo.

J. I.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The Laſs on Neſs's Side.

KIND nature ſends the blooming ſpring,
In all its ſweets array'd,
And prompts the nymphs and ſwains to ſing
In ev'ry verdant ſhade.
With vocal notes reſound the ſpray,
That ſeem my ſloth to chide;
And loudly claim a votive lay,
To her on Neſs's ſide.

The lovely jet all graceful flows,
Adown her ſnow white breaſt;
White modeſty adorns thoſe brows,
Whereon the graces reſt.
The roſes and the lillies mixt,
Shew me where love reſide,
And tell me that my heart is fix'd,
To her on Neſs's ſide.

Recurring thought brings back the paſt,
But palls my preſent joy,
O youthful ſcenes, could ye not laſt;
Nor now my peace deſtroy,
For while from her by fate I'm torn,
No bliſs can me betide,
And ſad and lonely oft I mourn,
For her on Neſs's ſide.

When laſt I ſaw my native plains,
And Betſy's lovely charms,
I had no cares, I had no pains,
When ſhe was in my arms.
Theſe happy days too quickly flew,
I could not there abide;
I claſp'd the maid and ſigh'd adieu,
To her and Neſs's ſide.

But fancy yet points at the time,
O might it real prove,
When I again may view the clime,
Where dwells the maid I love.
With eager haſte I'd ſpeed my flight;
From all the world beſide,
And quickly tow'r each mountain's height,
'Twixt me and Neſs's ſide.

HYMN
TO THE GENIUS OF ODOURS.

BY BOCAREZ,

The famous Arabian Poet.

Tranſlated by the celebrated

Sir WILLIAM JONES.

WHAT muſky grove can now confine
Thy burniſh'd treſſes' ſilver twine,
While breathing beauty fills the vale,
And Mirza's kiſſes greet the gale?
Soft pow'r of ſweetneſs! ſhe ſhall tear
Freſh ſpices from thy hanging hair;
Her ruby lip the odour breathes
Of Laro's choiceſt caſſia wreaths.

Soft pow'r of ſweetneſs, hither blow!
Mix with my goblet's purple glow;
So ſhall the liquid breezes bear,
To Raphe's tomb, a lover's care;
Thy ſcented hand the garland bind,

To

To deck Somara's ſilken wind,
Which dares to reſt on Mirza's cheek,
When firſt its morning bluſhes break.

But do not touch theſe piercing eyes,
Whence unrelenting lightning flies,
For ah! 'midſt thoſe deſtructive fires
The bird of Araby expires;
Amidſt thoſe fires again revives,
And, lo! a new-born phœnix lives,
To ſeek thy bleſt ſalubrious throne,
And paſs a rapt'rous age alone.

Soft pow'r of ſweetneſs! Mirza's breaſt
Shall bring thy balmy pinions reſt;
Nor always ſhall it flutt'ring go,
But ſtop where Love's young lilies blow.
Yield to deſire—O! quit reſtraint,
In life's delicious Eden faint,
While Aloey fans the gales employ,
And odours heighten Nature's joy.

Bliſs to the wild unconquer'd bands,
Who dwell on Arab's deſart ſands!
Who nobly ſeize, in gallant train,
Baſſora's merchant on the plain:
May loaded camels ſwell their ſtore,
And ſparkled gems, and valued ore!
For wealth Bocarez ne'er ſhall rove,
The plunder that he ſeeks—is Love.

Fair Selma walks the citron brake,
When tuneful nightingales awake;
She moves, a roſe in all its charms,
To win the warblers to her arms;
They come amidſt her locks to hide,
Or ſeek her beauty's central pride;
They taſte her fragrant breath, which pours
An amb'ry fountain's lucid ſtores.

Rich Ethiop myrrh Taloza bears,
And fondly ſcents the roving airs;
Which bow in homage to the beam
That yonder violet tinctur'd ſtream
Steals from the moon, as ſlow ſhe glides
Her pearly bark acroſs the tides,
Which fill the blue expanſe of Heaven,
In many a ſhining current driven.

Taloza's ſmiles are all deceit,
And Selma ſhows fictitious heat;
But Mirza is thy full-veil'd bride,
Sultana dear! and Odour's pride:
Whene'er ſhe comes the grove to tread,
The bluſhing Loria lifts it head,
The Mirbo's gauzy leaves unfold,
And fragrant Ancoz drops its gold.

Soft pow'r of Sweetneſs! tell my fair
The fierce conſuming flame I bear
Euphrates' waves could ne'er controul,
With all its full impetuous roll,
Faithful in Love, is ſtill my boaſt,
To love, of humankind, the moſt,
My wiſh a Houri's kiſs to try—
I live but on the hope to die.

SONNET.

To Mr. HOWARD.

[Written before his Death.]

ON ſullen wings, with poiſons underneath,
That pour their baleful venom thro' the ſky,
Dark on the South the peſtilences fly,
Taint the pure blood, and fire the wholeſome breath.

Who ſhall the deadly darts of vengeance ſheath?
What healing balm the antidote ſupply?
When direful pangs but leave the hope—to die,
What hand brings eaſe, and ſtays the ſpotted death?

Thine, Howard, thine! O fount of pious love!
O ſoul exalted! at thy voice divine
Peace turns again, and, like the wandering dove,
Seeks with glad wing her late-abandon'd ſhrine;
Then joins with Health, her gratitude to prove,
And round thy brows the deathleſs laurels twine.

THE

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THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

JOHN ELWES, Eſq.

(Continued from page 163.)

MR. Elwes had come to town in his uſual way—and taken up his abode in one of his houſes that were empty. Colonel Timms, who wiſhed much to ſee him, by ſome accident was informed that his uncle was in London, but then how to find him was the difficulty. He enquired at all the uſual places where it was probable he might be heard of: he went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker—to the Mount coffee houſe—but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterwards, however, he learnt from a perſon whom he met accidentally, that they had ſeen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited houſe in Great Marlborough ſtreet. This was ſome clue to colonel Timms; and away he went thither. As the beſt mode of information, he got hold of a chairman—but no intelligence could he gain of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then deſcribed his perſon—but no ſuch gentleman had been ſeen. A pot-boy, however, recollected that he had ſeen a poor old man opening the door of the ſtable, and locking it after him: and from every deſcription it agreed with the perſon of old Mr. Elwes. Of courſe colonel Timms went to the houſe: he knocked very loudly at the door—but no one anſwered. Some of the neighbours ſaid they had ſeen ſuch a man, but no anſwer could be obtained from the houſe. On this added information, however, colonel Timms reſolved to have the ſtable-door opened, and a blackſmith was ſent for—and they entered the houſe together. In the lower parts of it all was ſhut and ſilent. On aſcending the ſtaircaſe, however, they heard the moans of a perſon ſeemingly in diſtreſs. They went to the chamber, and there, upon an old pallet bed, lay ſtretched out—ſeemingly in death—*the figure of old* Mr. Elwes. For ſome time he ſeemed inſenſible that

any body was near him—but, on ſome cordials being adminiſtered by a neighbouring apothecary who was ſent for, he recovered enough to ſay—"*that he had, he believed, been ill for two if not for three days—and that there was an old woman in the houſe, but for ſome reaſon or other ſhe had not been near him. That ſhe had been ill herſelf—but that ſhe had got well, he ſuppoſed, and gone away.*"

On repairing to the garrets they found the old woman—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—ſtretched out lifeleſs on a rug upon the floor! To all appearance ſhe had been dead about two days.

Thus died the ſervant—and thus would have died—but for the providential diſcovery of him, by col. Timms—old Mr. Elwes, her maſter! And let politicians hold forth, after this, on the bleſſings of a "*land of plenty.*" Let moraliſts reaſon on the proper uſes of wealth—and here ſhall they view an exiſting example which ſhall baffle all their theory. A mother, in Mrs. Meggot, who, poſſeſſing *one hundred thouſand pounds*—ſtarves herſelf to death—and her ſon, who certainly was then worth *half a million*—nearly dying in his own houſe for *want!*

With all his penury, Mr. Elwes was not a hard landlord, and his tenants lived eaſily under him. If they wanted any repairs, however, they were always at liberty to do it for themſelves—for what may be ſtyled the *comforts of a houſe* were unknown to him. And what he allowed not to himſelf, it would ſcarcely be expected he would give to others.

Mr. Elwes had now reſided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when the conteſt for Berkſhire preſented itſelf on the diſſolution of the parliament: and when to preſerve the peace of that county, *he* was nominated by lord Craven.

Mr. Elwes, though he had retired from public buſineſs for ſome years, had ſtill left about him ſome of the ſeeds of more active life—and he agreed to the propoſal. It came farther enchanced to him by the agreement that he was to be brought in by the freeholders for nothing: I believe all he did was dining at the ordinary, at Reading—and he got into parliament for—*eighteen pence!*

On being elected member for Berkſhire, he left Suffolk, and went again to his ſeat at Marcham. His fox-hounds he carried along with him; but finding his time would, in all probability, be much employed, he reſolved to relinquiſh his hounds: and they were ſhortly after given away to ſome farmers in that neighbourhood.

Though a *new man*, Mr. Elwes could not be called a *young member*, for he was at this time nearly ſixty years old, when he thus entered on public life. But he was in poſſeſſion of all his activity, and preparatory to his appearance on the boards of St. Stephen's Chapel, he uſed to attend conſtantly, during the races and other public meetings, all the great towns where his voters reſided. At the different aſſemblies he would dance amongſt the youngeſt, to the laſt—after riding over on horſeback, and frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting.

A gentleman who was one night ſtanding by—obſerved on the extraordinary agility of ſo old a man. "*O! that is nothing*—replied another—*for* Mr. Elwes *to do this, rode twenty miles in the rain—with his ſhoes ſtuck into his* boots, *and his* bag-wig *in his* pocket."

Through every period of his life, it was a prevalent feature in his character to be thought poor: that he could not afford to live as other people did; and that the reports of his

his being rich were entirely erroneous.

To theſe ideas he thought he gave ſtrength, by having no ſervants, nor any of the "outward and viſible ſigns" of wealth: and he had perſuaded himſelf, that the public would really think he had no money, becauſe he made no uſe of any.

Mr. Elwes was firſt choſen to repreſent the county of Berks, in the year 1774—and he was brought in, in the way he beſt liked—at no expence. His brother member was Chriſtopher Griffith, eſq. who died in the year 1778, and he was ſucceeded by Winchcombe Henry Hartley, eſq. who was re-elected with Mr. Elwes at the general election in the year 1780.

The honour of parliament made no alteration in the dreſs of Mr. Elwes: on the contrary, it ſeemed at this time to have attained additional meanneſs—and nearly to have reached that happy climax of poverty, which has, more than once, drawn on him the compaſſion of thoſe who paſſed by him in the ſtreet.

For the ſpeaker's dinners, however, he had one ſuit—with which the ſpeaker, in the courſe of the ſeſſion, became very familiar. The miniſter, likewiſe, was well acquainted with it—and at any dinner of *oppoſition*, ſtill was his apparel the ſame. The wits of the *minority* uſed to ſay, "that they had full as much reaſon as the miniſter to be ſatisfied with Mr. Elwes—as he had the *ſame habit* with every body."

Old Mr. Elwes ſtill went on in his ſupport of lord North, and the madneſs of his American war, conducted as he conducted it, till the country grew tired of his adminiſtration. But the ſupport given by Mr. Elwes was of the moſt diſintereſted kind, for no man was more materially a ſufferer. The great property which he had in houſes, and thoſe chiefly amongſt the new buildings of Marybone, was much injured by the continuance of the war; and as no ſmall proof of it, he had juſt then ſupplied the money to build a creſcent, at the end of Quebec-ſtreet, Portman-ſquare, where he expended certainly not leſs than ſeven or eight thouſand pounds, and which, from the want of inhabitants at that time, was never finiſhed. It has ſince fallen to Mr. Baker the ground landlord, who will, doubtleſs, make the money which Mr. Elwes loſt.

Convinced at length of the ill-conduct of lord North, Mr Elwes entered into a regular and ſyſtematic oppoſition to his meaſures with the party of Mr. Fox, in which he continued till lord North was driven from power, in March 1782. While the party were exulting in the ſcramble for places, and the diviſion of the loaves and fiſhes—Mr. Elwes, with nothing to hope and nothing to fear, ſtood by, with that honeſt indifference which characterizes a man who looks not to *men* but to *meaſures*, and who votes only as his conſcience bids him.

The debates at this period were very long and intereſting, and generally continued till a late hour in the morning. Mr. Elwes, who never left any company, public or private, the firſt, always ſtayed out the whole debate. After the diviſion, Mr. Elwes, without a great coat, would immediately go out of the houſe of commons into the cold air, and, merely to ſave the expence of a hackney coach, walk to the Mount coffee-houſe. Sir Joſeph Mawbey, and Mr. Wood of Littleton, who went the ſame way as Mr. Elwes did, often propoſed a hackney coach to him, but the reply always was, "he liked nothing ſo much as walking." However, when *their* hackney-coach uſed to overtake him, he

had no objection to coming in to them, knowing that they must pay the fare. This circumstance happened so often, that they used to smile at this act of small cunning, and indulge him in it.

But as the satisfaction of being conveyed home for nothing did not always happen, on those nights when it did not, Mr Elwes invariably continued his plan of walking. A circumstance happened to him on one of these evenings, which gave him a whimsical opportunity of displaying that disregard of his own person which I have before noticed. The night was very dark, and hurrying along he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, which he did not see, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance: but colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, in Orchard street, insisted upon some one being sent for. Old Elwes at length submitted, and an apothecary was called in, who immediately began to expatiate on "the bad consequences of breaking the skin—the good fortune of his being sent for—and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound" "Very probable," said old Elwes, "but, Mr.——, I have one thing to say to you——In my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement: I will take one *leg*, and you shall take the *other;* you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that *my leg* gets well the first."

I have frequently heard him mention, with great triumph, that he *beat* the apothecary by a *fortnight!*

All this time the income of Mr. Elwes was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing; for the little pleasures he had once engaged in, he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one old servant and a couple of horses; he resided with his nephew; his two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after his respective estates; and his dress certainly was no expence to him; for, had not other people been more careful than himself, he would not have had it even mended.

When he left London he went on horseback to his country seats, with his couple of *hard eggs*, and without once stopping upon the road at any house. He always took the most unfrequented road—but Marcham was the seat he now chiefly visited; which had some reason to be flattered with the preference, as his journey into Suffolk cost him only *two pence halfpenny*, while that into Berkshire amounted to *four pence!*

When Mr. Elwes thought he had got into the house of commons for nothing, he had not taken into the account the *inside* of the house—the *outside* only had entered into his calculation. In a short time, therefore, he found out, that *members* of *parliament* could want money, and he had the misfortune to know *one member* who was inclined to lend them. Perhaps a fate ordained this retribution, and designed that *thus only*, some of the enormous wealth of Mr. Elwes should escape from his grasp. Be this as it may, there does however exist a *pile of bad debts* and *uncancelled bonds*, which, could they be laid on the table of the *house* of *commons*, would strike dumb some orators on both sides of the house.

In the survey of these *monied memorials* it would seem, as if some members had thought they were only franking a letter, or considered these bonds as a COVER *to go free.*

Time, which conquers all things, conquered this passion of lending in Mr. Elwes, and an unfortunate proposal which was made to him, of

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veſting *twenty-five thouſand pounds* in ſome *iron works* in America, gave, at laſt, a fatal blow to his various ſpeculations. The plan had been ſo plauſibly laid before him, that he had not a doubt of its ſucceſs; but he had the diſappointment never to hear more either of his *iron* or his *gold*.

From this period he began to think that the FUNDS were full as ſafe as *iron works* or *members* of *parliament*, and from that time he veſted his money in thoſe ſecurities.

I have heard him ſay, that three conteſted elections would not have coſt him more than he loſt by his *brother repreſentatives*. In the year 1780, another member threatened him with a calamity not leſs likely to be afflictive. His neighbour, at that time, in Welbeck-ſtreet, lord George Gordon, gave him a proſpect of diminiſhing his income upon houſes—and as Mr. Elwes was his own inſurer, he paſſed his time very pleaſantly during the fires. On a houſe adjoining to that where Mr. Elwes lived, being ſet on fire, lord George Gordon offered, very civilly, to take the furniture of Mr. Elwes into his own houſe, by way of ſecuring it. But Mr. Elwes, full as civilly, replied—"*he was much obliged to his lordſhip, but if he would give him leave, he would take his chance.*"

On the diſmiſſion of lord North, Mr. Elwes was left in the party of Mr. Fox—though he could not properly be ſaid to belong to any ſet of men, for he had the very ſingular quality of not determining how he ſhould vote, before he heard what was ſaid on the ſubject. On this account he was not reckoned an acquiſition by either ſide; and, it is but juſtice to ſay, he was perfectly indifferent to the opinions of both.

Mr. Elwes, having voted againſt the marquis of Lanſdowne, as a miniſter, went forward to aſſiſt with his vote the coalition.

With this coalition ended the *parliamentary life* of Mr. Elwes, who had continued firm in ſupport of it, and which was almoſt the only line of conduct he ever did ſupport in parliament for any length of time. The character, however, which Mr. Elwes had long borne in Berkſhire for integrity, might have made a re-election not improbable, notwithſtanding the rage which had gone forth againſt all the abettors of the coalition and its principles. But here the private principles of Mr. Elwes ſtepped in, and prevented all thoughts of a conteſted election. Such a thing would have been ſo contrary to the ſaving features and very countenance of his character, that he would have died at the firſt election dinner. The uſual parade of *colours* and *cockades* would have been to him a *death warrant*, and *open-houſes* at his expence *immediate execution*.

Thus voluntarily, and without offer of reſiſtance, he retired from parliamentary life, and even took no leave of his conſtituents by an advertiſement.

The model which Mr. Elwes left to future members, may, perhaps, be looked on rather as a work to wonder at, than to follow. The conſtituent becoming corrupt, renders the repreſentative ſo of courſe. Where people will ſell, buyers only can have goods, and the people will have themſelves only to blame, when what is bought is again ſold.

Mr. Elwes came into parliament without expence, and he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our conſtitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to ſell—and he went forward in that ſtraight and direct path, which can alone ſatisfy a reflecting mind.

In one word, Mr. Elwes, as a public man, voted and acted in the houſe of commons as a man would do,

do, who felt there were people to live after him—who wiſhed to deliver unmortgaged to his children the public eſtate of government, and who felt, that if he ſuffered himſelf to become a penſioner on it, he thus far embarraſſed his poſterity, and injured the inheritance.

Mentioning to me ſome years after his retirement, his opinion of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, he had this ſentiment, always keeping true to the gold colour of his character—"when I *ſtarted in* parliament, *Mr.* Pitt *had not come into public life: but I am convinced he is the* miniſter *for the property of the country. In all he ſays, there is* pounds, ſhillings, *and* pence."

By ſome it was ſuſpected that the duke of Portland had promiſed to do ſomething for the younger ſon of Mr. Elwes, who was then a cornet in the ſecond troop of horſe-guards. But I can ſafely clear him from this imputed attention to his ſon. There was nothing he thought leſs about than a public life for him. He was againſt his ever purchaſing into the guards—and only wiſhed him to remain quietly a kind of ſteward for him in the country.—Nay, ſo ſtrong was his averſion to the act—that when this ſon, the preſent John Elwes, eſq. was firſt introduced to the corps, and when lord Robert Bertie who was then colonel, finding he was about to have the ſon of his former friend under him, deſired to ſee Mr. Elwes—it was with the greateſt difficulty he could be brought to the interview.—Not all the ſcenes of former aſſociation, where they had ſo often met together, when the heart is young, and the imagination runs wild:—when even diſſipation affords more laſting cauſe for remembrance, and life is renewed again by memory—not all theſe could bring Mr. Elwes to an interview with any pleaſure. The truth was, that in the actual poſſeſſion of perhaps *ſeven hundred thouſand pounds*, he was now living upon *fifty pounds a year*, and he did not wiſh his ſon to know he had lived otherwiſe.

[To be continued.]

On Slander; by Mr Colman.

SLANDER is an elegant and refined art, which has been brought to ſuch a wonderful perfection, that it is not only univerſally practiſed, and thoroughly underſtood, but is become the ſoul of polite converſation, and one of the moſt agreeable amuſements of private life. Formerly, an infant lie, fearful of detection, and almoſt aſhamed to ſhew itſelf in public, made its way but ſlowly in the world; but now, the groſſeſt falſehood comes abroad with the utmoſt confidence, and peremptorily challenges our notice and attention. Not content with a general aſſertion of any fact, it delights to be minute and circumſtantial; enters into particulars, tells you the manner how, the time when, the place where, and gives the names of all the parties concerned. Such a report having gone round to every coffee-houſe, and got into every private family, having been univerſally told, and almoſt as univerſally credited, comes at laſt to the ears of the perſons who have been the unconſcious ſubjects of it. Then the whole ſtory proves entirely groundleſs; but they whoſe reputation has been thus ſported with, have no remedy except the conſciouſneſs of their own integrity, unleſs they chuſe to make a genteel retaliation on their next neighbour, or to encounter with the air. It might be deemed too ſevere an act of cenſorial authority, to diſcountenance ſo polite an entertainment, and might, perhaps, put ſome of the beſt company to ſilence. Yet, ſince it is but

but of late that ſlander has, at its very birth, come forth (like Pallas from the head of Jupiter) armed at all points, hedged round with circumſtance, and lackered over with probability; it may not be incurious to inquire, who are thoſe active miniſters of falſehood, that ſet it ſo firmly on its legs, and bring it ſo early to maturity? I ſhall therefore dedicate the preſent paper to the deſcription of two of theſe ingenious characters, each of which rough drafts, the reader, who is at all converſant with the world, will, I am ſure, be able to apply to more than one original.

Lady Jacyntha Scandal is a woman of the firſt faſhion, and her houſe is the daily reſort of the firſt company. Her reputation, it is true, is not quite unſtained; but the blemiſhes of her character, like the ſpots in the ſun, are overcome by the ſplendour of her quality. By the force of a genteel malice and pleaſant ill-nature, together with an happy aſſurance that enables her to throw off the reſerve of her ſex, ſhe is univerſally acknowledged to be a wit. The ſmartneſs of her repartees beſpeaks uncommon vivacity, and her exquiſite turn for the *double entendre*, denotes an admirable pruriency of imagination. She will tell a ſtory to a roomful of mixt company, almoſt rich enough in its circumſtances for the high-wrought memoirs of a woman of pleaſure, without uſing one indelicate expreſſion, without offending the character, or betraying the leaſt conſciouſneſs that ſhe is all the while on the very brink of indecorum. She receives all her viſitors with the moſt perfect good breeding; but the inſtant that any one of them departs, he becomes the ſubject of her pleaſantry and ridicule to thoſe that ſtay behind. She cannot raiſe our idea of her own character, but ſhe can leſſen our opinion of another's. In a word, her ladyſhip is the fear and delight, the envy and ſcorn, the honey and gall of the great world: nobody thinks well of her, but nobody ſpeaks ill of her, and every body viſits her.

Neither love, nor honours, nor riches, nor any other worldly pleaſure, can give half ſo much delight to lady Jacyntha Scandal as the gratification of her dear paſſion for miſchief: and there are likewiſe certain other female geniuſſes, who love a little witty malice better than their prayers. Several of theſe are frequently aſſembled at lady Jacyntha's, and it is to the ingenuity of this petticoat junto that the ſtrange reports, which alarm the whole town, are often owing. They are not contented with the more than uſual poignancy of their chit-chat over the tea table, but ſet themſelves to invent important ſlanders, and to deviſe the ſureſt means to give them colour. If ſome pale-faced London coquette, ſome hagged member of the cabal, worn to the bone with paint and late hours, is offended with the ruddy bloom of ſome new toaſt from the country, it is here that ſhe meditates revenge, and it is ſuddenly proclaimed, or, as the phraſe is, *reported*, that the innocent young lady has been detected in the groſſeſt familiarities with one of her father's footmen; or, if a Ducheſs has piqued ſome of the junto, by excluding them from her route, or leaving them uninvited to a ball, her rank will ſo little avail to exempt her from the like treatment, that the ſlander will rather be aggravated in proportion to the dignity of its object.

Never did ſtateſman ſtudy more attentively the art of political lying, or ſtockjobber uſe more ſtratagems to raiſe or ſink the value of the funds, than are uſed by the ingenious junto, to ſend forth an injurious report with ſecrecy. Nobody knows on what authority the ſtory is founded which everybody repeats, and it is

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as impoſſible to trace the ſlander up to its ſource, as to diſcover the head of the Nile. I have obſerved, indeed, that it commonly takes its riſe in the moſt diſtant quarter from that where the parties reſide whom it is intended to affect. When a perſon of high rank is deſtined for the victim, an emiſſary is diſpatched to ſet the ſtory abroach at ſome obſcure coffee-houſe in the city, whence it ſpeedily marches to its head quarters near the court: or, if perhaps ſome rich banker and his family are to be made a ſacrifice, it is whiſpered about the politer part of the town, that a certain great houſe near the Royal Exchange has ſtopt payment. Sometimes the curious tale ſeems to have travelled out of the country, and ſometimes, like the great fire of London, it breaks out in ſeveral quarters of the town at once. However, come whence it may, true or falſe, probable or improbable, down it goes; and the dear, witty, ſweet, miſchievous creatures, who invented it, practiſe ten thouſand additional little arts, to give it credit. "They "do not believe, indeed, that the "thing happened, juſt as it is related; "but then there *muſt* be *ſomething* in "it, ſay what they will, or elſe how "could there be ſuch a number of "*particulars?* They have heard, too, "(good ſouls!) nay, they *know*, that "the parties themſelves are very un-"eaſy at the ſtory, and have taken "a great deal of pains to diſcredit "it, which looks very ſuſpicious; "for why ſhould they be ſo concern-"ed, if (*in part* at leaſt) it were not "true, or ſuffer their peace to be "broken by a mere idle report?" With ſuch candour and humanity do lady Jacyntha, and the reſt of theſe good ſort of people, expreſs their ſentiments; and, at the ſame time, many of the moſt intimate friends of the perſons reviled repeat the ſlander, or, at leaſt, make no efforts to contradict it: yet where is the offence or injury? it was not their invention, you know, and they only joined in the common *talk of the town.*

Lord Bacon ſomewhere remarks, that great inquiſitiveneſs and curioſity concerning the affairs of others, is one of the chief characteriſtics of envy. It would be unpardonable to attribute ſo black a paſſion to a fine lady; and yet it is certain, that no mortal was ever more ſtrongly poſſeſſed of that inquiring ſpirit than lady Jacyntha Scandal. She will hold long conferences for the ſake of intelligence with her mantua-maker, or milliner, and has an admirable knack at drawing the ſecrets of families from ſervants and children. By theſe and the like means, ſhe is acquainted with the private buſineſs and private pleaſures of the whole town. Nobody knows ſo well as her ladyſhip, what lady's diamonds are in pawn, what duke's eſtate was lately mortgaged, what lord's ſiſters fortunes are not paid off, what poet keeps a miſtreſs, what young man and woman are clandeſtinely married, or what grave judge has been caught in a frolickſome vein at a game of romps with his cookmaid. Such are the anecdotes which ſhe is eager to learn; and her aſſiduity in collecting them is only to be equalled by her induſtry in making them public.

Equally attached to ſlander, but of the other ſex, and of a lower rank, is the pert, volatile, prating, ſcribbling, *Jacky Tattle.* Jacky is the ſon of an attorney of Furnival's Inn, and was originally intended for his father's profeſſion; but the ſtrength of his genius ſoon drew him from the deſk, and carried him amongſt under-actors, under-authors, and women of the town; in which company he ſoon converted his pertneſs into aſſurance, and wonderfully improved his natural talents for lying and defamation: ſlander may, indeed, be ſaid to be his paſſion, and to ſpread it, his daily employ-

ployment; and as birds are obſerved to pick the fineſt fruit, ſo this fluttering tom-tit always aims his petulant attacks at the faireſt characters. The company with which he aſſociates, naturally deal in detection, his folly induces him to give credit to the ſlander, and his vanity often urges him publicly to interfere in it. He is alſo a great writer of anonymous epiſtles from unknown friends, as well as incendiary letters from ſecret enemies. He ſometimes amuſes himſelf with ſending letters and paragraphs to the news papers, in which he ſometimes appears as a ſix-lined epigrammatiſt, and is confidently ſaid to be the author of ſeveral articles in the New Review. If ever you obſerve an impertinent fellow, in the next box at a coffee-houſe, liſtening to your private converſation with a friend, or caſting his eye over a letter, which you are reading or writing, that is Jacky Tattle:—or, if you ſee a ſtrange town-fly fluttering at the play-houſe, ſtaring everybody out of countenance, and buzzing about the theatre, now in the orcheſtra, now in the green-boxes, and by-and-bye behind the ſcenes, that is Jacky Tattle.—Poor Jacky's courage is unhappily not quite adequate to his malignity, ſo that his indiſcretions have ſometimes betrayed him into puniſhment for his ſlanders; yet his appetite for detraction muſt be gratified; he conſiders himſelf as a formidable adverſary to ſeveral characters of merit, and is thoroughly perſuaded that the ladies all believe him to be a wit and a fine gentleman.

On Prognoſtic Signs of the Weather.

[From 'A Short Diſſertation on the Barometer, &c. by George Adams.]

THERE is ſcarce any ſubject in which mankind feel themſelves more intereſted than in the weather: the temperature of the air, and the influences of wind and rain; which is evident, from its conſtantly forming a principal topic of their converſation. The traveller endeavours to regulate his motions, and the farmer his operations, by the weather: by it, plenty or famine is diſpenſed, and millions are furniſhed with the neceſſaries of life.

Notwithſtanding its importance, our actual knowledge of the atmoſphere is blended with much uncertainty, and, in many inſtances, enveloped in obſcurity; yet enough is even now known, to enable us to obviate danger, and avoid inconvenience. The ſpeculative philoſopher contemplates with pleaſure the changes in the weather, changes that preſent the mind with ſome of the moſt wonderful among natural effects, all working with boundleſs variety, for the good of the world and its inhabitants.

Among the various conſiderations that tend to mortify pride, and humble arrogance, there is perhaps none more ſtriking than the reflection that the moſt brilliant labours of men are ſeldom the moſt uſeful; but, on the contrary, are often of great diſſervice, both to the preſent and future generations; yet theſe are admired, while the humble labours of thoſe, by whom ſcience is advanced, and civilization gradually diffuſed, are looked upon with contempt by the ſlave of ambition and the man of genius.

It is, however, only by aſſiduous obſervation, and patient inveſtigation of the conſtitution of the air, the variations in the weight of the atmoſphere, a regular hiſtory of the winds, of the rain, and the changes of heat and cold, that we can ever expect to diſcover the connection of thoſe phænomena in the atmoſphere, which now appear to be unconnected and without order. Furniſhed with theſe data, we might, perhaps, be enabled

to follow the courſe, and predict the changes of the elements, with as much certainty as we now do thoſe of the planetary bodies.

If every one, who is in poſſeſſion of meteorological inſtruments, would keep a diurnal regiſter of the ſtate and of the correſponding phænomena of the atmoſphere, and tranſmit the reſult of his obſervations to the public, he would contribute more to the advancement of this branch of ſcience, than he might at firſt imagine. While he was amuſing himſelf, and only gratifying curioſity; he would be promoting knowledge, and probably procuring benefits for poſterity. Let no one ſuffer the apparent improbability of ſucceſs, to diſcourage him from the attempt. Let him remember that ſcience advances by ſlow and gradual ſteps, that its progreſs depends on the cultivation of the mind, the removal of obſtacles, and the exertions of individuals; that the preſent is ever pregnant with the future, but the connections between them can only be found by long attention and diligent obſervation.

Meteorological phænomena, like all the durable motions of the world, depend upon a circulation of matter. —Here it is carried on by a changing of water into a new, and a regenera tion of it into its primitive form again. It goes off from the ſurface of the earth in the form of a rare, inviſible, expanded vapour, perfectly diſſolved in the air as a menſtruum, being ſuſpended for ſome time in this ſtate; it is afterward condenſed into miſt and clouds, then gathered into drops, when it falls, and in this form it returns to the place from whence it came, to take its turn once more in the common courſe of evaporation, and be again, and again, circulated to the great promptuary of the world.

The ſtate of the atmoſphere is influenced and modified by the variations in its denſity or weight; by the quantity of aqueous particles, or its humidity; by its tranſparency, or the inviſibility of the aqueous particles; by the viſible collection of them in clouds, by their precipitation in rain, by the wind, by the agency of electricity, and the action of heat and cold.

There is no part of meteorology which intereſts mankind ſo much, as the predictions it furniſhes of the change of weather. The theory of it only engages the attention, by animating us with the hopes of thereby bringing the knowledge of their predictions to perfection.

And the far greater part of thoſe who purchaſe meteorological inſtruments, buy them, not ſo much to know the actual ſtate of the elements, as to foreſee the changes thereof. This ſcience is however, very imperfect; for it is but of late years that we began to make obſervations on the changes of the weather; and that its progreſs has been rapid and ſucceſsful, may be ſeen in the works of De Luc, De Sauſſure, Jones, Marſhall, and Kirwan. But theſe obſervations will be ſtill more valuable to poſterity; for we can ſcarce expect them in ſufficient number in our own age, to deduce from them a general and perfect theory.

To attain this end, it will be neceſſary to multiply obſervations on as great a number of ſigns as poſſible; for it is only by their combination and concurrence that we can expect to remove the uncertainty, inſeparable from each in itſelf. Thus the barometer is not always a certain ſign; the ſame may be ſaid of the thermometer, the hygrometer, and the action of winds. But if they all concur together, there is but little chance of being deceived; and there would be ſtill leſs, if to theſe were joined other ſigns, which are eaſy to obſerve, and which by their combination would render our prediction certain.

No

No ſign, nor any inſtrument of obſervation, ſhould therefore be neglected, either from a love of ideal perfection, or fears of inaccuracy. Thus though the hygrometer be at preſent a very imperfect inſtrument, yet ſome ſigns have already been obtained from its indications, and more may be reaſonably expected. Even the words very dry, very moiſt, moderately dry, moderately moiſt, though of vague determination, may throw much light on the ſtate of the atmoſphere.

It is neceſſary that the obſerver ſhould enter into a preciſe detail of the various ſtates of the ſky, and the clouds: as the tranſparency of the air, the dews, the elevation, form, diſpoſition, colour, and denſity of the clouds, things that may be obſerved with eaſe, and deſcribed without trouble; being attended with no other inconvenience than that of extending the ſize of our meteorological tables.

There is a phænomenon, which has not been ſufficiently attended to, namely, the undulating motion of the air, which is kept up by the heat of the ſun. What the ſun raiſes from the earth by the heat of the day, is ſuſtained in the atmoſphere by its heat, and the agitation, or expanſive undulation of the air. This motion is often viſible to the naked eye, but in the field of a powerful teleſcope it is very conſpicuous; all objects appear in violent agitation, and the line of the ſenſible horizon, which ought to be clear and well defined, is waved like a field of corn in the wind, or the ſurface of the ſea in a ſtorm. So long as this agitation continues, the vapours ſtay in the air, but when it ſubſides, and the ſun departs, they are condenſed and fall down to the earth in the night as dew.

In the preſent ſtate of this part of ſcience, when we are unacquainted with ſo many phænomena, and ſtill more ignorant of their cauſes, general rules will often be found to fail, and particular ones will, without much circumſpection, prove to be a ſource of error: among the variety of means for predicting the changes of the weather, the barometer is undoubtedly one of the beſt, and is in this, as well as many other reſpects, one of the greateſt acquiſitions to natural philoſophy.

The uſual ranges of the mercurial column in this latitude, are comprized between 28 and 31 inches, of which the middle, or 29½ is conſidered as the variable: I think it ſhould be placed ſomewhat higher. Near the pole, the variations of the barometer are much greater; between the tropics, much leſs.

Prognoſtics from the Barometer.

In general, when the barometer falls, the air being lighter, will let fall its vapour, and give us rain. But when the mercury riſes, the air being heavier, will ſupport the vapours, and be productive of fine weather.

If the mercury falls in a froſt, we may expect ſnow, or a thaw; but if it riſes in winter with a north or eaſt wind, it generally portends a froſt.

In order, however, to deduce any obſervations with certainty, we muſt attend to the progreſs of the riſe or fall: thus, if it ſinks ſlowly and gradually, we may expect that the rain will be of ſome continuance. But if the riſe be gradual, we may judge, that the fine weather will be laſting.

If the barometer fluctuates much, riſing and falling ſuddenly, the weather is unſettled and changeable.

If it falls very low, there will be much rain. But if its fall be low and ſudden, a high wind generally enſues.

When exceeding low, ſtorms and tempeſtuous weather may be expected: but if an extraordinary fall happens, without any remarkable change near

at hand, it is probable that there is a ſtorm at a diſtance.

The deſcent of the barometer is not, however, always an indication of rain, for it will often fall for wind; nor is its riſe a certain ſign of fair weather, particularly if the wind be northerly or eaſterly.

If the fine weather be laſting, with a weſterly wind, the barometer generally reſts a little above changeable, but ſomewhat below 30 inches.

In the ſummer months the barometer does not vary ſo much as in winter: the greateſt variations are in the two firſt, and two laſt months of the year, but particularly in the firſt and laſt. A north-eaſt wind generally makes the barometer in this country riſe, and it is generally loweſt with a ſouth-weſterly wind.

Beighton's Rules.

If the mercury continues to fall while it rains, it will be likely to rain the next day.

When the mercury is pretty high, and has fallen to foretel rain, and yet riſes before the rain falls, it is an indication that there will be but little of it.

In ſerene and hot weather, when the mercury is high and riſing, and you have all poſſible certainty of fair weather the next day, and yet there ſhould happen to fall very heavy ſhowers, it is probable they have been driven upon yon by the effect of diſtant thunder.

In fair weather, when the mercury has continued high and riſing, if it falls about noon, and riſes again toward the evening, a ſingle ſhower may be expected on the evening or noon of the next day, and then fair weather.

When the mercury riſes gradually about half a 10th, and continues to do ſo for many days, the fair weather may be expected to continue for ſome time, unleſs wind intervenes, particularly from the S W by S.

From the Barometer and Thermometer.

If the air in foggy weather becomes hotter by the action of the ſun alone, the fog generally diſſipates, and the air remains ſerene: but if the barometer falls, and the change of temperature be from a ſouth or ſouth-weſt wind, the fog riſes and forms itſelf into clouds, and its aſcenſion is generally a ſign of rain.

From the Barometer, Hygrometer, Wind, and State of the Sky.

The barometer being high and ſtationary, the hygrometer indicating dry air, the canopy of the ſky loſty, and the wind north eaſterly, are the ſureſt ſigns of ſettled fair; while a light and moiſt atmoſphere, the canopy of the ſky low, and a ſouth-weſt wind, certainly portend a wet ſeaſon.

From the Thermometer.

In winter, if the cold diminiſhes ſuddenly, it in general portends rain. In ſummer, a ſudden augmentation of heat is a forerunner alſo of rain.

From the Hygrometer and Thermometer.

It is in moſt caſes a certain ſign of fair weather, when the march of the hygrometer from its greateſt extreme of humidity in the morning, to the greateſt degree of dryneſs in the afternoon, is greater than it generally makes with the ſame temperature; while the reverſe is one of the moſt certain indications of rain.

[To be continued.]

Addreſs to the Ladies.

On Pride—its Effects—and Cauſes.

THE ſubject which I have propoſed to myſelf for this paper is ſo general in its importance, tha,

that it would be very difficult to determine which of the two ſexes are moſt concerned it. Pride is to be met with in all ranks and degrees of mankind; riches do not always occaſion it, nor poverty keep from it, and it is almoſt as common to meet with proud people who have *nothing*, as with proud people who abound in every thing. If my fair readers will then do me the honour to accompany me, it may be no unpleaſing taſk to enquire into the hiſtory and nature of PRIDE, this ſtrange habit to which kings are not always ſubject, and from which beggars are not always free.

Philoſophers are not entirely agreed, whether PRIDE is to be numbered among the *vices*, or ranked with the *paſſions*. This enquiry is not a matter, perhaps, of much moment. Pride, however, occaſions in the mind all the effects which paſſions are accuſtomed to produce. There is none of them ſo touching, ſo delicate, ſo rebellious, and ſo ſelf-willed, ſo much the ſoul of all other paſſions, as pride. It ſtirs and inflames them at pleaſure, ſo that we may almoſt claſs it, without any impropriety, among the paſſions.

Pride is that *malady* in our minds which, without increaſing our merit, ſo enlarges the idea we entertain of ourſelves as to make us appear incomparably greater than we are. A certain writer, whoſe name I forget, defines it well by ſaying, that it is nothing elſe but an extravagant notion of ourſelves, or a falſe conviction of a merit we do not poſſeſs, but which we think we poſſeſs.

When this pride makes us ſuppoſe ourſelves capable of things beyond our abilities, it is called PRESUMPTION; and preſumption is of courſe the parent of temerity, inſolence, and ſometimes deſpair, when we are defeated in our bold attempts. When it inclines us to aſpire to high dignities, it takes the name of AMBITION. Ambitious perſons are ever employed in endeavouring to raiſe themſelves to great ſituations, full of projects tending to exalt them to that to which they frequently have no pretenſions either by birth, courage, or perſonal merit. When pride makes us think that we deſerve eſteem, honour, and reſpect from others, it is named VANITY. It may alſo be called vanity, when we wiſh to attract regard for trifles which are not worthy of notice, for vanity is a word that marks the emptineſs and trifling nature of its objects. When it makes us diſplay our actions, our riches and our merit, it becomes OSTENTATION and POMP. When it leads us to deſpiſe others, it is called HAUGHTINESS and ARROGANCE; we then do not deign to pay attention to the talents of another, and think that to pay the proper reſpect to them is to degrade, diminiſh, and forget ourſelves.

There is no paſſion ſo common as PRIDE. No one is exempt from it, although ſome poſſeſs a greater ſhare than others, but it may be queſtioned whether the man exiſts who can ſay he has *no* ſhare of vanity. "It would appear," ſays an eminent author, "that nature, who has wiſely fitted the parts of our body and mind for our happineſs, had alſo beſtowed pride upon man, that he might be leſs ſenſible of his defects.

There are ſome vices into which youth falls, but from which old age is in no danger; there are others peculiar only to certain profeſſions or conditions of life; but pride is common to all ages, all conditions, and all profeſſions. We obſerve in infants, that when they may be ſaid to be but juſt born, they love to be applauded and praiſed; and it is with pain that we quit this propenſity even on our death-bed. Thus we

ſee every day that thoſe who retain their pride to the laſt hour of life, do not even part with it then, but ſhew it in ordering coſtly monuments to be erected to them after their death, and which in fact are but monuments of their vanity.—There is no man ſo good, who does not ſecretly commend himſelf for the good actions he performs, and who does not ſuffer by the cenſures of his enemies.—Thoſe who are moſt humble are not quite free from pride, for it ſometimes will happen that they are commended for their humility, which has occaſioned the ſaying, that pride may recover itſelf even by humility, whoſe tendency is to deſtroy it.

There is no vice which hides itſelf more cunningly: and many people imagine they have no pride, who really poſſeſs a great deal. The more one has of pride, the leſs one thinks of poſſeſſing it; and the leſs one has of it, the more one thinks of poſſeſſing it. People are apt to give gentle and fine names to their own pride, ſuch as generoſity, greatneſs of ſoul, which examined nicely would turn out to be pride; but pride is a vice, and therefore ſomething to be aſhamed of.

Other vices beget their like; anger begets murder, and avarice leads to theft; but pride ariſes, if I may ſo ſay, from virtue itſelf, as in other caſes good is produced from evil: pride produces evil from good. It is pride that makes us every day attempt a thouſand things which we ought not to attempt; that inclines a man, who has ſome abilities, to attempt works above his genius; that leads the merchant to engage in concerns he cannot ſupport; and the prince to embark in projects he cannot execute.

It is pride which makes us diſcontented with our ſituation, ſuggeſting to us, that though we are of low birth, we *may* be noble, and impelling us to aſpire to new honours, ſo that perhaps there may be no dignity to which we think we have not a pretence.—It is pride which whiſpers to us that others ought to pay us great reſpect, which inclines us to hate thoſe who do not eſteem us.—It is pride which makes us be for ever talking of ourſelves, our actions, and our affairs—and which occaſions our contempt of thoſe with whom we may happen to have any difference.—It is pride which makes us look with an eye of envy at the proſperity of others, as if we alone were worthy of all honour, and thus conſider the honour paid to others as a robbery committed on our property, and a diminution of the imaginary fortune we ſuppoſe ourſelves poſſeſſed of.—It is pride which occaſions our being offended at the praiſes beſtowed on others, becauſe we wiſh all praiſes beſtowed on ourſelves only, and our impatience at not being commended ſo much as we think we deſerve, or at another's praiſing any perſon more than ourſelves. It is pride which leads us to ſearch out for flatterers, and ſhun thoſe who reprove us candidly—which inclines us to take pleaſure in cenſuring others, not ſo much with a view to do them good, as oſtentatiouſly to inſinuate that we are free from the vices we condemn in others. Pride alſo leads us to blame particularly thoſe faults we are free from, and to deſpiſe the good qualities we do not poſſeſs It renders us opinionated, becauſe we think no one's ſentiments ſo juſt as our own, and makes us diſlike thoſe who contradict us. Pride prevents us from inclining to amend our lives, although convinced that we ought to do ſo, and infatuates us to perſiſt in the moſt unjuſtifiable conduct; and we retain ſentiments which we know to be falſe, rather than by yielding them

them up, allow ourſelves to have been deceived. Pride cauſes us to hate cenſors and critics, leſt when occaſion happens they ſhould not ſpare us, and to love people only in proportion as they eſteem us, and to hate thoſe by whom we think we are not regarded. Pride alſo inclines us to take all the merit of good actions to ourſelves, and to murmur and fret againſt heaven when diſappointed. It inclines us even to curſe thoſe who have done us any injury: in a word, it is pride which makes us publiſh our own praiſes, or the eulogiums others may have beſtowed on us, inſinuate our good qualities, and mention our little failings, to give others an opinion of our ſincerity. Such are the effects of pride. I ſhall now ſpeak of its cauſes.—The firſt cauſe of pride is IGNORANCE. We neither know, nor wiſh to know ourſelves: is it then ſurpriſing if we ſet a higher value on ourſelves than we ought? The knowledge that is confined is apt to ſwell; the moſt knowing are generally the moſt humble, becauſe they only are ſenſible of the defects and weakneſs of the mind. A ſecond cauſe is SELF-LOVE; we love ourſelves more than we ought, and this ſelf-love makes us ſee more in the object than it poſſeſſes, and conceals its faults. Monſieur La Placette remarks with much ſhrewdneſs, that ſelf-love, in order to increaſe our opinion of ourſelves, collects the beſt qualities of every thing around us; our cloaths, goods, furniture, houſes, equipage, every thing that belongs to us; this makes us ſuppoſe that we are a compoſition of all, and raiſes our opinion. Self-love alſo combines all the actions of our anceſtors, the honours of the place we live in, or of the profeſſion to which we belong; the regard any perſon has for us, although perhaps for one who has that regard there may be fifty who never beſtow a thought upon us, and even perhaps ſome who beſtow their praiſes may not be ſincere. Self-love leſſens and extenuates our defects, and makes us believe what we think inſupportable in others, in *us* is a virtue. It multiplies and heightens our little perfections, and makes us think ourſelves of more value than thoſe who are of ten times our worth, becauſe perhaps they have ſome trifling failing from which we are free.

A third cauſe of pride may be the honours and praiſes we receive, which cauſe us to think ourſelves what we really are not, and that we are not what we really are. Improper education may be alſo enumerated among the cauſes of pride. Children, in general, are treated in a manner very much calculated to produce pride, but by no means to inſpire them with humility. And theſe habits muſt naturally be ſuppoſed to "grow with their growth, and ſtrengthen with their ſtrength."

I ſhall conclude this hiſtory of pride with a remark of dean Swift's. "I am not in the leaſt provoked," ſays that ingenious wit, "at the ſight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gameſter, a politician, a whoremonger, a phyſician, an evidence, a ſuborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like; this is all according to the due courſe of things: but when I behold a lump of deformity and diſeaſes both in body and mind ſmitten with *pride*, it immediately breaks all the meaſures of my patience; neither ſhall I ever be able to comprehend how ſuch an animal and ſuch a vice could tally together."—

Since writing the above, and juſt as I was about to ſend the paper to the Magazine, I lighted upon the following ſentiments, which, as they are ingenious, and may, to thoſe who

who underſtand them, exactly tally with my own, I append them to this paper; hoping, however, the one may ſerve as a preſervative againſt pride, and the other may in ſome degree operate as a cure for that diffidence which obſtructs merit, damps the ſpirits, and thereby deprives the world of what might be honourable and uſeful.

Conſciouſneſs of Merit conſiſtent with Modeſty.

He that ſuppoſes a thing unattainable, will never attain it; becauſe he has no motive to uſe means: he that ſuppoſes what is called a *je ne ſcai quoi* in any thing, will never underſtand that thing; becauſe he is already ſatisfied that it is inexplicable. I ſuppoſe every truly great man in every way to aim at, and even to hope to attain ſome degree of perfection in that which he purſues. He that is ſure he ſhall not, it is plain never will; and whoever has ſucceeded, not only expected it, but uſed the means appearing to him moſt probable for that purpoſe, keeping the end ſtill in view.

Thoſe who ſee, or fancy they ſee, ſomething like magic in human productions, confeſs they know not by what means theſe are effected, and conſequently are not capable to produce the like.

If it ſhould be objected, "that this hope or expectation of ſucceſs diſcovers much vanity," it is replied, that the objection ſuppoſes it impoſſible to be a great man, and modeſt at the ſame time; which is contrary to a thouſand facts: but beſides, modeſty does not conſiſt in a man's thinking more meanly of himſelf than he deſerves (that is rather ignorance); but it conſiſts in being content that others ſhould think leſs of him than he deſerves, at leaſt till ſome proper occaſion.

He that thinks juſtly of himſelf will no more ſuppoſe he has already ſucceeded before he has, than that it is impoſſible to ſucceed. He is modeſt who is content with his due, who does not think more highly of himſelf than he deſerves, nor takes improper or offenſive methods to extort that which is his due; and often quietly ſits down without it. It is no part of modeſty not to know one's merit.

A man may have the higheſt merit, may know it, and be a moſt amiable and modeſt man at the ſame time.

Hints reſpecting various Kinds of Liquors.

A Very ſtrong and excellent brandy may be made with the whey of milk fermented till it becomes ſour, which will afford conſiderable profits to the farmers. The whey contains a great quantity of ſugar. The Tartars make a very ſtrong brandy with mare's milk fermented.

A few drops of dulcified ſpirit of nitre communicate to malt ſpirits a flavour exactly reſembling French brandy.

Wine may be drank in the barrels, without being bottled off, and keep perfectly good to the laſt drop, by covering the ſurface with a little ſweet oil. Great quantities of wine have been thus preſerved in all their excellence above four years, though ſome of it was drawn off every day. By this means barrels of wine will never require to be filled up.

Wines can keep an amazing long time. In the ruins of Herculaneum a moſt exquiſite wine was found more than a thouſand years old. The ancients preſerved their wines in large cells built of ſtone or brick underground, one of which contained ſeveral of our hogſheads This method was ſo far advantageous, that their

their wines never could have the leaſt taſte of the caſk, were not ſo liable to change, and conſtantly enjoyed an equal degree of coolneſs.

Delicate wines, which are uſually drank upon the ſpot, may be rendered fit for carriage, by varniſhing the inſides of the barrel with a thick layer of a flavourleſs reſin.

Vines might be planted in England to great advantage, if it were only to obtain wine vinegar from them in bad ſummers, ſince it ſells there for a ſhilling the bottle. Many thouſand tons of it are annually imported into Great Britain and Ireland. It is obſerved in France and Italy that the grapes produced on the ſouth ſide of hills are remarkably ſweeter than thoſe which grow upon plain grounds. Among the Tokay wine hills, there is but one which directly fronts the ſouth, and the advantages of its ſituation are not a little remarkable. From the extraordinary ſweetneſs of its grapes it is called the Sugar hill, and it is appropriated to the uſe of the Imperial family.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 146)

THE National Aſſembly of France have unanimouſly reſolved:

1. That the perſon of the King ſhall be ſacred.

2. That the throne ſhall be indiviſible.

That it ſhall be hereditary, from male to male, in the Houſe of Bourbon.

The National Aſſembly have likewiſe reſolved;

1. On the ſuppreſſion of the feudal ſyſtem.

2. Suppreſſion of pigeon-houſes.

3. Suppreſſion of the game-laws.

4. Suppreſſion of ſeignioral treaties.

5. Suppreſſion of tythes.

6. That rents ſhall be recoverable.

7. Suppreſſion of the venality of officers.

8. Suppreſſion of the caſual rights of rectors.

9. Suppreſſion of particular privileges reſpecting ſubſidies.

10. Suppreſſion of the particular privileges of the provinces.

11. Admiſſibility of citizens to all offices.

12. Suppreſſion of the firſt-fruits to the court of Rome.

13. Suppreſſion of the firſt-fruits of livings.

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who underſtand them, exactly tally with my own, I append them to this paper; hoping, however, the one may ſerve as a preſervative againſt pride, and the other may in ſome degree operate as a cure for that diffidence which obſtructs merit, damps the ſpirits, and thereby deprives the world of what might be honourable and uſeful.

Conſciouſneſs of Merit conſiſtent with Modeſty.

He that ſuppoſes a thing unattainable, will never attain it; becauſe he has no motive to uſe means: he that ſuppoſes what is called a *je ne ſcai quoi* in any thing, will never underſtand that thing; becauſe he is already ſatisfied that it is inexplicable. I ſuppoſe every truly great man in every way to aim at, and even to hope to attain ſome degree of perfection in that which he purſues. He that is ſure he ſhall not, it is plain never will; and whoever has ſucceeded, not only expected it, but uſed the means appearing to him moſt probable for that purpoſe, keeping the end ſtill in view.

Thoſe who ſee, or fancy they ſee, ſomething like magic in human productions, confeſs they know not by what means theſe are effected, and conſequently are not capable to produce the like.

If it ſhould be objected, "that this hope or expectation of ſucceſs diſcovers much vanity," it is replied, that the objection ſuppoſes it impoſſible to be a great man, and modeſt at the ſame time; which is contrary to a thouſand facts: but beſides, modeſty does not conſiſt in a man's thinking more meanly of himſelf than he deſerves (that is rather ignorance); but it conſiſts in being content that others ſhould think leſs of him than he deſerves, at leaſt till ſome proper occaſion.

He that thinks juſtly of himſelf will no more ſuppoſe he has already ſucceeded before he has, than that it is impoſſible to ſucceed. He is modeſt who is content with his due, who does not think more highly of himſelf than he deſerves, nor takes improper or offenſive methods to extort that which is his due; and often quietly ſits down without it. It is no part of modeſty not to know one's merit.

A man may have the higheſt merit, may know it, and be a moſt amiable and modeſt man at the ſame time.

Hints reſpecting various Kinds of Liquors.

A Very ſtrong and excellent brandy may be made with the whey of milk fermented till it becomes ſour, which will afford conſiderable profits to the farmers. The whey contains a great quantity of ſugar. The Tartars make a very ſtrong brandy with mare's milk fermented.

A few drops of dulcified ſpirit of nitre communicate to malt ſpirits a flavour exactly reſembling French brandy.

Wine may be drank in the barrels, without being bottled off, and keep perfectly good to the laſt drop, by covering the ſurface with a little ſweet oil. Great quantities of wine have been thus preſerved in all their excellence above four years, though ſome of it was drawn off every day. By this means barrels of wine will never require to be filled up.

Wines can keep an amazing long time. In the ruins of Herculaneum a moſt exquiſite wine was found more than a thouſand years old. The ancients preſerved their wines in large cells built of ſtone or brick underground, one of which contained ſeveral of our hogſheads This method was ſo far advantageous, that their

their wines never could have the leaſt taſte of the caſk, were not ſo liable to change, and conſtantly enjoyed an equal degree of coolneſs.

Delicate wines, which are uſually drank upon the ſpot, may be rendered fit for carriage, by varniſhing the inſides of the barrel with a thick layer of a flavourleſs reſin.

Vines might be planted in England to great advantage, if it were only to obtain wine vinegar from them in bad ſummers, ſince it ſells there for a ſhilling the bottle. Many thouſand tons of it are annually imported into Great Britain and Ireland. It is obſerved in France and Italy that the grapes produced on the ſouth ſide of hills are remarkably ſweeter than thoſe which grow upon plain grounds. Among the Tokay wine hills, there is but one which directly fronts the ſouth, and the advantages of its ſituation are not a little remarkable. From the extraordinary ſweetneſs of its grapes it is called the Sugar hill, and it is appropriated to the uſe of the Imperial family.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 146)

THE National Aſſembly of France have unanimouſly reſolved:

1. That the perſon of the King ſhall be ſacred.

2. That the throne ſhall be indiviſible.

That it ſhall be hereditary, from male to male, in the Houſe of Bourbon.

The National Aſſembly have likewiſe reſolved;

1. On the ſuppreſſion of the feudal ſyſtem.

2. Suppreſſion of pigeon-houſes.

3. Suppreſſion of the game-laws.

4. Suppreſſion of ſeignioral treaties.

5. Suppreſſion of tythes.

6. That rents ſhall be recoverable.

7. Suppreſſion of the venality of officers.

8. Suppreſſion of the caſual rights of rectors.

9. Suppreſſion of particular privileges reſpecting ſubſidies.

10. Suppreſſion of the particular privileges of the provinces.

11. Admiſſibility of citizens to all offices.

12. Suppreſſion of the firſt-fruits to the court of Rome.

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final or ſuſpenſive only?"

The firſt of theſe queſtions, after much debate, was decided in the affirmative; but the latter ſuſpenſive only.

While theſe queſtions were yet in agitation, the Preſident, M. Clermont de Tonnerre, returned from the preſence; and, having reſumed the chair, informed the members that his Majeſty had been pleaſed to receive their repreſentations in the moſt gracious manner; and had commanded him to aſſure the auguſt Aſſembly of his good diſpoſitions; and that his Majeſty would give him an anſwer on Sunday evening (the 20th of September.)

On Monday the 21ſt, the King's anſwer was reported. It was indefinite and equivocal. "You deſired me," ſays the King, "on the 15th inſt. to give my ſanction to the Reſolutions of the 4th of Auguſt I communicated to you the obſervations that occurred to me upon thoſe Reſolutions. You now tell me, that you will give them the moſt ſerious conſideration. In the mean time, you deſire the promulgation of thoſe Reſolutions. Promulgation belongs only to laws digeſted and paſſed with all the forms that neceſſarily appertain to them. As I have already ſaid to you that I approve the general ſpirit, I ſhall order the publication of them to be made throughout the kingdom. The nation will find in them the zeal with which we are animated for their good; and I doubt not but that I ſhall be able, with perfect juſtice, to enforce with my ſanction the divers objects contained in your Reſolves.

"I give my ſanction to your Reſolutions concerning grain. Louis"

The articles of the propoſed conſtitution were reſumed. Several forms were propoſed. At length the Preſident put the queſtion himſelf, "Shall the ſuſpenſive *Veto* of the King ceaſe at the commencement of the firſt legiſlature which ſhall follow the one in which the law is paſſed, or of the ſecond?" The numbers were: for the ſecond legiſlature, 724; for the firſt, 208. It is by this determined, that the King's *Veto*, or diſſent, given to any bill, ſhall defeat its effect for the term of the ſeſſion in which it is firſt paſſed, and alſo for the whole term of the next ſeſſion; but, being paſſed a third time, it ſhall have the full force of law without the King's aſſent.

On the 22d of September, the King, truly penetrated at the embarraſſed ſtate of his finances, gave orders for his plate to be ſent to the mint; in which he was followed by the Queen. The Preſident was directed to appear in the Royal Preſence, to pray his Majeſty not to ſend his plate to the Mint; but he perſiſted in his reſolution.

Previous to this act of royal patriotiſm, (viz. on September 10,) it muſt not be forgotten, that the Preſident had announced to the Aſſembly, that there was a deputation of Ladies from Paris, chiefly the wives and daughters of artiſts, who, in the preſent moment of national embaraſſment, were ſolicitous of devoting to the neceſſities of their country their jewels and other ſuperfluous ornaments. He therefore wiſhed to take the ſenſe of the Aſſembly, Whether they would accept the homage of this truly noble and heroic body?

The plaudits teſtified the general ſenſe of the Aſſembly. The politeneſs and gallantry which in the moſt ſerious deliberations never abandon the French, would not permit them to receive at the bar merely theſe reſpectable citizens: the Preſident, at the deſire of the Aſſembly, admitted them into the body of the Houſe, where they remained during the whole of the ſitting.

M. Bauche, Member for Aix, was commiſſioned by them to pronounce the

the discourse which these distinguished female patriots had prepared, and which their diffidence prevented them from delivering themselves. After having observed that they came to offer the jewels which they blushed to wear while patriotism invited them to make the sacrifice, they proposed, that an office * should be established solely for the reception of jewels, which should be sold, and the sums applied to the diminution of the national debt.

The above offering was made while the Assembly was debating on three grand constitutional questions: the royal sanction; the permanence of the National Assembly; and the number of chambers of which it should consist. On these subjects the Assembly again resumed their debate as soon as the ladies were dismissed, and continued till it might be literally said they had tired themselves; and at length it was agreed, that those subjects had been sufficiently discussed, and that, at their next meeting, they should proceed to put the different questions to the vote, simply *for* or *against*.

The question on the permanence of the National Assembly passed unanimously, as soon as it was generally understood. At first sight, it seemed to carry the idea as if the present Assembly was to be perpetual; but, being explained, the meaning is, that the nation shall never be without representatives; but that the function of the old members shall not cease, till the election of new has taken place.

On the question for its unity, or remaining in One chamber; the numbers were:

For One chamber	—	849
For Two chambers	—	89
Remained neuter	—	122

The above questions being thus decided, the Assembly, who had not yet lost sight of their own importance, resolved, That their President shall forthwith wait on the King, to supplicate his Majesty instantly to give orders for the promulgation of such decrees of the Assembly as had passed the House; assuring him at the same time, that, when they enter into a detail of those Resolves, to reduce them into the form of laws, the National Assembly would hold in the greatest and most respectful consideration, the reflections and observations which his Majesty had been pleased to recommend to them.

At this critical moment M. de Gouy d'Arcy rose, and attracted the attention of the House to a subject more pressing, and more afflictive. He said they had lost much time, not less than six weeks, in discussing incidental motions, while there were terrible truths which lay unnoticed, and which they ought to meet like men. The storm was ready to burst

* In consequence of this hint, two female societies have been formed in Paris, for the purpose of promoting the conversion of trinkets, jewels, plate, and other valuable articles, into money, for the benefit of the public.

The first of these societies is composed of the wives and daughters of artists, architects, painters, and sculptors, and all other professions connected with design. The Assembly will take any trinket in gold or silver, however small. Ladies who may have trinkets not of these metals, may transmit the same in money; not less however, than three livres.

The second society is composed of the wives of jewellers, goldsmiths, toymen, and others of the same class. They are to accept of jewels or plate, down to the smallest article. Ladies who have neither jewels nor plate of gold or silver, may convert other ornaments into money, and transmit the amount, not less than six livres.

on their heads, and it would be criminal to be ſilent. The public treaſure was the ſoul of the ſtate; and as the palpitations of the heart indicated the ſtagnation of the functions of the human body; ſo the want of circulating caſh indicated the ſtagnation of the functions of the political body, and foreboded the bankruptcy of the ſtate. The loans, he ſaid, had every where failed, becauſe money-holders every where conſidered them as an expedient only; that on the firſt of October the public payments muſt ceaſe, and the bankruptcy of the nation muſt inevitably enſue.

The impreſſion which this ſpeech made on the Aſſembly was viſible from the general murmur that prevailed through the whole Houſe. Every one ſaw, in his mind's eye, the flame of civil war already kindled; when the Duke d'Aiguillon, Preſident of the Committee of Finances, roſe, and declared, that M. de Gouy d'Arcy, although a member of the Committee of Finances, ſpoke without having ſufficient information before him to warrant ſuch a declaration. The Duke d'Aiguillon moved, That two days in the week ſhould be ſet apart to inveſtigate the buſineſs.

On the 24th of September, M. Necker preſented himſelf at the bar of the Houſe, and made his reſpectful homage. He was admitted into the body of the Houſe, when he preſented a long memorial on the deplorable ſtate of the finances, and on the means of ſaving the ſtate from the imminent danger with which it was threatened. This memorial was partly read by himſelf, and partly by his ſecretary. It began by ſetting forth the cauſes that had reduced the finances to the loweſt ebb—the ſcarcity of grain—the decay of foreign trade—the withdrawing of ſtrangers—the migration of opulent natives—the diſtruſt of foreign bankers—and, above all, the want of confidence which every where prevailed with regard to the reſources which Miniſters, though ever ſo honeſt, and ever ſo able, had to reſort to in this criſis of public diſtreſs. At ſuch a moment, it was eſſential for the National Aſſembly to take into their conſideration the greatneſs of the evil, its urgency, and the conſequent diſorders which it threatened; that however, they were not to deſpond, but, in proportion to the magnitude of the danger, their courage muſt riſe ſuperior, to overcome it.

Mr. Necker then propoſed three means to meet the engagements which they had contracted. 1. To provide for the preſſing wants of the moment. 2. To follow the example of their Monarch, by contributing liberally to the neceſſities of the ſtate. And, 3. To equalize the revenue and expenditure.—To obtain this end, the Miniſter of Finance propoſed, that a tax ſhould be laid on all the inhabitants of the kingdom, not of a hundredth part of their landed property, for life annuitants and placemen would be excuſed, but of a nett fourth of their revenue; that no perſon ſhould be excuſed from this contribution, whatever might be his condition or fortune; and that, moreover, it would be adviſable to accept all ſuch further contributions, of any kind, as ſhould flow from the honour and generoſity of the well wiſhers to the ſtate. The wife of a peaſant ſhould even be ſuffered to give her wedding-ring; ſhe would not be leſs happy for the want of it, and ſhe ſhould be highly commended for her zeal and liberality:—the National Aſſembly to appoint a committee to receive contributions, and to appropriate them.

As to the actual circumſtances of the ſtate, M. Necker ſaid, they could not be more alarming; and after ſome ſeaſonable rebuke on the ſlowneſs of their proceedings, M. Necker propoſed,

1. To ceaſe from all other diſcuſſi-

ons

ons, until the great ſubject of the finances ſhould be concluded.

2. To conſider immediately of a temporary contribution, to relieve them from their preſent diſtreſs.

3. To order the payment of all the taxes.

4. To authorize the Caiſſe d'Eſcompte to aſſiſt the ſtate.

5. To employ every poſſible means to give the Executive Power its old and requiſite energy.

This memorial being concluded, the Preſident replied in words to this effect:

"Sir, The National Aſſembly will take into conſideration the inſtructions which you now give us in the name of the King. Whatever may be the evils that afflict France, the French people have powerful reſources, the National Aſſembly, the King, and, permit me to add, the Miniſter that has ſo well deſerved their mutual confidence."

The memorial was referred to the Committee of Finance, to be examined.

September 26, the National Aſſembly, having conſidered the urgency of circumſtances, and read the report of the Committee of Finance, adopted confidentially the plan propoſed by the firſt Miniſter of France.

Such was the decree on the memorial of M. Necker, after a debate which laſted from nine in the morning till half an hour paſt ſeven in the evening.

The Marquis de Monteſquieu opened the debate, by reading a plan of adminiſtration drawn up the Committee of Finance, in which were propoſed the following reductions:

The houſehold of the King,	*Livres.*
Queen, and Princes	8,000,000
Foreign department	8,300,000
War ditto — —	8,900,000
Marine ditto — —	2,000,000
Finance ditto —	1,000,000
Penſions, beſides the reductions already made	6,000,000
Intendants and Delegates	1,800,000
Regiſters and Farmers-General — —	2,600,000
Mint — —	1,700,000
Premiums and encouragements to trade —	600,000
The Royal Gardens —	36,000
—— Library — —	62,000
—— Stud (to be ſuppreſſed)	800,000
Contingencies ——	2,500,000
Fund reſerved for lotteries to be ſuppreſſed ——	173,000
Plantation of foreſts —	817,000
Clergy —— ——	2,502,000
Charities ——	5,511,000
Livres	53,301,000

It next propoſed to eſtabliſh two public banks; one at the diſpoſal of the Executive Power, with an annual receipt of 205 millions of livres, the amount of the national expenditure after the above reductions; the other with an inalienable revenue of 273 millions, charged with the intereſt of the national debt and the expences of the provinces, the former of which was eſtimated at 240 millions, and the latter at 29.

A motion was made, to carry all the plate of the churches to the mint, for the benefit of the publick.

The Archbiſhop of Paris, at the moment, anſwered for the readineſs of the Clergy to give up all for the ſalvation of the ſtate; but, on ſecond thoughts, when the matter came to be ſeriouſly debated on a future day, objected ſtrongly againſt laying violent hands to the goods of the church; which he ſaid, would be a ſacrilegious robbery of the temple of God.

Sept. 28, M. Mounier was elected Preſident.

The monks of St. Martin des Champs of Paris (Benedictines) made an offer of their effects, poſſeſſions, revenues, and ſervices of all their fraternity, to the ſtate, with the reſerve only of 1500 livres annually for the ſup-

support of each Monk. To apprize the Assembly of the value of this donation, it was computed that their annual income was not less than 900,000 livres, which would gradually double, as the pensioners died off: all this they generously sacrificed on the altar of their country, asking only the liberty of mixing with the people, and to be employed as teachers, or officiating priests, each according to his respective talents.

The Brethren of the Order of Cluny made a like offer; but the Superiors of the Order wrote to the National Assembly, to disavow the offer.—The National Assembly ordered their letter to be printed.

October 1. M. Neckar presented himself a second time before the General Assembly with a memorial, which was considered only as a claim to remind them of their engagements on the perusal of the last; and as an encouragement for others to follow his example, he entreated the Assembly to accept, on his part, as his contribution, the sum of 100,000 livres, which, he declared with truth, was more than the proportion which the National Assembly had adopted.

The President thanked him for this new token of his munificence and patriotism; and added, that the National Assembly would take his new memorial into immediate consideration.

After a long discussion, the Assembly adopted the following motion of M. de Mirabeau:—"That the memorial be transmitted to the Committee of Twelve, to digest the whole in such way, as that the former plan may serve as the preamble of the decree: And that, in the mean time, the President shall present to the King, for his royal sanction, the article of the constitution already agreed on, together with the declaration of rights."

October 2, the Committee of Finance read the draught of the decree founded on the memoir of M. Necker. It ordered, that each person should make the declaration of the amount of his income before January 1, 1790; and the terms of the declaration to be:

"I declare in truth, that such sum, which I shall contribute to the wants of the state, is conformable to the conditions ordained by the National Assembly."

The Assembly were proceeding to take the resolution into discussion, when M. Mounier, the President, announced that, previous to his going up with the Declaration of Rights and the Articles of the Constitution for the Royal sanction, the Committee of the Constitution desired that they might be finally read. They were read accordingly, and M. Mounier took his departure with the same, M. de Clermont Tonnerre acting as President in his absence.

The discussion of the resolution on the national aid was resumed. Several plans of finance were presented and read; and Pethion de Villeneuve, to re-establish the circulation of money, moved, That promissory notes and bills should be admitted throughout the kingdom, any statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

The President returned, and made known the King's answer; which was, "That he would make known his intentions as soon as possible.

October 3, A Member proposed the following motion, "That the National Assembly have resolved, that every Member shall engage, on his honour, not to make use of any other than the manufactures of France:—that the resolution be presented to his Majesty, or invite him to adopt the same disposition, and to give the example in his own person, for the benefit of the manufacturers and artisans of France.

This resolution was received with loud applause, and was referred to the

the Committee of Trade.

Again the diſcuſſion of the voluntary aid was poſtponed until the King's ſanction ſhould be given to the Declaration of Rights and the Fundamental Articles of the Conſtitution

October 5, The King's letter to the Aſſembly was read, which was conceived in the following terms:

"Gentlemen,—The new conſtitutional laws cannot be properly judged of, but when they are viewed altogether; all the parts are allied to each other in ſo grand and important a work.

"Yet I think it natural, that in a moment when we invite the nation to come to the ſuccour of the ſtate, by a ſignal act of confidence and patriotiſm, we ſecure the principal object of its intereſt. Thus, in the confidence that the firſt conſtitutional articles which you have preſented to me, united to the ſequel of your labours, will accompliſh the wiſh of my people, and ſecure the happineſs and proſperity of my realm, I give, according to your deſire, my conſent to theſe articles; but upon one poſitive condition, from which I never will depart, that by the general reſult of your deliberations, the executive power have its entire effect in the hands of the Monarch.

"It remains for me to avow frankly, that if I give you my conſent to divers conſtitutional articles that you have ſent me, it is not becauſe they all, without diſtinction, preſent me with the idea of perfection; but I think it laudable, in my place, not to delay paying attention to the preſent wiſh of the Deputies of the nation, and to the alarming circumſtances that invite us ſo ſtrongly to wiſh, above all things, the ſpeedy re-eſtabliſhment of peace, order, and confidence.

"I ſhall not explain myſelf upon your Declaration of the Rights of Men and Citizens. It contains very good maxims, proper to direct your labours. But principles, ſuſceptible of different applications, and even different interpretations, cannot be juſtly appretiated, nor need be appretiated at all, till the moment when their true ſenſe is fixed by the laws of which they are to conſtitute the ground-work.

(Signed) LOUIS."

This anſwer of the King occaſioned the moſt lively ſenſations in the Aſſembly. A murmur ran through the hall, and a ſpirited debate took place, the concluſion of which brought on that memorable tumult at Paris which drove the King from Verſailles, and of which we have already given an account, ſee p. 141.

[To be continued.]

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The proper ſtudy of mankind, is Man.
POPE.

OF all the ſubjects which Philoſophers have choſen for exerciſing their faculty of reaſoning, there is not one more worthy of their attention, than the contemplation of the human mind.—There he will find an ample field wherein he may range at large, and diſplay his powers; but at the ſame time it muſt be obſerved, that here, unleſs the philoſopher call in religion to his aid, he will be loſt in a labyrinth of fruitleſs conjectures, and here in particular, he will be obliged to have a reference to a great firſt cauſe; as the mind of man, (whatever may be aſſerted of material ſubſtances) could never have been formed by chance; and he will find its affections ſo infinitely various, that inſtead of endeavouring to inveſtigate, he will be loſt in admiration.

That faculty or affection of the mind,

mind, attributed to our neighbours of the Highlands of Scotland, of having a foreknowledge of future events, or as it is commonly expreſſed, having the *ſecond ſight*, is perhaps one of the moſt ſingular.—Many have been the arguments both for and againſt the real exiſtence of this wonderful gift. I ſhall not be an advocate for any ſide, but ſhall preſume to relate a fact or two, which I know to be well authenticated, and from which every one is at liberty to infer what they pleaſe.

The late Revd. Mr D. McSween, was miniſter of a pariſh in the high parts of Aberdeenſhire, and was a native of Sky Iſland, where his mother continued to reſide.—On the 4th of May 1738, Mr Mc Sween with his brother, who often came to viſit him from Sky, were walking in the fields. After ſome interval in their diſcourſe, during which the Miniſter ſeemed to be loſt in thought, his brother aſked what was the matter with him; he made anſwer, he hardly could tell, but he was certain their mother was dead, and that they would walk no more at that time. His brother endeavoured to reaſon him out of this opinion, but in vain. And upon the brother's return home, he found that his mother had really died on that very day on which he was walking with the miniſter.

In April 1744, a man of the name of Forbes, walking over Culloden muir with two or three others, was ſuddenly, as it were, loſt in thought, and when in ſome ſhort time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately deſcribed the battle, which was fought on that ſpot two years afterward, at which deſcription his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the pretender's coming to Britain at that time.

Many ſuch inſtances might be produced, but I am afraid theſe are ſufficient to ſtumble the credulity of many of your readers. But to ſuch I ſhall only ſay, that I am very far from attributing the ſecond ſight to the Scotch Highlanders, more than to ourſelves. I am pretty certain, that there is no man whatever, who is not ſometimes ſeized with a foreboding in his mind, or as it may be termed a kind of reflection which it is not in his power to prevent,—and altho' his thoughts may perhaps not be employed on any particular exigency, yet he is apt to dread from that quarter, where he is more immediately concerned.--This opinion is agreeable to all the heathen mythologiſts, particularly *Homer* and *Virgil*, where numerous inſtances might be produced, and theſe juſtified in the event; but there is an authority which I hold in more veneration than all the others put together, I mean that now much diſuſed book, called the Bible, where we will meet with many examples, which may corroborate the exiſtance of ſuch an affection in the mind; and that too in perſons who were not ranked among the prophets. I ſhall inſtance one or two, tho' it were from no other motive, than to induce ſome of your readers to look into that antiquated book, perhaps for once in their life time. They will find the firſt inſtance in the 14th Chapter of 1ſt Samuel, for it is next to impoſſible to imagine, that had not Jonathan been convinced by ſome foreboding in his mind, that he would certainly be ſucceſsful, he and his armour-bearer, being only two in number, would never have encountered a whole garriſon of the enemy.—Another inſtance is in the 6th chapter of Eſther, where the King of Perſia, (who was no Prophet) was ſo much troubled in his mind, that he could not ſleep, neither could he aſſign any reaſon for his being ſo, till the very reaſon was diſcovered from the means that were uſed to divert his me-

melancholy, viz. the reading of the Records, when he found that he had forgot to do a thing which he was under an obligation to perform—Many of the moſt judicious modern authors alſo favour this opinion.—Addiſon makes his Cato ſome time before his fatal exit expreſs himſelf thus,—"What means this *Heavineſs* that hangs upon me?" De Foe alſo makes an inſtance of this kind, the means of ſaving the life of his Cruſoe, at the ſame time admoniſhing his readers not to make light of theſe emotions of the mind, but to be upon their guard, and pray God to aſſiſt them to bear through, and direct them in what may happen to their prejudice in conſequence thereof.

To what, then, are we to attribute theſe ſingular emotions? ſhall we impute them to the agency of ſpiritual beings called Guardian Angels, or more properly to "the Divinity that ſtirs within us, and points out an *hereafter*?" However it may be, it is only our buſineſs to make the beſt of ſuch hints, which I am confident every man has experienced, perhaps more frequently than he is aware of.

In great towns like this, (Mr Printer,) the hurry and diſſipation that attend the opulent, and the little leiſure that the poor have from following the avocations which neceſſity drives them to, prevent them from taking any notice of ſimilar inſtances to the foregoing, which may happen to themſelves.—But the caſe is quite otherwiſe in the Highlands of Scotland, where they live ſolitary and have little to do, or ſee done, and conſequently comparatively have but few Ideas.—When any thing of the above nature occurs, they have leiſure to brood over it, and cannot get it baniſhed from their mind, by which means it gains deep and laſting impreſſion, and often various circumſtances may happen by which it may be interpreted, juſt like the ancient oracles delivered by the prieſts of the heathen deities. This ſolitary ſituation of our neighbours is alſo productive of an opinion, which is of a worſe tendency, I mean the belief in ſpirits and apparitions, to which no people on earth is more addicted than our Scotch Highlanders. This opinion they ſuck in with their mothers milk, and it increaſes with their years and ſtature.—Not a glen, nor ſtrath, but is haunted by its particular *Goblins* and *Fairies*. And truly the face of the country is ſuch in ſome places, that it wears a very ſolemn appearance, even to a philoſophic eye.—The fall of cataracts of water down ſteep declivities, the whiſtling of the winds among heath, rocks, and caverns, a looſe fragment of a rock falling from its top, and in its courſe downward bringing a hundred more along with it, ſo that it appears like the wreck of nature, the hooting of the night owl, the chattering of the Heath Cock, the pale light of the moon on the dreary proſpect, with here and there a ſolitary tree on an eminence, which fear magnifies to an unuſual ſize; all theſe conſidered, it is not to be wondered that even an enlightened mind ſhould be ſtruck with awe; what muſt then be the emotion of a perſon prejudiced from his infancy, when left alone in ſuch a ſituation?

Aberdeen, 31ſt *March* 1790. } Yours, J. D.

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER LIX.

Thurſday April 8, 1790.

INEQUALITIES—JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY—SUPERIORITY OF JUSTICE—WITH EXAMPLES—SENSE OF JUSTICE NOT COMMON.

IT has been remarked that thoſe families or individuals who in

apeing the fashions of the day, incur greater expences than their means can supply, do also exhibit a clumsy and irregular imitation of high life. In their dress no two articles agree. In their furniture no two pieces correspond. A diamond ring with a dirty shirt—laced ruffles with worsted stockings—silver candlesticks with earthen ware—or wax-lights and a scanty meal, are very common appearances.—I know not whether in practising the duties of human life, a similar irregularity may not be discovered. The virtues which are the dress and ornaments, the furniture of our minds, do not always correspond, and we are often more desirous to be distinguished for some one that may be in repute in the world, than quietly to exercise all for our own and our fellow creatures' good. Thus I have observed that the *justice* and the *generosity* of some men are strangely at variance; like man and wife, they are seldom found together, or if they meet, they quarrel—The cause seems to be, that those acts of justice which it is every man's duty and is in every man's power to perform, are quiet, silent, and contribute little to fame; while generosity is an active, shining and popular duty.

Hence we find many men who give five guineas in charity, who owe an hundred, and not a few who assist the transient objects of distress, without reflecting that they themselves are at that moment the cause of the increase of such objects. Some whose debts are boundless, and who never without constraint pay a lawful debt, will nevertheless boldly subscribe their purse to a public charity, or toss it at the head of a Tavern waiter. There is too much of this kind of generosity among the young men of fashion and rank, who proceeding on the maxim that "paying tradesmen's bills is but encouraging them," contract debts which they are either unable or unwilling to pay, without one single reflection that they are doing what is wrong. Such are the licentious opinions of our men of fashion on this subject, that there is nothing disgraceful but what is regular, decent, and as they term it vulgar, and that generosity to pimps, parasites, strumpets, &c. &c. is a virtue superior to all censure.

All virtues, however, ought to be equal; and no one brought forward at the expence of another. Justice is, for many reasons, a duty in point of incumbence, prior to generosity. The proverb says, "Be just before you are generous." All that jealousy and want of confidence which subsists between man and man, and much, very much of the poverty and distress we meet with in the world, are to be traced to unjust principles and unjust practices. Every man cannot be generous; his sentiments may and ought to tend that way, but it may not be in his power to evince them by actions. But every man can be just —It may be said, a man may incline to be just, but cannot afford it. He may have contracted debts honestly, which a series of ill luck prevents his discharging. He cannot therefore be just—Yes—He can—he is just in making the attempt, and if he die before that attempt is crowned with success, his justice is not to be impeached. He did what he could; he was innocent at the *outset*—he was just to *the last*. How different from the conduct of *Young Cogate*?—He borrowed the other day three hundred pounds, with which he bought trinkets and made presents to three favourite ladies. He is extolled for his generosity: He never takes change in a guinea—He tosses his money about for his diversion—But—he owes twenty thousand pounds to tradesmen, two or three of whom have been ruined by him, and are actually languishing in a jail—Is this ge-

generoſity? But can he pay? Yes, for a lucky ſeaſon at cards or on the turf frequently enables him—but that money is to pay *debts of honour*. If any of his tradeſmen, indeed, would *cock a card* for his bill, he might have a chance to ſee it paid.

Generoſity is not expected by God or man, but as it is conſiſtent with Juſtice. Generoſity muſt ariſe from the exceſs of our fortunes above the neceſſaries of life; under that, we are to be claſſed with thoſe who are rather the end than the ſources of generous actions. But even in that, in the loweſt ſituation of life, as well as in the higheſt, there is nothing that can compenſate for injuſtice. It is a virtue beyond all diſpenſation, and ſuperior to every other conſideration. It is the chief attribute of the Almighty. It forms the very being, the eſſence, the cement of human ſociety. It is therefore ſecured by human laws, but human laws operate on the body, not the mind, and they are therefore ineffectual in many caſes. The voluminous *Body of Statutes at Large* never made a man good, or prevented him from being wicked, when temptation and opportunity occurred. They are neceſſary for puniſhment, through in that reſpect not always ſucceſsful, but they tend little or nothing towards prevention. I do not altogether agree with the Judge who told a criminal complaining of his hard fate to be hanged for ſtealing horſes, "I do not hang thee, friend, for ſtealing horſes, but that in future horſes may not be ſtolen,"—although in this ſenſe the judge may be right; there are men whoſe only fear is the gallows, and before whoſe eyes of courſe it ought to be placed. But this is a digreſſion.

Although every allowance is to be made for the ſuperior advantages this age enjoys from a multitude of enlightened writings, from a ſpirit of liberal thinking and acting now very prevalent, yet I am far from agreeing that the ſenſe of juſtice is ſo prevalent—ſo increaſing—ſo well defined, as it ought. I have been reading an inſtance in the papers of a man at Newcaſtle, who was a bankrupt twenty years ago, and received his dividend. He has ſince proſpered in the world, and lately called his old creditors together, and paid them to the uttermoſt farthing. This is recorded as a MIRACLE—AN UNCOMMON ACT OF JUSTICE—A miracle and uncommon, it may be, but we muſt ſurely think very meanly of Juſtice—of ourſelves—if we rank this higher than a ſingle act of indiſpenſible duty. —Has the man, then, no merit? Yes—The merit of ſhewing that he poſſeſſes more juſtice, a more honeſt mind, a truer conſcience than thouſands of his countrymen—but aſk himſelf—Does he view this act in any higher light? No—He ſays, "he has but done his duty"

On this ſubject there are other reflections which may be neceſſary, but I muſt leave them to another opportunity.

Friendſhip. An Allegory.

A Rich merchant had an only ſon, whom he moſt tenderly loved; he was educated with the utmoſt care, and nothing was neglected to render him perfectly accompliſhed. The education of this youth being nearly finiſhed, he formed a reſolution to travel. "My ſon," ſaid his father to him one day, "conſider that among all the wants of mankind, that of a *friend* is moſt deſirable. Prodigality may deprive us of our riches; a reverſe of fortune may tumble the moſt powerful into adverſity; but death alone can deprive us of a friend: A friend is an acquiſi-

tion that no human power can deprive us of: If you can but find one friend in the courſe of your life, you will find a moſt valuable treaſure. I deſire, alſo, my ſon, that you will viſit every part of the world; travelling will furniſh you with the only experience: the more we ſee of mankind, the better we are qualified to live amongſt them. The world is a large volume, that will inſtruct thoſe who know how to read in it. It is a faithful mirror, that preſents to our view thoſe objects that will give us inſtruction. Go, my ſon, but remember in your voyage to make the acquiſition of a true friend. For this you may ſacrifice the moſt valuable articles you poſſeſs."

The young man took leave of his father, and went to viſit a country at a ſmall diſtance from his own; where he continued but a ſhort time, and then returned to his father. "I am amazed, my ſon," ſaid the old gentleman, "that you ſhould make ſo ſpeedy a return."—"You commanded me," replied the ſon, "to go in ſearch of a friend, and I have found fifty of them, who are models of the moſt perfect friendſhip."

"My ſon, replied the merchant, "do not trifle with a name ſo ſacred: Do you forget what the Perſian poet ſaid upon this occaſion? *Speak not in praiſe of your friend till you have proved him.* 'Tis an extraordinary character, and moſt of thoſe who pretend to this ſacred title, wear only the maſk of friendſhip: they reſemble a cloud that is diſperſed by the ſmalleſt rays of the ſun; they behave to thoſe whom they pretend to eſteem, as a toper would to a flaſk of wine; ſo long as it contains any of the enchanting liquor, it is embraced with ardour, but as ſoon as it is empty it is thrown under the table. I am of opinion that the friends, whom you ſeem to entertain ſo exalted an opinion of, bear ſome reſemblance to thoſe I have been deſcribing."

"Father," replied the young man, "your ſuſpicions are unjuſt; thoſe whom I look upon as my friends, are ſuch as would aſſiſt me in my adverſity."

"I have lived ſeventy years," replied the merchant: "I have experienced good and bad fortune, and in ſuch a long courſe of years have hardly been able to find a ſingle friend; how happens it that at your age, and in ſo ſhort a time, you ſhould have found fifty?—Learn of me the knowledge of mankind."

The merchant then killed a ſheep, conveyed it into a bag, and beſmeared his ſon's cloaths with the blood of the animal. Thus every thing being in readineſs for the deſign he had formed, he propoſed to carry it into execution in the night. He took the bag which contained the body of the ſheep, and put it on his ſon's ſhoulders, whom he alſo inſtructed what to ſay upon the occaſion.

The young gentleman knocked at the door of one of his fifty friends, who opened it, and demanded the ſubject of his viſit. "'Tis in misfortunes only," replied the ſon of the merchant, "that we can have an opportunity of proving our friends. I have often told you of the enmity that has ſubſiſted between my family and that of a noble lord. Chance brought us together in a retired place; hatred induced us both to draw our ſwords; I ran him through the body, and he expired at my feet. Fearing that the officers of juſtice ſhould purſue me, I have brought his body, which is in the bag on my ſhoulder, and entreat the favour of you to let me conceal it in your houſe till the clamour ſhall a little ſubſide."

"My houſe is ſo ſmall, replied his friend, with an air of chagrin and embarraſſment, it will hardly contain the living that inhabit it, and therefore I cannot find room for the dead. Be-

Beſides, continued he, every one is acquainted with the hatred that ſubſiſted between you and the nobleman whom you have killed, and therefore they will readily conclude that you are the author of his death: and as it is publickly known that we are particular friends, they will naturally come to ſearch my houſe: It would do you no ſervice for me to plunge myſelf into your misfortune, and all the good that I can do you is to keep the ſecret."

The young man made ſeveral trials, but to no purpoſe: at length deſpairing of ſucceſs with this ingrate, he went ſucceſſively to all the fifty perſons, from whoſe friendſhip he had promiſed himſelf every thing he ſhould aſk, and fifty times he received the ſame kind of treatment.

"You ſee, my ſon," ſaid the merchant to him, "how little we can rely upon mankind! What is become of the zeal of thoſe whoſe praiſes you have ſo pompouſly dwelt upon? See how they deſert you when you have need of their aſſiſtance. I will now ſhow you the difference between one friend that I have found, and the fifty which you have procured. He then went to the door of the perſon, whom he had mentioned to his ſon as a model of perfect friendſhip, and told him the pretended misfortune that had happened to his ſon. "Oh! thrice happy day," cried the old man, "that furniſhes me with an opportunity of ſhewing my attachment to you; by relying upon me, you make me happy; my houſe is wholly at your ſervice, and were it at the utmoſt hazard of my life, I could joyfully do any thing to ſerve you."

The merchant, after returning thanks to his friend for theſe generous offers, told him that all he had been relating to him was a tale, invented only as leſſon for his ſon, to teach him how to diſtinguiſh between a real and a pretended friend.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The Hiſtory of the Hat.
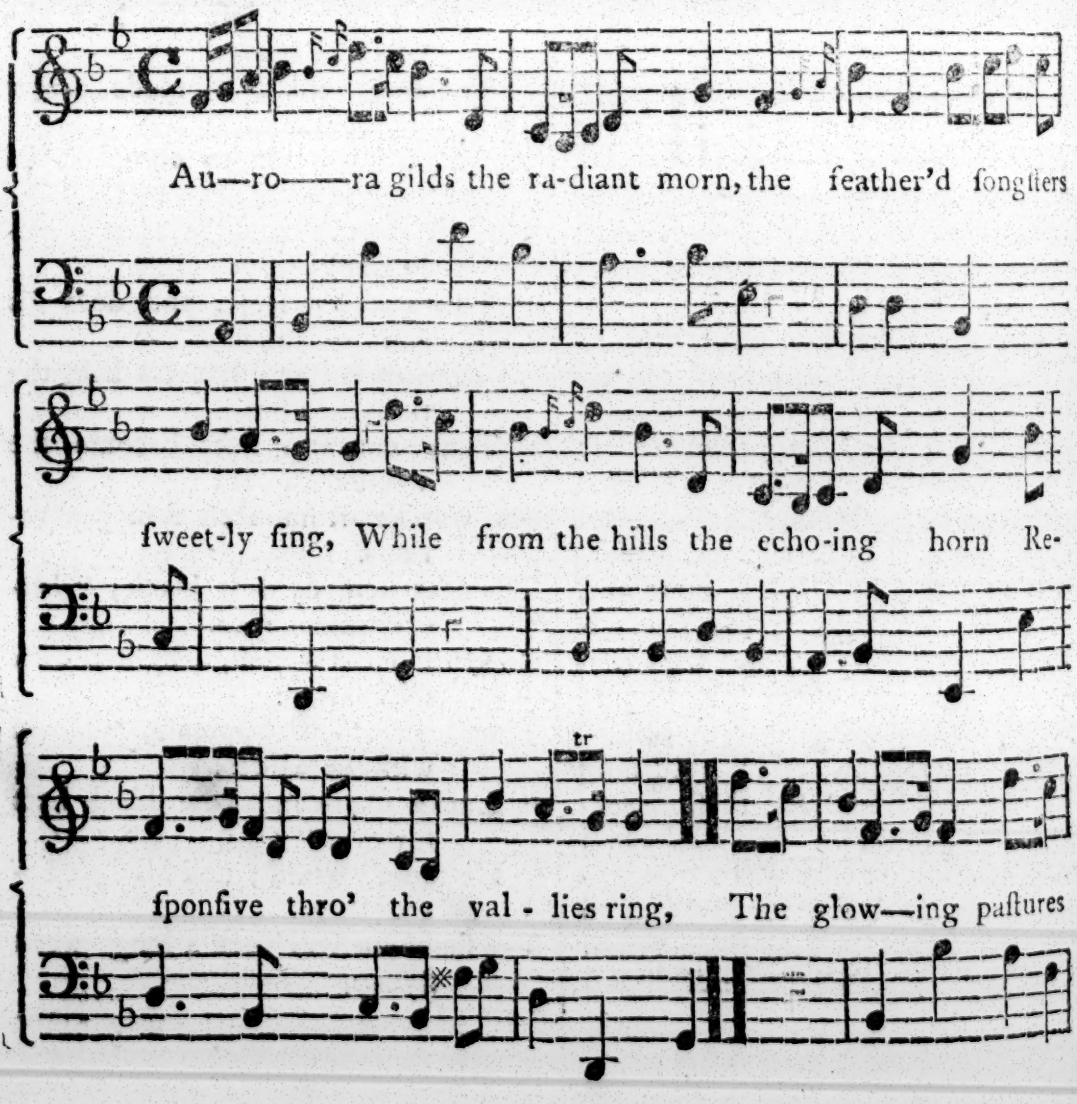
[From the German.]
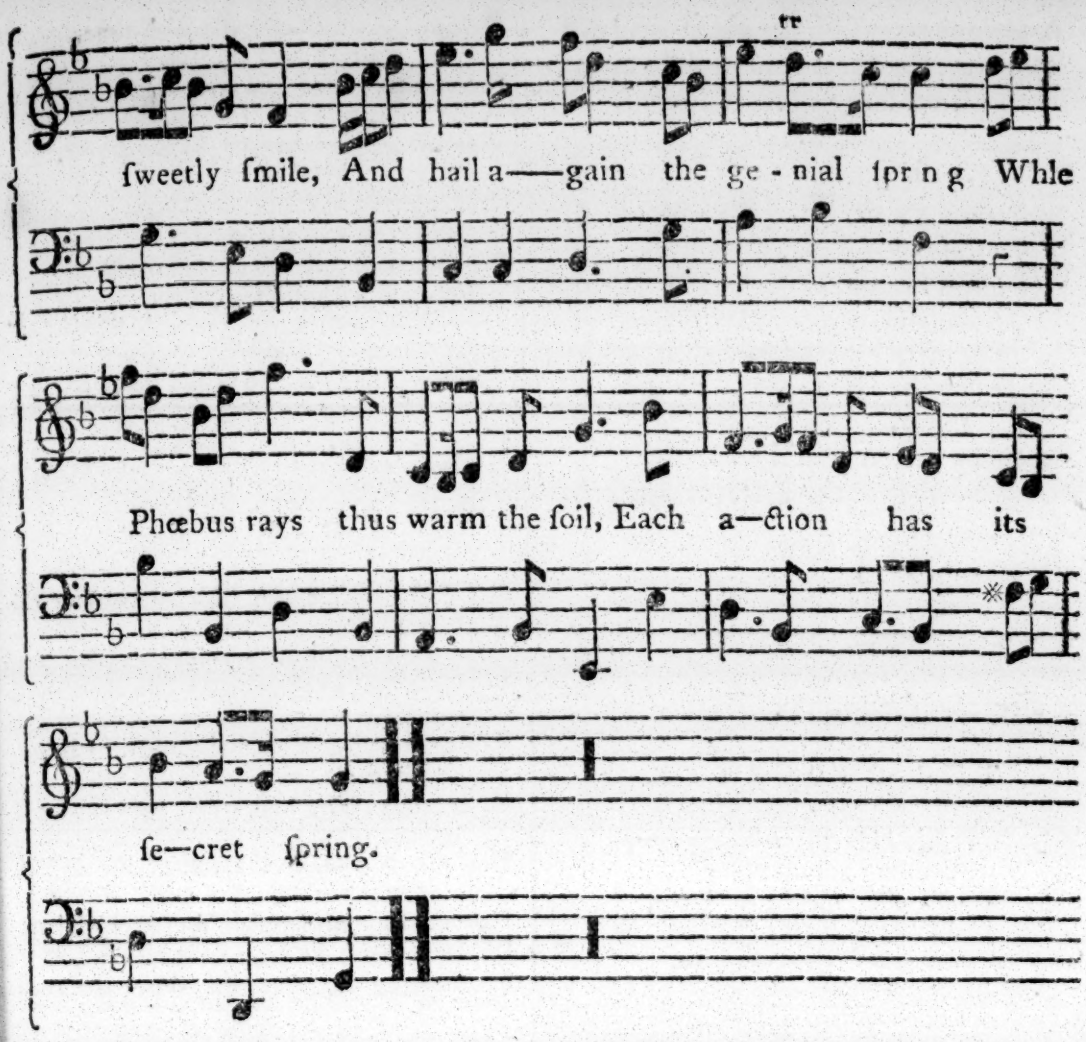
THE firſt wiſe wight who painfully ſtruck out
That graceful ornament of man, the Hat,
Wore it plain white, flapt, ſlouch'd about his ears,
And was delighted with the air it gave him.
He dy'd, and left the ſlouch hat to his ſon.
The ſon, who found a flapping beaver awkward,
Cock'd up two ſides, then clapp'd it on his head;
Walk'd out, and was the wonder of the crowd.
He dy'd, and left his heir the two ſide beaver.
The heir diſlik'd it, made a new improvement,
Adding a third ſide to compleat its faſhion;
Now (cry'd the crowd) the hat is truly fine!
"This man has ſenſe, and does his country honour."
He dy'd, and left his heir the three-ſide hat.
That hat was now become the worſe for wear;
No wonder, it had ſeen four generations.
The next heir dy'd it black; "Improvement rare!"
Cried the pleas'd mob, delighted with the change:
Then bellow'd out applauſe, "Down with the whites,
"Lucky diſcov'ry! now black hats for ever."
He too departed; and his heir bemoaning
The ſhabbyneſs of ſuch a long worn flyflap,

New-

New-moulded it, and turn'd it inſide out,
Then clapp'd a ſilken edging round its border.
" What do we ſee! what magick art art is this!
" A ſpan-new hat, and ſhining on its edge!
" O happy man, how fruitful in invention!"
He dy'd and left his heir the wond'rous hat.
By good improvements artiſts are made rich;
The joyful heir the binding ripping off,
Sew'd on a golden lace and burniſh'd button, [locks.
Then ſlipt it ſideways on his powder'd
The people ſhout, " Now is the art compleat!
" Now wit has ſeen its height! oh bleſs'd of men!"
This genius alſo dy'd, and left his hat,
A gold-lac'd hat, to all the beaux of Europe.
What farther changes happened to the hat?
Succeeding heirs preſerv'd its preſent ſhape:
The outworks new, the hat itſelf tho' old.
But why this tedious tale of ſuch a toy?
The hat's an emblem of philoſophy.

Each Action has its Secret Spring—a New Song





II.

The cottage fair beneath yon brae,
Who ſoon muſt wed, if a' be well,
Sings "'Patie's mill" the live long day,
And ſwiftly turns her ſpinning wheel.
" And bide ye yet"—his toils for-got,
At ev'n the plowman blyth's a king;
With hearty glee chants o'er his lot;
Each action has its ſecret Spring.

III.

While round the bank, the tempeſts roar,
Nor ought the ceaſeleſs winds abate,
The Sailor's thoughts are moor'd on ſhore,
Regardleſs of his certain fate,
E'en midſt the dreadful clash of arms,
While ſwords on ſhields deſcending ring,
The ſoldier thinks on Anna's charms;
Each action has its ſecret Spring.

IV.

The ſower ſpreads the fruitful grain,
And hopes a rich increaſe 'twill yield;
" O corn riggs" his pleaſing ſtrain,
And ſtrides exulting o'er the field.
" Ye belles and flirts," pray what's your game,
Why ever flying on the wing?
To captivate is ſtill your aim,
Each action has its ſecret Spring,

V.

" My lawland laſs" from yon ſteep hill,
Re-echoes thro' the heathy vale,
Whence gently warbling ſpring theſe rills,
The mountain ſhepherd breathes the tale.
Maria's Charms oft have I ſung

and

And love was ſtill the fatal ſtring,
The rocks around reſponſive rung,
Each action has its ſecret ſpring.

VI.

" Life is chequered" let's be merry,
Now let's be joyful, dance and ſing,
Winter like *old age* camſtairy,
Will come, then fades the jocund ſpring.
" Go greedy Midas" and your wealth,
Far hence be gone; you're not the thing,
Be every action join'd to health,
And Cupid guide the ſecret ſpring.

Aberdeen, 18*th* *March*, 1790. D.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

THE COQUETTE.

FAIR Hebe, hide thy winning face,
Where killing beauties play,
Since Venus' ſmile, and Pallas' grace,
Are meant but to betray;
Tho' all their arts in thee combine,
And Mars obey their power,
Libations from the God of Wine,
Can't ſtop the fleeting hour.
Thy Ceſtus with its ſtore conceal,
Adonis is not near,
Why wou'd you all theſe charms reveal,
The human breaſt to tear?
Still Cupid with a thouſand darts,
Attends your piercing eye,
Still all the beaux muſt yield their hearts,
At your command ſo high.
A Tantalus in all his pains,
Where e'er you ſtray we find,
With tyranny you ſhake your chains,
Still over the roving mind.
He cannot graſp the luſcious grapes,
Which round his priſon twine,
Nor can he ſip th' infernal lakes,
Nor touch the Cup of Wine.
Proud of its load, behold yon tree,
With bluſhing roſes bend,
Once plucked if the faireſt be,
Its glory's at an end.
Pyramis and his Thiſbe's ſtate
Should always be in view,
The purple tree records their fate,
Charms of another hue.
My fate yet Hebe! may be thine,
nor triumph in thy reign,
Deforming wrinkles come with time,
And you may bear diſdain.
Sweet Echo pin'd into a rock,
Narciſſus was not true,
Fond Sappho's heart by Phaon broke,
As beautiful as you.
Let every female grace be thine,
Let every fool adore,
'Tis virtue marks the happy time,
When beauty ſhuts the door.

March 30, 1790. REGULUS.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

WHAT time the ſable empreſs of the night,
Wide o'er the flowery meads extends her ſway,
When nought excludes pale Cynthia's feeble light,
And nought but Philomela tunes the lay,
Witneſs how oft, alas! ye ſtarry train,
Ye gurgling rills, and each pale chequered grove,
How oft to you, I've breathed the luckleſs ſtrain,
How oft to you, complain'd of hopeleſs love.
Oft have I ſaid, I'll be a ſlave no more,
Far from my thoughts, I'll throw the cruel fair,
Next morning's ſun, ſhall ſee my ſorrow o'er,
Next morning came, but ſaw me ſtill deſpair.
All, all is vain, to thwart love's fatal power,
For ſhe that gains the wound, can only cure.

Abdn. March 30th, 1790. DAMON.

SONG.

O SEEK not to repreſs the ſigh,
Nor check the tear that drowns the eye!
Thoſe love-fraught eyes ſeem more divine,
When the ſlow drops o'er Pity's ſhrine
From pearly ſources graceful flow,
To bathe the bruiſed heart of Woe;
And lovely is the boſom's ſwell,
Whoſe quick, tumultuous heavings tell,
That ſofteſt ſympathy is there,
And Laura's good as ſhe is fair!

T. C.

THE

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THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

JOHN ELWES, Eſq.

(Concluded from page 192)

NEARLY at the ſame time that Mr. Elwes loſt his ſeat, he loſt *that famous ſervant* " of all work"—compared to whom, Scrub was indolence itſelf. He died, as he was following his maſter, upon a hard trotting horſe, into Berkſhire, and he died empty and poor: for his yearly wages were not above four pounds, and he had faſted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domeſtic, certainly verified a ſaying which Mr. Elwes often uſed, and the ſaying was this, —" If you keep *one* ſervant, your work is done; if you keep *two*, it is half done; but if you keep *three*, you may do it yourſelf." That there were very few kinds of work which this ſervant could not do, may be eſtimated by what he did. But that his knowledge of how ſome things were done was not very extenſive, may be taken from the following circumſtance.

When the lower houſe carried up their addreſs to the king, on the ſubject of the American war—old Thomas (for that was the name of the fellow) who had never ſeen his maſter do any thing but ride on his moſt important occaſions, imagined he was to ride up to his majeſty at St. James's, and ſpeak to him on horſeback. Accordingly, he cleaned up the old ſaddles, gave the horſes a feed of corn at his own expence; and at his own expence too, had a piece of new ribbon in front, put upon one of the bridles: and all this that his maſter might do things handſomely, and like a "*parliament man!*" But when he found out how his maſter was to go; ſaw the carriage of colonel Timms at the door —who by borrowing for Mr Elwes a bag wig—lending him a ſhirt with laced ruffles, and new furbiſhing his *everlaſting coat*, had made him look very differently from what he uſually did, and in truth, much like a gentleman: old Thomas returning all

his own zeal and finery back into the ſtables, obſerved with regret, that "mayhap his maſter might look a *bit* of a *gentleman*—but he was ſo altered nobody would know him."

When Mr. Elwes retired from parliament, no man ever retired from the houſe of commons, leaving it more loaded with obligations than he did; and they were obligations that were never cancelled. If I might judge from the *multitude of bonds* I have ſeen, I ſhould be led to think ſome members imagined he was a great public money-lender, appointed by government, to come down into the houſe of commons, and "oblige the gentlemen" who might be in want of his aid.

When application was afterwards made for the payment of them—on moving that queſtion, Mr. Elwes ſtood as *ſingle* as did the reſpected Mr Strutt, member for Malden, on the ſubject of admiral Keppel,—not a member ſaid "*aye!*"—and Mr. Elwes died poſſeſſed of proofs moſt undeniable, that, ſomehow or other, every man *muſt pay* for coming into parliament.

In theſe ſpeculations upon lending money, Mr. Elwes was, at one time, moſt unbounded; but the temptation of one *per cent.* more than the funds, or landed property would give, was irreſiſtible. But amongſt the ſums he thus veſted in other people's hands, ſome ſtray, forlorn inſtances of feeling may be remembered; of which the following is an inſtance.—When his ſon was in the guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the officers' table there. The politeneſs of his manners rendered him agreeable to every one, and, in time, he became acquainted with every officer in the corps; amongſt the reſt, with a gentleman of the name of Tempeſt, whoſe good humour was almoſt proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchaſe; but as money is not always to be got upon landed property immediately, it was imagined ſome officer would have been obliged to purchaſe over his head. Old Mr. Elwes heard of the circumſtance, and ſent him the money next morning. He aſked no ſecurity—he had ſeen captain Tempeſt, and liked his manners; and he never afterwards talked to him about the payment of it. On the death of captain Tempeſt, which happened ſhortly after, the money was replaced. That Mr. Elwes was no loſer by the event, does not take away from the merit of the deed. And it ſtands amongſt thoſe ſingular records of his character, that reaſon has to reconcile, or philoſophy to account for, that the ſame man, at one and the ſame moment, could be prodigal of thouſands, and yet almoſt deny himſelf *the neceſſaries of life!*

An anecdote, exemplifying the truth of this, I will add at this moment. It comes to me on the very reſpected authority of Mr. Spurling, of Dynes hall, a very active and intelligent magiſtrate for the county of Eſſex. It ſeems Mr. Elwes had requeſted Mr. Spurling to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the ſpring meetings, which was remarkably filled with races: and they were out from ſix in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening, before they again ſet out for home. Mr. Elwes in the uſual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was ſomewhat wiſer, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on ſomewhat quicker; and on going through the turnpike, by the Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerneſs. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes ſaid—"Here! Here! follow

low me!—this is the beſt road!"—In an inſtant he ſaw Mr. Elwes as well as the night could permit, climbing his horſe up the precipice of the ditch. "Sir," ſaid Mr. Spurling, "I can never get up there."—"No danger at all!"—replied old Elwes, "but if your horſe be not ſafe, lead him!" At length, with great difficulty, and with one of the horſes falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not leſs toil, got down on the other ſide. When they were ſafe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their eſcape.—"Aye," ſaid old Elwes, "you mean from the *turnpike!*—Very right; never *pay* a *turnpike* if you can avoid it!" In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road; at which Mr. Elwes, notwithſtanding the cold, went as ſlowly as poſſible. On Mr. Spurling wiſhing to quicken their pace, old Elwes obſerved that he was letting his horſe feed on ſome hay that was hanging on the ſides of the hedge—"beſides," added he, "it is nice hay, and you have it for *nothing*."

Theſe *pleaſant acts*, of endangering his neck to ſave the *payment* of a *turnpike*, and ſtarving himſelf for a *halfpenny-worth of hay*, happened, from the date of them, at the time he was riſking the ſum of *twenty-five thouſand pounds* on ſome iron-works, acroſs the Atlantic ocean, and of which he knew nothing, either as to produce, proſpect, or ſituation!

Strange man! whoſe penury and prodigality, whoſe profuſion and meanneſs, all ſo mixed together, puzzle me ſtill more and more, as I detail them to the public!

The ſcenes that now wait upon my hand—for the few years before his death, will exhibit a ſtory of *penurious denial* that never have fallen to my ſhare to find a parallel. In the wonder which they have yet left upon my mind, I can only ſay "*they are true.*"

Mr. Elwes had, for ſome years, been a member of a card club, at the Mount coffee-houſe, and by a conſtant attendance on this meeting, he, for a time, conſoled himſelf for the loſs of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintance in the houſe of commons, and he experienced a pleaſure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not leſs ſatisfactory, that of enjoying *fire* and *candle*, at a general expence.

For, however rejectful Mr. Elwes appeared of "the good things of this life," when they were to come out of his own pocket—he by no means acted in the ſame manner when thoſe things were at the expence of any other perſon. He had an admirable taſte in French diſhes, at the table of another—No man had more judgment in French wines, when they did not come from his own wine-merchant—and "he was very nice in his appetite," on the day he dined from home.

Much, therefore, of his time Mr. Elwes paſſed in the Mount coffee houſe. But fortune ſeemed reſolved, on ſome occaſions, to diſappoint his hopes, and to force away that money from him, which no power could perſuade him to beſtow. He ſtill retained ſome fondneſs for play, and imagined he had no ſmall ſkill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however to meet with a gentleman who thought the ſame, and on much better grounds, for, after a conteſt of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perſeverance which avarice will inſpire, he roſe a loſer of a ſum, which he always endeavoured to conceal—though I have ſome reaſon to think, it was not leſs than *three thouſand pounds*. Some part of it was paid

by a large draft on Meſſrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. This was the laſt folly, of the kind, of which Mr. Elwes was ever guilty; and it is but juſtice to the members of the club, to ſay, that they ever after endeavoured to diſcourage any wiſh to play with him. Thus, while by every art of human mortification, he was ſaving ſhillings and ſixpences, he would kick down, in one moment, the heap he had raiſed. Though yet was the benefit of this conſideration all thrown away upon him, for his maxim always was—and it was ſo agreeable, that he has repeated it to me, at leaſt, a hundred times—"that all great *fortunes* were made by *ſaving*; for of that a man could be ſure."

The rooms, at his ſeat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his ſon, John Elwes, eſq. who had reſided there, he thought too expenſively furniſhed, as worſe things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing a bit of broken glaſs, which had at length been done ſo frequently, and in ſo many ſhapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematican to ſay "what figure they deſcribed." To ſave fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouſe, or ſit, with a ſervant, in the kitchen. During the harveſt he would amuſe himſelf with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of his own tenants; and they uſed to leave a little more than common to pleaſe the old gentleman, who was as eager after it, as any pauper in the pariſh.

In the advance of the ſeaſon, his morning employment was to pick up any ſtray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket—and he was one day ſurpriſed by a neighbouring gentleman, in the act of pulling down, with ſome difficulty, a *crow's neſt*, for this purpoſe. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himſelf this trouble—"O ſir," replied old Elwes, "it is really a ſhame that theſe creatures ſhould do ſo. Do but ſee what waſte they make! They don't care how extravagant they are!"

As no gleam of favourite paſſion, or any ray of amuſement broke through this gloom of penury, his inſatiable deſire of ſaving was now become uniform and ſyſtematic. He uſed ſtill to ride about the country on one of his old mares—but then he rode her very economically; on the ſoft turf adjoining the road, without putting himſelf to the expence of ſhoes—as he obſerved, "The turf was ſo pleaſant to a horſe's foot!" And when any gentleman called to pay him a viſit, and the boy who attended in the ſtables was profuſe enough to put a little hay before his horſe, old Elwes would ſlily ſteal back into the ſtable and take the hay very careſully away.

That very *ſtrong appetite* which Mr. Elwes had in ſome meaſure reſtrained during the long ſitting of parliament, he now indulged moſt voraciouſly, and on every thing he could find. To ſave, as he thought, the expence of going to a butcher, he would have a whole ſheep killed, and ſo eat mutton to the—end of the chapter. When he occaſionally had his river drawn, though ſometimes, horſe loads of ſmall fiſh were taken, not one would he ſuffer to be thrown in again, for he obſerved, "he ſhould never ſee them again!" Game in the laſt ſtate of putrefaction—and meat that walked about his plate—would he continue to eat, rather than have new things killed—before the old proviſion was finiſhed.

With this diet—the charnel houſe of ſuſtenance—his dreſs kept pace—equally

equally in the laſt ſtage of abſolute diſſolution. Sometimes he would walk about in a tattered brown coloured hat; and ſometimes in a red and white woolen cap, like a priſoner confined for debt.

When any friends, who might be with him, were abſent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the houſe of a neighbour, and thus make one fire ſerve both. In ſhort, whatever Cervantes or Moliere have pictured in their moſt ſportive moods, of *avarice* in the extreme, here might they have ſeen realized or ſurpaſſed.

His ſhoes he never would ſuffer to be cleaned, leſt they ſhould be worn out the ſooner.

But ſtill with all this ſelf denial—that penury of life to which the inhabitant of an alms houſe is not doomed—ſtill did he think he was profuſe, and frequently ſay, "he muſt be a little more careful of his property." And, ſtrange as it may appear, I have no doubt he thought the reſolve neceſſary, for his diſquietude on the ſubject of money was now continual. When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and then full of his money, after he had retired to reſt, and ſometimes in the middle of the night, he would come down to ſee if it was there. The irritation of his mind was unceaſing. He thought every body was extravagant: and when ſome one was talking to him to one day, of the great wealth of old Mr. Jennings, and that they had ſeen him that day in a new carriage—"Aye, aye," ſaid old Elwes, "he will ſoon ſee the end of his money."

It will be no exaggeration, to ſay that Mr. Jennings is ſuppoſed, by every man of buſineſs who knows him, to be worth a *million*. The remark therefore very curiouſly ſhews the mind of Mr. Elwes.

The ſcene of mortification, at which Mr. Elwes was now arrived, was all but a denial of the common neceſſaries of life: and, indeed, it might have admitted a doubt, whether or not, if his manors, his fiſh-ponds, and ſome grounds, in his own hands, had not furniſhed a ſubſiſtence, where he had not any thing *actually to buy*, he would not, rather than have *bought any thing*, have ſtarved! Strange as this may appear, it is not exaggerated.—He, one day, during this period, dined upon the remaining part of a *moor hen*, which had been brought out of the river by a *rat!* and at another, eat an undigeſted part of a pike, which a larger one had ſwallowed, but had not finiſhed, and which were taken in this ſtate in a net. At the time this laſt circumſtance happened, he diſcovered a ſtrange kind of ſatisfaction, for he ſaid to me—"Aye! this was killing two birds with one ſtone!" In the room of all comment—of all moral—let me ſay, that, at this time, Mr. Elwes was perhaps worth nearly *eight hundred thouſand pounds!* And, at this period, he had not made his will, of courſe, was not ſaving from any ſentiment of affection for any perſon.

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm-houſe, at Thaydon hall, a ſcene of more ruin and deſolation, if poſſible, than either his houſes in Suffolk or Berkſhire. It ſtood alone, on the borders of Epping Foreſt, and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only perſons with whom he could hold any converſe. Here he fell ill; and, as he would have no aſſiſtance, and had not even a ſervant, he lay, unattended and almoſt forgotten for nearly a fortnight—*indulging, even in death, that avarice, which malady could not ſubdue.* It was at this period he began to think of making his *will*—feeling,

ing, perhaps, that his ſons would not be entitled, by law, to any part of his property, ſhould he die inteſtate—and on coming to London, he made his laſt will and teſtament.

The property diſpoſed of, may amount, perhaps, to *five hundred thouſand pounds*. The entailed eſtates fell to Mr. Timms, ſon of the late Richard Timms, lieutenant-colonel of the 2d troop of horſe-guards.

The ſons, named by Mr. Elwes, in his latter will, were his natural children, by Elizabeth Moren, formerly his houſekeeper at Marcham in Berkſhire.

In mentioning theſe gentlemen as "his natural children," my reſpect for them, I am ſure, will not be diminiſhed: and a ring of no ſmall value, lately ſent to me by George Elwes, eſq. in memory of their father, tells me I hold ſome place in their eſteem. On the ſubject of *natural children*, what the facetious Dick Beckford once ſaid ſo well, no man need be aſhamed to repeat—"when ſo many *unnatural children* are abroad, I ſhall never bluſh to be called the *natural child* of my father."

In the ſpring of this year, the eldeſt ſon of Mr. Elwes, Mr. George Elwes, married a young lady, not leſs diſtinguiſhed for her engaging manners than for her beauty. She was a miſs Alt, of Northampton ſhire, and is the god-daughter of Mr. Haſtings. She is a lady of whom any father might be proud: but pride, or even concern, in theſe matters, were not paſſions likely to affect Mr. Elwes, as a circumſtance, which happened a few years before, in a caſe not diſſimilar, will prove.

Mr. George Elwes had, at that time, paid his addreſſes to a niece of doctor Noel, of Oxford, who, of courſe, thought it proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes, to apprize him of the circumſtance, and to aſk his conſent. Old Mr. Elwes had not the leaſt objection. Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young people might be productive of happineſs to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the leaſt objection to any body marrying whatever. "*This ready acquieſcence is ſo obliging!*" ſaid the doctor—"but, doubtleſs you feel *for the natural wiſhes of the parties.*" "*I dare ſay I do,*" replied the old gentleman. "*Then, ſir,*" ſaid doctor Noel, "*we have only one thing to ſettle, and you are ſo kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter, as I ſhall behave liberally to my niece—what do you mean to give your ſon?*"—"*Give!*" ſaid old Elwes, "*Sure I did not ſay any thing about giving; but if you wiſh it ſo much, I will give my conſent.*"

The word *give*, having ſtuck in the throat of the Elwes family for two generations—the tranſaction ended altogether.

The cloſe of Mr. Elwes's life was ſtill reſerved for one ſingularity more, and which will not be held leſs ſingular than all that has paſſed before it, when his diſpoſition and his advanced age are conſidered. He *gave away* his affections: he conceived *the tender paſſion*.—In plain terms, having been accuſtomed for ſome time to paſs his hours, out of œconomy, with the two *maid ſervants* in the kitchen—one of them had the art to induce him to fall in love with her, and it is matter of doubt, had it not been diſcovered, whether ſhe would not have had the power over him to have made him marry her.

Had Mr. Elwes, at nearly *eighty years of age*, and with property amounting to almoſt a *million of money*—thus cloſed his extraordinary life by a *marriage in the kitchen*, it would, indeed, have added one feature more to that ſingular memoir, which

which the life of this gentleman has preſented to the public! and which, ſince the beginning of time, certainly never had a parallel!

But good fortune, and the attention of his friends, ſaved him from this laſt act—in which, perhaps the pitiable infirmity of *nature*, weakened and worn down by age and perpetual anxiety, is in ſome meaſure to be called to account.

It was now the autumn of the year 1789, and the progreſs of each day took ſomething away from his underſtanding.

On the 18th day of November, 1789, Mr. Elwes diſcovered ſigns of that utter and total weakneſs, which in eight days, carried him to his grave. On the evening of the firſt day he was conveyed to bed—from which he roſe no more. His appetite was gone—he had but a faint recollection of any thing about him; and his laſt coherent words were addreſſed to his ſon, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping "he had left him what he wiſhed." On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a ſigh!—with the eaſe with which an infant goes to ſleep on the breaſt of its mother, worn out with the "rattles and the toys" of a long day!

Curious Traits in the Character of the preſent King of Naples; by Mrs. Piozzi.

THE king of Naples rides and rows, and hunts the wild boar, and catches fiſh in the bay, and ſells it in the market, as dear as he can too; but gives away the money they pay him for it, and that directly: ſo that no ſuſpicion of meanneſs, or of any thing worſe than a little rough merriment, can be ever attached to his truly honeſt, open, undeſigning character.

Stories of monarchs ſeldom give me pleaſure, who ſeldom am perſuaded to give credit to tales told of perſons few people have any acceſs to, and whoſe behaviour toward thoſe few is circumſcribed within the laws of inſipid and dull routine; but this prince lives among his ſubjects with the old Roman idea of a window before his boſom. They know the worſt of him is that he ſhoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni, and helps himſelf to it with his fingers, and rows againſt the watermen in the bay, till one of them burſt out a-bleeding at the noſe laſt week, with his uncourtly efforts to outdo the king, who won the trifling wager by this accident: conquered, laughed, and leaped on ſhore amid the acclamations of the populace, who huzzaed him home to the palace, from whence he ſent double the ſum he had won to the waterman's wife and children, with other tokens of kindneſs. Mean time, while he reſolves to be happy himſelf, he is equally determined to make no man miſerable.

When the emperor and the grand duke talked to him of their new projects for reformation in the church, he told them he ſaw little advantage they brought into their ſtates by theſe new-fangled notions; that when he was at Florence and Milan, the deuce a Neapolitan could he find in either, while his capital was crowded with refugees from thence; that in ſhort they might do their way, but he would do his; that he had not now an enemy in the world, public or private; and that he would not make himſelf any for the ſake of propagating doctrines he did not underſtand, and would not take the trouble to ſtudy; that he ſhould ſay his prayers as he uſed to do, and had no doubt of their being heard, while he only begged bleſſings on his beloved people. So if theſe wiſe brothers-in-law would

would learn of him to enjoy life, inſtead of ſhortening it by unneceſſary cares, he invided them to ſee him the next morning play a great match at tennis.

On Prognoſtic Signs of the Weather.

[From 'A Short Diſſertation on the Barometer, &c. by George Adams.]

(Continued from p. 196.)

Prognoſtics from the Clouds.

THERE are ſo many ſigns by which it is ſuppoſed we may foretel the approaching weather, that Virgil was bold enough to affirm, no ſhower ever did damage to any man without giving him proper warning; among theſe the ſigns from the clouds are many and important; for from the clouds the rain proceeds, and it is the ſtate of the air with reſpect to the water they contain, that either prevents or haſtens its fall into rain.

The formation and ſolution of clouds in the ſky are often manifeſt to the ſight, if they are watched attentively for ſome time together; particularly in a ſummer's evening, we ſhall ſee them leſſen by degrees, and be at laſt ſo totally diſſolved in the air as to be no longer viſible. This reſolution of the clouds into air, and their diſappearance from the ſight, may be conſidered as a ſtrong ſymptom of fair weather.

But on the other hand, when they are collected out of it, and manifeſtly increaſe both in denſity and magnitude, it is a ſtrong prognoſtic of rain. Thus when the ſky, which has been long ſerene and blue, becomes fretted and ſpotted with innumerable ſmall clouds bearing ſome reſemblance to the waves of the ſea, or the party coloured back of a mackerel: at firſt they are thin, white, and fleecy; but by degrees grow dark and black, and are in general generated at about the height of three quarters of a mile.

Againſt heavy rain, every cloud riſes bigger than the preceding, and all are in a growing ſtate: this is moſt remarkable on the approach of a thunder ſtorm, when ſmall fragments of clouds increaſe and aſſemble together, till in a ſhort ſpace of time they cover the ſky.

When the clouds are formed like fleeces, deep and denſe toward the middle, and very white at the edges, with a bright blue ſky about them, they generally ſoon fall, in hail, ſnow, or in haſty ſhowers of rain.

If clouds are ſeen to breed high in the air, in thin white trains, like locks of wool or the tails of horſes, they ſhew that the vapour is ſpread and ſcattered by contrary winds above while it is collecting, from which wind will ſoon be produced below, and probably rain with it.

If the clouds, as they come forward, ſeem to diverge from a point in the horizon, a wind may be expected from that or the oppoſite quarter.

When a general cloudineſs covers the ſky above, and there are ſmall black fragments of clouds like ſmoke flying underneath, rain is ſeldom far off, and is generally laſting.

There is no ſign of rain more certain than two different currents of clouds, eſpecially if the undermoſt flies faſt before the wind: two ſuch currents, in hot weather, portend a thunder-ſtorm.

From the Dew.

If the dew lies plentifully upon the graſs after a fair day, another fair day may be expected; but if after ſuch a fair day there is no dew upon the ground, and no wind ſtirring, it is a ſign that the vapours go upward, and that there will be an accumulation above, which muſt terminate in rain.

If

If the dew, or hoar froſt, are very abundant at a ſeaſon when they are not generally produced, and the barometer is low, it is in general a ſign of rain.

From the Face of the Sky.

The colour of the ſky is an index to the weather, becauſe it ſhews the ſtate of the vapours which reſide in the atmoſphere.

If the red vapours of the evening are precipitated, the morning ſky is clear; but if they remain in the air, the morning is red, and rain is in general the conſequence.

If a lowering redneſs ſpreads far upward from the horizon, either in the morning or the evening, it is ſucceeded either by rain or wind, frequently by both.

If ſuch a fiery redneſs extends toward the zenith in an evening, the wind will be high from the weſt, or ſouth weſt, attended with rain, and ſometimes ſucceeded by a flood.

When the ſky in a rainy ſeaſon is tinged with a ſea-green colour near the horizon, when it ought to be blue, the rain will continue and increaſe. If it be of a deep dead blue, it will be ſhowery.

The loftineſs of the canopy, is perhaps one of the trueſt prognoſtics of fine weather.

From the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

The appearances of the ſun, moon, and ſtars, give notice of approaching changes in the weather, as the rays which come from them to us, muſt paſs through the vapour in the atmoſphere, and indicate its ſtate.

The ſun riſing gaudily (the clouds in the eaſt being tinged with an orange colour) is generally eſteemed to be a ſign of rain.

When there is a hazineſs high in the air, the light of the ſun fading by degrees, and his orb looks whitiſh and ill defined, it is in general a ſign of rain.

If the rays of the ſun breaking through the clouds are viſible in the air, and appear like the horns of irradiation which painters place on the head of Moſes, it ſhews the air to be filled with vapour; and if other ſigns concur, is a proof that rain is at hand.

Virgil ſays, that a pale moon is a ſign of rain; and a red one predicts wind; and a white one, and of her natural colour, with a ſerene ſky, fair weather

If the moon and ſtars grow dim at night, with a hazineſs in the air, and a ring, or halo round the moon, it is a ſign of rain. This is not, however, a bad ſign, if it happen in an evening, when the dew is forming; but if they appear at any other time, they prove a general diſpoſition in the air and clouds, to let go their vapours under that form which we denominate rain.

Mr. Jones gives us the following obſervation with reſpect to the moon's monthly courſe. If the moon be rainy throughout, it will clear up at the enſuing change, and the rain will probably commence again in a few days, and continue: but on the contrary, if it has been fair throughout, and it rains at the change, the fair weather will probably be reſtored about the fourth or fifth day of the moon, and continue as before. By this rule, he ſays, he has made hay theſe twenty years without having once had the mortification to ſee it damaged by the rain. A farmer who has much work to do, cannot contract it in ſo ſmall a compaſs as to reap much benefit by this obſervation; but a gentleman who cuts hay for his own conſumption, will ſeldom fail to find his account in it.

Dr. Horſley attacks this opinion concerning the moon; and though its influence has attracted the general notice of men in all ages, yet he peremptorily aſſerts, that it is a no-

tion in itſelf improbable, deſtitute of all foundation in phyſical theory, and but little ſupported by any plauſible analogy. But the doctor does not deny that the obſervant huſbandman will find a variety of uſeful prognoſtics in the appearances of the moon; but then he ſays, they will be ſymptoms deſtitute of all efficient powers: they will ſhew the preſent ſtate of the air as that on which they depend, not as that which they govern, and may furniſh probable conjectures for two or three days to come.

From the Wind.

Among the cauſes which affect the weather, there is none whoſe influence is more demonſtrable than that of the wind; theſe, though uncertain in appearance, are, like all other phænomena of nature, governed by fixed and determinate laws, and deſerve a moſt ſerious inveſtigation.

When the wind veers about uncertainly to ſeveral points of the compaſs, rain generally follows. By ſome it has been aſſerted, that if the wind in veering about follows the courſe of the ſun from eaſt to weſt, it brings fair weather; but if its courſe is from weſt to eaſt, foul. A whiſtling, howling wind is almoſt an infallible ſign of rain.

From Animals.

Thoſe who pay attention to the animal creation, will find in their habitudes, many prognoſtics of the changes of the weather. In the nature of their labours, by the uneaſineſs they teſtify, by the peculiar tone of their voice, or by the precautions they take to ſhelter themſelves, their feelings are probably more acute, and their ſenſes more awake to the delicate impreſſions of natural cauſes, than ours, where the mind by its continual action diminiſhes the force of all external impreſſions.

Sentiments and Similies, ſelected from Julia, a Novel, by Helen Maria Williams.

FASHIONABLE converſation is not very extenſive: it goes on rapidly for a while, in a certain routine of topics, and reminds us of our ſtreet-muſicians, who, by turning a ſcrew, produce a ſet of tunes on the hand organ; but when they have gone through a limited number, the inſtrument will do no more, and the performer haſtens to a diſtant ſtreet, where the ſame ſounds may be repeated to a new ſet of hearers.

Envy is a malignant enchanter, who, when benignant genii have ſcattered flowers in profuſion over the path of the traveller, waves his evil rod, and converts the ſcene of fertility into a deſart.

What ſo wretched as a neglected beauty of faſhion, when the gay images of coronets, titles, and equipages, which have long floated in her imagination, and ſeemed within her graſp, at length vaniſh, as the luxuriant colours of an evening ſky fade by degrees into the ſadneſs of twilight? Her feelings are more acute than thoſe of a loſing gameſter, as ſhe is compelled in ſecret to acknowledge ſome deficiency in her own powers of attraction, to caſt an oblique reflection on nature, as well as fortune, and has no hope of retrieving her diſappointments, ſince the fairies have long ago uſed every drop of that precious water which could renew expiring beauty.

There are perſons who while they deſcant with energy on benevolence, conceal a mind, the ſole view of which is ſelf-intereſt; and they remind thoſe who know their real character, of a ſwan gracefully expanding his plumes of pureſt whiteneſs to the winds, and carefully hiding his black feet beneath another element.

The joys of diſſipation are like gaudy

gaudy colours, which for a moment attract the ſight, but ſoon fatigue and oppreſs it; while the ſatisfactions of home reſemble the green robe of nature, on which the eye loves to reſt, and to which it always returns with a ſenſation of delight.

While foreſight and policy are ſo common, let us forgive thoſe few minds of truſting ſimplicity, who are taught in vain the leſſon of ſuſpicion, on whom impreſſions are eaſily made, and who think better of human nature than it deſerves. Such perſons are for the moſt part ſufficiently puniſhed for their venial error.

The forms of ancient ceremony muſt have been burdenſome in the intercourſe of ſociety; yet in an old perſon this kind of manner ſtill appears reſpectable. We are charmed with the light and graceful accompaniments with which the taſte of Brown has decorated our modern villas, and rejoice that each alley has no more 'a brother:' but when we viſit an ancient manſion, who can wiſh that its long avenues of venerable trees, ſanctified by age, and their connection with the days of former years, and the generations that are paſt, ſhould feel the deſtroying axe, and give place to new improvements.

That kindneſs which flows from the heart, is like a clear ſtream, that pours its full and rapid current cheerfully along, for ever unobſtructed in its courſe; while theſe acts of beneficence, which are performed with reluctance, reſemble ſhallow waters ſupplied by a muddy fountain, retarded in their noiſy progreſs by every pebble, dried by heat, and frozen by cold.

There is a deviation, which is more than habitual; when the good man has attained that ſtate, in which reflection is but a kind of mental prayer, and every object around is to him a ſubject of adoration, and a motive for gratitude. Praiſe flows from the lips of ſuch a perſon like thoſe natural melodies, to which the ear has long been accuſtomed, and which the voice delights to call forth.

The contemplation of a venerable old man ſinking gently into the arms of death, ſupported by filial affection, and animated by religious hope, excites a ſerious yet not unpleaſing ſenſation. When the gay and buſy ſcenes of life are paſt, and the years advance which 'have no pleaſure in them,' what is left for age to wiſh, but that its infirmities may be ſoothed by the watchful ſolicitude of tenderneſs, and its darkneſs cheered by a ray of that light 'which cometh from above?' To ſuch perſons life, even in its laſt ſtage, is ſtill agreeable. They do not droop like thoſe flowers, which, when their vigour is paſt, loſe at once their beauty and their fragrance; but have more affinity to the fading roſe, which, when its enchanting colours are fled, ſtill retains its exhilarating ſweetneſs, and is loved and cheriſhed even in decay.

Nothing can be more ſtriking than the contraſt between a beautiful cultivated valley and its ſavage boundaries. It ſeems like beauty repoſing in the arms of horror, and ſheltered in its ſafe retreat from the tempeſts which ſpend their force above.

In thoſe moments, when employed in the contemplation of Nature, we utter the exclamations of admiration and wonder, the ſoul becomes conſcious of her native dignity: we ſeem to be brought nearer to the Deity; we feel the ſenſe of his ſacred preſence; the low-minded cares of earth vaniſh; we view all nature beaming with benignity, and with beauty; and we repoſe with divine confidence on him, who has thus embelliſhed his creation. In the country, the mind borrows virtue from the ſcene. When we tread the lofty mountain, when the ample lake ſpreads its broad expanſe of waters to our view, when we

liſten to the fall of the torrent, the awed and aſtoniſhed mind is raiſed above the temptations of guilt; and when we wander amid the ſofter ſcenes of nature, the charms of the landſcape, the ſong of the birds, the mildneſs of the breeze, and the murmurs of the ſtream, ſooth the paſſions into peace, excite the moſt gentle emotions, and have power to cure 'all ſadneſs but deſpair.' 'Can man forbear to ſmile with nature! Can the ſtormy paſſions in his boſom roll, while every gale is peace, and every grove is melody?'

It will ever be found that great talents derive new energy from the virtue of the character; as when the ſunbeam plays upon gems, it calls forth all their ſcattered radiance.

Perfect good breeding undoubtedly requires the foundation of good ſenſe; as the oak, which is the moſt ſolid and valuable, is alſo the moſt graceful tree of the foreſt.

There is a tranquillity of ſoul which is not like the ſweet glow of a ſummer morning, enlivened by ſunſhine, and the exulting ſong of the birds: it has more affinity to the penſive ſtillneſs of the evening, when the mildneſs of the air, and the fading charms of the landſcape, excite in the mind a ſoft and tender ſenſation, which has a nearer alliance to melancholy than to joy.

The occaſional acts of beneficence, which proceed either from oſtentation or fear, reſemble thoſe ſcanty ſpots of verdure to which a ſudden ſhower will ſometimes give birth in a flinty and ſterile ſoil; while pure genuine philanthropy flows like ſome unſeen dews which are only marked in their benign effects, ſpreading new charms over creation.

Fondneſs for children, even in one not a parent, is an affection very natural to a tender heart; for what is more intereſting than the innocenec, the helpleſſneſs, the endearing ſimplicity of childhood?

In the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, the charms of friendſhip, and the delightful intercourſe of elegant and cultivated minds, the ſtream of time flows not like the turbulent torrent which ruſhes in unequal cadence, as impelled by the tempeſtuous winds, nor like the ſluggiſh pool, whoſe waters reſt in dull ſtagnation: it glides cheerfully along, like the clear rivulet of the valley, whoſe ſurface is unruffled by the blaſt of the mountains, and whoſe boſom reflects the verdant landcape through which it paſſes.

Many people have an everlaſting propenſity to ſpeak, from the want of ſufficient underſtanding to be ſilent.

Avarice is a paſſion as deſpicable as it is hateful. It chuſes the moſt inſidious means for the attainment of its ends: it dares not purſue its object with the bold impetuoſity of the ſoaring eagle, but ſkims the ground in narrow circles like the ſwallow.

The middle ſtation of life appears to be that temperate region, in which the mind, neither enervated by too full a ray from proſperity, nor chilled and debaſed by the freezing blaſt of penury, is in the ſituation moſt favourable for every great and generous exertion.

The pure and delicate ſenſations of a firſt paſſion, which is oppoſed by no duty, and embittered by no obſtacle, ſhed over the mind a ſweet enchantment, that renders every object agreeable, and every moment delightful: it is like that firſt freſh and vivid green which the early ſpring awakens; that lovely and tender verdure which is not found amid the glow of ſummer, and is as tranſitory as it is charming.

In a mind where the principles of religion and integrity are firmly eſtabliſhed, ſenſibility is not merely the ally of weakneſs, or ſlave of guilt, but ſerves to give a ſtronger impulſe to virtue.

Virtue

Virtue is the only true ſupport of pleaſure; which, when disjoined from it, is like a plant when its fibres are cut, which may ſtill look gay and lovely for a while, but ſoon decays and periſhes.

Affection, like genius, can build its ſtructures 'on the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,' and the eſtimation which things hold in a lover's fancy, can be tried by no calculations of reaſon. The lover, like the poor Indian, who prefers glaſs beads and red feathers to more uſeful commodities, ſets his affections upon a trifle, which ſome illuſion of fancy has endeared, and which is to him more valuable than the gems of the eaſtern world, or the mines of the weſt; while reaſon, like the ſage European, who ſcorns beads and feathers, in vain condemns his folly.

The young people of the preſent age have in general the wiſdom to repreſs thoſe romantic feelings which uſed to triumph over ambition and avarice, and have adopted the prudent maxims of maturer life. Marriage is now founded on the ſolid baſis of convenience, and love is an article commonly omitted in the treaty.

The real motives which influence men of the world, can be as little known from their actions, as the original hue of ſome muddy ſubſtance, which, by chemical operations, has been made to aſſume a tint of the pureſt colour.

The human heart revolts againſt oppreſſion, and is ſoothed by gentleneſs, as the wave of the ocean riſes in proportion to the violence of the winds, and ſinks with the breeze into mildneſs and ſerenity.

The precious eſſence of content can be more eaſily extracted from the ſimple materials of the poor, than from the various preparations of the rich. Its pure and fine ſpirit riſes from a few plain ingredients, brighter and clearer than from that magical cup of diſſipation, where the powerful, and the wealthy, with lengthened incantations pour their coſtly infuſions—'double, double, toil and trouble!'

To a lover of nature, the laſt days of autumn are peculiarly intereſting. We take leave of the fading beauties of the ſeaſon with a melancholy emotion, ſomewhat ſimilar to that which we feel in bidding farewell to a lively and agreeable companion, whoſe preſence has diffuſed gladneſs, whoſe ſmile has been the ſignal of pleaſure, and whom we are uncertain of beholding again: for, though the period of his return is fixed, who, amid the caſualties of life, can be ſecure, that, in the interval of abſence, his eye ſhall not be cloſed in darkneſs, and his heart have loſt the ſenſation of delight?

The moment in which miſery is moſt intolerable to the human mind, is, when we are condemned to conceal its deſpondency under the maſk of joy! to wear a look of gladneſs, while our ſouls are bleeding with that wound which gives a mortal ſtab to all our future peace! It is then that the anguiſh, which has been for a moment repulſed to make room for other ideas, ruſhes with redoubled force upon the ſickening heart, and oppreſſes it with a ſpecies of torment little ſhort of madneſs. The effuſions of gaiety, which are ſo exhilarating to a mind at eaſe, come to an aching breaſt as a ray of the ſun falls upon ice, too deep to be penetrated by its influence.

The region of paſſion is a land of deſpotiſm, where reaſon exerciſes but a mock juriſdiction; and is continually forced to ſubmit to an arbitrary tyrant, who, rejecting her fixed and temperate laws, is guided only by the dangerous impulſe of his own violent and uncontroulable wiſhes.

No ſet of people are ſo patient as the

he intereſted. They drudge on indefatigably in the ſame circle, and with one uniform pace, as quietly as a horſe in a mill, contentedly expecting the end of their labours.

The luſtre of excellence is as painful to envy, as the rays of the ſun to the bird of night, who loves to pour his ſhrill cry when the birds of ſweeteſt note are abſent, and to flap his ſable wings when they cannot be contraſted with the majeſtic plumage of the ſwan, or the beautiful feathers of the peacock.

Account of Improvements now carrying on at Philadelphia; in a Letter from a Gentleman at that place, dated May 1789.

"Dear Sir,

"THE alteration that I found on my arrival here, after an abſence of two years, exceeds credibility. I will endeavour to amuſe you with ſome account of the progreſs and preſent ſtate of manufactures in this country. I am, no doubt, not acquainted with all, but I ſhall give you thoſe that have made the greateſt noiſe.

"At the fœderal proceſſion in Philadelphia, there appeared ſix hundred ſhoemakers belonging to that city and its environs. By the Cuſtom-houſe-books of Philadelphia, they exported 7000l. worth of tanned leather, the manufacture of the Country, to Virginia. This laſt year, Mr Cabot, of Beverly, in Maſſachuſett's, purchaſed, and exported to the Southern States, ſeventy thouſand pair of women's ſhoes from that place.

"The manufacturing Society publiſhed a premium for the beſt American printed book; ſeveral were preſented in competition for the premium, which was given to the publiſher of a German book; and in the courſe of inquiry it was found, not only that the types, paper and leather were made in America, but alſo the materials to make the types, and all the inſtruments uſed in the printing buſineſs; this far exceeded every hope, even as to the manufacture of the materials, which is extremely laborious and difficult. The ſame ſociety have found that upwards of ſixty paper-mills exiſt in Pennſylvania, ſo as almoſt to preclude the importation of that article.

"At Albany they have eſtabliſhed a glaſs manufactory, and at Boſton is eſtabliſhed another. The Albany glaſs is as cheap as that from Europe.

"In New York the caſtor-nut, or *Palma Chriſti*, grows well; and one or more mills are eſtabliſhed for the making of caſtor oil.

"In the courſe of three years the nail manufactory has been puſhed with ſo much ſpirit and ſucceſs, that the importation no longer anſwers.

"Coarſe linens are ſo univerſally made in New England and Connecticut, as to underſell thoſe of the ſame quality from Europe, which can no longer be ſent to any of the places North of Philadelphia: Of the Southward I know nothing but that they raiſe much cotton in Virginia and Maryland.

"Duck is making in a number of farmers' families, through Connecticut particularly, and New England. It is expected that they will ſhortly make ſufficient for the conſumption of the country. In Boſton, a Company has built a houſe 180 feet long, and two ſtories high, for the manufacture of this article. More hands offer than can be employed in this manufactory, and this without any injury to other objects, as I underſtand it is carried on in the winter ſeaſon only. I hear that a man in Connecticut works his ſpinning and winding

wheels

wheels by water, and is now building a weaving mill to be turned by the ſame.

" The cotton manufactory is eſtabliſhed at Philadelphia and Beverly, and will be in Lancaſter or York, in Pennſylvania. The Boſton aſſembly have granted 500l. to the one at Beverly, as a gratuity for the advancement it has made. It is carried on with Arkwright's machines.

" At Hartford they make excellent ſecond cloths, particularly of the pepper and ſalt colour. The French Miniſter, Mr Jay, Baron Steuben, Mr Wadſworth, and a great number of the principal Gentlemen, are ſetting the faſhion of wearing them. Baron Steuben has invented a button out of the *Conch Shell*, the ſame that Wampum is made of, to wear with them.

" They breed the ſilk worm in Connecticut. Theſe work ſilk in the ſummer, and the egg is kept all winter. It has always been an opinion that ſilk could not be made in a cold climate; and the manufacture has been eſtabliſhed here, on a perfectly ſolid footing, before it was known that the thing was poſſible. They have for many years bred the ſilk worm, and made ſilk in Connecticut, and now in ſuch quantity that ſome is exported to the neighbouring States. A lady of my acquaintance here has a gown and petticoat now making of it, and her huſband, who had left off the wear of ſilk ſtockings from patriotic motives, has again adopted them.

" The quantity of beer and porter made here, has more than doubled within a year, and has turned many farmers to the cultivation of barley. The brewers are indeed at preſent circumſcribed in their manufacture, by the want of barley, which has occaſioned an importation from Great Britain.

" Carding machines are made as cheap and as well, at Philadelphia as in Europe.

" The importation of ſteel has been conſiderably leſſened at the Port of Philadelphia, within theſe two years, by the making of it in the country:—it is ſaid the importation is leſſened one fourth.

" Fifty thouſand barrels of ſalted beef were made in Connecticut and New England; (and they can underſell the Iriſh in their own markets) of which they have exported to the eaſt and weſt Indies.

" One Rumſey has invented a ſteam engine, that can be worked cheaper, and with greater effect, than Watts and Bolton's; he has gone to England to get a patent; he has had one in many States here already.

" The Virginia or Patowmack Canal is nearly finiſhed; boats already go down the greater part of the navigation, and carry goods at one fifth of the price that waggons do.

" The makers of the Boſton bridge are gone to Europe, and have built one, if not more, on the ſame plan, in Ireland; the wood was all carried from Maſſachuſett's;—the Boſton bridge ſtands, and gives at leaſt 25, perhaps 40 per cent intereſt.

" My budget is now out, not for want of materials, but for want of knowing them; but I can add, that the Manufactory Society at Philadelphia are of great ſervice in calling forth talents, in making known the ſtate of manufactures in the country, and encouraging all. There is a ſpirit of emulation, of induſtry, of improvement, and of patriotiſm, raiſed throughout the States, in this and other branches of the neceſſaries of a nation, that bids fair, not only to make them independent of other nations, but in many points even in manufactures, their rivals. In no period have they made a more rapid pro-

progreſs than within this year or two; and at no period ſeemed to be ſo likely to make a rapid one as in the preſent; every nerve and ſinew ſeems to be at the utmoſt ſtretch; and this, not by the encouragement of the legiſlature, or even their interference, but by the patriotic or intereſted and enterpriſing ſpirit of individuals; perhaps even by the want of an effective Government, for it might have meddled, and, as in moſt ſimilar caſes, might have marred.

"Manufactures are not the only line in which they have exerted themſelves with ſucceſs: Agriculture and Commerce have gone on perhaps with equal rapidity, if I was ſufficiently informed on thoſe ſubjects. Some facts I do know, however, that make it at leaſt probable. Vermont has 200,000 inhabitants, Kentucky 50,000; 19,000 paſſed Fort Pitt, for the Ohio, laſt ſummer, Col. Morgan commencing a ſettlement on the Spaniſh territory, oppoſite the mouth of the Ohio, and which, no doubt, will be in time a part of America. The lands near the lakes are ſettling very faſt, particularly near Niagara. Kennebeck, and all the land between there and Nova Scotia, is alſo ſettling extremely faſt, and all this without any farms being deſerted on the ſea-coaſt. The cultivation of hemp is introducing all over Maſſachuſetts, and on the low lands near Philadelphia; barley in Rhode Iſland and Jerſey; tobacco in ſuch a quantity in Kentucky, as to raiſe the jealouſy of Virginia. Virginia can raiſe more wheat than any State of the Union; its inhabitants ſay, than any two, &c. In commerce, excepting the fact already mentioned of the exportation of beer, I can only give you one fact: From Maſſachuſetts alone there have 44 ſail of veſſels gone to the Eaſt Indies, and of theſe ſome to Kamſchatka:—But to crown the whole of this highly flattering picture to every lover of mankind, it appears by the returns lately made to Congreſs, that notwithſtanding the ravages made in the war, in population, by the military operations on the Continent, by the very heavy loſſes at ſea, and by the ſtill greater check population muſt have received by the ſeparation of ſo many fathers from their families, and by the diſcouragement of matrimony; I ſay, notwithſtanding all theſe circumſtances, the returns to Congreſs prove that the population is as great now as it was at the beginning of the war. I am, Dear Sir, &c.

"P. S. I muſt not omit that lead and copper mines are diſcovered near Philadelphia, and in the counties adjoining, and they are opening the laſt; that the Philadelphia Philoſophical Society are about to publiſh another volume, and have given the copy-right to Aiken; and Dr Franklin has given 500l. to the Library Company. The Pennſylvania Teſt Law is repealed, and the College put upon the ſame footing as before the war."

Anecdote of Zachary Boyd, with an authentic Specimen of his Poetry.

To the Publiſher of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

MR Zachary Boyd, deſcended (as the late Earl of Erroll aſſured me) from the family of Kilmarnock, was one of the miniſters of Glaſgow about the middle of the laſt century. He verſified the Bible, or at leaſt a conſiderable part of it, and left the manuſcript to the College of Glaſgow, where it is ſtill preſerved. The work, though written with a pious intention, has little poetical merit, and was accordingly ſuppreſſed; and few people, I believe, have ever ſeen it.

Pre-

Pretended quotations from it have however been circulated, by perſons, who thought proper to father upon honeſt Zachary their own profane miſrepreſentations of certain paſſages of Holy Writ. Some of theſe every body has heard, but none of them are to be found in Mr Boyd's work. He might be a dull poet, but he was a ſincere Chriſtian; his ſtyle may be charged with vulgarity, but has in it nothing licentious. A printed collection of his hymns (which he calls *The Garden of Zion*) was ſold at an auction in Edinburgh ſome years ago for no leſs a ſum than five and twenty ſhillings. From this little book, which was put in my hands by the Gentleman who bought it, I extracted the following lines; which inſtead of conveying any unfavourable idea of the author, will ſhow, that he could think juſtly, and ſometimes expreſs himſelf with a ſtrength and ſimplicity not very remote from Elegance.

Look on thy body as on clay.
The ſoul is ſtuff more fine,
A ſubſtance that wears not away,
A blaſt of breath divine.
Luſke* not in ſloth, ſeek not thine eaſe.
Moths gnaw cloaths in a cheſt;
Swords alſo ruſt within their ſheaths,
And ſo do ſouls in reſt.

* * * *

Let us abhor ambition,
Content with what we have;
In grave, in one condition,
Are king, earl, ſir, and ſlave.
This earth is like a cheſs board, where
Some leap, ſome limp, anon,
Kings, Pawnes, Knights, Aphens,† here and there
Stand; yet their wood is one.

* *Luſke* in old Engliſh, is *idle*; from *luſche*, old French.

† *Aphens*. Probably the old name of a certain ſort of cheſs-men.

The following anecdote of this author ought not to be forgotten. When Oliver Cromwell was at Glaſgow, he attended divine ſervice in Mr Boyd's church; where the preacher with great calmneſs and ſincerity prayed, as uſual, for the King. One of Oliver's people began to handle a carabin, but was checked by his commander, who ſaid, "Let him alone, you are a fool as well as he." Next day Cromwell ſent the parſon an invitation to dinner. This man, ſays Zachary to his wife, deſires me to dine with him; he intends no doubt to hang me; and as one ought to appear with decency on thoſe occaſions, I beg you will let me have a clean cravat. Cromwell, who did not like a man the worſe for having courage, gave him a very kind reception, and a good dinner. I am,

Your humble Servant,

B. T.

April 12th 1790.

Of the Artifices of Animals.

[From Smellie's Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory.]

THE artifices practiſed by animals proceed from ſeveral motives, many of which are purely inſtinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. Their arts, in general, are called forth and exerted by three great and important cauſes, the love of life, the deſire of multiplying and continuing the ſpecies, and that ſtrong attachment which every animal has to its offſpring. Theſe are the ſources from which all the movements, all the dexterity, and all the ſagacity of animals originate. The principle of ſelf-preſervation is inſtinctive, and ſtrongly impreſſed upon the minds of all animated beings. It gives riſe to innumerable arts of attack and defence, and not unfre-

quently to ſurpriſing exertions of ſagacity and genius. The ſame remark is applicable to the deſire of multiplication, and to parental affection. Upon this ſubject we ſhall, as uſual, give ſome examples of animal artifice, which may both amuſe and inform ſome readers.

When a bear or other rapacious animal, attacks cattle, they inſtantly join and form a phalanx for mutual defence. In the ſame circumſtances, horſes rank up in lines, and beat off the enemy with their heels. Pontopidon tells us, that the ſmall Norwegian horſes, when attacked by bears, inſtead of ſtriking with their hind-legs, rear, and, by quick and repeated ſtrokes with their fore-feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige him to retire. This curious, and generally ſucceſsful defence, is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is ſitting on the horſe's back. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horſes, when ſleeping either in plains or in the foreſt, have always one of their number awake, who acts as a centinel, and gives notice of any approaching danger.

Margraaf informs us, that the monkeys in Brazil, while they are ſleeping on the trees, have uniformly a centinel to warn them of the approach of the tiger or other rapacious animals; and that, if ever this centinel is found ſleeping, his companions inſtantly tear him in pieces for his neglect of duty. For the ſame purpoſe, when a troop of monkeys are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a centinel is placed on an eminence, who, when any perſon appears, makes a certain chattering noiſe, which the reſt underſtand to be a ſignal for retreat, and immediately fly off and make their eſcape.

The deer-kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order to deceive the dogs. With this view the ſtag often returns twice or thrice upon his former ſteps. He endeavours to raiſe hinds or younger ſtags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their purſuit. If he ſucceeds in this attempt, he then flies off at a ſide, and lies down on his belly to conceal himſelf. When in this ſituation, if by any means his foot is recovered by the dogs, they purſue him with more advantage, becauſe he is now conſiderably fatigued. Their ardour increaſes in proportion to his feebleneſs; and the ſcent becomes ſtronger as he grows warm. From theſe circumſtances the dogs augment their cries and their ſpeed; and, though the ſtag employs more arts of eſcape than formerly, as his ſwiftneſs is diminiſhed, his doublings and artifices become gradually leſs effectual. No other reſource is now left him but to fly from the earth which he treads, and go into the waters, in order to cut off the ſcent from the dogs, when the huntſmen again endeavour to put them on the track of his foot. After taking to the water, the ſtag is ſo much exhauſted that he is incapable of running much farther, and is ſoon *at bay*, or in other words, turns and defends himſelf againſt the hounds. In this ſituation he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntſmen, by blows with his horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make him fall, and then puts a period to his life. The fallow deer is more delicate, leſs ſavage, and approaches nearer to the domeſtic ſtate than the ſtag. The males, during the rutting ſeaſon, make a bellowing noiſe, but with a low and interrupted voice. They are not ſo furious as the ſtag. They never depart from their own country in queſt of females; but they bravely fight for the poſſeſſion of their miſtreſſes. They aſſociate in herds, which generally keep together. When great numbers are aſſembled in one park, they commonly form themſelves into

to two diſtinct troops, which ſoon become hoſtile, becauſe they are both ambitious of poſſeſſing the ſame part of the incloſure. Each of theſe troops has its own chief or leader, who always marches foremoſt, and he is uniformly the eldeſt and ſtrongeſt of the flock. The others follow him; and the whole draw up in order of battle, to force the other troop, who obſerve the ſame conduct, from the beſt paſture. The regularity with which theſe combats are conducted is ſingular. They make regular attacks, fight with courage, and never think themſelves vanquiſhed by one check; for the battle is daily renewed till the weaker are completely defeated, and obliged to remain in the worſt paſture. They love elevated and hilly countries. When hunted, they run not ſtraight out, like the ſtag, but double, and endeavour to conceal themſelves from the dogs by various artifices, and by ſubſtituting other animals in their place. When fatigued and heated, however, they take the warer, but never attempt to croſs ſuch large rivers as the ſtag. Thus, between the chace of the fallow-deer and of the ſtag, there is no material difference. Their ſagacity and inſtincts, their ſhifts and doublings, are the ſame, only they are more frequently practiſed by the fallow-deer. As he runs not ſo far before the dogs, and is leſs enterpriſing, he has oftener occaſion to change, to ſubſtitute another in his place, to double, return upon his former tracks, &c. which renders the hunting of the fallow-deer more ſubject to inconveniencies than that of the ſtag.

The roe-deer is inferior to the ſtag and fallow-deer, both in ſtrength and ſtature; but he is endowed with more gracefulneſs, courage, and vivacity. His eyes are more brilliant and animated. His limbs are more nimble; his movements are quicker, and he bounds with equal vigour and agility. He is likewiſe more crafty, conceals himſelf with greater addreſs, and derives ſuperior reſources from his inſtincts. Though he leaves behind him a ſtronger ſcent than the ſtag, which increaſes the ardour of the dogs, he knows how to evade their purſuit, by the rapidity with which he commences his flight, and by his numerous doublings. He delays not his arts of defence till his ſtrength begins to fail him; for he no ſooner perceives that the firſt efforts of a rapid flight have been unſucceſsful, than he repeatedly returns upon his former ſteps; and, after confounding, by theſe oppoſite motions, the direction he has taken, after intermixing the preſent with the paſt emanations of his body, he by a great bound, riſes from the earth, and, retiring to a ſide, lies down flat on his belly. In this immoveable ſituation, he often allows the whole pack of his deceived enemies to paſs very near him. The roe-deer differs from the ſtag in diſpoſition, manners, and in almoſt every natural habit. Inſtead of aſſociating in herds, they live in ſeparate families. The two parents and the young go together, and never mingle with ſtrangers. They are conſtant in their amours, and never unfaithful like the ſtag. The females commonly produce two fawns, the one a male and the other a female. Theſe young animals, who are brought up and nouriſhed together, acquire a mutual affection ſo ſtrong, that they never depart from each other. This attachment is ſomething more than love; for, though always in company, they feel the rut but once a year, and it continues only fifteen days. At this period the father drives off the fawns, as if he intended that they ſhould yield their place to thoſe which are to ſucceed, in order to form new families for themſelves. After the rutting ſeaſon, however, is paſt, the fawns return

turn to their mother, and continue with her ſome time longer; after which they ſeparate for ever, and remove to a diſtance from the place of their nativity. When about to bring forth, the female ſeparates from the male; and, to avoid the wolf, her moſt dangerous enemy, conceals herſelf in the deepeſt receſſes of the foreſt. In a week or two the fawns are able to follow her. When threatened with danger, ſhe hides them in a cloſe thicket; and, ſo ſtrong is her parental affection, that, in order to preſerve her offſpring from deſtruction, ſhe preſents herſelf to be chaced.

Hares poſſeſs not, like rabbits, the art of digging retreats in the earth. But they neither want inſtinct ſufficient for their own preſervation, nor ſagacity for eſcaping their enemies. They form ſeats or neſts on the ſurface of the ground, where they watch, with the moſt vigilant attention, the approach of any danger. In order to deceive, they conceal themſelves between clods of the ſame colour with that of their own hair. When purſued, they firſt run with rapidity, and then double, or return upon their former ſteps. From the place of ſtarting, the females run not ſo far as the males; but they double more frequently. Hares hunted in the place where they were brought forth, ſeldom remove to a great diſtance from it, but return to their form; and, when chaced two days ſucceſſively, on the ſecond day they perform the ſame doublings they had practiſed the day before. When hares run ſtraight out to a great diſtance, it is a proof that they are ſtrangers. Male hares, eſpecially during the moſt remarkable period of rutting, which is in the months of January, February, and March, ſometimes perform journies of ſeveral miles in queſt of mates; but, as ſoon as they are ſtarted by dogs, they fly back to the place of their nativity. 'I have ſeen a hare,' Fouilloux remarks, 'ſo ſagacious, that, after hearing the hunter's horn, he ſtarted from his form, and, though at the diſtance of a quarter of a league, went to ſwim in a pool, and lay down on the ruſhes in the middle of it, without being chaced by the dogs. I have ſeen a hare, after running two hours before the dogs, puſh another from his ſeat, and take poſſeſſion of it. I have ſeen others ſwim over two or three ponds, the narroweſt of which was eighty paces broad. I have ſeen others, after a two hours chace, run into a ſheep-fold and lie down among them. I have ſeen others, when hard puſhed, run in among a flock of ſheep, and would not leave them. I have ſeen others, after hearing the noiſe of the hounds, conceal themſelves in the earth. I have ſeen others run up one ſide of a hedge, and return by the other, when there was nothing elſe between them and the dogs. I have ſeen others, after running half an hour, mount an old wall, ſix feet high, and clap down in a hole covered with ivy. Laſtly, I have ſeen others ſwim over a river, of about eighty paces broad, oftener than twice, in the length of two hundred paces.'

The fox has, in all ages and nations, been celebrated for craftineſs and addreſs. Acute and circumſpect, ſagacious and prudent, he diverſifies his conduct, and always reſerves ſome art for unforeſeen accidents. Tho' nimbler than the wolf, he truſts not entirely to the ſwiftneſs of his courſe. He knows how to enſure ſafety, by providing himſelf with an aſylum, to which he retires when danger appears. He is not a vagabond, but lives in a ſettled habitation and in a domeſtic ſtate. The choice of ſituation, the art of making and rendering a houſe commodious, and of concealing

ceaſing the avenues which lead to it, imply a ſuperior degree of ſentiment and reflection. The fox poſſeſſes theſe qualities, and employs them with dexterity and advantage. He takes up his abode on the border of a wood, and in the neighbourhood of cottages. Here he liſtens to the crowing of the cocks and the noiſe of the poultry. He ſcents them at a diſtance. He chooſes his time with great wiſdom and diſcretion. He conceals both his route and deſign. He moves forward with caution, ſometimes even trailing his body, and ſeldom makes a fruitleſs expedition. When he leaps the wall, or gets in underneath it, he ravages the court yard, puts all the fowls to death, and then retires quietly with his prey, which he either conceals under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. In a ſhort time he returns for another, which he carries off and hides in the ſame manner, but in a different place. In this manner he proceeds, till the light of the ſun, or ſome movements perceived in the houſe, admoniſh him that it is time to retire to his den. He does much miſchief to the bird catchers. Early in the morning he viſits their nets and their bird-lime, and carries off ſucceſſively all the birds that happen to be entangled. The young hares he hunts in the plains, ſeizes old ones in their ſeats, digs out the rabbits in their warrens, finds out the neſts of partridges, quails, &c. ſeizes the mothers on the eggs, and deſtroys a prodigious number of game. Dogs of all kinds ſpontaneouſly hunt the fox. Though his odour be ſtrong, they often prefer him to the ſtag or the hare. When purſued he runs to his hole; and it is not uncommon to ſend in terriers to detain him till the hunters remove the earth above, and either kill or ſeize him alive. The moſt certain method, however, of deſtroying a fox is to begin with ſhutting up the hole, to ſtation a man with a gun near the entrance, and then ſearch about with the dogs. When they fall in with him, he immediately makes for his hole. But, when he comes up to it, he is met with a diſcharge from the gun. If the ſhot miſſes him, he flies off with full ſpeed, takes a wide circuit, and returns again to the hole, where he is fired upon a ſecond time; but when he diſcovers the entrance is ſhut, he darts away ſtraight forward, with the intention of never reviſiting his former habitation. He is next purſued by the hounds, whom he ſeldom fails to fatigue; becauſe with much cunning, he paſſes through the thickeſt part of the foreſt, or places of the moſt difficult acceſs, where the dogs are hardly able to follow him; and when he takes to the plains he runs ſtraight out, without either ſtopping or doubling. But the moſt effectual way of deſtroying the foxes is to lay ſnares baited with live pigeons, fowls, &c. The fox is an exceedingly voracious animal. Beſides all kinds of fleſh and fiſhes, he devours, with equal avidity, eggs, milk, cheeſe, fruits, and particularly grapes. He is ſo extremely fond of honey, that he attacks the neſts of wild bees. They at firſt put him to flight by numberleſs ſtings; but he retires for the ſole purpoſe of rolling himſelf on the ground, and of cruſhing the bees. He returns to the charge ſo often, that he obliges them to abandon the hive, which he ſoon uncovers, and devours both the honey and the wax. Some time before the female brings forth, ſhe retires, and ſeldom leaves her hole, where ſhe prepares a bed for her young. When ſhe perceives that her retreat is diſcovered, and that her young have been diſturbed, ſhe carries them off, one by one, into a new habitation. The fox ſleeps in a round form, like the dog; but, when he only repoſes himſelf, he lies on his belly with his hind-legs ex-

ten-

tended. It is in this ſituation that he eyes the birds on the hedges and trees. The birds have ſuch an antipathy againſt him, that they no ſooner perceive him than they ſend forth ſhrill cries to adverti ſe their neighbours of the enemy's approach. The jays and blackbirds, in particular, follow the fox from tree to tree, ſometimes two or three hundred paces, often repeating the watch-cries. The Count de Buffon kept two young foxes, which when at liberty, attacked the poultry; but, after they were chained, they never attempted to touch a ſingle fowl. A living hen was fixed near them for whole nights; and, though deſtitute of victuals for many hours, in ſpite of hunger and of opportunity, they never forgot that they were chained, and gave the hen no diſturbance.

[To be continued.]

Anecdote from a Newſpaper printed at Boſton.

WHEN the late American Plenipotentiary, John Adams, Eſq. was, according to etiquette, introduced, after the Levee was over, to the King's cloſet, he, as is uſual for foreign miniſters, made a ſpeech to his Majeſty, in performing which he was ſomewhat agitated. When he had finiſhed, the King ſaid, "Sir, the whole of this buſineſs is ſo extraordinary, that the feelings you diſcover upon the occaſion appear to me to be juſt and proper. I wiſh, Sir, to be clearly underſtood, before I reply to the very obliging ſentiments you have expreſſed in behalf of the United States of America. I am, you may well ſuppoſe, Sir, the laſt perſon in England that conſented to the diſmemberment of the empire by the independence of the United States; and while the war was continued, I thought it due to my ſubjects to proſecute that war to the utmoſt: but, Sir, I have conſented to their independence, and it is ratified by treaty; and I now receive you as their Miniſter Plenipotentiary, and every attention, reſpect, and protection granted to other Plenipotentiaries, you ſhall receive at this Court. And, Sir, as I was the laſt perſon that conſented to the independence of the United States, ſo I ſhall be the laſt perſon to diſturb or in any manner to infringe upon their ſovereign independent rights; and I hope and truſt, that from blood, religion, manners, habits of intercourſe, and almoſt every other conſideration, the two nations will continue for ages in friendſhip and confidence with each other."

Anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole and Dr. Campbell, communicated by the Doctor to Mr. Knox.

DR. CAMPBELL was a believer in the divine hereditary right of kings, and conſequently attached from principle to the Houſe of Stuart. It happened that a meſſenger, who was employed by the Jacobites in England to carry on their correſpondence with the Pretender, had prevailed upon the Doctor to write a letter to the Pretender's ſecretary, and, as the meſſenger was in Sir Robert's pay, he carried it with the reſt to Sir Robert, who ſent for the Doctor the following morning (as he often did at other times, having frequently employed his pen in writing in defence of his adminiſtration), on pretence of talking to him about ſomething he was to write. He took him to a window which looked into the ſtreet; and while they were ſtanding there together, Sir Robert had contrived that the meſſenger ſhould paſs by, and, looking up, moved his hat at them; upon which Sir Ro-

Robert aſked the Doctor if he knew that man, and who he was. The Doctor, in ſome alarm, immediately anſwered that he was very well acquainted with him, and that he could aſſure him he was a very worthy honeſt man. "He may be ſo (ſaid Sir Robert), but he is certainly a very careleſs one, for he gave me a letter yeſterday which I believe was not intended to come into my hands, and I think its direction is your hand-writing;" and pulling out the Doctor's letter, he gave it to him unopened. The Doctor fell upon his knees, and vowed, that as he had given him his life, it ſhould be devoted to his ſervice, and he never ceaſed to be his fervent advocate throughout the remainder of his life. And Sir Robert was ſo well convinced of his ſincerity, that he would have given him a valuable office; but the Doctor would not ſacrifice his principles to his intereſt, and declined the offer, and continued a nonjuror as long as the old Pretender lived.

A particular Account relative to an Hindoo Woman's burning herſelf alive with her deceaſed huſband.

[Taken from an authentic Letter, dated Calcutta, July 25, 1779.]

GOCULCHUNDESGOSAUL, a Bramin of ſuperior caſt, whoſe character as a merchant and a man of integrity was very reſpectable among Europeans, and exceedingly ſo with every native of this country who had any knowledge of him; for he maintained a great many poor daily at his houſe, and in the neighbourhood where he lived; and he extended his generoſity to many Europeans, by lending them money when in diſtreſs —was Governor Verelſt's Banian; and from that circumſtance, I believe you can confirm all I have advanced in Gocul's favour.

Gocul had been confined to his room about a fortnight by a fever and flux; I frequently viſited him in that time, but did not apprehend his diſſolution was ſo near, till laſt Tueſday morning, the 20th inſtant, when on ſending to inquire after his health, my ſervant informed me he was removed from his own houſe to the banks of a creek that runs from Collyghaut (a place held ſacred by the Hindoos, and where the water is taken up that is uſed in adminiſtering oaths to Hindoos in and about Calcutta) into the river Ganges, as you know is cuſtomary with them, in order to die in or near that river, or ſome creek that runs into it. At about nine o'clock in the evening of that day I went to ſee him, where he lay on a Fly Palanquin in a boat in that creek. His ſervant told me he could hear, but was not able to ſpeak to any body. I went near him, and called to him by name; he knew my voice, turned about, and held out his hand to me: I took hold of it, and found it very cold: he preſſed mine, and ſaid he was obliged to me for coming to ſee him. I told him he would get his death by lying expoſed without covering (for he was naked to his hips) to the moiſt air this rainy ſeaſon, cloſe to a naſty muddy bank: he ſaid, he wiſhed to be cold, for that he was then burning with heat (although his hand, as obſerved before, was very cold). I then put my hand to his forehead, which was alſo very cold; ſtill he inſiſted that he was burning with heat. I begged him to allow me to order him to be carried back to his own houſe; he ſhook his head, but ſaid nothing in anſwer. I repeated the requeſt, but he ſhook his head again without ſaying a word. I did not imagine ſuch a propoſition would be attended to, becauſe it is an invariable cuſtom, you know, amongſt the

the Hindoos, when given over by their doctors, to be removed to the banks of the Ganges, or ſome creek that runs into it, which they have a very ſuperſtitious veneration for; and I have heard, that if a Hindoo dies in his own houſe, it is razed to the ground. Gocul's is a very large houſe, and ſuch a circumſtance would conſequently be a great detriment to the eſtate. I ſtaid about a quarter of an hour with him. On coming away, he repeated his obligation to me for the viſits I paid him during his illneſs, and for my attention to him at that time in particular, and preſſed my hand very hard at parting, for he was perfectly ſenſible; and I believe, if proper care had been taken of him, it was in the power of medicine to have reſtored his health. There were a vaſt number of Bramins reading and praying near him. Early the next morning I ſent my ſervant to aſk how he was: he brought me for anſwer, that Gocul was in the ſame ſtate as when I left him the preceding night; and whilſt I was at breakfaſt one of his dependents came to tell me he was dead. I went to ſee him ſoon after, and found him covered with a ſheet. I then inquired if either of his wives (for he had two) would burn with him; but nobody there could inform me. I deſired one of his dependents to let me know if either of them reſolved to burn, that I might be preſent; this was about eight o'clock laſt Wedneſday morning. At ten o'clock the corpſe was carried to Collyghaut, a little village about a mile higher up the creek, and about two miles and a half from Calcutta. Between twelve and one o'clock the ſame day, Mr. Shakeſpeare, who had an eſteem for Gocul, whoſe nephew Joynerain Goſaul is Mr. Shakeſpeare's Banian, called on me to let me know that Gocul's firſt wife Tarryaell was reſolved to burn. We accordingly went together, and reached Collyghaut in time, where Gocul lay on a pile of ſandal wood and dry ſtraw, about four feet from the ground, on the banks of the creek, as naked as when I ſaw him the night before. His wife, we were told, was praying on the edge of the creek, where we were informed her children (two boys and one girl, one of the boys ſeven years, the other five, and the girl thirteen months old) were preſent with her and Kiſtenchurn, Gocul's eldeſt brother: that at firſt ſight of her children, the ſtrong ties of human nature, ſtruggling with her reſolution, drew a tear from her; but ſhe ſoon recovered herſelf, and told her children their father was dead, and that ſhe was going to die with him; they muſt look up to their uncle, pointing to Kiſtenchurn, who, with his ſon Joynerain beforementioned, would be both father and mother to them; and they muſt therefore obey them in the ſame manner as they would Gocul and herſelf if living. Then turning to Kiſtenchurn, ſhe enjoined him, and recommended him to enjoin Joynerain (who was then at Dacca), to be fathers and protectors to her children, and committed them to their care.

This done, ſhe left her children, and advanced towards the funeral pile, which was ſurrounded by a vaſt concourſe of people, chiefly Bramins, about eight or ten feet from it, ſo that there was a free paſſage round the pile. Mr. Shakeſpeare and I were in front of the circle, and I had a perfect view of the following ſcene.

As ſoon as ſhe appeared in the circle, I thought ſhe was ſomewhat confuſed; but whether from the ſight of her huſband lying dead on the pile, or the great crowd of people aſſembled, or at ſeeing Europeans among them, for there were two beſides Mr. Shakeſpeare and myſelf, I cannot tell; however, ſhe recovered herſelf almoſt inſtantaneouſly. She then walked, unattended, gently round the pile

pile in ſilence, ſtrewing flowers as ſhe went round; and when ſhe had nearly completed the third time, at Gocul's feet ſhe got upon the pile without aſſiſtance, ſtrewed flowers over it, and then laid herſelf down on the left ſide of her huſband, raiſing his head and putting her right arm under his neck; and turning her body to his, threw her left arm over him; and one of the Bramins raiſed his right leg, and put it over her legs without a ſingle ſyllable being uttered. They being thus cloſely embraced, a blue ſhawl was laid over them, and they were not ſeen afterwards by any body. Some dry ſtraw was laid over the ſhawl, and then ſome light billets of ſandal wood was put on the ſtraw; but altogether not ſufficient to prevent her raiſing herſelf up, throwing all off, and entirely extricating herſelf from the pile, if ſhe had repented, for from feeling the heat of the fire and ſmoke, ſhe had been inclined to ſave her life. The dry ſtraw which compoſed a part of the pile was then lighted. During all this time, that is, from the moment Gocul's wife made her appearance in the circle, to lighting the pile, there was a profound ſilence. But on the pile being lighted, the Bramins called out aloud, ſome dancing and brandiſhing cudgels or ſticks, which I took to be praying, and a part of the ceremony; perhaps to prevent her cries being heard by the multitude, ſo as to give them a bad impreſſion of it, or deter other women from following what the Hindoos term a laudable example. But I was ſo near the pile, that notwithſtanding of the noiſe made by the Bramins, and thoſe who danced round it, I ſhould have heard any cries or lamentations ſhe might have made: I am convinced ſhe made none, and that the ſmoke muſt have ſuffocated her in a very ſhort ſpace of time. I ſtaid about ten minutes after the pile was lighted, for ſuch a ſight was too dreadful to remain long at; beſides, nothing more was to be ſeen except the flames, which Mr. Shakeſpeare and I had a perfect view of at a diſtance, as we returned from the funeral pile.

Gocul's wife was a tall, well-made, good-looking woman, fairer than the generality of Hindoo women are, about twenty, or perhaps twenty-two years of age at moſt: ſhe was decently dreſſed in a white cloth round her waiſt, and an Oorney of white cloth with a red ſilk border thrown looſely over her head and ſhoulders; but her face, arms, and feet were bare. I have heard, and indeed ſuppoſed, that women in that ſituation intoxicate themſelves with bang or toddy; but from the relation given me of what paſſed between Gocul's wife, her children, and brother-in-law, as well as what Mr. Shakeſpeare and I ſaw at the funeral pile, I am perſuaded ſhe was as free from intoxication during the whole ceremony as it is poſſible to be; for ſhe appeared to be perfectly compoſed, and not in the leaſt flurried, except at firſt for an inſtant of time, as before obſerved; but went through it deliberately, with aſtoniſhing fortitude and reſolution.

This barbarous cuſtom, ſo ſhocking to Europeans, if I miſtake not, was practiſed by our anceſtors in Britain in the times of the Druids; but whether our countrywomen in thoſe days, who did not ſacrifice themſelves, were treated with the ſame contempt after the death of their huſbands, as the Hindoo women are, I know not; for by the religion of the Hindoos they never can marry again, or have commerce with another man, without prejudice to their tribes, which to them is as dear as life itſelf; but generally are reduced to perform the moſt menial offices in the family of which they were before the miſtreſſes.

This reflection, together with the great

great credit they gain amongſt the Bramins in undergoing ſo painful and horrid a religious ceremony, may be a very ſtrong inducement to their continuing this practice.

The Mooriſh government in theſe provinces have frequently prevented ſuch ſacrifices, which I have heard is very eaſily done; for that any perſon not a Hindoo, or even a Hindoo of an inferior tribe to the victim, barely touching the woman during the ceremony, will have that effect. Job Charnock, who obtained the firſt phirmaund from the King at Delhi for the Engliſh company, I am told, and I dare ſay you have heard it too, ſaved a woman from burning by touching her whilſt ſhe was going through the ceremony, and was afterwards married to her. Mr. Verelſt was the means of ſaving the life of Gocul's mother, who intended to burn herſelf with her huſband, and ſhe is now living; but Gocul's wife was ſo reſolute, ſhe declared laſt Wedneſday morning, that if ſhe was not allowed to burn with her huſband, ſhe would find means to put an end to her life in the courſe of that or the next day. As a proof of her compoſure, and being in her perfect ſenſes, immediately on receiving news of Gocul's death, ſhe reſolved to ſacrifice herſelf, and took an inventory of all the jewels and effects which ſhe was in poſſeſſion of.

I have now given you a full and circumſtantial relation of the whole matter reſpecting Gocul Gofaul's wife ſacrificing herſelf on the funeral pile of her huſband. Such parts of it as were told me, of what was done out of my ſight, I have no reaſon to doubt; and what I have written as ſeen by myſelf, you may depend on as literally true, which Mr. Shakeſpeare will confirm in every part. But I omitted to obſerve, that though the Bramins ſhed tears when praying by Gocul the night previous to his death, there did not appear the leaſt concern in any of them during the ceremony at the funeral pile, not even in Kiſtenchurn, the elder brother of Gocul, or any of his dependents.

I am told that Gocul's other wife, named Rajeſerry, would alſo have ſacrificed herſelf at the ſame time, if ſhe was not with child; and that if ſhe has preſerved a lock of his hair, it is conſiſtent with the Hindoo laws or cuſtoms for her to go through the ſame ceremony, by burning herſelf with that lock of hair on another pile whenever ſhe thinks proper. Gocul had four children by this laſt mentioned wife; one girl ten years, one girl ſix years, one boy ſeven years, and another boy five years of age.

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obedient
humble ſervant,
JOSEPH CATOR.

To Thomas Pearſon, Eſq.

Account of M. de Chamouſſet (the Howard of France.)

[From Biographical Anecdotes, publiſhed in the European Magazine.]

MAndeville and Rochefoucault may write till they are blind, if they pleaſe, they can never put mankind, in general, out of conceit with the dignity and excellence of human nature. They wrote from themſelves, and from their own ſituation; the one being a dependent, low-minded, though an ingenious, brute; the other being a courtier, and a *diſeur des bons mots*. "Where do you find all this miſanthropy, all this ingratitude, all this vice, that you attribute to the human race?" ſaid ſome blunt Frenchman to a countryman of his, a great maxim monger, and a great degrader of the human character.—"In my own heart," ſaid the other.

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To return, however, to M. de Chamouſſet: He was born at Paris in 1717, and deſtined to ſupply his father's place in the Parliament of that city as a Judge, as well as that of his uncle in the ſame ſituation. He made choice of the one of them that would give him the leaſt trouble, and afford him the moſt leiſure for his benevolent projects. Medicine was his favourite ſtudy. This he practiſed on the poor only, with ſuch an ardour and activity of mind, that the hours which many perſons give to ſleep be beſtowed upon the aſſiſtance of the ſick. To make himſelf more uſeful to them, he had learned to bleed, which operation he performed with all the dexterity of the moſt experienced ſurgeon. His diſpoſition to do good appeared ſo early that, when he was a boy, he uſed to give to the poor the money which other boys ſpent, in general, in an idle and unprofitable manner. He was once very much in love with a young lady of great beauty and accompliſhments; but imagining that ſhe would not make him a ſuitable aſſiſtant, in his attendance upon the poor, he gave over all thoughts of marriage; not very wiſely, perhaps, ſacrificing to the extreme delicacy of one woman only his attachment to that ſex, in whoſe tenderneſs of diſpoſition, and in whoſe inſtinctive quickneſs of feeling, he would have found that reciprocation of benevolence he was anxious to procure. He was ſo forcibly ſtruck with the wretched ſituation of the great Hoſpital of Paris (the Hotel Dieu, as it is called), where the dead, the dying, and the living, are very often crowded together in the ſame bed (five perſons at a time occaſionally occupying the ſame bed), that he wrote a plan of reform for the Hoſpital, which he ſhewed in manuſcript to the famous John James Rouſſeau, requeſting him to correct it for him. "What correction," replied Rouſſeau, "can a work want, that one cannot read without ſhuddering at the horrid pictures it repreſents? What is the end of writing, if it be not to touch and intereſt the paſſions?" M. de Chamouſſet was occaſionally the author of many benevolent and uſeful ſchemes; ſuch as the eſtabliſhment of the Penny Poſt at Paris; the bringing good water to that city; a plan for a Houſe of aſſociation, by which any man, for a ſmall ſum of money depoſited, may be taken care of when he is ſick: and many others; not forgetting one for the aboliſhment of begging, which is to be found in "Les Vues d'un Citoyen." M. de Chamouſſet was now ſo well known as a man of active and uſeful benevolence, that M. de de Choiſeul (when he was in the War Department) made him, in 1761, Intendant General of the Military Hoſpitals of France, the King, Louis XV. telling him, "that he had never, ſince he came to the Throne, made out an appointment ſo agreeable to himſelf;" and added, "I am ſure I can never make any one that will be of ſuch ſervice to my troops." The pains he took in this employment were incredible. His attention to his ſituation was ſo great, and conducted with ſuch good ſenſe and underſtanding, that the Marſhal de Soubiſe, on viſiting one of the great Military Hoſpitals at Duſſeldorf, under the care of M. de Chamouſſet, ſaid, "This is the firſt time I have been ſo happy as to go round an hoſpital without hearing any complaints. Another Marſhal of France told his wife: "Were I ſick," ſaid he, "I would be taken to the Hoſpital of which M. de Chamouſſet has the management." M. de Chamouſſet was one day ſaying to the Miniſter, that he would bring into a Court of Juſtice the peculation and rapine of a particular perſon. "God forbid you ſhould," anſwered the Miniſter; "you run a riſk of not dying in your bed."

"I had rather," replied he, "die in any manner you pleaſe, than ſee my country devoured by ſcoundrels."

This good man died in 1773, at the age of fifty-ſix years only. He is ſuppoſed to have haſtened his death by not taking ſufficient care of himſelf in his illneſs; ſaying always, when preſſed to do ſo, that he had not time to ſpare for it. He died, as he lived, with the ſentiments of a good chriſtian, and left a conſiderable ſum in charity; taking, however, very good care of his relations and dependants.

His works are contained in two volumes, 8vo conſiſting of his different ſchemes and projects of humanity and utility.

Miraculous Eſcape of Captain Bligh.

A Mutiny has happened on board the Bounty ſloop, which was ſent to the South Sea Iſlands for plants of the Bread-fruit trees. Mr. Chriſtian, the Mate, conſpired with the major part of the crew to ſecure Captain Bligh, who had the command.

Captain Bligh diſcovered, when he came upon deck, ſeveral of his crew, and moſt of the officers pinioned; and while he was thus contemplating their perilous ſtate, the ſhip's boat was let over her ſide; and all who were not on the part of the conſpirators, to the number of eighteen, beſides the Captain, were committed to the boat, and no other nouriſhment afforded them than about 140 pounds of bread, 30 pounds of meat, one gallon and a half of rum, a like portion of wine, and a few gallons of water. A compaſs and a quadrant were ſecured by one of theſe devoted victims, as he was ſtepping into the boat; and thus abandoned, the mutineers, after giving them a cheer, ſtood away, as they ſaid, for Otaheite!

The Captain, in this dreadful ſituation found his boatſwain, carpenter, gunner, ſurgeon's mate, with Mr. Nelſon the botaniſt, and a few inferior officers; among thoſe who were likely to ſhare his fate.——After a ſhort conſultation, it was deemed expedient to put back to the Friendly Iſlands; and accordingly they landed on one of them in hopes they might improve their ſmall ſtock of proviſions, on the 30th of April; but were driven off by the natives two days after, and purſued with ſuch hoſtility, that one man was killed and ſeveral wounded.

It was then deliberated, whether they ſhould return to Otaheite, and throw themſelves on the clemency of the natives; but the apprehenſion of falling in with the Bounty determined them, with one aſſent, to make the beſt of their way to Timor; and to effect this enterprize, aſtoniſhing to relate, they calculated the diſtance, near four thouſand miles; and in order that their wretched ſupply of proviſions might endure till they reached the place of deſtination, they agreed to apportion their food to one ounce of bread, and one gill of water a day, for each man, with on extraordinary occaſions, a ſpoonful of rum. No other nouriſhment did they receive till the 5th or 6th of June, when they made the coaſt of New Holland, and collected a few ſhell fiſh, and with this ſcanty relief they held on their courſe to Timor, which they reached on the 12th, after having been forty-ſix days in a crazy open boat, too confined in dimenſions to ſuffer any of them to lie down for repoſe; and without the leaſt awning to protect them from the rain, which almoſt inceſſantly fell forty days:—A heavy ſea, and ſqually weather, for great part of their courſe, augmented their miſery.

This they accompliſhed after a dreadful ſuffering of ſix weeks on ſhort allowance, both of bread and water. They were hoſpitably receiv-

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ed by the Dutch Governor of Timor, and Captain Bligh got a paſſage to Batavia, from whence he is ſince arrived in London.

The Bounty had made good the object of her voyage ſo far as to have received on board upwards of 1000 bread-fruit-trees, in the fineſt preſervation, all of which were obtained from the native ſoil, with immenſe labour. Some of theſe had been on board the ſhip more than two months; and a mode of treatment was diſcovered, by which the plants might have been preſerved.

Captain Bligh ſince his arrival in town has been preſented to his Majeſty.

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ON THE DESIRE TO PLEASE—IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE EVERY BODY—WAY TO PLEASE MOST—ON WHAT IS CALLED "BLUNT HONESTY"—CONCLUDING REFLEXIONS.

THE deſire to pleaſe is among the chief anxieties incident to the human mind. Even thoſe who take little pains to this purpoſe, acknowledge that they would not be ſorry to ſucceed—but with the majority of mankind, the efforts to pleaſe are proportioned to the ſtrongeſt deſire. The approbation of our fellow creatures is highly gratifying to our nature, and the humbleſt will not be aſhamed to own that this is a vanity to which they are ſeldom ſuperior.

But amidſt all the varied efforts of Man, we find none in which he is more frequently diſappointed, than in this. It has been often repeated and oftener confirmed, that it is impoſſible to pleaſe every one; and if a change of ſyſtem always followed conviction of error, this truth would long ſince have had a more general influence on the practice. The deſire to pleaſe, however, outlives all other ambitions, and we purſue our plan from day to day, unchecked by diſappointment, and unmoved by neglect. I ſpeak of the bulk of mankind; for with thoſe who think and feel, whoſe experience is an improvement of their lives as well as an addition to their knowledge, the deſire of pleaſing is moderated by the means, and the approbation from others is no longer ſought than it has previouſly been ſecured within themſelves.

Men of ſtrong minds are poſſeſſed of decided characters, characters improveable by experience, but not changeable by whim. They ſee and know the impoſſibility of pleaſing all mankind, and they give up the purſuit. But all men have not firmneſs of character. The pliant tempers of ſome render their lives a perpetual ſlavery to the caprices of thoſe around them, and the *intereſt* of others creates in them a deſire of pleaſing, which is merely artificial. It may be ſeen in the ſmile of the Courtier, the plauſible language of the author, and the grin of the mechanic. Yet how vain all theſe attempts are, who is there that has not witneſſed or experienced? Nay, characters of a better caſt, *good men* in all ſituations, find that their ſucceſs in pleaſing is confined to a very ſmall part of that number they were anxious to pleaſe. And even where we think we have ſucceeded, where we think we have acquired popularity, or conciliated eſteem, we ſoon become ſenſible that our acquiſition is not to be kept, and if our happineſs is concerned, we find to our ſorrow that we have entruſted that to others which ourſelves only could keep.

"It is impoſſible to pleaſe every body" is the conſoling reflexion for a thou-

thouſand diſappointments. It is an expreſſed, not a tacit, encomium on ourſelves, that we have attempted that which is impoſſible, and that it is no diſcredit to have failed where none have ſucceeded. The glory of the attempt is conſidered as ſomething to boaſt of, although it may be queſtioned whether it is a compenſation for the diſappointment. Men often attempt what is impoſſible, with full aſſurance from the experience of others that it is ſo, yet with a degree of confidence in ſucceſs which we cannot well deem conſiſtent. We are apt to think there is ſomething in *our* caſe that may form an exception. Every adventurer in the Lottery is convinced that *one* only can carry off the great prize, but every adventurer thinks that one is *himſelf*. That time is precarious, and death certain, are convictions of a ſimilar kind, yet how few think that their own time flies, and their death approaches?

"It is impoſſible to pleaſe everybody" is the conſolation of the ſtateſman when his popularity is on the wane—of the politician whoſe ſchemes are rejected—of the Divine who ſends away half his congregation diſpleaſed—of the tradeſman whoſe cuſtomers have deſerted him—and of the author whoſe works are read by few. Indeed the latter claſs of men are expoſed to more diſappointments than the others. They are liable to be rejected by the ignorant who cannot underſtand—by the wealthy who will not read—by the Critics who are pleaſed with finding fault, and by the churl who is determined not to be pleaſed at all.

It is neceſſary, however, to poſſeſs a higher conſolation than is derived from the vain reflection that we cannot perform that which is impoſſible—and this conſolation it is in every man's power to poſſeſs. The due performance of our duty according to our abilities and judgement cannot fail to give ſatisfaction to all whom to pleaſe is an object of conſequence. It is impoſſible that our conduct thus regulated can forfeit the good opinion of any man of reflection. It may excite envy, provoke to jealouſy, and even incite to revenge, but it muſt nevertheleſs be the theme of approbation. If we adhere to our duty, unambitious of applauſe, and unmoved by cenſure, we inevitably attract the one and diſappoint the other. Cenſure, in this caſe, if rightly underſtood, is really applauſe, for who would entertain the vain hope of pleaſing both the good and the bad? "*Laudari a laudato viro*," to be praiſed by them whom all men praiſe is a merit—of the reſt of mankind we ought to take no account.

In the performance of duty, ſome men have fallen into an error which although not very common, is worthy of notice. They are ſo much pleaſed with the bare performance of that duty, as to think themſelves above all the common modes of civility and gentleneſs. They do you a favour as if they intended to knock you down, and pay a debt in the way of buſineſs as if their intention was to commit a robbery. Urbanity, however, is itſelf a duty: it enters ſtrongly into the compoſition of philanthropy, and I know no precept or example in ſacred or profane writing which can juſtify the neglect of it. If it proceeds from the temper, it may be conſidered as incurable, but a good man will not ceaſe to attempt the cure. Mildneſs of addreſs, affability, gentleneſs of manners, or in a word, all that we underſtand by Good Breeding or Politeneſs, are perfectly conſiſtent with virtue or piety, and where they ſerve to attract men to admire better qualities, of which they are but the ornaments, who would not cultivate them?

To conclude the whole in a few words. May we not argue that to pleaſe all men is not more an impoſſi-

bility

bility than an abſurdity? Our purſuits are bounded in a certain degree. It may be our intereſt and our harmleſs deſire to pleaſe a certain number, but beyond them neither our intereſt nor our pleaſures can lie. And it muſt be repeated, that every effort we make which is inconſiſtent with our duty, which takes from our virtue, impairs juſtice or violates truth, however ſucceſsful ſuch an effort may be, is a meanneſs of which we cannot but be aſhamed, and an acquiſition which we cannot long keep. The writer who flatters his readers, ſmooths over their follies, and encourages their vices, may pleaſe ſome, and among them may be the perſons whom it is his intereſt to pleaſe, but he has departed from the manly dignity of genius, and has incurred the imputation of proſtitution. The tradeſman who fearful of the loſs of buſineſs, behaves with equal civility and equal gratitude to the pooreſt as well as the richeſt of his friends, has done his utmoſt to give univerſal ſatisfaction—but when he cringes to the rich, and violates truth to all, he ſhould remember that ſervility is followed by contempt, and that a lie may be detected.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

An Ode to Patience.

THE virtue, which all virtue crowns,
Stile ſmiling on misfortunes frowns,
Who can thy value ſcan?
Patience, thou meek and lovely maid,
Grant me thy never failing aid,
In all the woes of man!
Unſtain'd with blood, devoid of ire,
Thy boſom breathes a ſacred fire,
Which wickedneſs adores,
Tho' ſilent as the dial's ſhade,
Impreſſion by thy mercy made,
All cruelty abhors;
Protected by thy heavenly charm,
We dread no foe, we fear no harm:
Still innocent and gay;
Envy may point its poiſon'd darts;
And ſtrive to wound unguarded parts,
Thy ſtrength repells its ſway.
To thy ſoft conqueſts valour yields,
How oft have you defy'd the ſhields
Of tyranny and power?
Without thy mildneſs nothing can
Subdue the enemies of man,
We need thee ev'ry hour.
When bold Columbus dar'd the ſeas,
The wiſh'd for land no ſailor ſees,
Who languiſh'd long aboard,
Each hour new terror, want and pain,
Fear, anguiſh with their horrid train,
Their ruthleſs wrath explor'd.
He's doom'd to periſh by their hands,
Ire all ability commands,
He ſhrinks not from his ſtate.
Three days he begg'd they would allow
His ſhip the ocean yet to plow,
E'er he embrac'd his fate.
I ſee the land; he cry'd aloud,
Who watch'd upon the top maſt ſhroud,
Before the fatal day.
I ſee the land! they cry'd aghaſt,
Who watch'd before the mizzen maſt;
Columbus leads the way.
An infant prince in fetters bound,
Where guns and volunteers ſurround,
The mother's brimful eye;
A parent's and a huſband's fears,
What bitter pang the boſom tears?
To check the royal ſigh!
Hard is the hand of ruſtic law,
From which inhuman monſters draw
Their conſequence and power;
Their hearts are harder than the rocks,
Where Turkiſh ſhepherds watch their flocks,
From Liberty ſecure.
Such vict'ry from thy gleam proceeds,
With rapture men applaud thy deeds,

In

In everlasting praise,
While Fortitude thy sister fair,
Injured merit to repair,
Brings never fading bays.

April 16th 1790. } REGULUS.

HAPPINESS.

OH Happiness! thou object of desire,
Pursu'd by all, whom all alike admire,
Where shall I find thee, valu'd as thou art?
How win, and clasp thee to my eager heart?
In infancy, ere scarce I form'd a thought,
Thro' all my light pursuits for thee I sought;
In ev'ry impulse own'd thy quickening power,
Midst childish toys, and projects of an hour.
Thou fledd'st me then, and tho' I still pursu'd
With thoughtless haste, didst still my wish elude.
In youth, amus'd with thousand airy schemes,
Thine were my waking thoughts, and thine my dreams;
Gay Fancy spread her gilded scenes around,
While, pleas'd, I wander'd o'er th' enchanted ground,
And sketch'd out many a little fairy bower,
To hedge thee in, and bind thee to my power.
Then Love too came, a lovely laughing boy,
And said he'd lead me on to thee and Joy.
He led me, unsuspicious of his wiles,
To Anna, beauteous Anna, drest in smiles.
I gaz'd, admir'd, in rapture with her charms:
And thought I saw thee, goddess, in her arms:
Then lov'd, and worshipp'd; but no longer free,
Soon wert thou fled, and Love I left for thee.
E'er since, in many a long and mazy round,
Where'er I thought thee likely to be found,
Oh happiness! thy steps have I pursu'd,
Now saw thee near, and now far distant view'd;
And tho' with niggard hand thou'st sometimes shed
Thy still imperfect blessings on my head,
Yet oft deceiv'd, and each warm wish deny'd,
Thy flatt'rer, Hope, no more shall be my guide.

Q. P. R.

DOMESTIC PLEASURES.

O, Far from Fortune's tinsel state,
And all the joys on wealth that wait,
Ye guardian powers! my lot assign!
But give me in some humble shade,
To clasp some fond consenting maid,
And call *domestic pleasures* mine.

'Twas thus, to Heaven's parental care,
I breath'd my unambitious pray'r,
And prostrate sought a doom benign.
I sought—and lo! th' assenting skies
Bade thee, Maria, instant rise,
And make *domestic pleasures* mine.

And now your insect wings, ye gay!
Ye flutt'rers thro' life's little day!
Expand, and boast your gaudy shine:
'Tis all in vain—I ask no more:
In her I view an ample store
Of dear *domestic pleasures* mine.

THE

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THE STUDENT's DREAM.

SAPERE AUDE.

Incipe. Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat, dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting ſtay,
Till the whole ſtream, which ſtopp'd him ſhould be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.— COWLEY.

—Steriles tranſmiſimus annos,
Hæc Ævi mihi prima dies, hæc limina vitæ. STAT.

—Our barren years are paſt;
Be this of life the firſt, of ſloth, the laſt. ELPHINSTON.

BEING returned home into the country after attending college, and having bid a final adieu to an academic life; I began to examine into the improvement that I had made in paſſing through a courſe of liberal education. Not finding this improvement adequate to the advantages I enjoyed, my mind was ſomewhat uneaſy under the diſagreeable reflection—I was alſo at a loſs in what manner to conduct my future ſtudies with ſucceſs. Thus circumſtanced, I experienced a certain reſtleſsneſs of diſpoſition, which embittered my exiſtence, and threw a melancholy gloom on every object around me. A few evenings ago, being impreſſed more than uſual with the above conſiderations, I dreamt the following dream.

I thought I was ſitting by my fire ſide in my own chamber, and revolving in my mind the actions of my paſt life. The review was attended (as you may naturally ſuppoſe) with a ſtrange mixture of ſenſations, ſome of which were of the painful and others of the pleaſing caſt. The retroſpect however occaſioned a deep and involuntary ſigh, and claſping my two hands together, I burſt forth into the following exclamation. "O that it were but

in my power to recall these precious moments, which once were, but never shall return, and be permitted to spend them over anew—Impressed as I now am with the inestimable value of time, and the importance of diligently improving it, how careful should I be, to make a proper use of every opportunity afforded me for instruction!"

At this very instant I was startled by a loud knock at my chamber door; upon opening it, there entered a venerable old man, remarkable for the elegant simplicity of his dress, and the engaging sweetness of his countenance. His features were enlivened by parental tenderness, and the expressions that dropped from his lips were like apples of gold in pictures of silver—presenting him with a chair, he sat himself down beside me, and apologized for the abruptness of his visit—he then bespake my attention by placing one hand on my knee and looking me full in the face, and addressed me in these tender and ever memorable words.

"Why are you so foolish, my young friend, as to distress yourself with that which cannot now be recalled? often heretofore have I eyed you in the haunts of solitude, with slow step and downcast countenance, lamenting the loss of your time and the misimprovement of your talents. —Often have I heard you pouring out your piteous complaints, and a thousand times have I wished to soothe the anguish of your distracted mind—but would it not much better become you to discover an unfeigned repentance for your past folly, and evidence the sincerity of this repentance by redoubling your future diligence, and thus supplying the deficiencies you now so bitterly lament?—Instead then of destroying your peace by fruitless sighs and unavailing wishes—resume the courage of a man. I am come hither for the professed purpose of suggesting to you one or two consolatory remarks, which may serve to diminish your sorrow; and before I leave you, I shall put into your hands a few rules, to which you must steadily and inflexibly adhere for the time to come.—

Listen therefore, my generous youth —Attend to the lessons of wisdom.

You must know, then, that it is a very favourable circumstance in your case, that you are so sensible of your slender attainments—the consciousness of ignorance has ever been thought the first step to solid improvement—It is the best corrective of an indolent and slothful temper, and the sharpest spur to diligence and industry. Many would have arrived to great eminence in learning, if they had not foolishly imagined that they had already attained it. I can assure you it gives me much pleasure, to perceive that you are possessed of so docile a disposition—as the Glebe never receives the grain into its bosom with advantage, till it has been previously laid open by the plough; so likewise the mind is never so properly fitted to imbibe the dictates of wisdom, till it has passed through the progressive stages of painful conviction.——There are two considerations, my young friend, which though they seem to escape your notice, are however well worthy your regard, since they will contribute to lessen your regret, and restore the tranquility of your mind.

I. Remember, perhaps your imagination in some degree exaggerates your defects—the imperfections of humanity need not the distorting influence of a false medium—You have, I am persuaded, from your earliest years, given some application to your studies——this measure of application, though small, if it has been thus continued, must in time furnish you with a considerable degree of knowledge—you are indeed filled

filled with painful anxiety, becauſe you are not a profound linguiſt, or a profound philoſopher—but conſider, the ſtate of ſociety is ſuch as not to require that every collegian ſhould be a Bacon, or a Boyle, or a Locke, or a Newton; theſe incomparable men are but luminaries, that are permitted by providence, to blaze forth with uncommon ſplendor, once or twice in a century, and ſerve to ſhow to what an aſtoniſhing pitch of excellence the human mind can be carried, by the invigorating and expanding influence of ſcience: a general then, rather than a profound knowledge of things, ſhould be aimed at by the ſtudent—as it frequently proves moſt advantageous to the poſſeſſor, in paſſing through life.

II. Remember that as you are now drawing near to manhood, ſo you enter with more ſpirit on the proſecution of knowledge; your thirſt after improvement daily increaſes, and conſequently your indignation at your knowing ſo little increaſes alſo; hence ariſes a great deal of that diſcontent ſo viſible in your countenance, ruffling your brow and diſturbing the calm of your felicity—for in this ſenſe never were the words of Solomon more truly verified—He that increaſeth in knowledge, increaſeth in ſorrow. But ſir, let me entreat you to moderate your regret—The horizon of ſcience has no boundaries viſible to the eyes of mortals. Such is the thick darkneſs which envelopes moſt ſubjects of knowledge here below, that the moſt learned man, after his utmoſt efforts, to explain the phænomena of the natural and moral world, has ſufficient reaſon to ſit down and weep that he knows ſo little."

Here I thought the old Gentleman pauſed.—Hitherto he had acted the benevolent part of a comforter Having applied, with ſo ſkilful an hand, the lenient balm of conſolation to my wounded ſpirit—my countenance, which before had been covered with ſo deep a gloom, began to brighten up with cheerfulneſs—my eyes ſparkled with uncommon vivacity; the blood circulated through my veins with an unuſual rapidity, and I was delighted beyond the power of conception, with this acceptable though unexpected viſitor. I now earneſtly intreated him to aſſume the character of a mild and impartial inſtructor, for which he ſeemed ſo well capacitated.—The unbounded philanthropy of his ſoul excluded the poſſibility of a refuſal—granting therefore immediately my requeſt—he thus pleaſingly reſumed the intereſting ſubject.

"The ſucceſs with which my attempts to ſerve you, have been crowned on the preſent occaſion, encourages me to proceed with alacrity, and to undertake the arduous taſk which you now require. Thrice happy ſhall I be, my young friend, if I can ſuggeſt any thing to you as an inſtructor, that may tend to regulate your future ſtudies, and to guide you through the dark and intricate mazes of human life. Near ſeventy years of my pilgrimage are already gone, and according to the courſe of nature the time is not very far diſtant when I muſt I go to that country "from whoſe bourne no traveller has ever returned." I wiſh therefore to employ the remainder of my days, in promoting the welfare of the riſing generation. Impelled by this motive, I have come hither at this time. The inexperience and raſhneſs of youth, need the guidance of mature age. The voyage of life is perilous, and many a precious cargo has been loſt in the tempeſtuous paſſage. How numerous the individuals, that have embarked with the moſt flattering proſpect of gaining the deſired haven; but alas! the ſurly winds aroſe—the unmerciful tempeſt howled—The face of heaven grew black and lour-

ing—and the devouring waves ſwallowed up their little veſſel—it ſunk, and ah! it roſe no more!——The want of an intelligent and experienced pilot was the cauſe of the dreadful cataſtrophe—it ſhall be my buſineſs then, to give you all the aſſiſtance I can, and I hope that by the bleſſing of the Almighty, your voyage will be proſperous, and your arrival ſafe.

As the trickling tear and the heaving ſigh cannot recal any one circumſtance of your paſt life, which you now lament, let this regret of yours have an auſpicuous influence over the future, by regulating your conduct in time to come, and thus effectually preventing any additional load of ſorrow. As you will ſtand in need of particular directions in your preſent ſituation, I ſhall on that account obſerve a minuteneſs, which I am afraid will border too much on formality.——You are henceforth to be deſtitute of a tutor's friendly advice; do you not reſemble a ſheep that wants its ſhepherd, or a child that wants its parent? are you not ſtrictly ſpeaking a literary orphan? you have bid farewell alſo, to the wholeſome and well timed reſtraints of college diſcipline. It will be highly proper in me therefore, to remind you of ſome things, which though ſeemingly trivial, are nevertheleſs eſſential to your future proſperity and ſucceſs. At the univerſity you could do little more than learn the firſt elements of ſcience: you ſhould now ſee that the foundation was well laid, and when you have attended to this neceſſary preliminary, proceed, with diligence and attention, to erect the ſuperſtructure. It is a very common but pernicious miſtake into which young men fall, when they imagine that the termination of a college courſe is alſo the termination of ſtudy. Can there be any thing more abſurd and ridiculous? It ſhould not be forgotten, that the buſineſs of a tradeſman, and of a ſcholar, is totally different; the former is thoroughly learnt after a few years application; the latter may be ſaid with propriety, to be the employ of one's whole life; on the time to come then, there is as much, if not more ſtreſs to be laid, than upon that which is now gone. Summon up your reſolution then, beloved youth, lay aſide every fearful apprehenſion, diſmiſs every ſpecies of deſpondency, and let hope, ſweet hope, fire your breaſt, and rouſe every paſſion of your ſoul."

Juſt as my aged inſtructor had uttered theſe animating words, I imagined that he put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a ſcroll of paper cloſely written; he then read to me the ſubſequent rules, with a ſweetneſs of accent, and a certain modulation of voice, which I ſhall not eaſily forget.

" I. Avoid night ſtudies; they are the bane of health, and will gradually ruin the beſt and moſt robuſt conſtitutions. Soon enter your bed at night, and ſoon leave it in the morning. The night was deſigned for natural reſt; it is then, that you moſt profitably enjoy " tired nature's great reſtorer, balmy ſleep." Early riſing has been univerſally extolled by the faculty, as one of the moſt powerful ſpecifics againſt the approach of diſeaſe. The morning is the time when the air is moſt ſalubrious; when the ſpirits are cheered, by beholding that moſt ſublime and majeſtic of all appearances, the riſing ſun illuminating creation with his reſplendent rays, and gilding every opening proſpect; and when, the mind is by far the beſt fitted for ſtudy and reflection. You ſhould alſo pay the moſt ſcrupulous attention to every thing that may tend to preſerve and eſtabliſh your health. It was an obſervation of the ancients, " that acute diſeaſes were inflicted by the immediate agency of heaven, but thoſe of a chronical nature

nature were of our own forming." The mind and the body, like the wedded pair, are so closely united, that they are mutually affected. Corporal pain distracts the attention, and incapacitates the intellectual faculty, for any remarkable exertion—your meat and your drink, your company and your amusements therefore should be precisely of such a kind, as are answerable to the simple calls of nature; and serviceable to the real welfare of the animal economy.

2dly, Let your time be properly occupied; let almost every hour of the day be appropriated to some particular employment; may you never be heard to say, "that your time hangs heavy on your hands, and that you know not what to do with yourself." A judicious distribution of the day, is of the utmost consequence to your improvement, and without such an arrangement, little else can be expected, than anarchy and confusion. The fine arts, poetry, painting, and music, may employ your leisure hours; not one particle of your time should be wasted, for the particles of time, as well as those of gold, have their separate value. The learned Erasmus tells us, that his work entitled the praise of folly (one of the most celebrated of his performances) was written on horseback when travelling into Italy!!

3dly. After obtained a general knowledge of the sciences, you should carefully consult your own taste and genius, and apply to that branch of knowledge you like best, with unremitting ardor. Some are fond of the learned languages and the belles lettres—others of mathematical and astronomical speculations—some have a strong propensity to cultivate the different parts of natural Philosophy—viz. mechanics or hydrostatics, or pneumatics or optics &c.—Others are more attached to the study of moral philosophy, and accordingly employ the whole of their time in the consideration of pneumatalogy, ethics, jurisprudence, politics, &c. Examine then the bent of your mind; this is a point of great moment—and when after the most mature deliberation, you are certain which way your inclination leads you—prosecute it with an enthusiasm of soul, and let your speculations be always subservient to the great practical purposes of human life.—They who boast of an universality of genius are sometimes found to be very superficial—never arrive at much eminence, and do little good to the community at large.

4thly. Intermix your studies; if you find it necessary, observe an alternate change; let works of reasoning and imagination, of judgment and fancy, be pleasingly associated together—like the seasons of the year, it will afford an agreeable variety. The mind of man will not admit of a very long and uninterrupted attention to abstruse study, and very few are the students, who are so far privileged with that gigantic strength of intellect, which does not feel the worst effects from severe and continued application—however, by no means should your mind lie dormant, for it resembles the several parts of the body, in gaining vigour and maturity by exercise—accustom yourself therefore to lay aside those numerous prejudices, which warp the understanding, and bias the judgment—learn in whatever you attend to, to distinguish truth from falsehood. Error, Proteus like, assumes different forms—but it is the part of the scholar to strip it of those disguised appearances, and expose its fallaciousness. Credulity is like an yawning gulph, that greedily swallows every thing that is thrown into it.—With respect to the books you read, let them be recommended to you by some judicious friend. The sages of antiquity thought a *great book* to be a *great evil*—regard rather the quality than the quantity of the vo-

volumes you peruſe, for as it has been ingeniouſly obſerved, if the latter was alone to be the eſtimate of improvement, we ſhould expect that "every ſubſcriber to a circulating library ſhould be as wiſe as Socrates, and as accompliſhed as Julius Ceſar."

5th. Perſevere in a regular plan of ſtudy once carefully laid down—break in upon it as ſeldom as ever you can, purſue it with a becoming earneſtneſs, and you will find your ſtores of knowledge increaſing every day. Nothing excellent is given the children of men, without much labour—a fickleneſs of diſpoſition and a love of novelty, are highly inimical to ſound improvement, and cannot in the very nature of things exiſt together in the ſame individual.—Inceſſant and regular application is abſolutely neceſſary to high attainments in literature; and unleſs you tread in the footſteps of your literary predeceſſors, would it not be vain and preſumptuous arrogance in you to imagine that you ever ſhall arrive at their celebrity and eminence? A King once aſked an ancient philoſopher, if he could inſtill into his mind the principles of aſtronomy, without his undergoing the fatigue of ſtudy? The Philoſopher honeſtly replied, "That there was no royal way to aſtronomy."

6thly, Cultivate a chearfulneſs of diſpoſition and temper. Diſcontent and ill nature are in general, enemies to the muſes—they cannot peaceably dwell together in the ſame habitation. —Be kind and obliging to all about you, and never let your countenance be disfigured by the moroſeneſs and ſullenneſs of conſtitutional or acquired melancholy—the innocent pleaſures of ſociality temperately enjoyed, have a wonderful tendency to generate and promote the deſirable ſpirit I now recommend. Nothing evaporates the animal ſpirits, and oppreſſes the nerves more, than perpetual ſtudy; to prevent this, form to yourſelf a circle of intelligent and agreeable friends, who will unite inſtruction with amuſement, and thus happily relieve the toil of the cloſet—nor ſhould you entirely ſhun the company of the ladies. I am not like too many, who when they arrive at an advanced period of life, forget that they themſelves were once young, and gravely exclaim againſt thoſe harmleſs pleaſures, which they now are not capable of enjoying. No; I like to ſee young people of both ſexes fond of each other's company; it delights me much, to behold the ſprightlineſs of their features, the livelineſs of their air, and the ſparkling brightneſs of their eye. For the ſtudent to aſſociate now and then with two or three modeſt and virtuous females, will have a pleaſing influence over his mind. The charms and graces of the fair ſex ſoften and attenuate the aſperity and ſternneſs of the ſcholar; they meliorate his diſpoſition, ſweeten his temper, annihilate his eccentricities, and produce on his conduct through life ſome of the moſt amiable effects; and why ſhould we wonder at it, ſince it is congenial to the heart of man to be deeply affected by female excellence!

7th, And laſtly, accompany all your exertions for the attainment of knowledge, and all your endeavours to arrive at real eminence, with fervent prayer to the Father of ſpirits, for his divine concurrence and bleſſing—he has immediate acceſs to the minds of all, and has promiſed aſſiſtance to thoſe who aſk it in ſincerity and truth. Let all your thoughts, words, and actions, be tinctured with humility, modeſty, and candor.—The garb of humility adds comelineſs to the appearance of youth, and the bluſh of modeſty is doubly graceful on the youthful countenance. Above all avoid a ſpirit of ſcepticiſm, and levity; unamiable at every period of life; much more ſo at your tender years, when your heart, not yet hardened

dened in the ways of vice, is ſuſceptible in the higheſt degree, of the fine emotions of gratitude and devotion to the author of your being. The Chriſtian Religion is founded in love, and worthy of your firſt regard. Whatever difficulties may attend ſome of its ſublime doctrines, we cannot but admire the excellence of its practical tendency, as it is well adapted to correct the irregularities of our lives, and to give us a well grounded hope of a bleſſed immortality. Flee then the diſguſting petulance of licentious infidelity—the giddy thoughtleſſneſs of diſſipation, and the hardened impudence of conſcious but unrelenting guilt. Whatever may be the occupation of your future life, may you reſtrain your paſſions, give them no unlawful indulgence, and act as a man and as a chriſtian. If you ſhould be deſigned for the church, unite example with precept for the ſuppreſſion of all kinds of immorality, and diſcharge with zeal and attention the important duties of the paſtoral office. If you ſhould be engaged in the law, lift up your voice againſt injuſtice, and vindicate the cauſe of the oppreſſed. If you ſhould apply to the ſtudy of phyſic, by the ſkilfulneſs of your preſcriptions, by the aid of ſympathy, and by the virtue of medicine, may you be ſingularly ſucceſsful in reſtoring precious health, and in baniſhing from the chamber of the ſufferer, pale and deſponding ſickneſs. If you be a merchant, may you honeſtly and vigorouſly promote the intereſts of commerce and the conveniences of trade; in ſhort, whatever you may be, may you prove a bleſſing to ſociety, a friend to individuals, an ornament to human nature.——A conduct like this will pour ten thouſand ſtreams of joy into your parents heart; for if parents are delighted with the ſignificant ſmiles of infancy, with the prattlings of innocent childhood, and with the gradual dawn and improvement of reaſon in generous and aſpiring youth, how exquiſite muſt their feelings of joy be, when they behold their ſon treading the ſtage of life with honor and applauſe, and exerting himſelf to the utmoſt to enlarge the ſtock of general happineſs!"

Having delivered to me theſe excellent and uſeful admonitions reſpecting my future ſtudies and conduct, I thought that my venerable inſtructor roſe from his chair, and with a ſmile of complacency on his countenance, preſented me with the ſcroll on which the regulations were written. "Here my young friend, (ſays he) take theſe rules, write them on the tablet of your heart with the point of a diamond, and let them operate with their full force on your behaviour and conduct—— Many more might have been given you, but I hope that your own good ſenſe and prudence will ſupply the omiſſion. Thoſe you have in your poſſeſſion, I can aſſure you, are not the gaudy illuſions of a diſtempered imagination, nor the whimſical ſuggeſtions of way ward fancy, nor the unſubſtantial offſpring of momentary paſſion. They are dictated by a knowledge of human nature, and are ſanctioned by my own experience; by the ſtrict and regular obſervance of them, your life will be happy, your death comfortable, and your memory ſo precious, that the turf that covers you will be moiſtened by the tears of the righteous. Remember nothing here is fixed, ſtable, and permanent; every thing here, is changing around us, theſcenes are perpetually ſhifting, one generation paſſeth away and another cometh; and thus have they ſucceeded each other for near ſix thouſand years, like the waves on the ſea ſhore. The few ſummers and winters allotted you here on earth, will ſoon roll over your head; then you muſt exchange the ſprightlineſs of youth for the infirmity of age; then your temples like mine muſt be thinly ſcattered o'er with the

ſilver

ſilver hairs of decrepid age, and you muſt be quickly numbered among the inhabitants of the peaceful tomb. Whatſoever then thy hand findeth to do, do it with *all thy might*, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wiſdom in the grave, whither thou goeſt." My aged viſiter now wiſhed me the divine protection, and was about to bid me an adieu. In the tranſports of gratitude I claſped his hand, thanked him for his ſalutary inſtructions, and aſſured him in the ſtrongeſt terms, that they ſhould not paſs unregarded. I inſiſted on his ſtaying with me a few moments longer; he meekly though determinately refuſed, and in the ſtruggle to detain him, I awoke, and lo it was a DREAM!!

TIRO.

Of the Artifices of Animals.

[From Smellie's Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory.]

(Concluded from p. 238.)

IN Kamtſchatka, the animals called *gluttons* employ a ſingular ſtratagem for killing the fallow-deer. They climb up a tree, and carry with them a quantity of that ſpecies of moſs of which the deer are very fond. When a deer approaches near a tree, the glutton throws down the moſs. If the deer ſtops to eat the moſs, the glutton inſtantly darts down upon its back, and, after fixing himſelf firmly between the horns, tears out its eyes, which torments the animal to ſuch a degree, that, whether to put an end to its torments, or to get rid of its cruel enemy, it ſtrikes its head againſt the trees till it falls down dead. The glutton divides the fleſh of the deer into convenient portions, and conceals them in the earth to ſerve for future proviſion. The gluttons on the river Lena kill horſes in the ſame manner.

There are ſeveral ſpecies of rats in Kamtſchatka. The moſt remarkable kind is called *tegulchitch* by the natives. Theſe rats makes neat and ſpacious neſts underground. They are lined with turf, and divided into different apartments, in which the rats depoſit ſtores of proviſions for ſupporting them during the winter. It is worthy of remark, that the rats of this country never touch the proviſions laid up for the winter, except when they cannot procure nouriſhment any where elſe. The rats, like the Tartars, change their habitations. Sometimes they totally abandon Kamtſchatka for ſeveral years, and their retreat greatly alarms the inhabitants, which they conſider as a preſage of a rainy ſeaſon, and of a bad year for hunting. The return of theſe animals is, of courſe, looked upon as a good omen. Whenever they appear, the happy news is ſoon ſpread over all parts of the country. They always take their departure in the ſpring, when they aſſemble in prodigious numbers, and traverſe rivers, lakes, and over arms of the ſea. After they have made a long voyage, they frequently lie motionleſs on the ſhore, as if they were dead. When they recover their ſtrength they recommence their march. The inhabitants of Kamtſchatka are very ſolicitous for the preſervation of theſe animals. They never do the rats any injury, but give them every aſſiſtance when they lie weakened and extended on the ground. They generally return to Kamſchatka about the month of October; and they are ſometimes met with in ſuch prodigious numbers, that travellers are obliged to ſtop two hours till the whole troop paſſes. The track of ground they travel in a ſingle ſummer is not leſs wonderful than the regularity

they

they obſerve in their march, and that inſtinctive impulſe which enables them to foreſee, with certainty, the changes of times and of ſeaſons.

With regard to *Birds*, their artifices are not leſs numerous nor leſs ſurpriſing than thoſe of quadrupeds. The eagle and hawk kinds are remarkable for the ſharpneſs of their ſight, and the arts they employ in catching their prey. Their movements are rapid or ſlow, according to their intentions, and the ſituation of the animals they wiſh to devour. Rapacious birds uniformly endeavour to riſe higher in the air than their prey, that they may have an opportunity of darting forcibly down upon it with their pounces. To counteract theſe artifices, Nature has endowed the ſmaller and more innocent ſpecies of birds with many arts of defence. When a hawk appears, the ſmall birds, if they find it convenient, conceal themſelves in hedges or bruſh-wood. When deprived of this opportunity, they, often, in great numbers, ſeem to follow the hawk, and to expoſe themſelves unneceſſarily to danger, while, in fact, by their numbers, their perpetual changes of direction, and their uniform endeavours to riſe above him, they perplex the hawk to ſuch a degree, that he is unable to fix upon a ſingle object; and, after exerting all his art and addreſs, he is frequently obliged to relinquiſh the purſuit. When in the extremity of danger, and after employing every other artifice in vain, ſmall birds have been often known to fly to men for protection. This is a plain indication that theſe animals, though they in general avoid the human race, are by no means ſo much afraid of men as of rapacious birds.

The ravens often frequent the ſea ſhores in queſt of food. When they find their inability to break the ſhells of muſſels, &c. to accompliſh this purpoſe they uſe a very ingenious ſtratagem. They carry a muſſel, or other ſhell fiſh, high up in the air, and then daſh it down upon a rock, by which means the ſhell is broken, and they obtain the end they had in view.

The wood-pecker is furniſhed with a very long and voluble tongue. It feeds upon ants and other ſmall inſects. Nature has endowed this bird with a ſingular inſtinct. It knows how to procure food without ſeeing its prey. It attaches itſelf to the trunks or branches of decayed trees; and wherever it perceives a hole or crevice, it darts in its long tongue, and brings it out loaded with inſects of different kinds. This operation is certainly inſtinctive; but the inſtinct is aſſiſted by the inſtruction of the parents; for the young are no ſooner able to fly, than the parents by the force of example, teach them to reſort to trees, and to inſert their tongues indiſcriminately into every hole or fiſſure.

Of the oeconomy of *Fiſhes*, as formerly remarked, our knowledge is extremely limited. But, as the ocean exhibits a perpetual and a general ſcene of attack and defence, the arts of aſſault and of evaſion muſt, of courſe, be exceedingly various. For the preſervation of ſome ſpecies of fiſhes, Nature has armed them with ſtrong and ſharp pikes. Others, as the perch kind, are defended with ſtrong bony rays in their fins. Others, as the univalve ſhell fiſh, retire into their ſhells upon the approach of danger. The bivalves and multivalves, when attacked, inſtantly ſhut their ſhells, which, in general, is a ſufficient protection to them. Some univalves, as the limpet kind, attach themſelves ſo firmly, by excluding the air, to rocks and ſtones, that, unleſs quickly ſurpriſed, no force inferior to that of breaking the ſhell can remove them. The flying-fiſh, when purſued, darts out of the water, and takes

takes refuge in the air, in which it is for ſome time ſupported by the operation of its large and pliable fins. The torpedo is furniſhed with a remarkable apparatus for ſelf-preſervation. It repels every hoſtile attempt by an electrical ſtroke, which confounds and intimidates its enemies. Several fiſhes, and particularly the ſalmon kind, when about to generate, leave the ocean, aſcend the rivers, depoſit their eggs in the ſand, and, after making a proper *nidus* for their future progeny, return to the ocean from whence they came. Others, as the herring-kind, though they ſeldom go up rivers, aſſemble in myriads from all quarters, and approach the ſhores, or aſcend arms of the ſea, for the purpoſe of propagating the ſpecies, and cheriſhing their offspring. When the operation is perſormed, they leave the coaſts and diſperſe in the ocean, till the ſame inſtinctive impulſe forces them to obſerve a ſimilar conduct next ſeaſon. This migration of ſalmons, herrings, and many other fiſhes, from the ocean to the rivers or ſhores, is of infinite advantage to mankind. They ſupply us occaſionally, and in ſome countries, as Great Britain, and particularly Scotland, with abundance of nouriſhing and luxurious food; and, if our fiſheries were once put upon a proper footing, they would ſoon conſtitute one of the moſt powerful incentives to induſtry, and become a great and important ſource of national ſtrength and proſperity.

The *inſect* tribes, though comparatively diminutive, are not deficient in artifice and addreſs. With much art the ſpider ſpins his web. It ſerves him the double purpoſe of an habitation, and of a machine for catching his food. With incredible patience and perſeverance he lies in the center of his web for days, and ſometimes for weeks, before an ill-fated fly happens to be entangled. One ſpecies of ſpider, which is ſmall, of a blackiſh colour, and frequents cottages or out-houſes, I have known to live during the whole winter months without almoſt the poſſibility of receiving any nouriſhment; for, during that period, not a fly of any kind could be diſcovered in the apartment. If they had been fixed in a torpid ſtate, like ſome other animals, the wonder of their ſurviving the want of food ſo long would not have been ſo great. But, in the ſevereſt weather, and through the whole courſe of the winter, they were perfectly active and lively. Neither did they ſeem to be in the leaſt emaciated.

The *formica leo*, or ant-lion, is a ſmall inſect, ſomewhat reſembling a wood-louſe, but larger. Its head is flat, and armed with two fine moveable crotchets or pincers. It has ſix legs, and its body, which terminates in a point, is compoſed of a number of membranous rings. In the ſand, or in finely pulveriſed earth, this animals digs a hole in the form of a funnel, at the bottom of which it lies in ambuſh for its prey. As it always walks backward, it cannot purſue any inſect. To ſupply this defect, it lays a ſnare for them, and eſpecially for the ant, which is its favourite food. It generally lies concealed under the ſand in the bottom of its funnel or trap, and ſeldom exhibits more than the top of its head. In digging a funnel, the formaca-leo begins with tracing a circular furrow in the ſand, the circumference of which determines the ſize of the funnel, which is often an inch deep. After the firſt furrow is made, the animal traces a ſecond, which is always concentric with the firſt. It throws out the ſand, as with a ſhovel, from the ſucceſſive furrows or circles, by means of its ſquare flat head and one of its fore legs. It proceeds in this manner till it has completed its funnel, which it does with ſurpriſing promp-

promptitude and addreſs. At the bottom of this artful ſnare it lies concealed and immoveable. When an ant happens to make too near an approach to the margin of the funnel, the ſides of which are very ſteep, the fine ſand gives way, and the unwary animal tumbles down to the bottom. The formica-leo inſtantly kills the ant, buries it under the ſand, and ſucks out its vitals. It afterwards puſhes out the empty ſkin, repairs the diſorder introduced into its ſnare, and again lies in ambuſh for a freſh prey.

We formerly took ſome notice of that ſpecies of ſpider which carries her eggs in a bag attached to her belly. A ſpider of this kind was thrown into the funnel of a formica leo. The latter inſtantly ſeized the bag of eggs, and endeavoured to drag it under the ſand. The ſpider, from a ſtrong love of offspring, allowed its own body to be carried along with the bag. But the ſlender ſilk by which it was fixed to the animal's belly broke, and a ſeparation took place. The ſpider immediately ſeized the bag with her pincers, and exerted all her efforts to regain the object of her affections. But theſe efforts were ineffectnal; for the formica-leo gradually ſunk the bag deeper and deeper in the ſand. The ſpider, however, rather than quit her hold, allowed herſelf to be buried alive. In a ſhort time, the obſerver removed the ſand, and took out the ſpider. She was perfectly unhurt; for the formica-leo had not made any attack upon her. But, ſo ſtrong was her attachment to her eggs, that, though frequently touched with a twig, ſhe would not relinquiſh the place which contained them.

When arrived at its full growth, the formica-leo gives up the buſineſs of an enſnaring hunter. He deſerts his former habitation, and crawls about for ſome time on the ſurface of the earth. He at laſt retires under the ground, ſpins a round ſilken pod, and is ſoon transformed into a fly.

The Virtuoſo, or, Filial Tenderneſs. —A Tale.

DOctor CORAL was educated in the ſtudy of phyſic, and took his degree in that ſcience; but having a greater paſſion for what is curious, than for what is uſeful, he degenerated from a phyſician into a virtuoſo. The country, in which he ſettled, ſoon obſerved that the Doctor was more diſpoſed to examine the veins of the earth, than to feel the pulſe of a patient: His practice of courſe declined; but he was happily enabled to live without the aid of his profeſſion, by the affluent fortune of his wife. She was a lady of a mild and engaging character, but of a delicate conſtitution, and, dying in childbed, left him an only daughter, whom he called Theodora. The Doctor was by no means a man of warm paſſions, and never entertained an idea of marrying again; though a female foſſiliſt once endeavoured to work upon his foible, and to entice him into ſecond nuptials, by an artful hint than an union of their two cabinets would enhance the value of both. Indeed, he had little or no occaſion for conjugal aſſiſtance; for being himſelf a moſt active ſpirit, he not only diſcharged thoſe common offices of life, which belong to the maſter of a family, but was able and willing to direct or execute all the minuter domeſtic buſineſs, which is generally conſidered as within the female department. His activity, though, from the want of an enlarged underſtanding, it waſted itſelf on trifles, ſupported the chearfulneſs of his temper. He was, indeed, frequently officious, but always benevolent. Though he had ceaſed to practice phyſic at the ſummons of the wealthy, he was eager at

all times to afford every kind of relief to the sufferings of the poor. He was gentle and indulgent to his servants, and as fond of his little daughter as a virtuoso can be of any living and ordinary production of nature. Theodora discovered, in her childhood, a very intelligent spirit, with peculiar sweetness of temper. As she grew up, she displayed a striking talent for the pencil, and particularly endeared herself to her father, by surprising him with a very accurate and spirited delineation of three of the most precious articles in his cabinet; a compliment which so warmed the heart of the delighted naturalist, that he declared he would give her five thousand pounds on the day of her marriage. No one doubted his ability to fulfil such a promise; for though he had squandered considerable sums on many useless baubles, he was, in all common articles of expence, so excellent a manager, that, instead of injuring, he had increased his fortune; and from this circumstance he was generally believed to be much richer than he really was. Theodora had now reached the age of nineteen, and, though not a beauty, she had an elegant person, and a countenance peculiarly expressive of sensible good-nature: Her heart was so very affectionate, that it not only led her to love her father most tenderly, but even to look upon his whimsical hobby-horse with a partial veneration. This singularity of sentiment contributed very much to their mutual happiness, and rendered our gentle and ingenious damsel not so eager to escape from the custody of a fanciful old father, as young ladies of fashion very frequently appear: Yet happy as she was, Theodora admitted the visits of a lover, who had the address to ingratiate himself with Dr Coral. This lover was a Mr Blandford, a young man of acute understanding and polished manners, settled in London as a banker, and supposed to be wealthy. He had been introduced to Miss Coral at an assembly, and soon afterwards solicited the honour of her hand for life. The Doctor, who was remarkably frank in all pecuniary affairs, very candidly told the young gentleman what he intended for his daughter, declaring, at the same time, that he left her entirely at her own disposal; but, either from the favourable opinion he entertained himself of Mr Blandford, or perhaps from some expression of approbation which had fallen from his daughter, the Doctor was very firm in his belief, that the match would take place; and being alert in all his transactions, he actually prepared his five thousand pounds for the bridegroom, before there was any immediate prospect of a wedding. Theodora was certainly prejudiced in favour of Mr Blandford; yet, whether she really felt a reluctance to forsake her indulgent father, or whether she considered it as dangerous to accept a husband on so short an acquaintance, she had hitherto given no other answer to his addresses, but that she thought herself too young to marry. Blandford considered this reply as nothing more than a modest preliminary to a full surrender of her person, and continued his siege with increasing assiduity. In this very critical state of affairs, Dr Coral was summoned to a distance by a letter from a friend, who announced to him the death of a brother virtuoso, with a hint, that the Doctor might enrich himself by the purchase of a very choice collection of the most valuable rarities, which, if he was quick enough in his application, he might possibly obtain by a private contract. For this purpose, his correspondent had inclosed to him a letter of recommendation to the executors of the deceased collector. This was a temptation that Dr Coral could not resist. Without waiting for the return of his daughter, who was abroad on an evening visit, he threw himself into a post chaise, and travelled all night, to reach the mansion of this departed brother in the course of the following day. He was received very cordially by a relation of the deceased, and surveyed with

with avidity and admiration innumerable curiosities, of which he panted to become the possessor. But as the collection was very various and extensive, the Doctor began to tremble at the idea of the sum, which the proprietors would unquestionably demand for so peerless a treasure. The delight, with which his whole frame was animated in surveying it, sufficiently proved that he had a high sense of its value, and precluded him from the use of that profound and ingenious art, so honourably practised by the most intelligent persons in every rank of life, I mean the art of vilifying the object which they design to purchase. Dr Coral, after commending most of the prime articles with a generous admiration, demanded, with that degree of hesitation which anxiety produces, if any price had been settled for the whole collection. The gentleman, who attended him, enlarged on the great trouble and expence with which his departed relation had amassed this invaluable treasure, and concluded a very elaborate harangue in its praise, by informing the Doctor, that he might become the happy master of the whole on the immediate payment of three thousand five hundred pounds. The Doctor was more encouraged than dismayed by the mention of this sum; for, in the first place, the price was really moderate; and, secondly, he had the comfortable knowledge, that he had the power of instantly securing to himself these manifold sources of delight. But the comfort arising from this assurance was immediately destroyed by the reflection, that all his ready money was devoted to the approaching marriage of his daughter; and his parental affection combating, with some little success, against his passion for virtu, the good Doctor had almost resolved to relinquish all ideas of the purchase. Unluckily, he took a second survey of the choicest rarities, and met with an article which had been accidentally mislaid and overlooked in his first view of the collection—perhaps its present effect upon him was the greater from the casual delay; certain it is, that this additional rarity fell with an amazing force on the wavering balance of his mind; it entirely overset his prudential affectionate resolution, and hastily seizing a pen, which lay ready in a massive ink-stand of a curious and antique form, he instantly wrote a draught upon his banker for the three thousand five hundred pounds.

At this passage of my little work, I foresee that many an honest spinster, who may be reading it to her companions, will pause for a moment, and express an eager desire to know what this wonderful rarity could be. When I inform her it was a very little box, containing the uneatable product of a tree, she may, perhaps, imagine it a pip of the very apple which tempted our inconsiderate grandmother:—Eve, indeed, may be said to have instituted the order of virtuosos, being the first of the many persons on record who have ruined themselves and their families by a passion for rarities.

But to return to her legitimate descendant, the curious Dr Coral. This gentlemen considered, that if he neglected the present opportunity, he might never again be able to acquire the very scarce and marvellous production of nature, which he had long thirsted to possess, and which now stood before him.

Not to teaze my fair readers with any longer suspense, I will directly tell them; the above-mentioned little box contained a vegetable poison, collected, with extremest hazard of life, from the celebrated Upas tree, in the island of Java. A Dutch surgeon had received this inestimable treasure from the sultan of Java himself, as a part of his reward for having preserved the life of a favourite beauty in the royal seraglio; and the surgeon, on his return to Europe, had gratefully presented it to the deceased virtuoso, who had been the generous patron of his youth.

Dr Coral was inflamed with the keenest

eſt deſire of beginning various experiments with this rareſt of poiſons, without ſuſpecting that it might deprive his daughter of a huſband; taking, therefore, this ineſtimable little box, with a few more of the moſt precious and portable articles in his new acquiſition, and giving the neceſſary directions concerning ſome weighty cabinets of medals, and other more bulky rarities, he reentered his poſt-chaiſe with that triumphant feſtivity of mind, which can be conceived only by a ſucceſsful collector.

As the Doctor delighted almoſt as much in the idea of buying a bargain, as in the poſſeſſion of a rarity, he amuſed himſelf, in his journey home, with various projects for the diſpoſal of his ample treaſure. It was his plan, to ſelect the articles which he particularly prized, and by a judicious ſale of the remainder, to regain almoſt the whole ſum that he had ſo rapidly expended. Poſſeſſing a high opinion of his own judgement in affairs of this nature, he pleaſed himſelf with the apparent facility of his deſign, and under the lively influence of theſe agreeable thoughts, he arrived at his own door. The affectionate Theodora flew with peculiar eagerneſs to receive him, having ſuffered no little anxiety from his extraordinary abſence. The ſprightlineſs of his appearance ſoon relieved her from all her ſolicitude, and they entered the parlour very gaily together, where Theodora had juſt been making tea for a female relation, and the aſſiduous Mr Blandford.

The Doctor, like moſt people of a buſy turn, had a particular pleaſure in talking of whatever he did, as he never meant to do any thing that a man ought to bluſh for; and he now began to entertain his company with an account of his adventures: He enlarged with rapture on his purchaſe, inimating that it had coſt him a very large ſum, and not mentioning his undigeſted ſcheme of repaying himſelf.

Obſerving, however, that this narration produced a very ſtriking and gloomy change in the countenance of Mr Blandford, he withdrew with that gentleman into his ſtudy, and very candidly told him, that this recent and expenſive tranſaction ſhould make no material difference in the fortune of his daughter: He explained his intention of regaining the money by a partial ſale of the collection, and added, that as this mode of replacing the ſum expended might not be very expeditious, he ſhould more than compenſate for the deficiency by a bond for four thouſand pounds, with full intereſt, and ſtrict punctuality of payment.

Mr Blandford happened to be one of thoſe adventurous gentlemen, who, as they tremble on the verge of bankruptcy, ingeniouſly diſguiſe the ſhudderings of real fear under artful palpitations of pretended love, and endeavour to ſave themſelves from falling down a tremendous precipice, by haſtily catching at the hand of the firſt wealthy and benevolent virgin or widow, whom they ſuppoſe within their reach: He was a great projector in the management of ready money, and had raiſed many ſplendid viſions on the expected fortune of Miſs Coral; but the little box of poiſon, which the Doctor had brought home, converted his daughter, in the eyes of Mr Blandford, into a ſecond Pandora; and as that gentleman had all the cunning of Prometheus, he reſolved, like the cautious ſon of Japetus, to have no connection with the lady offered to him as a bride, becauſe he foreſaw the evils included in her dower.

Mr Blandford, on this occaſion, thought proper to imitate the policy of thoſe who try to conceal a baſe purpoſe of their own, by accuſing another perſon of baſeneſs: He upbraided Dr Coral for having ſhamefully diſappointed his very juſt expectations, and, taking the ſubject in that key, he purſued it thro' all the notes of high and artificial paſſion; which produced a ſuperior burſt of louder and more natural anger from the honeſt

honest insulted virtuoso. Poor Theodora, in passing the door of the study, heard the voice of her father so unusually violent, that, from a sudden impulse of affectionate apprehension, she entered the room, where the two gentlemen were engaged in the most angry altercation. Mr Blandford seized the opportunity of bidding his mistress an eternal adieu. While she stood motionless with surprise, he made his final bow with a sarcastic politeness, rushed eagerly out of the house, and decamped the very next day from the town, which contained the lovely object of his transient adoration.

The approach or miscarriage of an expected wedding is a favourite subject of general conversation in every country town, and the disunion of Mr Blandford and Miss Coral was very amply discussed. The separated young pair were universally pitied, and the whole weight of popular reproach fell immediately on the head of the unfortunate naturalist. As he was a man, who, from the peculiarity of his pursuits, withdrew himself from cards and common company, the little parties of the town eagerly seized an opportunity of attacking his character: As a humorist, he was ridiculed, perhaps, with some justice; as a man of unrivalled benevolence and active charity, he was the object of much secret envy and malice, and of course was very unjustly vilified. The good people, who arraigned him on the present occasion, did not scruple to represent him, even to his daughter, as an unnatural monster, who had sacrificed for a cockle-shell the happiness of his child. Nor was the little box of gum from the upas-tree omitted in these charitable remarks. One lady of peculiar spirit asserted, that if her father had robbed her of so handsome a husband, for the sake of purchasing such a rarity, she might have been tempted to anticipate the old gentleman in his experiments on the poison, by secretly preparing the first dose of it for himself. Happily for Theodora, she had such gentleness and purity of heart, that every attempt to inflame her against her father served only to increase her filial affection. She reproved, with a becoming spirit, all those who insulted her by malignant observations on his conduct; and perceiving that he was deeply vexed by the late occurrences, and the comments of the neighbourhood upon them, she exerted all her powers in the most endearing manner, to dissipate his vexation. "It is true," she said, as they were talking over the recent transaction; "it is true, that I began to feel a partial "regard for Mr Blandford; but his "illiberal behaviour has so totally al-"tered my idea of his character, that "I consider the circumstance which "divided us as the most fortunate event "of my life. I have escaped from "impending misery, instead of losing a "happy establishment; and I have on-"ly to be thankful for this protection "of Providence, if it pleases Heaven "to continue to me the power, which I "have hitherto possessed, of promoting "the happiness of my father."

As she uttered this judicious and tender sentiment, a few starting tears appeared in evidence of its truth; they melted the good Doctor, and converted all his chagrin into affectionate pride and delight. The justice of Theodora's observation was soon afterwards confirmed in a very striking manner, by the fate of Mr Blandford, who plunging into all the hazardous iniquity of 'Change alley, become at last a bankrupt, and with such fraudulent appearances against him, that the compassion, which his misfortune might have inspired, was lost in the abhorrence of his treachery. Dr Coral, who, by studying the inanimate wonders of the creation, had increased the natural piety of his mind, was now most devoutly thankful to heaven for the escape of his child. The tender Theodora was still more confirmed in her partial attachment to the house of her father; she took a kind and sympathetic pleasure in assisting

aſſiſting his fanciful purſuits; ſhe perſuaded him to retain every article in his new purchaſe, which ſhe obſerved him to contemplate with particular delight; ſhe gave an air of uncommon elegance to the arrangement of all the curioſities which he determined to keep; and, by an inceſſant attention to the peace and pleaſure of her father's life, moſt effectually eſtabliſhed the felicity of her own. Their comfort and their amuſements, being founded on the pureſt and moſt permanent of human affections, have continued, without diminution, through ſeveral ſucceeding years. I ſhould fill many pages in recording the ſeveral ingenious works and devices, by which Theodora has contrived to amuſe herſelf, and to delight her father; let it ſuffice to ſay, that, being always engaged in occupations of benevolent ingenuity, ſhe is never uneaſy; and ſhe has grown imperceptibly into an Old Maid, without entertaining a wiſh for the more honourable title of a wife. Her mild and gentle parent has ſecured himſelf from all the irkſome infirmities of age, by long habits of temperance, exerciſe, and, what is perhaps ſtill more ſalutary, univerſal benevolence: He is ſtill in poſſeſſion of all his faculties, at the age of eighty-ſeven; and if he has not the ſatisfaction of ſeeing a numerous group of deſcendants, he beholds, however, with infinite delight, one virtuous and happy daughter, moſt tenderly attached to him, and wiſhing for no higher enjoyment than what ariſes from their reciprocal affection.

On the Influence of Chriſtianity in aboliſhing Savage and Inhuman Practices.

[From the Hiſtory of Religion on Mankind; by *Edward Rhyan.*]

IF we conſult the hiſtory of nations, we cannot entertain a doubt, that men, who embraced the Goſpel, became reformed from ſeveral vices and criminal practices, common among Heathens before it was introduced. Bardeſanes, the famous Syrian heretic, obſerved, that the Chriſtian code has been extremely uſeful in a moral and political view; ſince Chriſtians of all nations have retained the virtues, and rejected the vices of the different countries where it was promulgated. In Parthia, where polygamy prevailed, they are not polygamiſts; in Perſia, they do not marry their own daughters; in Bactria and Gaul, they do not violate the marriage bed; nor do they, whereſoever they reſide, yield to the influence of corrupt laws and wicked cuſtoms, familiar to others. By the laws of Zoroaſter the Perſians committed inceſt until they embraced the goſpel; after which period they abſtained from that crime, and obſerved that temperance and chaſtity enjoined by its precepts. This people expoſed the bodies of the deceaſed to be devoured by birds or beaſts of prey, but abſtained from this cuſtom, and decently interred them after it was promulgated. Euſebius has furniſhed a catalogue of abominable cuſtoms, ſome of which have been aboliſhed by the goſpel: and proves its profeſſors to be free from ſeveral crimes, not even condemned in the Pagan world. Chriſtianity was uſeful not only in its poſitive precepts, and the genius which it inſpired, but alſo in delivering men from deteſtable practices, perfectly repugnant to the feelings of Chriſtians. This learned writer aſſures us, that proſelytes to Chriſtianity no longer married their own mothers in Perſia; nor in Scythia did they as uſual eat human fleſh, and ſacrifice their children, prompted by ſuperſtition. The Maſſagatæ uſed to ſacrifice their relations, and eat their fleſh when worn out with age; the Tibareni were wont

to fling them down precipices; the Hyrcani and Gaſpians expoſed them to be devoured by birds and dogs. Theſe and ſuch like cruel and inhuman cuſtoms prevailed not only among barbarous nations, but even among the Greeks, who were poliſhed and refined. In Salamis a man was ſacrificed to the daughter of Cecrops; and another at Chios was cruelly torn to pieces and ſacrificed to Bacchus: three were daily ſacrificed to Juno; and a man was dragged thrice round the altar of Diomede's temple, ſtruck by the prieſt with a ſpear, and ſacrificed to Diomede. The Greeks in general, before they went out to war, ſacrificed a human victim; Ariſtomenes ſacrificed three hundred together to Jove on that occaſion; the Celtæ and Carthaginians uſed human ſacrifices; and Italy was ſaid to have been viſited by calamities becauſe the tenth part of the men was not ſacrificed to the gods. In Laodicea, a virgin was ſlain in honour of the Syrian Pallas; in Leſbos they ſacrificed to Bacchus; in Phocis to Diana, and the Touroſcythæ offered up, at the ſhrine of the ſame goddeſs, as many as were driven to their coaſts by winds or waves. It is unneceſſary to multiply inſtances of cruelty among Pagan nations; ancient hiſtory abounds with them; and the ſecond ſection of this work has already furniſhed many of this kind. It is admitted that human victims ceaſed in ſome of theſe places before Chriſt's appearance, and that animal ſacrifices were ſubſtituted in their room; but theſe and other abominable cuſtoms were exploded, in many countries which embraced the goſpel, as will preſently appear.

The Romans, though a poliſhed people, were cruel and blood-thirſty before the promulgation of the goſpel, and its eſtabliſhment in the empire. The breaking of a glaſs, or ſome ſuch trifling offence, was ſufficient to provoke Vidius Pollio to caſt his ſlaves into fiſh-ponds, to be devoured by lampreys. The effuſion of human blood was their frequent entertainment; ſome of their fellow-creatures were ſet to fight with beaſts, others to be devoured by them, and ſome to fight againſt each other. Lipſius aſſures us, that no wars ever made ſuch havock on mankind, as thoſe games of pleaſure, which ſometimes deprived Europe of twenty thouſand lives in one month. From the deteſtable practice of killing perſons at the funerals of great men, aroſe another cuſtom equally cruel and ſhocking to humanity, the fights of gladiators. The Romans, as if aſhamed of human ſacrifices, trained up perſons to engage in voluntary combat, and fight until they killed each other at the tombs of the deceaſed. This was the origin of thoſe bloody ſhows, afterwards ſo delightful to the people of Rome: theſe were the amuſements, with which the principal magiſtrates of Rome, and afterwards the emperors, entertained the citizens, and by which they acquired popularity among the people of that city. Julius Caeſar preſented three hundred and twenty pair of gladiators; even the worthy Titus exhibited a ſhow of gladiators; and Trajan, though not cruel in other reſpects, furniſhed another diſplay, where one thouſand pair of gladiators were exhibited on a theatre, for the entertainment of the ſpectators. In all thoſe ſpectacles, every pair of combatants was matched and pitted againſt each other, and obliged to maim and murder, in cold blood, thoſe who never had offended them. The paſſion for theſe bloody encounters roſe to ſuch an height, that ſenators and knights turned gladiators; and even women engaged in them, under Nero and Domitian. Theſe champions became formidable by their numbers; and one of them had the boldneſs to proclaim war againſt the

Roman ſtate. In ſword-fights, the ſpectators did not ſo much praiſe ſkill in defence, as undauntedneſs in inflicting or receiving wounds; were diſpleaſed with the fencers, unleſs one of them was preſently ſlain, were impatient of delays, as if they thirſted for blood, and carefully examined thoſe who lay weltering in blood, leſt they ſhould deceive by a feigned death. Chriſtian divines ſoon exerciſed their pens againſt theſe practices; Conſtantine the Great reſtrained them by edicts, and the emperor Honorius entirely aboliſhed them.

The following inſtances may evince the utility of Chriſtianity in baniſhing idolatry and barbarous practices from ſome countries, where it did not immediately produce virtue among converts to the goſpel. The Gauls and ancient Saxons, employed various abſurd methods of diſcovering, whether perſons ſuſpected of any crime were innocent or guilty. Sometimes the perſon accuſed was obliged to engage in ſingle combat, to prove his innocence; and both prieſts and people prayed in ſilence, during the combat, that the innocent might be victorious. Sometimes he was forced to the diſagreeable alternative of graſping red hot-iron, or acknowledging himſelf guilty; ſometimes, to walk blind folded and bare-footed over red hot ploughſhares, placed at certain diſtances; and ſometimes, to thruſt his arm into boiling water. In all theſe caſes, he was judged innocent or guilty, according to the effects which theſe trials produced. In ſome inſtances, a perſon was flung into a river with a rope about his arms; if he ſtayed at the bottom until he was drawn up, he was looked on as innocent; but if he floated, he was conſidered as criminal. Theſe four ſorts of ordeal laſted for a conſiderable time, after the introduction of Chriſtianity, but were aboliſhed by a decree of pope Stephen II. as impious and unjuſt, and frequently expoſing the innocent to manifeſt hazard. It is generally admitted, that the Iriſh were extremely fierce and barbarous before the time of St. Patrick, and that their ferocity was ſomewhat abated after that primitive chriſtian preached the goſpel among them. St. Jerome tells us, that the Scots adopted Plato's community of wives, and had their appetites no better regulated than thoſe of beaſts; that the Attacotti, a people of Britain, eat human fleſh, and reckoned the haunch of a ſhepherd, or the breaſt of a woman, a delicious repaſt. Whether the Attacotti were a people of Scotland or not, let antiquarians determine; my object is only to prove, that ſome nations of Britain were extremely barbarous, before the Chriſtian code, that ſoftener of manners, was publiſhed among them. Gildas the Wiſe affirms, that the Britons, before they were civilized by the goſpel, were rude, barbarous, and impure in their manners, ſacrificed human victims, and that their idols were more numerous than the idols of Egypt. Collier is of opinion, that the inhabitants of Great Britain were extremely cruel, before the introduction of Chriſtianity, and he founds his opinion on the following facts: In Gaul, before that period, the druids managed the ſacrifices, interpreted omens, and directed all matters relative to their ſuperſtitions. In times of public diſtreſs, they offered animal ſacrifices; and in caſe of ſickneſs or other calamity, which befel individuals, they required human victims to appeaſe their deities. Their idols were hollow and capacious, and in them they placed wretched victims, and burned them to death. They generally ſacrificed thieves, robbers, or other criminals; but where they were not ſupplied with a ſufficient number of theſe, they ſacrificed the in-

innocent. Cæsar gives this account of the Gallic druids, and acquaints us, that these borrowed their superstitions from those of Britain; whence the Ecclesiastical historian fairly concludes, that the Britons were as superstitious in their worship, and as barbarous in their manners, as the Gauls; and strengthens his conclusion by the authority of Tacitus, who affirms, that in the isle of Anglesea druids used to sacrifice prisoners taken in war, and put persons of both sexes to death, for the purpose of inspecting their intrails and prying into futurity. This rough people were softened in their manners, and human sacrifices exploded in Great Britain, Gaul, and other places, by the promulgation of a code, whose spirit is so adverse to cruelty and bloodshed.

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"Nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
"But Music for the time doth change its nature."

Shakespear—Merchant of Venice.

AMONG the harmless and inoffensive recreations of human life, Music at present holds a distinguishing rank. Eminently patronized by their Majesties for a series of years, it is now our principal amusement; and nothing can be better calculated for an *amusement*. There is an endless variety in Music which the life of man cannot exhaust; and the ingenuity of eminent composers has ever been employed to add to that variety, by all the numberless combinations of which sounds are capable, and all the different purposes to which they may be applied. The patronage of Musicians is immense; the fortunes they soon acquire are almost incredible. The encouragement also given to Authors, has furnished the world with an article which now makes a very valuable branch of commerce; and thousands gain their bread by what ultimately has the humble aim only of *amusing* mankind.

The talent of a Musician, however, is not confined to those who cultivate it as a profession. It is become an essential branch of Education; the fair sex in particular have discovered an ambition to excell, which has not been unsuccessful. But, independent of what art and fashion may do, the bulk of the people are disposed to *receive*, and as far as their poor abilities go, to *give* pleasure by the charms of Music. Every village has its little band—every hamlet its solo-performer.

As an article of education, it has been enquired, *Cui bono?* of what use is it to teach our girls to thrum the harpsichord, or our boys to play the fiddle? will it not make fiddlers of them instead of tradesmen?—The answer is easy. If girls learn no more than what is usually taught at boarding schools, they learn what is truly of no use—and if boys are allowed to play the fiddle when they should be otherwise employed, a positive inconvenience follows. But these are objections to the conduct of certain persons, and not to the utility of Music as an accomplishment. An argument in favour of a musical Education may be drawn from the manners of the age, which, if we cannot altogether change to our mind, we must do what we can to meliorate. The demand for amusement is great—of all our amusement comparatively taken, Music is the most innocent. Young women, especially those of family, have much

leiſure time—many tedious hours which muſt be ſome how or other conſumed; time muſt be filled up; and where the young lady has acquired moderate eaſe and ability in playing or ſinging, the art will recommend itſelf to her ſo powerfully, that ſhe will be induced to ſpend much of that time in heightening her ſkill, which many of her ſex waſte in amuſements which are ridiculous, or employments which are hurtful.—It is needleſs, however, I hope, to add, that Muſic can have no attractions where there is no ear, no diſcriminating taſte, no inclination for it.——Parents who ſend their children to ſchools, generally engage with the ſchool-miſtreſs for *every* branch of knowledge taught at the ſchool. Children are ſet down in rows to a harpſichord, and drilled for two or three months, like ſoldiers, as if muſic were as mechanical as the motions of the martial exerciſe. Such as do not ſucceed are reckoned dunces or untractable—and the money beſtowed on their muſical education is conſidered as loſt. It is certainly contrary to common ſenſe that a young lady ſhould be obliged to learn that for which nature has denied her a capacity. We do not teach the lame to dance, the blind to paint, or the dumb to plead at the bar. Scarcely more abſurd is it to expect Muſical proficiency where the hindrance is on the ſide of nature—and this abſurdity is the more remarkable that nature in general points out a muſical taſte ſooner than any other mark of genius whatſoever.

Were this practice of obliging all indiſcriminately to learn Muſic given up, the ſcience would have fewer enemies, for to a muſical as well as an unmuſical ear, the performances and petulance of ſtupid miſſes ſtuck to harpſichords are circumſtances not a little provoking. A well bred man may think proper to flatter mamma on the performance of her favourite child, but the diſguiſe is ſo thin, that an obſerver may with half an eye perceive *diſguſt* peeping out its impatient head.

But where the child diſcovers an attentive ear, and a voice capable of repeating the tones that have been heard, where there is an appearance of diſlike to harſh and grating ſounds, and a viſible pleaſure at thoſe which are melodious, there is a ſtrong preſumption in favour of the capacity of that child to acquire a knowledge of the ſcience and of its practice. And in a caſe of this kind, if the circumſtances of the parent ſuit, a few months inſtruction will not be thrown away. The child will thereby acquire an employment which may fill up hours when buſineſs does not invite, and perhaps ſooth the mind in thoſe moments of vexation and ſorrow from which no life is free. I lately received no little ſatisfaction from ſpending an evening in a family where the daughters, three accompliſhed young ladies, entertained the company by their performance on the harpſichord, and by ſinging three and four part ſongs, &c. accompanied by their brother. At the ſame time that I add, that the acquiſition of this art had never been allowed to interfere with more important employments, I beg leave to aſk if the evening could have been better ſpent in cards, in dancing, or amidſt the pernicious effluvia of a crowded theatre!

There is one branch of Muſic which is certainly indiſpenſible, I mean ſacred or Church Muſic. Not to know and be able to join in this is a defect that is inexcuſable in a nation where ſinging is conſidered as a part of Divine Worſhip, and Divine Worſhip the chief part of our Duty. To acquire, therefore, a perfect knowledge of Pſalmody, to be able to join or lead in the higher compoſitions of

of Sacred Harmony, is an amiable accompliſhment. Beſides Pſalmody has a prior charm to every other kind of compoſition, not only from its importance, but from its ſimplicity, which of courſe renders it moſt proper as an initiatory exerciſe. There is likewiſe a charming ſweetneſs in many of our ſacred tunes, when ſung in parts, that cannot eaſily be exceeded, and ſome of them have been eſteemed by the beſt judges to be perfect examples of Harmony.

One reaſon why church Muſic is ſo little cultivated (for I will not allow the neglect of religion to be *reaſon)* is the uſe of inſtrumental Muſic. The people, accuſtomed to be guided by the organ, ſeldom keep in memory the tune, nor do many whom I have known poſſeſſed of ſome muſical knowledge, acquire by memory a ſimple tune or hymn, until they have heard it ſo often that it forces itſelf on their memery. As to Cathedral ſervice, the people nowhere join in it—The duty of praiſe is there left to the Choirs, and the people liſten as to a concert. In Scotland and in the Diſſenting meetings in England, the ſcience is more cultivated. In ſome I have heard that bold harmony, accuracy and exactneſs, which would not have diſgraced the moſt regular profeſſional ſingers. Organiſts, too, ſince *execution* became ſo much a faſhion, depart ſo much from the ſimplicity of the tune, as not a little to diſturb the *proper* attention of the people, by diverting it to the ſuperfluous graces of a delicate finger. Inſtrumental performance of Divine Muſic requires ſomething of a pious enthuſiaſm which is not frequently to be not with; few are aware that in muſic *feeling* is a very eſſential requiſite.

In my next, I ſhall make ſome remarks of a general nature on the ſubject of Muſical taſte or *rage*, as ſome call it—but I profeſs not to enter deeply into the ſubject—I only *triſle* with it.

Poetry.

MR SHERIDAN *meeting Miſs* LINLEY, *now Mrs* SHERIDAN, *at the entrance of a Grotto in the Vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her ſome advice—with which, apprehending that ſhe was diſpleaſed, he left the following Lines in the Grotto the next day.*

UNCOUTH is this moſs-cover'd Grotto of ſtone,
And damp is the ſhade of this dew-dropping tree;
Yet I this rude Grotto with rapture will own,
And Willow—thy damps are refreſhing to me!
For this is the Grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in ſecret her confidence ſought;
And this is the Tree kept her ſafe from the wind,
As bluſhing, ſhe heard the grave leſſon I taught!
Then tell me, thou Grotto of moſs-cover'd ſtone,
And tell me, thou Willow, with leaves dropping dew,
Did Delia ſeem vext when Horatio was gone?
And did ſhe confeſs her reſentment to you?
Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whiſper a cauſe for the ſorrow I feel;
To hint how ſhe frown'd, when I dar'd to adviſe,
And ſigh'd, when ſhe ſaw that I did it with zeal!
True, true, ſilly leaves, ſo ſhe did, I allow——
She frown'd—but no rage in her looks could I ſee,
She frown'd—but reflection had clouded her brow,

She ſigh'd—but perhaps 'twas in pity to me!
Then wave thy leaves briſker, thou willow of woe,
I tell thee, no rage in her looks could I ſee;
I cannot, I will not, believe it was ſo—
She was not, ſhe could not, be angry with me!
For well did ſhe know that my heart meant no wrong,
It ſunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But truſted its taſk to a fault'ring tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain! [maid,
Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the
If Delia, my humble monition refuſe;
Sweet Willow, the next time ſhe viſits your ſhade,
Fan gently her boſom and plead my excuſe.
And thou, Stony Grot, in thy Arch may'ſt preſerve,
Two ling'ring drops of the night-fallen dew——
And juſt let them fall at her feet, and they'll ſerve
As tears of my ſorrow entruſted to you!
Or leſt they, unheeded, ſhould fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her boſom of ſnow; and I ſwear
The next time I viſit thy moſs-cover'd ſeat
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.
So may'ſt thou, green Willow, for ages thus toſs
Thy branches ſo lank, o'er the ſlow winding ſtream!
And thou ſtony Grotto retain all thy moſs,
While yet there's a Poet to make thee his theme
Nay more --may my Delia ſtill give you her charms
Each ev'ning, and ſometimes the whole ev'ning long;
Then Grotto be proud to ſupport her white arms,
Then Willow wave all thy green tops to her ſong.

The exquiſite Elegy which follows is from the pen of the celebrated Anna Matilda, and the bard alluded to, it is poſſible, may be Della Cruſca. For a pen the fame of which has been ſo well eſtabliſhed, it cannot be needful to ſay much; we ſhall therefore only obſerve that the beauty of the lines, and the tenderneſs of the ſentiment, rank it with the firſt ſpecimens of the kind in the language. The hair of a daughter, received after her death, was the tender occaſion. The young lady died in the bloom of youth, at the houſe of her grand-mother in Devonſhire.

DEAR Treſſes! whoſe ſoft gloomy glow
Renews my tears, but ſooths my woe,
Ye have eſcaped the mould'ring grave,
It ſwallows not your ſhadowy wave!
I ſee them! to my lips they're preſt,
I hold them to my anxious breaſt!
Ah! but they ne'er again will flow
Upon her neck of native ſnow;
Ne'er will they ſhade again her cheek,
Where roſes liv'd in bluſhes meek.
How have I ſeen this ringlet play,
And this upon her forehead ſtray;
This hanging o'er her azure eye
Like fleeting clouds upon the ſky;
And theſe upon her ſhoulder ſell!
And theſe would on her boſom dwell!
Ah! tho' ye ne'er again will deck
Her modeſt brow, or veil her neck,
Tho' ne'er again th' entranced glance
On every ſilky curl ſhall dance,
Yet ſhall your beauties ſtill have pow'r,
And charm beyond life's haſty hour.

A

A Mother ſnatch'd them from the ſhroud,
A Mother's pen ſhall ſpeak aloud
Her praiſes whom they once adorn'd,
Seen but few years, yet ever mourn'd?
Yes, Time, Elizabeth, ſhall tell
How like a flow'ret cropt you fell,
Which innocent unfolds its bloom,
Wove by the ſpring's creative loom—
And to the morn reveals its ſweets,
But noontide radiance never greets!
Thus, o'er ſome beauteous garden's pride
The dawn extends its mantle wide,
Throws its ſweet beam from flow'r to flow'r—
Soft gliding thro' a ſcented ſhow'r,
And as freſh gales around them fly,
Beſtows on each a purer die.
Their ſilk the lilies throw around—
With ſnowy veils their locks are bound,
They wave them graceful to the beam,
And drink the light's tranſlucent ſtream;
But ah! the ſeal of Fate's impreſt,
And one is choſen from the reſt;
Ere the meridian hour of day
Whilſt other lillies bleſs its ray,
And proud, lift up their luſt'rous heads,
Shining refulgent o'er their beds;
This lily by ſome ruthleſs knife
Is ſever'd from the ſtem of life!
Vain were its charm ſo early dreſt,
Day's Lord its fragrance never bleſt.
Evening ſtreams thro' the roſy air,
But the loſt Lily is not there!—
O! emblems of the ſudden blow
Which bent my darling's graces low!
But, roſy evening, thou may'ſt ſee
Where yet the maiden lives to thee,
Yon late rais'd precious grave behold—
Dart there thy colours and thy gold;
There bid thy gentleſt dews deſcend,
There all thy ſoft enchantments blend,
For thy enchantments ſhe could taſte;
And o'er thy variegated waſte
Her raptur'd eye would frequent throw,
And hail thee with extatic glow.
When thy bright vapours are withdrawn,
And thy dim robes ſeem modeſt lawn,
Bid all thy ſtars their luſtre ſtore,
And on that turf their ſplendour pour;
For oh! beneath that turf is laid
A victim rare—a peerleſs maid!
Her ſoul was purity refin'd,
Where Taſte and Genius had combin'd
To raiſe a lofty ſenſe, and ſhew,
What ſpells could from their union flow.
And ſpells o'er all her actions hung,
They touch'd her eye, they grac'd her tongue,
Amidſt her dance they clung around,
In ev'ry ſtep, in ev'ry bound;
They bath'd them in the lucid tear,
Which to her fringed lid ſo clear
Would often from their fountain ſteal,
To prove how well her heart could feel.
Another Muſe I anxious ſought,
A Muſe with ev'ry treaſure fraught,
Worthy to ſing my lovely maid,
Who, cold, beneath the ſod is laid:
A Muſe Eliza half ador'd,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence ſhe had ſtor'd,
Whoſe every beauty ſhe'd repeat,
Making his ſweeteſt verſe more ſweet.
He ſwore t'illume her humble name,
And deck it with the rays of fame,
But ah! ungrateful and forſworn,
Eliza from the world is torn,
And not a ſigh he gives, or tear,
No not one line t'embalm her bier!
Dear Spirit! tho' thy much-lov'd Muſe
To ſooth thee with his lyre refuſe,
Yet ſhall my verſe thy name extend,
And laurell'd it ſhall now deſcend.
Thou ſhalt not ſink like common duſt,
And tho' no urn or ſculptur'd buſt
In marble proves thou once didſt breathe,
Yet Poetry thy name ſhall wreathe;
And when the marble pile is loſt,
And monumental fragments toſt,

In

In whirling atoms thro' the air,
Thee ſhall the headlong ruin ſpare!
Time's fateful finger ſhall delay
To wipe thy cheriſh'd name away—
O, yes! wing'd cent'ries as they fly
Shall bend on thee their pitying eye;
For thee ſhall Sorrow often ſit [flit,
With folded arms, whilſt night-birds
And, as her penſive cottage round
The Cypreſs and the Yew abound,
Sad garlands ſhe ſhall *ſmiling* weave—
O, ſmiles of Sorrow, how ye grieve!
And hanging them on ev'ry tree,
Shall ſay, Eliza, *theſe to thee!*
March 11, 1790. ADELAIDE.

SONG.

'*Where* EVAN *mingles with the* CLYDE.'

SLOW ſpreads the gloom my ſoul deſires,
The ſun from India's ſhore retires;
To Evan's banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth—he leads the day,
Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! ſtream whoſe murmurs ſtill I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliſs reſide
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And ſhe, in ſimple beauty dreſt,
Whoſe image lives within my breaſt;
Who trembling heard my parting ſigh,
And long purſued me with her eye;
Does ſhe, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or, where you grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muſe while the Evan ſeeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye laviſh woods that wave around,
And o'er the ſtream your ſhadows throw,
Which ſweetly winds ſo far below;
What ſecret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border ſprings!
Sweet banks! Ye bloom by Mary's ſide:
Bleſt ſtream! ſhe views thee haſte to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coaſt
Atone for years in abſence loſt?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treaſures bleſs my ſight!
Swift from this deſart let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my ſteps divide
From that dear ſtream which flows to Clyde.

SONNET,

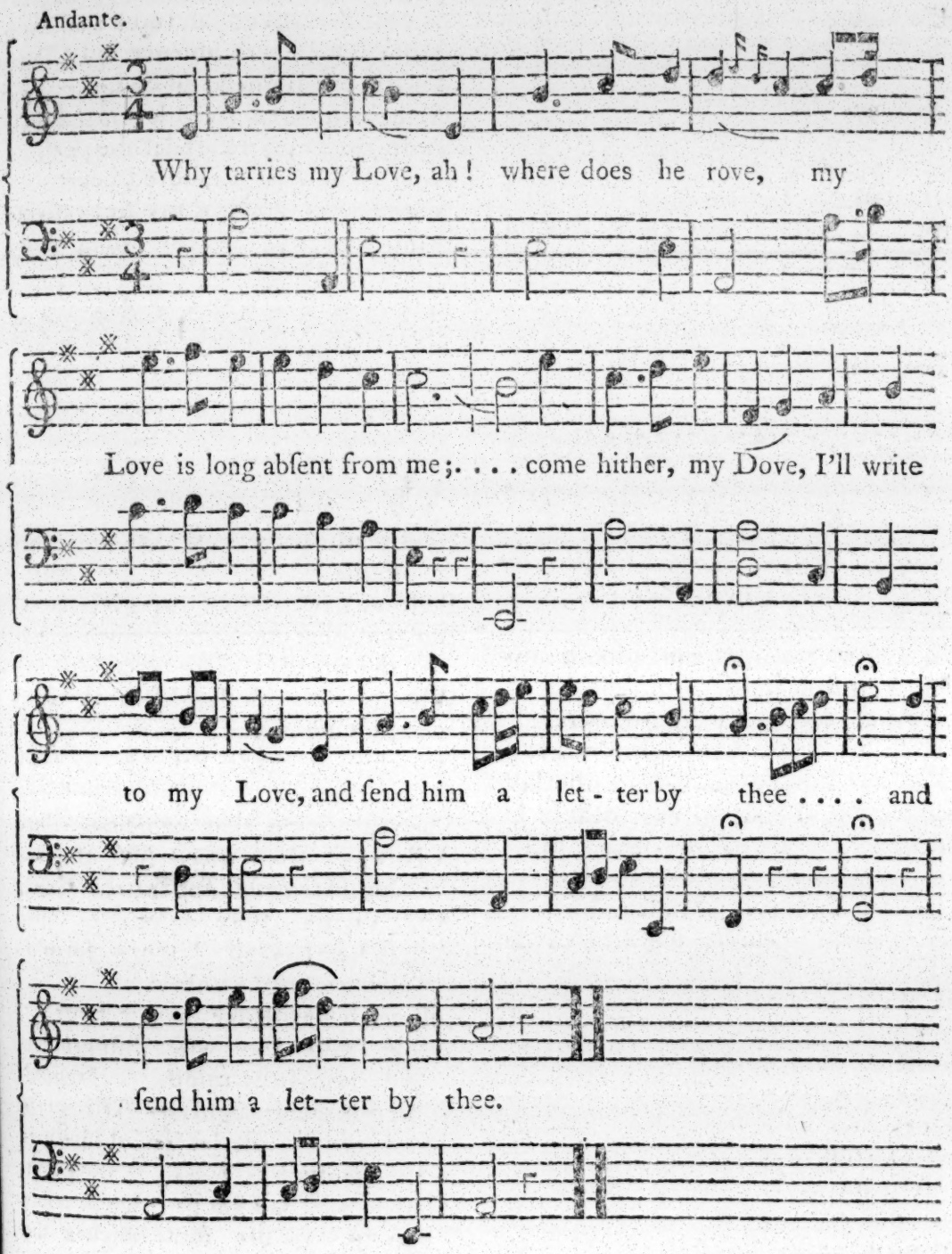
TO THE RIGHT HON. EDM. BURKE.

WHEN ſweet applauſe awaits the upright deed,
Its breath propitious fans the noble flame, [aim;
Beſtows new vigour on each moral
But that bleſt man ſhall crown a loftier meed,
Who, o'er his bloſſom'd fame when Slander draws
Her chilling ſhade, ſtill acts as bold inſpires [fires.
The real divine, that conſcious duty
O BURKE! that meed haſt thou,—high Heaven's applauſe, [mold
And Virtue's holy calm; of finer
Whoſe heart kind Nature form'd, where bright unfold
Juſtice, benevolence, heroic truth;
While 'mid the wiſe diſtinguiſh'd beams thy mind, [refin'd.
With Science fraught, by Attic grace
The varniſh'd tale let venial hirelings frame, [won.
That praiſe ſhall yet be thine ſo nobly
Though vapours foul obſcure the golden ſun,
Again, while hill and vale with triumph ring, [ſhall roll;
Burſting ſublime the glorious flood
Thus ſhalt thou pierce the ſhades that round thee ſcowl, [ſing,
Her pæans loud admiring Albion
And grateful India bleſs thy ſpotleſs name. L. M.

The

The PIGEON.——A favourite new Song.

Andante.



II.

To find him, ſwift fly,
The letter I'll tie
Secure to thy leg with a ſtring;
Ah! not to my leg,
Fair Lady, I beg,
But faſten it under my wing.

III.

The dove ſhe did deck,
She drew o'er his neck
A bell and a collar ſo gay;
She ty'd to his wing
The ſtroll with a ſtring;
Then kiſs'd him, and ſent him away.

IV.

It blew and it rain'd,
The pigeon diſdain'd
To ſeek ſhelter; undaunted he flew:
Till wet was his wing,
And painful the ſtring,
So heavy the letter it grew.

V.

He flew all around,
Till Colin he found,
Then perch'd on his hand with the prize;
Whoſe heart, while he reads,
With tenderneſs bleeds,
For the Pigeon that flutters and dies.

Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

VIENNA, Feb. 20.

HIS Imperial Majeſty, the Emperor Joſeph the Second, expired between five and ſix this morning.

And on Thurſday morning laſt died, her Royal Highneſs the Arch-Ducheſs Elizabeth, after having been delivered of a daughter, who is ſtill alive.

On Saturday, February 20. Joſeph II. cloſed his career of empire and ambition, in the 49th year of his age, in the 26th year of his reign as Emperor of the Romans, and the 10th as King of Hungary and Bohemia. He ſucceeded to the Imperial Crown on the demiſe of his father, Francis, Auguſt 18, 1765; to the hereditary dominions of the Houſe of Auſtria, on the death of his mother, Maria Thereſa, November 29, 1780. He was twice married, to a Princeſs of Parma, and a Princeſs of Bavaria; but having left no iſſue, the hereditary dominions of the Houſe of Auſtria devolve on his brother Peter Leopold Joſeph, Grand Duke of Tuſcany. Previous to his death, the Emperor wiſhed the ſon of the Grand Duke to to be elected, to which the father had conſented: but the ſucceſſion will now go from the nephew to the brother.

On the 24th of January, the negociations for peace betwixt the Turks and Ruſſians finally broke up at Jaſſy, in conſequence of a letter of recal from the Porte to the Reis Effendi. At the laſt conference, Prince Potemkin told the Reis Effendi, that "he knew the reaſon of his recal to be the alliances which the Porte had contracted with foreign powers, but he hoped his Miſtreſs the Empreſs, would ſoon be able to convince the Porte that he had acted very unwiſely in neglecting the terms of peace."

Warſaw, March 6.

Yeſterday arrived in this city a perſon from Cherſon, who brings an account of the death of Mr Howard, ſo well known from his travels, and plans of reform of the different hoſpitals and priſons of Europe. This gentleman fell a victim to his humanity; for, having viſited a young lady at Cherſon, ſick of an epidemic fever, for the purpoſe of adminiſtering ſome medical aſſiſtance, he caught the diſtemper himſelf, and was carried off in twelve days. Prince Potemkin, on hearing of his illneſs, ſent his phyſician to his relief from Jaſſey.

LONDON, March 6.

The Queen has been pleaſed to appoint the Earl of Harcourt to be Maſter of the Horſe to her Majeſty in the room of the Earl Waldegrave, deceaſed.

At Youghall, Francis Garden, Eſq; of Delgaty in Scotland, lieutenant in the 62d regiment of foot, was married to Mrs Weeks.

March 28. died Admiral Darby, Rear Admiral of England. It is ſaid, he will be ſucceeded as Rear Admiral by Lord Hood.

Mr Pitt has agreed to another lottery of 50,000 tickets, at 15l. 16s.

4½d. per ticket. The contractors are Meſſrs Lilly and Roberts, who offered ſixpence halfpenny a ticket more than any other perſon. The terms are conſiderably higher than ever known before, and will produce, beſides the intereſt, 290,937l. 10s.

Thurſday the Queen Charlotte, a very fine firſt rate of 110 guns, was launched at Chatham. His Royal Highneſs the Duke of Clarence, attended by ſeveral Captains of the Royal Navy, and a vaſt concourſe of nobility and gentry, were preſent.

April 19, Lieut John Frith was put to the bar of the Old Bailey, on a charge of high treaſon, by throwing a ſtone at his Majeſty. Mr Garrow, as counſel for the priſoner, then informed him, that he had made a motion to have his trial put off to the next ſeſſions, to which the Attorney General had aſſented. Mr Frith on this addreſſed the Court, in a ſtile that left little doubt on the minds of the Judge and Jury of his deranged ſtate. On his being remanded back to Newgate, he would not leave the bar till forcibly taken by Mr Aikerman's ſervants.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Tueſday, March 23.

Nominal and Fictitious Votes.

Yeſterday counſel were called to the bar, and heard in the appeal from the court of ſeſſion in Scotland, in which Sir Wm Forbes of Craigievar, George Skene of Skene, eſq; Lieut. General Horn and other freeholders of the county of Aberdeen, are appellants, and Sir John MacPherſon, governor general of Bengal, reſpondent.

The caſe is ſhortly this:—The Duke of Gordon in one day made 25 votes in Aberdeenſhire, to which the real freeholders objected, that the qualifications were *nominal* and *confidential*, and the tranſaction in truth was to give the votes to the Duke himſelf, contrary to law. They inſiſted, in the Court of Seſſion, that this appeared ſufficiently from the circumſtances; but if there was any doubt of the nominality, the gentlemen objected to, ought to be directed to anſwer certain interrogatories, tending to diſcover whether the Duke was not at the whole expence, and had ſolicited them to accept of the qualifications, and whether they did not conſider themſelves as bound in honour to vote for the perſon patroniſed by the Duke, and ſurrender the qualifications whenever his grace deſired it. The Court of Seſſion refuſed to put the queſtions, and declared the qualications not *nominal* nor *fictitious*, upon an idea, that the only teſt of nominality was by putting the oath introduced by the act of 7th Geo. III. commonly called the *Truſt Oath*.

On Monday the 19th of April this important cauſe was decided in favour of the freeholders. After the councel had concluded, the LORD CHANCELLOR left the woolſack, and, in a ſpeech of great length, went at large into the queſtion. He thought the law of Scotland never meant, when it limited the ſum that was neceſſary to form a qualification, that a man ſhould have influence in elections, by parcelling out his eſtate, while he held the poſſeſſion of the whole in his own perſon, and was in receipt of the profits. In the preſent caſe, from the general character of the Hon. Baronet (Sir John M'Pherſon), he had no more opinion he would take the truſt oath, on the qualification that had been ſtated, than that he would take it himſelf. His Lordſhip then went into a full and accurate explanation of the election ſtatutes, and concluded with moving, that the "decree of the Court of Seſſion ſhould be *Reverſed*."

LORD KINNAIRD ſpoke on the oppoſite ſide: he was certain the reverſal of the decree would create much

confuſion, litigation, and animoſity, and overturn what was conſidered to be the law of Scotland. To ſupport this poſition, his Lordſhip went through ſeveral caſes that had been determined, which, he argued, were in ſupport of the deciſion of the Court of Seſſion. He declared his opinion, upon all theſe circumſtances, to be, for *Affirming* the deciſion appealed from.

Lord Loughborough replied. He went through the caſes alluded to by Lord Kinnaird, and pointed out the difference between them and the one in queſtion. His Lordſhip perfectly agreed with the Lord Chancellor upon the principles he had laid down, and complimented him highly upon the able manner he had argued, and the attention he had paid the ſubject. He treated the fears of Lord Kinnaird, of the miſchiefs that would follow a reverſal, as groundleſs and chimerical. He concluded, by giving his hearty approbation to the motion made by the Lord Chancellor. The decree was accordingly *Reverſed.*

A STATE *of the* NUMBER *of* FREEHOLDERS, REAL *and* NOMINAL, *whoſe Names appear on the Rolls of Freeholders in the different Shires of Scotland.*

[*From a Pamphlet entitled*, "A Letter, addreſſed to the Landed Proprietors of Scotland, &c."]

	Real.	Nominal.
Fife,	153	32
Perth,	128	19
Air,	86	119
Edinburgh,	83	10
Aberdeen,	82	96
Kirkcudbright,	80	72
Forfar,	71	24
Berwick,	66	87
Haddington,	61	13
Roxburgh,	56	49
Lanerk,	55	69
Kincardine,	46	6
Roſs,	46	33
Stirling,	46	30
Dumfries,	34	11
Peebles,	32	5
Renfrew,	32	82
Wigton,	29	24
Linlithgow,	29	18
Selkirk,	27	13
Argyle,	23	21
Elgin,	23	53
Inverneſs,	20	83
Banff,	19	103
Orkney,	18	21
Dunbarton,	15	51
Caithneſs,	10	11
Kinroſs,	9	17
Sutherland,	8	23
Nairn,	6	14
Clackmannan,	5	11
Bute,	3	9
Cromarty,	3	6

N. B. Among theſe called real are comprehended, the holders of what are called naked ſuperiorities, by indefeaſible titles, and deſcendible to heirs.

Dr M'GILL.

On Tueſday April 13. the Provincial Synod of Glaſgow and Ayr met at Ayr, and was opened with an excellent ſermon, from 2 Corinthians iv. 5. "We preach not ourſelves, but Chriſt Jeſus the Lord," by the Rev. John Finlay, their former Moderator; after which the Rev. Mr Stephen Young, Miniſter at Barr, was choſen Moderator.

The Synod having reſumed the caſe of Dr M'Gill, a motion was made and ſeconded, That, as Dr M'Gill had ſhown a diſpoſition to make ſuitable acknowledgements, in order to reſtore peace, that ſome miniſters ſhould retire along with Dr M'Gill, to draw up what might appear to them calculated to produce ſo deſirable an end. The Synod having conſidered this motion, did appoint ſix miniſters, as a committee to retire immediately with Dr M'Gill for this purpoſe, taking with them what papers they thought proper: And Dr M'Gill having withdrawn his former anſwers which had been given in to the Preſbytery, ſaid committee, with Dr M'Gill, retired for ſome hours, and then the committee brought in their report, which conſiſted of an explanation and apology by Dr M'Gill, and

and which being read and duly conſidered, the Synod approved thereof, and received the ſame as ſatisfactory.

The following is the concluſion of Dr M'Gill's explanation and apology;

"Conſidering that every member of the Church of Scotland is bound by very ſolemn engagements to adhere to the ſtandards, and as thoſe ſtandards are the only authoritative interpreters of the Sacred Scriptures among us, I hereby again declare that I am heartily ſorry that my publications ſhould have given offence to any of my brethren, or the world. And, upon further reflection, I am ſenſible that there are ideas in theſe publications which may appear improper, and expreſſions unguarded and ambiguous, particularly reſpecting the original and eſſential dignity of the Son of God; the doctrine of atonement by his ſufferings and death; the prieſthood and interceſſion of Chriſt; the method of reconciling ſinners to God; and ſubſcription to the Confeſſion of Faith: All which ideas I hereby diſclaim, and for all which I am heartily ſorry, and hereby declare my belief of theſe great articles as they are laid down in the ſtandards of this church."

EDINBURGH.

Early on Sunday the 18th April a fire broke out in the printing office of Meſſrs Martin and M'Dowall, at the back of the Parliament Square. The printing office, with the whole ſtock of types, materials, paper, books, &c. to a conſiderable value, and the ſtorey below, were entirely conſumed. Mr Hutton's back warehouſe, with a large quantity of paper, was alſo burnt. The fire entered the Ceſs Office, but was happily got under, and all the papers, books, &c. ſaved. A door of communication to the great tenement of twelve ſtories, where the Poſt Office formerly was, was on fire, but extinguiſhed by building it up with mud and dung. The Magiſtrates, a large party of the 35th regiment, commanded by Major Campbell, the city guard, &c. the fire engines, and alſo an engine belonging to Sir William Forbes and Co. attended at the firſt notice, and by the greateſt exertions, the flames were fortunately prevented from ſpreading beyond the tenement where it begun. The fire was of a very alarming nature, the Bank of Sir William Forbes and Co. the Ceſs Office, another Printing Office, and ſeveral buildings of value, being in the neighbourhood, and the Parliament Houſe, and Advocates Library, at no great diſtance. Unfortunately ſome of the properties were not inſured. The Edinburgh Friendly Inſurance Office, and London Sun Fire Office, have each ordered fifteen guineas to be diſtributed among the perſons moſt active in extinguiſhing the fire. Luckily no lives were loſt.

Extract of a letter from Dunaee, April 12.

"The Town Council of Dundee have, with very laudable generoſity, lately given to their miniſter, who enjoys, beſides, a valuable glebe, 20l. and their two oldeſt ſtipendaries, 35l. ſterling per annum, of augmentation; by which means, the livings of the two laſt are raiſed to 140l. while that of the firſt is ſomewhat more. They have granted alſo to their two youngeſt ſtipendaries, 15l. of addition, which makes their income 120l. and the Kirk Seſſion and Trades have augmented the ſalary of the miniſter of their elegant Chapel of Eaſe, from 50l. to 100l.

"The livings of the Church of Scotland being generally very ſmall, and the value of money falling daily, while the expences of neceſſaries are ſtill riſing, ſuch examples as the above juſtly demand proportional praiſe and imitation."

Extract of a letter from Dunfermline, April 15.

"A few days ago, a moſt inhuman murder was committed in the neighbour-

bourhood of Dunfermline, by a perſon apparently inſane. Having gone into a farm houſe, where there was only a woman and a perſon in diſtreſs, the woman not liking the ſtranger's appearance, intreated him to be gone: but, finding he was ſtill lurking about the village, ſhe applied to one of her neighbours (a farmer) to endeavour to perſuade him to leave the place, which the former did, but as ſoon as his back was turned, the ſtranger aimed a blow at him with an axe he had concealed, and fractured his ſkull in ſo ſhocking a manner that he died in two days after. The perpetrator of this horrid crime is in cuſtody."

A B E R D E E N.

On Monday March 15, died Mrs Mary Marſhall, ſpouſe to Mr Peter Wilkie, of the New Inn, Aberdeen.

On Saturday March 13th, died here, in the 75th year of her age, the Hon. Sophia Forbes, daughter to the late James Lord Forbes, and widow of Charles Cumine Eſq; of Kininmonth.

On the 12th of March died here, Mr Alexander Innes, Commiſſary Clerk of Aberdeen, in the 79th year of his age.

On the 16th of March died, Mrs Katherine Ann Brown, ſpouſe to Mr Alexander Henderſon, merchant. Her friends will pleaſe accept of this notification of her death.

On Friday March the 19th died, at Mills of Foreſt, near Stonhaven, Mr William Young, Sheriff Clerk of Kincardineſhire.

March 20. Mrs Duff of Fettereſſo was ſafely delivered of a ſon at Fettereſſo.

James Grant eſq; late of Carron, died at Edinburgh March the 14th.

James Horn Elphinſton, Eſq; of Logie, was married March 28 at Auchmill, to Miſs Davidſon of Midmar.

On the 22d of March died at Peterhead, in the 76th year of his age, and 53d of his miniſtry, the Right Reverend Mr Robert Kilgour, the oldeſt Biſhop in the Scotch Epiſcopal Church:—A man who, both in his public and private capacity, was happily endued with thoſe qualifications, which will make him be long remembered, with ſentiments of veneration and regard, not only by his relations and his own particular flock, but by all that Spiritual Society, in which he had the honour for many years to hold, and faithfully diſcharge, an important and diſtinguiſhed truſt.

On the 17th of March died here, Mr James Jeſſiman, merchant.

Died the 28th of March, Mrs Elizabeth Farquharſon, ſpouſe to William Cruden, Eſq; provoſt of Aberdeen.

Died at Naſſau, New Providence, the 4th of January laſt, Mr John Simpſon, merchant, much regretted.

On Sunday the 28th ult died at Manſe of Durris, Mrs Elizabeth Hervey, relict of the late Revd Mr Arthur Mitchell, miniſter at Skene.

On Friday April 2d, the degree of Maſter of Arts was conferred on the following gentlemen in the Mariſchal College, viz Meſſrs Alexander Anderſon, Alexander Roſs, Alexander Smith, Alexander Stephenſon, Andrew Thomſon, Francis Farquhar, George Philp, George Reid, William Ord, William Shepherd, John Pirie, James Hay Morris Forſyth, Patrick Irvine, and William Pirie.

March 30. the following gentlemen received the degree of Maſter of Arts in King's College, viz. Donald Mackinnon, Robert Stuart, Donald Maclean, Alexander Nicolſon, David Howe, William Munro, James Gibſon, William Bremner, James Wallace, William Macbeath, John Roſs, James Ogilvie, William Cruikſhank, Thomas Donald, William Volume, William Mackintoſh, James Pirie, Joſeph Hughs, John Ley, James Smith, William Taylor, John Ord, James

James Lyon, James Leſlie, James Cruickſhank, David Sim, John Evans.

Died at Bracco houſe, on Friday the 26th of March John Hay, Eſq; in the 33d year of his age.

On Tueſday April 6. came on the Election of a Governor and Directors of the Aberdeen Banking Company for the year enſuing; when the following were choſen:

THOMAS BANNERMAN, Eſq;
Governor.

DIRECTORS.

George Adam, merchant.
James Allardyce, merchant.
Charles Bannerman, advocate.
Patrick Barron of Woodſide.
Andrew Burnett, merchant,
Alexander Carnegie, town clerk.
John Duncan of Moſtown.
Alexander Duthie, advocate.
Alexander Garioch, merchant.
James Jopp of Cotton.
Alexander Leſlie of Berryden.
Hary Lumſden, advocate.
Roderick Macleod, Sub-principal of King's College.
John Paton of Grandhome.
John Ramſay of Barra.
William Roſe, Factor to Lord Fife.
Keith Urquhart of Meldrum.
Alexander Young, merchant.

The Highland Society of Scotland have again adjudged a Gold Medal to Mr Patrick Henderſon now at the Pottery of Clayhills, for his Eſſay on the Manufacture of Scotch Salt. The countenance and approbation of the public are juſtly due to thoſe, who apply their talents towards the improvement of our national manufactures.

April 9 died, in the 78th year of his age, Mr John Scroggs, merchant in Aberdeen.

Died lately at Barras, Miſs Suſan Ogilvy, daughter to Sir William Ogilvy, Baronet.

On Wedneſday April 18 the Circuit Court of Juſticary was opened here, by the Right Hon. The Lord Henderland, when the following buſineſs came before the Court:

Alexander M'Combie, late blackſmith, and aſſiſtant gravedigger in Aberdeen, indicted for breaking into a houſe with intent to ſteal, was outlawed for not appearing.

James Stewart, in Overhill of Foveran, accuſed of ſubornation of perjury, was alſo outlawed for not appearing.

James Macray, late in Gilcomſton, accuſed of perjury, was brought to the bar, but his Majeſty's Advocate Depute deſerted the diet againſt him *ſimpliciter*.— He was recommitted on another charge.

Margaret Anderſon, late a ſervant at the Printfield, accuſed of child murder, petitioned for baniſhment, to which the Advocate Depute conſented, on account of favourable circumſtanſtances; particularly, that ſhe had communicated her pregnancy to the father of the child, and made proviſion of cloaths for it, ſo that there was little reaſon to ſuſpect her of any ill intention: She was therefore baniſhed from Scotland for life, under the uſual certification.

John Gordon, journeyman wright here, was accuſed of ſhopbreaking and theft: The jury, by a plurality of voices, found the ſhopbreaking not proved, but unanimouſly found him guilty of the theft, which was to a conſiderable value, and recommended him to mercy on account of his youth. He was ſentenced to be whipped here, on Friday the 30th of April, and to be thereafter tranſported beyond ſeas for life, under certification of death in caſe of his returning.

Amelia or Helen M'Kenzie, alias Fraſer, alias Mackay, was accuſed of three ſeveral acts of petty theft, and being habit and repute a thief. She was found guilty by the jury, on her own confeſſion. The Advocate Depute having reſtricted the libel to an arbitrary puniſhment, ſhe was ſentenced

tenced to be tranſported beyond ſeas for life, under the like certification of death.

Robert Duncan, in Mill of Knock, charged with having aſſaulted, and dangerouſly wounded, Mr James Buchan in Knock, who, in company with his lady, attempted to interrupt him in building a breach or ſlap in a turf fence, leading to a well in a kail yard, which the tenant rented from the family at Knock. It appeared in evidence, that the family of the proprietor and the tenant were not in the beſt terms; that the tenant repeatedly threatened to exclude Mr Buchan's family from the uſe of the well in his garden, acceſs to which had been opened for their convenience; and, in building up the fence, Mr Buchan and his lady coming to interrupt him, he had firſt threatened, and then ſtruck Mr Buchan with the edge of the ſpade he was uſing in filling up the ſlap. The indictment was drawn in terms of high criminality, and ſtating the hazard Mr Buchan ran of loſing both limb and life. The learned Judge, in remarking on the impropriety of any man taking upon himſelf to be above the laws, and to be avenger of his own wrongs, in an excellent ſpeech complimented the jury on their very particular attention to the circumſtances of the caſe, and, with the utmoſt confidence in their judgment, left it with them. After retiring for a little, they returned into Court with a ſpecial verdict, finding, "that Duncan had aimed a blow with the ſpade at Mrs Buchan, which had touched her petticoat; that he had ſeverely wounded Mr Buchan on the ancle; that he had uſed threatening language to Mrs Buchan, but that neither the limb or life of Mr Buchan was in danger in conſequence of the wound; and, that the other parts of the libel were not proved.'— Duncan was ſentenced to one month's improvement, and to baniſh himſelf from Scotland for three years, under the uſual certification.

Janet Nicol, alias M'Gill, accuſed of perjury on the trial of John Monro, who was executed here laſt year, The Advocate Depute deſerted the diet *pro loco et tempore*, and ſhe was recommitted on a new warrant.

This finiſhed the criminal buſineſs here; and the Court, after hearing an appeal in a civil cauſe, ſet off for Inverneſs on Saturday morning.

On Saturday April 10th died, at Manſe of Cluny, Mrs Janet Irwine, ſpouſe to the Rev. Mr Michie, Miniſter of the Goſpel at Cluny.

On Tueſday, Apr. 13. the very Rev. The Synod of Aberdeen met, when, after an excellent ſermon by the former Moderator, the Rev. Mr Cock at Cruden, the Synod choſe the Rev. Mr Douglas, at Premnay, Moderator; and adjourned to the ſecond Tueſday of October next.

The population and extent of this place ſeems to be going on with increaſing ſpeed. The well known field called Lochlands, on the weſt ſide of the Gallowgate, is now partly feued out for building; it is to contain four principal ſtreets, viz. George Street, Charlotte Street, St Andrew's Street, and John Street. George Street is already begun; and from the ſpirit of improvement which ſo much prevails, there is little doubt but in a few years, this will form a populous and elegant addition to Aberdeen. Indeed, it is almoſt the only quarter where the town can be extended to any great degree.

On Friday April 30. John Gordon was whipped through the ſtreets of this city, purſuant to his ſentence at laſt Circuit, for theft.

Mrs Forbes of Ballogie died here, on Friday the 30th of April.

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

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Thurſday May 20, 1790.

" Nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
" But Muſic *for the time* doth change its nature."

Shakeſpear—Merchant of Venice.

AS Muſic is ſo generally acceptable to mankind, that we find the moſt rude as well as the moſt poliſhed nations have ſomething of the kind, it has of courſe been a common theme of approbation with poets and fanciful writers, who in deſcribing their own feelings are led to think they are giving the opinions of all the world. The moſt remarkable feats have been attributed, I am afraid with very little truth, to the power of Muſic. Shakeſpear, whoſe authority ought to have its weight, deems a man who has no muſical taſte, *fit for treaſon* &c. But it may be doubted whether fidlers are of all people the moſt loyal; and in the army of rebels we ſhall no queſtion find an excellent band of Muſic. A more modern author ſings the praiſe of Muſic in theſe lines.

" Muſic has charms to ſoothe the ſavage breaſt,
" To ſoften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

The firſt effect has been ſometimes experienced in a certain degree, if we are to believe the relations of traveller; but rocks and oaks I imagine are not ſo eaſily influenced by ſounds. Others have informed us that Muſic is a cure for certain diſorders; the Medical experience of our days is not much in favour of this opinion, nor do I recollect, (and my reading has not been confined on this ſubject) a ſingle caſe in all our volumes of medical Memoirs, where the remedy was borrowed from the Orcheſtra. Perhaps all that Muſic can perform is aptly expreſſed in the two lines choſen for the motto of this and the preceding paper. There is no man certainly ſo obdurate, paſſionate and revengeful, who cannot *for the time* be appeaſed by the " concord of ſweet ſounds."

Many authors, however, who have

profeſſedly written on the ſubject of Muſic, have thought proper to conſider it as having a very conſiderable effect on the manners of nations—they even go ſo far as to pretend to be able to trace the decline of a nation from the progreſſive degeneracy of its Muſic. If rightly examined, however, neither philoſophy nor hiſtory will allow us to attribute any very important effects to Muſic. If the taſte and morals of a nation have degenerated, the amuſements of that nation will partake of ſuch degeneracy, and their Muſic will not be without its ſhare; but in this caſe the wretched Muſic is the effect, and not the cauſe—and if I were to take an inſtance from our own nation, were I to argue from the wretched compoſitions generally received and in high favour at the public gardens, and theatres, I would be obliged to infer that this nation was in the laſt ſtage of moral, religious and political degeneracy—But when I examine the vulgar and popular ſongs for the laſt fifty years, although they may be equally contemptible with thoſe of our own days, conſidered as muſical compoſitions, yet I cannot help thinking that in decency of words and delicacy of muſic we are rather improved, although that improvement may be ſmall.

Among the common people, Muſic is a conſtant, and a certain amuſement. They will be pleaſed with that, when nothing elſe will pleaſe them; and their ſatisfaction in this way is eaſily procured. The airs which give moſt delight are ſimple, and ſo little choice are they in the performance, that a man without teeth, or a woman without both teeth and noſe in the ſtreets, ſhall have a crowd of hearers. The loweſt claſs of people are aware of this general reliſh for Muſic, and provide accordingly. In every ſtreet of a metropolis, are to be found male and female ſingers with throats as hoarſe as the raven, and voices as unharmonious as the voice of cats employed in an intrigue. The blind, the lame and the maimed, tired of giving the public a proſaic ſtatement of miſerable fictions, ſing forth their ſorrows in moſt lamentable ditties, and are ſure of ſucceſs.

But to mount a ſtep higher; Muſic is now the general invitation to charities—A Concert is the moſt elegant and ſucceſsful mode of ſolliciting charity; Charity Sermons are now little productive unleſs ſome Muſic be interpoſed; and it is no uncommon thing for the theatrical performer who on Saturday night has been entertaining the galleries with "galloping dreary dun", to raviſh a whole congregation on Sunday with "I know that my redeemer liveth." Nay I have known Macheath's gang join fervently next day in Hallelujah for the benefit of a Charity School. It is perhaps being too faſtidious to *object* to thoſe ſeeming incongruities, although it is impoſſible not to remark that there is an oddity in them.

Muſic, therefore, whatever its effects on a nation may be, is applied to all purpoſes good as well as bad. One purpoſe to which I knew it ſometime ago applied is rather ſingular, and I ſhall relate it, as it ſhows in what eſtimation Muſic is held by the upper ranks of ſociety.

A gentleman of great fortune lived with a lady under ſome ſuſpicious circumſtances, namely, that it was believed the parties had lived together as Man and Wife without having been honoured with theſe titles by Law or Church, which indeed, was no more than the truth. He was received into companies of the firſt rank, and men of rank viſited him, but among the female part of his acquaintance he could find none who would viſit or invite his Lady, who being a ſtranger to the part of the world where

where they then lived, did not reliſh this ſolitude amidſt ſociety. Various ſchemes were thought of, but all proved ineffectual. At length, an intriguing Dame, one of thoſe maiden ladies whoſe characters and fortunes are equally ſuſpected, hinted that a *Concert* might have ſome effect. Cards were immediately iſſued—the beſt performers hired at a vaſt expence—and a ſuite of rooms prepared for reception of a numerous company. The time came, and the houſe was filled with female company of all ranks—They in their turn could do no leſs than return the invitation—and an intimacy ſucceeded. How far this may correſpond with the poet's fancy of "ſoftening rocks, &c" I leave my readers to determine. It at leaſt brings us back to our motto.

THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

JOHN HOWARD, Eſq.

THIS extraordinary man was the ſon of an upholſterer, or carpet warehouſeman, in Long-lane, Weſt Smithfield, who was allied to the families of Tatnall, Cholmley, and Barnardiſton, and to Samuel Whitbread, eſq. M. P. for Bedford—It has been ſuppoſed, he was born at Enfield in Middleſex, in or about the year 1724; but he is not entered in the pariſh regiſter of that town in any preceding or following year; and the regiſter belonging to the Preſbyterian congregation there does not commence till 1727. The miſtake ſeems to have originated from his having ſome landed property in that pariſh, which was diſpoſed of before his laſt expedition. It is therefore moſt probable that this place has been miſtaken for ſome other near the metropolis, and in the ſame county. He was put apprentice to Mr. Nathaniel Newnham, a wholeſale grocer, in a court on the South ſide of Watling ſtreet, between Friday-ſtreet and the Old Change, grandfather to the preſent Alderman—His father died, leaving only this ſon and a daughter, to both of whom he bequeathed handſome fortunes; and by his will directed that his ſon ſhould not be conſidered of age till he was five and twenty. His conſtitution was thought very weak, and his health appeared to have been injured by the neceſſary duties of his apprenticeſhip; and therefore, at the expiration of it, he took an apartment in a lodging-houſe in Church ſtreet, Stoke Newington, Middleſex; but not meeting with the tendereſt treatment there, he removed to another lodging houſe in the ſame ſtreet, which was kept by Mrs. Sarah Lardeau, widow of a man who had been clerk at Sir James Creed's White-lead works, a worthy, ſenſible, woman, but a poor invalid, who had not had a day's health for twenty years. Here he was nurſed with the utmoſt care and attention; and during this time he uſed to ride out in the morning for a few miles with a book in his pocket, diſmount, turn his horſe to graze upon a common, and ſpend ſeveral hours in reading. At length he became ſo fond of his landlady, that he reſolved to marry her, out of gratitude for her kindneſs to him. In vain ſhe expoſtulated with him upon the extravagance of ſuch a proceeding, he being about 28, and ſhe about 51 years of age, and twenty years older in conſtitution; but nothing could deter him; and they were privately married about the year 1751. She was poſſeſſed of a ſmall fortune, which he preſented to her ſiſter. During his reſidence at Newington, the Miniſter of the Diſſenting Meeting-houſe there

reſigned his office, and a ſucceſſor was elected; and Mr. Howard, who was bred a Diſſenter, and ſtedfaſtly adhered all his life to that profeſſion, propoſed to purchaſe the leaſe of a houſe near the Meeting houſe, and to appropriate it as a parſonage-houſe for the uſe of the Miniſter for the time being, and generouſly contributed 50l. for that purpoſe. His wife died Nov. 10, 1755, aged 54; and he was a ſincere and affectionate mourner for her death. About this time, it is believed, he was elected F.R.S. After mature conſultation with a Diſſenting miniſter, his intimate friend, on his intention of viſiting Liſbon after the earthquake of Nov. 1, 1755; and being earneſtly diſſuaded from his purpoſe, as tempting Providence, from the riſque of being taken by ſome of the ſhips of France, then at war with this country, he reſolved to viſit that deſolated capital, and left his houſe at Newington at Midſummer 1756. He ſet ſail for Liſbon on board the Hanover packet, which was taken by a French privateer; and he behaved with ſo much *hauteur*, ſo much *a l' Anglois*, to the captain of the privateer, as might probably be the cauſe of his ſuffering ſo ſeverely as it appears he did, and "perhaps what he ſuffered on this occaſion increaſed" (if it did not firſt call forth) "his ſympathy with the unhappy people whoſe cauſe is the ſubject of his book."—He afterwards, it is believed, made the tour of Italy; and at his return ſettled at Brokenhurſt, a retired and pleaſant villa in the New Foreſt near Lymington in Hampſhire, having, April 25, 1758, married Harriet, only daughter of Edward Leeds, eſq. of Croxton, co. Camb. King's ſerjeant, and ſiſter of Edward Leeds, eſq. maſter in Chancery, M.P. for Ryegate, 1784, and of Joſ. Leeds, eſq. of Croydon, Surry. [The two laſt-named gentlemen are his executors.] Mrs. H. died in 1765, in child-bed, of her only child, a ſon, who unfortunately has been for ſeveral years lunatic, and now is, or lately was, under the care of T. Arnold, M. D. of Leiceſter. This youth was for a long time educated at a ladies boarding ſchool at Cheſhunt, and thence removed to the care of Mr. Magick, who kept a ſchool for Diſſenting youths at Pinner, in order that he might be qualified for the miniſtry, notwithſtanding an impediment in his ſpeech gave little proſpect of his ſucceſs in that vocation. But all proſpects were blaſted by paternal ſeverity, which reduced the young man to ſuch an unhappy ſituation as to require his being placed where he now is, or lately was. To thoſe who knew the ſingularity of Mr. H's ideas and temper, it will not be extraordinary that that benevolence which intereſted itſelf in the care of the human race ſhould have yielded ſo ſmall a portion of "the milk of human kindneſs" to an only and even beloved child. But in Mr. H. as in the Turks, riveted Predeſtinarianiſm became ſtern intrepidity. After the death of his ſecond wife, he left Lymington, and purchaſed an eſtate at Cardington, near Bedford, adjoining to that of his relation Mr. Whitbread. He was alſo proprietor of a remarkable ancient houſe at Clapton, Hackney, nearly oppoſite Mr. Newcome's ſchool, and of ſome houſes in or near Ivy lane, Paternoſter-Row. While he reſided at Cardington, he very much conciliated the eſteem of the poor, by employing them, building cottages for them, &c. Every Sunday he went to Bedford, attended both morning and evening ſervice at one of the Diſſenting Meeting-houſes, and then returned home. He was univerſally eſteemed by the Preſbyterians, Moravians, and all the other ſectaries with which that borough abounds; and at the general election in 1774 offered himſelf, with Mr. Whitbread, as a candidate to

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repreſent it in Parliament. They were oppoſed by Sir W. Wake, bart. and R. Sparrow, eſq. who were returned; and Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Howard petitioning, the committee determined that Sir W. Wake and Mr. Whitbread were duly elected. In conſequence of the act 19 Geo. III. for eſtabliſhing Penitentiary-houſes, the late Dr. Fothergill, Mr. Howard, and Geo. Whatley, eſq. treaſurer of the Foundling Hoſpital, were appointed by his Majeſty ſuperviſors of them. The Doctor and Mr. Howard fixed on a ſpot for the erection of them near to that whereon Penton-ville Chapel has ſince been erected. Mr. Whatley, on the other hand, inſiſted that they ſhould be built on or near the Iſle of Dogs: but being fixed in his own opinion, having loſt his friend and coadjutor Dr. Fothergill, and ſeeing no proſpect of accompliſhing the buſineſs in any way that would be agreeable to him, in Jan. 1781, Mr Howard ſent a Letter to Earl Bathurſt, Lord Preſident of the Council, requeſting his Majeſty to accept his reſignation of the office.—His ſiſter died unmarried, and left him her houſe in Great Ormond-ſtreet, together with a conſiderable fortune in the funds (without making any proviſion for his ſon,) which he conſtrued into an approbation, on the part of Providence, of his ſchemes for the relief of Priſoners, and *made uſe of the money* accordingly. In 1773 he ſerved the office of ſheriff of the county of Bedford. This office, as he obſerves, brought "the diſtreſs of priſoners more immediately under his notice;" and with a view to its alleviation, he began his labours by "viſiting moſt of the county-gaols in England," and afterwards "the Bridewells, Houſes of Correction, City and Town-Gaols," where he found "multitudes both of felons and debtors" "dying of the gaol fever and the ſmall pox." Upon this ſubject he was examined in the Houſe of Commons in March 1774, when "he had the honour of their thanks." This encouraged him to proceed in his deſign: he travelled again and again through Great-Britain and Ireland, and alſo into France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland; and publiſhed "The State of the Priſons in England and Wales, with preliminary obſervations, and an account of ſome Foreign Priſons, 1777," 4to. with a Dedication to the Houſe of Commons, dated April 5, 1777. In 1780 he publiſhed an Appendix to this Account, in which he extended the narrative of his travels to Italy, and gave ſome obſervations concerning the management of priſoners of war, and the hulks on the Thames. This Appendix he republiſhed in 1784; which publication included alſo an account of his viſit to Denmark, Sweden, Ruſſia, Poland, Portugal, and Spain. By this time his character for active benevolence had engaged the public attention; and it was propoſed that a ſubſcription ſhould be ſet on foot, to erect a ſtatue to his honour. This idea being taken up and zealouſly forwarded, was ſo well received, that, in 15 or 16 months, 615 perſons ſubſcribed 1533l. 13s. 6d; but ſome of thoſe who knew Mr. Howard beſt never concurred in the ſcheme, being well aſſured he would never countenance, nor accede to it: and the event juſtified their conduct; for the language that he held upon the ſubject, when firſt adviſed of it, was, "Have not I one friend in England, that would put a ſtop to ſuch a proceeding?" In conſequence of two letters from Mr. Howard himſelf to the Subſcribers, the deſign was laid aſide; and the contributors were publicly invited, either to recall their money, or to leave it to the diſpoſition of the Committee. In 1787, 200l. was applied towards alleviating the diſtreſſes of 55 priſoners in the metropolis, many of whom had

had large families: and we learn, by the report of a meeting held March 15, 1790, that there ſtill remains in hand 751l 6s. for the diſpoſal of a general committee, to be held on the 19th of next month.—In 1789, Mr. H. publiſhed "An Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe, with various Papers relative to the Plague, together with further Obſervations on ſome Foreign Priſons and Hoſpitals and additional Remarks on the preſent State of thoſe in Great-Britain and Ireland," with a great number of curious plates. Beſide theſe, he publiſhed, in 1780, "Hiſtorical Remarks and Anecdotes on the Caſtle of the Baſtile, tranſlated from the French;" and laſt year the Grand Duke of Tuſcany's "new Code of Criminal Law, with an Engliſh Tranſlation:" and of all his publications he gave away a vaſt number of copies among his acquaintance in the moſt liberal manner. His laying open the horrors of deſpotiſm in a neighbouring country had very nearly expoſed him to the ſufferings of them; and had it not been for the timely notice of our ambaſſador, he had ended his days in the Baſtile.

Not ſatisfied, however, with what he had already done, he concludes his "Account of Lazarettos" with announcing his "intention again to quit his country, for the purpoſe of reviſiting Ruſſia, Turkey, and ſome other countries, and extending his tour in the Eaſt. I am not inſenſible, ſays he, of the dangers that muſt attend ſuch a journey. Truſting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preſerved me, I calmly and chearfully commit myſelf to the diſpoſal of unerring Wiſdom. Should it pleaſe GOD to cut off my life in the proſecution of this deſign, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to raſhneſs or enthuſiaſm, but to a ſerious deliberate conviction that I am purſuing the path of duty, and to a ſincere deſire of being made an inſtrument of more extenſive uſefulneſs to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life." To a man who holds ſuch language, what elſe can be ſaid, but that the piety and benevolence of his *heart* deſerve univerſal honour? What permanent good may ariſe from his unwearied, well-intended labours, both in theſe kingdoms and the reſt of Europe, Time only can ſhew. Certain it is that his plan has been adopted in many of our new built gaols, and will gradually extend to more. Although the advice of his friends could not poſſeſs that influence to reverſe his determination to encounter once more the contagion of the Plague with all its diſmal concomitants; yet ſurely that *incorrupta fides*, that *nuda veritas*, which actuated his undertaking, ſo elegantly diſplayed by himſelf in his laſt publication, will acquit him of temerity in the progreſs of his benevolent migration.—His great abſtemiouſneſs was probably a mean of prolonging his life in the midſt of his dangers: for a long time potatoes were almoſt his whole ſupport; at another time they were ſucceeded by tea, and bread and butter; conſequently it will not be thought wonderful that he never partook of the public or private repaſts to which he was ſo frequently invited. All that remains to be ſaid upon the ſubject is, that in his ſecond "Tour in the Eaſt it did pleaſe GOD to cut off his life;" for, having ſpent ſome time at Cherſon, a new ſettlement of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, in the mouth of the Dnieper or Boryſthenes, toward the Northern extremity of the Black Sea, near Oczakow, he caught, in viſiting the Ruſſian hoſpital of that place, or as ſome ſay a young lady who was ill of the ſame complaint, a malignant fever, which carried him off on the 20th of January, N. S. after

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an illneſs of about twelve days: and after having been kept, according to his expreſs directions to his ſervant five days, he was buried by his own deſire, in the garden of a villa in the neighbourhood belonging to a French gentleman, from whom he had received great civilities, by his faithful ſervant who had attended him on his former journeyings, and whom he expreſsly enjoined not to return home till five weeks from his death.—In his way to Cherſon, his baggage was found to be miſſing from behind the carriage, while he and his ſervant refreſhed themſelves with a nap. On the diſcovery of this loſs, Mr H. haſtened back to the neareſt town or village where he recollected to have ſeen a party of Ruſſian recruits, whom he charged with taking his property. When he waited in the carriage till a magiſtrate could be applied to, his property was brought in, firſt a hat-box, and next a trunk; which laſt had been found half buried in the road by the ſide of fields where ſome men were ploughing; one of whom, ſtartled at ſeeing the nails of the trunk ſhine juſt out of the ground, was afraid to touch it without his companion. When it was opened by Mr. H. every article both of linen and money was found *in ſtatu quo:* but ſuſpicions fell ſo ſtrong on the recruits, at having concealed it till an opportunity offered for them to carry it off and ſhare the ſpoil, that the magiſtrate conſigned ſeven of them to Siberia.

Unfortunately no portrait of Mr. H. had been taken in any period of his life; and when it was intended to pay him the compliment of a ſtatue, it was too late to overcome his repugnance. Not a ſingle attempt to catch or expreſs his likeneſs has ſucceeded.

Let not the name of Howard expire with his breath, nor let the ſilence of veneration perſuade us to forget his deeds. He will, however, yet live in the remembrance of thoſe who have been reſcued, by his exertions, from the gloomy horrors of confinement, which might otherwiſe have been unlimited; alleviated in the baneful pangs of diſeaſe, which might have been irremediable; and comforted in the ſtill more agonizing reproaches of conſcious guilt, which would inevitably have terminated in deſtruction.

The publick will impatiently expect a correct life of him; and, we have authority to ſay, his friends and relatives will take the earlieſt opportunity of gratifying them. In the mean time, we flatter ourſelves, theſe memoirs, haſtily compiled "on the ſpur of the occaſion," will not be unacceptable, while many a muſh-room life of Mr. H. will ſpring up, and fade around us. [Gent. Mag.

ANECDOTES.

A Fondneſs for reading is a very happy acquiſition to any mind; for it fills up that time which is unemployed by buſineſs or amuſement. Many buſtling men, many perſons diſplaced from great ſituations, have felt themſelves miſerable for want of this reſource. The old Lord Holland uſed to ſay, that being one day in the library at Houghton, he ſaw Sir Robert Walpole (then Lord Orford) come into the room, and take down many books, one after the other: not able, however, to attach himſelf to any one, he burſt into tears, and on perceiving Lord Holland (then Mr. Fox) he ſaid to him, "Charles, you have caught me. I always uſed to think I could amuſe myſelf with reading when I had done with buſineſs, but I find it won't do. Let me adviſe you not to forget your Greek."

When the Duke of Newcaſtle's Adminiſtration was broke up, his Grace, then not very young, had ſome point-

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ers broke for him, and took to ſhooting. Lord Hardwicke (who had always loved reading, and who, when Bower's Lives of the Popes firſt appeared, had, even in the midſt of his employments, found time to read them through before any Head of a Houſe in Cambridge) took to read the voluminous but moſt excellent Hiſtory of Thuanus; a ſtriking inſtance of the truth of Ariſtotle's obſervation, that the excellence of a good education is, that it teaches a man how to employ his leiſure.

One of the greateſt Generals of modern times is now employing his leiſure in collecting prints, and in the mummeries of the German Illuminés."

"What did Sir Horace Vere die of?" ſaid Marquis Spinola to one of his contemporaries. "Of having nothing to do, anſwered he. "Faith," ſaid Spinola, "that is enough to kill any General of us all.

The late Lord Kaimes was for three or four days before he died, in a ſtate of great languor and debility of body. Some friend came in upon him in that ſituation, and found him dictating to ſome one who was writing for him. He expreſſed his ſurpriſe at his being ſo actively employed at that time. "Why, man," replied he, "would you have me ſtay with my tongue in my cheek till Death comes to fetch me?"

Lord Kaimes's mind was active to the laſt, and was ſuch in thoſe moments as it had been in all the others of his life. He was no great ſcholar, but had a mind of great ingenuity, and of great ardour of purſuit. He had written on a great variety of ſubjects; on law, on equity, on farming, on metaphyſics. Dr Johnſon uſed to think well of his beſt work, "The Elements of Criticiſm."

When Lord Bottetourt, who was a great Martinet in militia matters, was one day finding fault, before the Biſhop, with ſome paſſages in our Liturgy, particularly that paſſage which ſays, "Give peace in our time, O Lord, becauſe there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O God," as if it implied ſome want of confidence in the power of the Supreme Being; the Biſhop replied, that he ſuppoſed that paſſage was written at a time when we had no ſtanding army, and had only our militia to defend us.

The late Lord Chatham was a man of a very ſtrong and ardent mind, but by no means a man of much reading. Cumming, the Quaker, uſed to ſay of him, that when he firſt talked to him about any particular buſineſs, he never found any one more ignorant; when he came to him, however, for the ſecond time, he never found any one more informed.

For ſome particular expedition, he had the ordnance ſent over-land to Portſmouth, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of the Lords of the Admiralty; and when the Lord at the head of them told him, it could not be done, he ſaid, "Sir, you loſe your place if it is *not* done."

For the appointment of a particular perſon in the expedition to Quebec (who was perſonally diſagreeable to George the Second), he ſent in the Secretary at War three times into the King's cloſet, and ſucceeded at laſt in the appointment.

Lord Chatham had great knowledge of the characters of men, and applied himſelf with great dexterity and fineſſe to make uſe of them.

He always thought very highly of his ſon the preſent Mr. Pitt's talents and merits; and when ſome Nobleman called at his houſe to take his eldeſt ſon to the Houſe of Peers, he ſaid, "You muſt not think of taking my

my youngeſt ſon (who was then about twelve years old;) by God he will ſpeak."

Dr Johnſon uſed to wiſh that Lord Chatham, in the American War, had been made Dictator for ſix months only. "We ſhould then," ſaid he, "hear nothing more of theſe diſputes at the end of that time."

"Mr. Pitt," ſaid one of our famous admirals, "can alone carry on the war: he alone" added he, "ſhould alone have the making of the peace."

Were every one who frequented the company of the great, and of the learned, to put down upon paper the anecdotes, the bons mots, the obſervations he had occaoſinally heard from them, how much would our civil and literary hiſtory be benefited! Many things eſcape in the warmth of converſation, that would not be hazarded in any other method of communication; many perſons from indolence, from careleſſneſs, and from want of motive, not thinking it worth while to commit to writing what they will gladly and freely enough tell, when there is no appearance of conſtraint or effort upon their minds.

STORY *of the* POOR LITTLE GREEK.

In a letter from SMYRNA.

Dear Sir,

TO gain ſome little knowledge of the interior country, and, at the ſame time, to pay a compliment to St. Paul, we took a journey by land to Epheſus, the inhabitants of which, you may remember, were honoured with an epiſtle from him, and with having his ſon Timothy for a biſhop. It is barely forty miles from hence; but, the Turks never going beyond a foot pace in travelling, we made it a journey of two days. We had ſix horſes for ourſelves and as many for our guides, janiſſary, and ſervants. We were obliged to carry all our proviſions with us, even bread. Water we found in abundance; and ſuch is the attention of the Turks to this valuable article of life, that we came to ſeveral excellent fountains when there was nothing like an habitation to be ſeen. The greater part of the road is execrably bad; and the country, though in general fertile, is too thinly peopled to be much cultivated.

The few inhabitants we ſaw in the ſecond day's journey were wretchedly poor. You recollect that this is the freezing month of January, and that the winter here, though ſhort, is, for a few weeks, much more ſevere than one would expect in ſo ſouthern a latitude.

Our road led us by a fountain, where, in this cold weather, ſome women were waſhing. None of them were completely clothed; and one poor girl had, for her only covering a piece of an old blanket, with two holes torn in the upper end of it, through which, inſtead of ſleeves, ſhe put her arms. It was too ſmall to cover her cheſt, too ſhort to reach below her waiſt; and it was with difficulty that, by holding the lower corners in her two hands, ſhe made them meet.

A young female, in an attire ſo little adapted to the tenderneſs of her ſex, and to the inclemency of the ſeaſon, moved one's very ſoul. I do not know that I touched the reins, and yet my horſe ſtopt with his head towards her. My eye involuntarily fixed itſelf upon her; and to the lateſt moment of my life, I ſhall never forget her figure.

She is above the middle ſize, and her limbs did not ſeem formed for ſo expoſed a ſituation. The ſun had tanned her face; but her ſkin was ſmooth, and naturally delicate, and her features of that mould, that, had ſhe been born to a more happy lot, ſhe might have been reckoned a perfect beauty.

It was impoſſible to behold ſuch an object without emotion. My horſe now advanced to her feet, and my friends approached her at the ſame moment. Each ſearched his pockets, and preſented the little ſilver they contained. No hand could be ſpared to receive it. In our anxiety to relieve her diſtreſs, we had forgot the trial to which we had expoſed her modeſty. The bluſhing maid ſtood motionleſs; but, encouraged by the ſympathy and charity marked in our approach, ſhe ventured to raiſe her head. Her eyes were turned towards us. The tear of gratitude was ſwelling in them. She gave but one glance.—Her face was inſtantly reverted to the ground. She could not ſpeak.

Such unexpected modeſty, in ſo expoſed a ſituation, filled me with aſtoniſhment and veneration. How much did I wiſh to take her in my arms, and by a kiſs of affection, to expreſs the ſympathy I bore in her diſtreſs. How did I execrate the parſimony that had prevented me from having about me all the money I poſſeſſed. How earneſtly did I wiſh to remove her to a more ſheltered fate, where her beauty and her modeſty might be better known and admired.

Led away by theſe inclinations, I was preparing to alight. The timid virgin drew back. By ſigns of reſpect, ſhe again raiſed her eyes. Charity was ſo forcibly petitioning in them, that the money which her figure at firſt ſight drew from my pocket, now dropt at her feet. The reins fell from my hand. My horſe inclined to the road. I would with joy have turned him back; but I recollected my inability to relieve her. I am only a ſoldier of fortune, and ſubſiſt but by the bounty of my ſovereign; a bounty which, though much ſuperior to what my humble ſervices entitle me to expect, is, alas! too inſufficient to ſupport the appearance required from an officer, and often compels the military philanthrope to ſuppreſs every charitable emotion.

A Letter to a very good natured Lady, who was married to a very ill-natured Man.

I Have now and then obſerved, my deareſt couſin, (through all your care and endeavours to conceal it) that there are ſome few rufflings which happen between you and your huſband; and which I fear muſt make ſome moments paſs with more uneaſineſs to you than a woman of ſo much goodneſs deſerves. The friendſhip that has ſo long ſubſiſted between our families, and the extreme friendſhip I have for you, makes this give me more pain, than it may perhaps give even to yourſelf, For I know the ſteadineſs of your mind, and the prudence you have in alleviating every thing that would diſturb a leſs ſettled temper; and make ſome wives fly out into violences that would render them ridiculous as well as wretched. But as an indifferent ſtander by may ſee more than the beſt gameſter when engaged deep in difficult party, I ſhall venture to give you ſome of my ſentiments; in hopes that they may ſtill more awaken your own, or at leaſt be improved by your reflection upon them.

It were to be wiſhed that all married

ried people would lay this down for their firſt and great principle: that they can never be happy in themſelves unleſs they are well with their conſort. The contrary notion is like the odd whim of that man in the play, who talks "of cutting himſelf in two, and going to fifty cuffs with himſelf." Their connexions, views, and intereſts are naturally ſo united, that the one cannot be happy, if the other is miſerable; and it really looks as prepoſterous to ſee them diſagreeing, as the double perſon who was brought from Germany and ſhown here for a ſight, many years ago. In ſo ſtrict an union, if you are not well with one another, what can you do to avoid being miſerable? you muſt either be perpetually hunting after reaſon to flee from your own houſe; or elſe you muſt fit jarring together, like a couple of bad inſtruments that are always out of tune.

The moſt neceſſary thing, then, for a married woman to make herſelf happy, is to endeavour to pleaſe her huſband: and one comfort is, that the very endeavouring to pleaſe, goes a great way towards obtaining its end. Complacency naturally begets kindneſs, as a diſobliging way does averſion. There is a ſort of innocency, or rather honeſt witchery (for witchcraft is too hard a word for it) in good nature; and an evident deſire of obliging, diffuſed over ſuch a face as yours is, muſt, I think, be irreſiſtible, even to a huſband.

It is not enough to avoid doing or ſaying any thing that you know would be diſagreeable to your huſband; but one ſhould be apt to ſay and do every thing that is likely to be agreeable to him. A woman that thoroughly conſiders this, and puts it honeſtly in practice, can ſcarce ever fail to make both herſelf and her huſband happy.

One conſiderable help and advantage that you have towards this, is the being ſo thoroughly acquainted with one another's tempers and inclinations. There is a good deal of opportunity for this (if your match was not huddled up with that haſte that ſome people are in to ſettle the moſt important ſtep in their whole lives) during the time of courtſhip; and uſually much more after. Thoſe two lights are ſo very different, that between them you may ſee into the whole character of a man: how far he is apt to ſubmit, and how far to domineer. With a proper obſervation, you may come in time, to diſcover every little bent of his temper, and to open all the more hidden folds of his heart. Now when one is well aware of every thing that may diſpleaſe, it is eaſy to avoid it; and when one knows what is pleaſing, ſcarce any thing can be wanting but the will to pleaſe.

I would particularly deſire you to look on nothing that may diſpleaſe, as a trifle, however unimportant the thing may be itſelf, the diſpleaſing and diſagreeing is a ſerious evil; and married people diſagree ten times oftener about trifles, than about things of weight. Let either huſband or wife recollect a little, and I fear they will find what I ſay to be truer, than they might at firſt imagine it to have been.

The beſt way for a married woman to carry her point often is to yield ſometimes. Yielding in a married woman, is as uſeful as flying is to an unmarried one; for both of theſe methods moſt naturally obtain what they ſeem to avoid. And if a woman has any vanity, (as every human creature muſt have more or leſs of it in their compoſition) I think this paſſion might be qualified that way as well as any other; for to get the better of oneſelf is at leaſt as glorious as to get the better of any other perſon whatſoever: and you would beſide have the inward ſatisfaction of

conſidering that in all ſuch caſes you do not yield out of cowardice, but prudence, and that you enjoyed the ſuperiority of knowing what you ought to do, much better than the obſtinate man who ſeems outwardly to have carried his point, where you have really carried yours.

I do not mean by this to ſet you on a life all of artifice and diſſimulation, I rather think that ſuch methods as theſe, and ſuch a ſcheme of pleaſing, would in time grow agreeable to yourſelf, and that it would be the moſt apt of any, either to introduce or increaſe a real mutual love and good will between you and your huſband.—But how, my dear couſin, have I thus forgot myſelf for a page or two together! and while I am writing to you, have really written a letter for the world. For you, I dare ſay, have no occaſion for my rules, and have thought over every thing that I have ſaid, and that in a much better manner than I have ſaid it, long before I ſet my pen to my paper. You will, however, forgive one who wiſhes you as well as he does himſelf, and would extremely rejoice to ſee, that the ſeverity of mind which all the world think to be in you, and all thoſe virtues and excellencies which I know to be in you, unruffled by any diſturbance, and cleared from every little cloud that may hang over them. I need not tell you how much, and how truly I am your affectionate kinſman,

and humble ſervant, &c.

African Diſcoveries.

AUTHENTICITY and earlineſs of communication having long diſtinguiſhed your Magazine, I ſend you the following account of very important diſcoveries made in the interior parts of Africa, abridged from "The Proceedings of the African Aſſociation" written by Mr. Beaufoy, and accompanied by a map from the hand of Major Rennel. The Aſſociation ſent two Miſſionaries to Africa; Mr. Lidiard, who died of a bilious diſorder at Cairo, and Mr. Lucas, who returned to England laſt July. The materials furniſhed by the latter, authenticated by other documents, that have ſince been tranſmitted to the Aſſociation, acquaint us, that to the South-eaſt of Tripoli, and about 350 geographic miles from the Mediterranean coaſt, ſtands Mourzouk, the capital of the ſmall but compact and wealthy kingdom of Fezzan, formerly dependent on Tripoli, but now delivered from foreign juriſdiction by the abilities of the reigning Prince. Agriculture and paſturage form the principal employment of the inhabitants of Fezzan, whoſe territory, a cultivated ſpeck in the midſt of deſarts, preſents on all ſides ſmiling fields and populous villages. But what principally diſtinguiſhes the Fezzaners above other nations of Africa, is the enterpriſing ſpirit of their merchants, who often travel, three thouſand miles inland, and who form, by their caravans, the great bond of communication and intercourſe in a continent, which is not, like other parts of the world, indented by lakes or ſeas, or interſected by navigable rivers and harbours. About 700 miles right ſouth from Mourzouk, and at nearly the ſame diſtance South-eaſt, are the cities Caſhnah and Bornou, each larger than Tripoli, and reſpectively the capitals of two great empires, bounded towards the ſouth by the Niger, and forming the chief central power of Africa. In both countries the natives are perfectly black, but their features are not of the Negro caſt. Caſhnah, which is inferior in extent and fertility, contains 1000 towns or large

large villages, built in nearly the ſame rude ſtyle with the towns in South Barbary. The ſubjects of Bornou are an aſſemblage of various natives ſpeaking thirty different languages. The capital is ſurrounded by a wall fourteen feet high; the ſtreets are irregular, and the houſes are uniformly mean, like thoſe of the Mahometans in all parts of the world. In both Caſhnah and Bornou, the ruling nation profeſſes the religion of Mahomet; but the paganiſm of the dependent tribes does not appear to ſubject them to any hardſhip. In both countries the government is elective monarchy; and in both, the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſenators are the electors. After the king's death, his ſons, of whom, as polygamy prevails, the number is generally very conſiderable, are ſhut up in ſeparate cells, till one of them is choſen to fill the vacant throne. The fortunate candidate is then conducted by the ſenators to the vault of the palace, where his father's corpſe ſtill remains uninterred; where he liſtens with attention and reverence, while the virtues of the deceaſed are extolled, or his vices arraigned; the orator concluding with peculiar earneſtneſs—"You ſee before you the end of your mortal career; the eternity which ſucceeds toil, will be happy or miſerable, in proportion as your reign proves a bleſſing or a curſe."

The inhabitants both of Caſhnah and Bornou are more cultivated than the natives of Africa have hitherto been deſcribed. They poſſeſs innumerable herds of tame animals; they cultivate Indian corn, horſe beans, and the common kidney bean: from the iron of their country they fabricate ſlight tools for the purpoſes of agriculture; and in their current money, gold and ſilver are mixed with a due proportion of baſer metals. Their military force conſiſts intirely in cavalry: the nations on the coaſt, jealous of their power and numbers, carefully conceal from them the knowledge of fire-arms. Their capitals are adorned by moſques, and ſchools are every where eſtabliſhed, for teaching to read the Koran. Drafts and cheſs are their principal amuſements. In their houſes, the higher ranks of people recline on cuſhions, ſtuffed with wool; they are furniſhed with braſs and copper utenſils, handſome carpets, and candleſticks, in which they burn a compoſition of bees-wax and tallow, inſtead of a vegetable oil, which is uſed only by perſons of inferior rank. Ali, the preſent king of Bornou, has 500 wives, and 500 horſes, and 350 children, of whom 300 are males. Their principal exports are ſalt, civet, gold-duſt, and ſlaves, the laſt of which they obtain in the following manner: South eaſt of Bornou is the Mahometan kingdom of Begarmee, the natives of which are black, but not of the Negro caſt; and beyond this kingdom are many Negro nations, idolaters, and feeding on human fleſh. The Begarmeſe, mounted on fleet horſes, annually invade theſe cannibals, driving them before them like cattle. From Begarmee they are ſent to Bornou, and thence to Fezzan, from which, by the Port of Tripoli, they are tranſported to the Levant.

The Continent of Africa has been compared by geographers to a leopard's ſkin. The prevailing colour is that of a deſert of ſand, blended with a vegetable mould, in the neighbourhood of ſprings or rivulets, in ſome places broken by naked rocks, in others ſwelling into mountains; and the rivers, which in other countries flow into each other, and finally diſembogue in the ſea, for the moſt part loſing themſelves in Africa in the ſandy deſart. Such is the obſcure termination of the majeſtic Niger, which, after watering the great central empires of Caſhnah and Bornou, gradually diminiſhes to a ſcanty ſtream, and

and finally diſappears in the ſands of Tombuctoo.

Having before given ſome account of the nations more north of the Niger, which, in the language of Africa, is called NEEL IL ABEED, that is, the Nile of the Negroes, we now proceed to mention the new information that has been obtained concerning the countries to the ſouth of this great inland ſtream.

The Niger abounds in fiſh, which the Africans, careleſs of ſuch food, leave altogether unmoleſted. What is equally remarkable, they never navigated the river; and the merchant, for the tranſportation of himſelf and his goods, finds but one ſolitary ferry an hundred miles ſouth of Caſhnah, where, inſtead of boats, he embarks on an ill-conſtructed raft, for the planks are faſtened to the timbers with ropes, and the ſeams are cloſed with tough clay. In travelling ſouthward from the Niger, the face of the country aſſumes an entirely different appearance, and a different mode of tranſportation muſt therefore be adopted. High mountains and narrow vallies, extenſive woods and miry roads, ſucceed to the vaſt plains and ſandy ſoil of the Zachra and its neighbouring kingdoms. The traveller now finds abundance of animal and vegetable food; but the raging heat of the torrid zone, increaſing as he proceeds, requires the application of wet cloaths to the mouth, eſpecially in the woods, to allay, for the purpoſe of reſpiration, the violence of the burning ſun. The broad and ſoft foot of the camel, which treads with ſecurity on the yielding ſand, ſlides on a wet ſurface, and is injured by the reſiſtance of ſtones. Though he moves with ſingular ſafety on a level plain, his hoof is incapable of faſtening with any ſtrength on the ground of a ſteep aſcent, and in a ſhelving declivity, furniſhes not any ſolid or ſufficient ſupport. The merchant, therefore, muſt lay aſide the uſe of thoſe humble companions of his toil, whom he had hitherto found ſo ſerviceable, and have recourſe to mules and horſes, which the country ſupplies in great abundance.

From the banks of the Niger to the Coaſt of Guinea, the Africans are divided into many ſmall nations, ſome Pagan and ſome Mahomedan. From Major Rennel's map, it would appear, that Mahomedaniſm prevails till the 12th parallel of north latitude; ſo that the acknowledgement and worſhip of one God has penetrated much further in this great Continent, than the accounts, or rather conjectures of preceding travellers afforded reaſon to believe. Time, probably, has introduced very important alterations; and many African tribes, whom Leo deſcribes two hundred years ago as pagans, ſacrificers of human victims, and cannibals, have gradually embraced the comparatively milder faith of Mahomet. The natives of this vaſt region, whether Pagans or Mahomedans, are now harmleſs and inoffenſive; and travelling through their country is ſo perfectly ſecure, that a Shereef or Vezzan (a Shereef is a dignified and ſacred perſon deſcended from Mahomet, and often a merchant by profeſſion) offered to conduct Mr. Lucas by the way of Caſhnah, across the Niger, to Aſſente, which borders on the coaſt of the Chriſtians.

The articles of export from theſe countries conſiſt in ſlaves and gold duſt, cotton cloth, goat ſkins of beautiful dyes, chiefly red or yellow, hides of cows and buffaloes, and a ſpecies of nut called Gooroo, highly prized by the nations to the North. Fire-arms are unknown here, as well as to the people beyond the Niger, and for the ſame cauſe; the inhabitants of the Coaſt dreading to furniſh them with an article which might render them dangerous neighbours and and formidabl enemies.

The information communicated by the

the African Society is equally intereſting to the philoſopher and the merchant. The former will rejoice that while Mr. Bruce is publiſhing his deſcription of Abyſſinia and other Eaſtern parts, and Mr. Gordon, another Scotch gentleman, who is Dutch Governor at the Cape, is preparing his journey from the land of the Hottentots through Caffraria, the muniſicence and diſcernment of this Engliſh Aſſociation has uſed, and is ſtill uſing, the propereſt means for exploring the great Northern maſs of Africa, and diſcovering the ſecrets of thoſe vaſt inland provinces, which have hitherto been conſidered as inacceſſible. The attention and enterprize of the merchant will be excited by the diſcovery of a new and boundleſs market; an hundred millions of Africans eagerly coveting his commodities, for which they can make him the moſt valuable returns, but not able at preſent to obtain them, except by the land conveyance of 3000 miles from the Mediterranean, ſubjected to the complicated diſadvantages of a high price, inferior quality, and various exactions from the deſpotic governments of Barbary. Yet from the higheſt reaches of the Gambia, the Engliſh trader might arrive, by a journey of ſome hundreds of miles from his ſhips, to the ſame markets, which the Fezzaners find it their intereſt to frequent, notwithſtanding the abovementioned inconveniences; a new proſpect of commercial intercourſe, the moſt intereſting and moſt magnificent that the hiſtory of the world has ever at any time preſented.

Journal of the Proceedings

ON BOARD

HIS MAJESTY's SHIP THE GUARDIAN,

LIEUTENANT RIOU, COMMANDER,

From the 22d of December 1789, *to the 26th of the ſame month, when Mr Clements' and fourteen more of the ſhip's company, left the ſhip, in the lat. of* 44 *ſouth, and long.* 42. 20. *Eaſt of Greenwich, together with the ſubſequent proceedings of the Officers and Seamen, after they took to the Launch, until the* 3*d of January* 1790, *when they were taken up by the Viſcounteſs de Bantannie, a French merchantman, commanded by Captain Lorre, in the latitude of* 32. 50. *South, about* 87 *leagues Eaſt of Point Natal, on the eaſt coaſt of Africa, and landed the* 19*th of the ſaid month, at the Cape of Good Hope.*

☞ *The Latitude, Longitude, Bearings, Diſtance, Winds, and Courſes, are taken from the Journal of Mr Clements, Maſter of the Guardian, a moſt able and experienced Officer.*

December 22, 1789. FReſh breezes and very foggy weather, at two P. M. The fog clearing away, ſaw two iſlands of ice to the S. S. W. the largeſt made high at both ends, and hollow in the middle; was ſuppoſed to be about 150 fathoms in length, and 50 fathoms high above the ſurface of the water; the ſecond made round like a ſugar loaf, and appeared between 30 and 40 fathoms high. We paſſed theſe at the diſtance of about three leagues, in the latitude of 42. 15. South, and longitude of 3. 30. Eaſt of Greenwich. A. M. the convicts were put on two-thirds allowance of every kind, and the ſhip's company and ſuperintendants on two-thirds of biſcuits at noon.

December 23. Firſt part, light breezes and very hazy weather; middle, calm and variable; latter, light breezes and cloſe thick fogs, with cold bleak weather, reſembling much the climate on the Banks of Newfoundland in the early part of the year: at noon, the fog fell from the rig-

rigging in large drops; latitude by account 45. 01. South, longitude made from the Cape of Good Hope, N. 65. Weſt, diſtance 411 leagues.

December 24. Firſt part, light breezes, and very foggy weather; at about 4 P. M. the wind increaſed, and fog began to clear away a little; at five, ſaw an iſland of ice, about three miles to the ſouthward and weſtward, and bore away for it; from noon to this time, the ſhip had been ſteering S. E. at the rate of ſix miles an hour; at ſix ſhe was brought to, a quarter of a mile to the windward of the ice, the cutter and jolly boats were then hoiſted out, and ſent with a petty officer and boat's crew in each, to gather up the broken pieces of ice, which were floating at a diſtance from the main body.

This mountain appeared nearly as high again as our main top-gallant-maſt-head, of a conſiderable circumference, and ſeemed very dangerous to approach near, on account of its great cavity, formed by the breaking of the ſea againſt it; to windward it formed a kind of bay, having another large column, nearly as high as our main maſt, hung on it by the ice broke from the top of the higheſt column, and fell with great force into the ſea, cauſing an extraordinary commotion in the water, and thick ſmoke all round it; the officers in the boat were ordered to keep at a good diſtance off from it: during the time they were abſent, the ſhip occaſionally made ſhort tacks to windward, and then lay-to.

At ſeven the boats returned alongſide loaded, were cleared and hoiſted in; ſail was then made to the northward. We found the great emiſſion of fog from this mountain of ice darken the hemiſphere to leeward of it, and even draw gradually to windward, on the ſurface of the water. The horizon became cloudy all round, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour, we were again ſhut up in a thick cloſe general miſt, and ſcarce able to ſee the ſhip's length before us. From this it was apprehended there were many more ſuch iſlands of ice floating in theſe ſeas, which appeared very dangerous; but being ſenſible that every precaution had been taken, and proper people ſtationed on the quarter deck, gangway, and forecaſtle, to look out, it was hoped that our fears were imaginary.

At a quarter before eight o'clock, tacked to the ſouthward; Mr Clements delivered up the watch to Mr. Harvey, maſter's mate, who had been in charge of the ſhip. This very great phenomenon of ice floating in the ocean, at ſo great a diſtance from any known land, had naturally engaged our attention. Mr Clements had left the Captain in the cabin about two minutes, and was gone upon deck.

The converſation continued reſpecting this appearance of ice, and it had but the moment before been remarked how much more dreadful it would be to be ſhipwrecked before an iſland of ice than among rocks; when the noiſe reached the cabin, and gave the fatal ſignal of danger: Lieutenant Riou ran directly upon deck, where all was a ſcene of horror and danger.

The fore part of the ſhip ſeemed already ſhut in under the mountain of ice, and it made over the maſt heads, nearly as high again as our main top gallant-maſt. In ſuch a ſituation, we could not reaſonably expect another moment of calm thought to aſk mercy on our ſouls, and far leſs any occaſion to inform our friends of the melancholy event. The ſcene appear diſmal beyond expreſſion; and we are apt to think the ſad change would have deranged minds prepared to meet their end in an ordinary way. What then muſt have been the confuſion of the unprepared ſouls on board; fortunately, however Lieutenant

nant Riou, even in this moſt dreadful ſituation, diſcovered great ſtrength and preſence of mind, which he retained to the laſt moment. When he got on deck, the ſhip was going almoſt ſtern on, at the rate of about ſix knots an hour. He immediately ordered the helm to be put down, and thus ſaved us from inſtant diſſolution. But the miſchief was not to be entirely avoided, nor the final ſhipwreck eſcaped. She had nearly come to the wind, when ſhe ſtruck on a piece of the ice, which projected out from the main body under water, and, by the force of the blow which ſhe then received under the lee-bow, was thrown round on her heel. We had the head-ſails taken a-back; but, before the yards could be poſſibly braced round, ſo as to fill on the other tack, gained conſiderable ſtern-way in a direction for the great body of ice, upon which ſhe went back on the top of a high ſwelling ſea; and left by the reflux of the water, was again daſhed with great force on the latent projection of the ice, and, by the violence of the ſtroke, had her rudder carried away, the tiller broke in two pieces, the after-beam of the upper gun-deck in the middle, three of the planks raiſed about a foot higher than the deck, and the ſhip ſhook from ſtem to ſtern in ſo violent a manner that we expected her to part in every joint, or that the ſhock would bring the overhanging of the ice down on our heads, and at once bury us in its ruins.

The ſhip for time hung faſt on the body of ice under. The concavity of this mountain appeared very conſiderable, roſe to a greater height above the water, and appeared more ſeparated than the former iſland. The ſummit of the iſland of ice was ſufficiently tremendous to alarm us at a diſtance, and the violent beating of the ſhip againſt it ſtill increaſed the apprehenſion of danger. Happily, however, the captain and all the officers retained great preſence of mind and a full flow of ſpirits, during the whole time of our unfortunate trials, and, by the example of vigorous exertion and diligence, as much as the influence of authority and command, led the people to their duty, and the hopes of the ſafety of themſelves and the ſhip. But it was with the utmoſt difficulty they were prevailed on to overcome the firſt panic, and lend their aſſiſtance to fill and trim the ſails. This being at laſt effected, the addition of the fore-top-gallant ſail and ſtay-ſails between the fore and the main maſts, were ſet on the ſhip; ſhe then began to forge off, and the ſame inſtant ſtruck a third time, with greater force if poſſible than before, nearly abreaſt of the main chains, kept craſhing for ſome time along the ice under her, and at laſt ſhot entirely clear of it. The captain then attended to the government of her with the ſails, till drawn at a good diſtance from it; and afterwards diſpoſed them ſo as to ſteer her in future, coming up and falling off a point or two. The weather continued very foggy, and the wind blowing hard, we ſoon loſt ſight of the ice. Our ſpirits then gained new vigour, and ſerved to ſupply freſh ſtrength, and to ſupport us under the afflictions which were yet in embryo.

From the commencement of theſe misfortunes to this ſhort interval of better hope, includes about the ſpace of half an hour, and the cheering proſpect again vaniſhed as a flaſh of lightning.

About a quarter paſt eight o'clock, the carpenter came up from ſounding the well, and reported two feet water in the hold, and that it was increaſing very faſt. The pumps were ordered to be rigged and got to work, and all the officers and people joined in a diligent and ſpirited compliance therewith. We were now hopeful the goodneſs of Providence,

which had hitherto ſaved us in the moſt imminent danger, would alſo enable us to overcome any further difficulties. The chain pumps were at firſt found to be very liable to get out of order, and cauſed much hindrance and delay, with the water gaining very faſt upon the pumps then employed. All the hands that could be ſpared were ſet to work to clear the deck of the cattle, booms, of the hay, and gun carriages, bows of the ſpare anchors, and, between decks aft, of the proviſions and ſuch articles as could be got up and hove over board, holding themſelves in readineſs to man the pumps as ſoon as repaired and put in proper order. They were employed accordingly, and withdrawn as required.

By about nine o'clock, the pumps were all at work, and three or four people were left between decks, to hoiſt up, and heave over board what they could manage. The water had at this time increaſed to 3 feet and a half, was ſtill gaining on all the pumps. Our ſpirits, however, were good, and the work applied to in great earneſt, both at the pumps, in the hold, and throughout the ſhip in general. The few hands left between decks did almoſt more than their ſtrength could be expected to effect: in the courſe of half an hour, they got up and hove overboard moſt of the bags of flour, peaſe, barley, &c. received at the Cape of Good Hope, beſides ſeveral ſmall caſks for the Colony, alſo two hogſheads of tobacco. Theſe were broken in pieces, and the tobacco torn aſunder in fleaks, which were handed on deck and flung overboard. At about half paſt nine o'clock, one of the chain pumps breaking, Mr Sommerville, the gunner, and a few more hands, went down between decks, and, thus reinforced, the men below got up a number of caſks of different kinds, alſo a conſiderable quantity of bread, and boxes and packages out of the gunroom, which were all committed to the ſea. At about ten o'clock we were obliged to break off from clearing away below, ſhut and cover over the hatchways with tarpaulings, to prevent the roll of water going down between decks, which the ſcupper did not vent near ſo faſt as the pumps threw up. By this time the water had encreaſed to above five feet, the larboard pumps only at work. The carpenters were ſtill employed repairing the chains of the guns, abreaſt of the mainmaſt on the ſame ſide. The hands coming up from below, were ſent to aſſiſt them to launch it overboard, and by the time they had effected the buſineſs, the pumps were repaired, and in readineſs for them to go to work on.

Since the firſt of our misfortunes, there had not yet been an officer or man but was laborioufly employed in one way or other, and there ſtill remained buſineſs for treble the number of hands; it was, however, impoſſible that the few we had could hold out much longer, if continued to be employed together; a reſervation was accordingly made, by dividing the whole of the officers, ſeamen, convicts, &c. into two watches, to relieve alternately by the half hour, and at about half paſt ten, the firſt diviſion on ſpell went to the pumps. At this time, the Captain ordered refreſhments to be allotted to each man, taking particular care that the grog ſhould not be made too ſtrong. Every man received a dram for the firſt ſupply, with biſcuit and cheeſe, which ſeemed to give them freſh ſpirits to return to their laborious duty. The rum above was ſoon nearly expended, but the Captain thought it would be extremely dangerous to open the hold to get at more, for fear of the men's getting at it. Wine and water was accordingly given in lieu of it, as a ſmall caſk had been got up on the firſt clearing

away

away the gun-room and between decks.

At midnight, the water had increaſed to ſix feet, and it was then blowing a very ſtrong gale of wind, and an immenſe high ſea running. The ſhip at this time ſteered N. N. W. to N. W. by Weſt, the wind at N. E. to N. N. E. At day break a few hands were ſet about filling one of the lower ſtudding ſails with oakum, by ſewing it up to the ſail in rolls. At five A. M. the water was five and a half feet high in the hold, and the off-watch were ordered to get the ſail under the ſhip's bottom, which was found to be extremely difficult. The leak however gained upon us near a foot water during this application. By unwearied labour at the pumps, however, it became reduced, and continued diminiſhing till near eleven o'clock, when the water was reduced to only nineteen inches.

At half paſt eleven o'clock we were, however, unhappily informed that the leak had again gained on us ſome inches, and continued ſo to do, more or leſs, for a ſhort time. Another ſail was then prepared for a ſecond fothering, which again encouraged our hopes. At noon the water was at 27 inches, the ſhip's head about W. the wind blowing very hard.

[To be continued.]

Account of a remarkable Atmoſpheric Phenomenon, or Water Spout, which happened in Orkney *in September laſt.*

A FEW days prior to the 15th Sept. laſt it was obſerved, in the pariſh of Burſay, in Orkney, that a vaſt number of clouds were collecting themſelves together. On the morning of that day the whole formed a frightful appearance to the eaſtward; about 10 o'clock A. M. it ſeemed to take motion, winging its courſe weſtward. It was a perfect calm over all, excepting the ſpace over which this huge maſs of air paſſed, as appeared from its influence on the water. About 11 the cloud was ſuſpended directly above the heads of an aſtoniſhed multitude of people, who were employed in cutting down corns. On this occaſion a great white ſtream appeared riſing perpendicular from the ſea; and a number of ſmaller and darker ſtreams were running with great velocity towards the white one. At 12 the cloud wore a moſt awful and gloomy aſpect; and as if it had ſplit aſunder, there iſſued from it, attended with a tremenduous noiſe, louder than thunder, a fall or ſpout of water, the moſt dreadful imaginable. The body of water appeared, at nearly two miles diſtance, to be about 50 feet in circumference, and continued pouring down without intermiſſion for upwards of 40 minutes. —The ſea, where it fell, was in terrible conflict and agitation.

The above circumſtance is very remarkable in Orkney; no ſuch other inſtance having ever been ſeen or heard of by any mortal now living there—Happily no damage enſued, owing to the water's falling in the ſea.

G. M.

Burſay in Orkney, 3 March 1790.

Curious Particulars in the Natural Hiſtory of the Elephant.

[From the Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory, by William Smellie.]

OF all quadrupeds, of whoſe hiſtory and manners we have any proper knowledge, the elephant is moſt remarkable both for docility and underſtanding. Though his ſize is enormous, and his members rude and diſproportioned, which give him, at firſt ſight, the aſpect of dullneſs and

ſtupidity, his genius is great, and his ſagacious manners, and his ſedate and collected deportment, are almoſt incredible. He is the largeſt and ſtrongeſt of all terreſtrial animals. Though naturally brave, his diſpoſitions are mild and peaceable. He is an aſſociating animal, and ſeldom appears alone in the foreſts. When in danger, or when they undertake a depredatory expedition into cultivated fields, the elephants aſſemble in troops. The oldeſt takes the lead; the next in ſeniority brings up the rear; and the young and the feeble occupy the center. In the foreſts and ſolitudes they move with leſs precaution; but never ſeparate ſo far aſunder as to render them incapable of affording each other mutual aſſiſtance when danger approaches. A troop of elephants conſtitutes a moſt formidable band. Wherever they march, the foreſt ſeems to fall before them. They bear down the branches upon which they feed; and, if they enter an incloſure, they ſoon deſtroy all the labours of the huſbandman. Their invaſions are the more tremendous, as there is hardly any means of repelling them; for, to attack a troop, when thus united, would require a little army. It is only when one or two elephants happen to linger behind the reſt, that the hunters dare exert their art and ingenuity in making an attack; for any attempt to diſturb the troop would certainly prove fatal to the aſſailants. When an inſult is offered, the elephants inſtantly move forward againſt the offender, toſs him in the air with their tuſks, and afterward trample him to pieces under their feet, or rather pillars of fleſh and bone. Let not the character of this noble and majeſtic animal, however, be miſrepreſented. With force and dignity he reſents every affront; but, when not diſturbed by petulance or actual injury, he never ſhows an hoſtile intention either againſt man or any other animal. Elephants live entirely on vegetables, and have no thirſt for blood. Such is their ſocial and generous diſpoſition, that, when an individual chances to meet with a luxurious ſpot of paſture, he immediately calls to his companions, and invites them to partake of his good fortune.

The elephant poſſeſſes all the ſenſes in perfection: but, in the ſenſe of touching, he excells all the brute creation. His trunk is the chief inſtrument of this ſenſe. In an elephant of fourteen feet high, the trunk is about eight feet long, and five feet and a half in circumference at the baſe. It is a large fleſhy tube, divided through its whole extent by a ſeptum or partition. It is capable of motion in every direction. The animal can ſhorten or lengthen it at pleaſure. It anſwers every purpoſe of a hand; for it graſps large objects with great force, and its extremity can lay hold of a ſixpence, or even of a pin. The trunk of the elephant affords him the ſame means of addreſs as the ape. It ſerves the purpoſes of an arm and a hand. By this inſtrument, the elephant conveys large or ſmall bodies to his mouth, places them on his back, embraces them faſt, or throws them forcibly to a diſtance. In a ſtate of nature and perfect freedom, the diſpoſitions of the elephant are neither ſanguinary nor ferocious. They are gentle creatures, and never exert their ſtrength, or employ their weapons, but in defending themſelves or protecting their companions. Even when deprived of the inſtruction of men, they poſſeſs the ſagacity of the beaver, the addreſs of the ape, and the acuteneſs of the dog. To theſe mental talents are added the advantages of amazing bodily ſtrength, and the experience and knowledge he acquires by living at leaſt two centuries. With his trunk he tears up trees. By a puſh of his body he makes a breach in

in a wall. To this prodigious ſtrength he adds courage, prudence, and coolneſs of deportment. As he never makes an attack but when he receives an injury, he is univerſally beloved; and all animals reſpect, becauſe none have any reaſon to fear him. In all ages, men have entertained a veneration for this moſt magnificent and ſagacious of terreſtrial creatures. The ancients regarded him as a miracle of Nature, and he is, in reality, one of her greateſt efforts. But they have greatly exaggerated his faculties. Without heſitation, they have aſcribed to him high intellectual powers and moral virtues. Pliny, Ælian, Plutarch, and other authors of a more modern date, have beſtowed on the elephant not only rational manners, but an innate religion, a kind of daily adoration of the ſun and moon, the uſe of ablution before worſhip, a ſpirit of divination, piety toward heaven and their fellow creatures, whom they aſſiſt at the approach of death, and, after their deceaſe, bedew them with tears, and cover their bodies with earth.

When tamed and inſtructed by man, the elephant is ſoon rendered the mildeſt and moſt obedient of all domeſtic animals. He loves his keeper, careſſes him, and anticipates his commands. He learns to comprehend ſigns, and even to underſtand the expreſſion of ſounds. He diſtinguiſhes the tones of command, of anger, and of approbation, and regulates his actions by his perceptions. The voice of his maſter he never miſtakes. His orders are executed with alacrity, but without any degree of precipitation. His movements are always meaſured and ſedate, and his character ſeems to correſpond with the gravity of his maſs. To accommodate thoſe who mount him, he readily learns to bend his knees. With his trunk he ſalutes his friends, uſes it for raiſing burdens, and aſſiſts in loading himſelf. He loves to be clothed, and ſeems to be proud of gaudy trappings. In the ſouthern regions, he is employed in drawing waggons, ploughs, and chariots. 'I was eye-witneſs,' ſays P. Philippe, 'to the following facts. At Goa, there are always ſome elephants employed in the building of ſhips. I one day went to the ſide of the river, near which a large ſhip was building in the city of Goa, where there is a large area filled with beams for that purpoſe. Some men tie the ends of the heavieſt beams with a rope, which is handed to the elephant, who carries it to his mouth, and, after twiſting it round his trunk, draws it without any conductor, to the place where the ſhip is building, though it had only once been pointed out to him. He ſometimes drew beams ſo large that more than twenty men would have been unable to move. But, what ſurpriſed me ſtill more, when other beams obſtructed the road, he elevated the ends of his own beams, that they might run eaſily over thoſe which lay in his way. Could the moſt enlightened man do more?' When at work, the elephant draws equally, and, if properly managed, never turns reſtive. The man who conducts the animal generally rides on his neck, and employs a hooked iron rod, or a bodkin, with which he pricks the head or ſides of the ears, in order to puſh the creature forward, or to make him turn. But words are commonly ſufficient. The attachment and affection of the elephant are ſometimes ſo ſtrong and durable that he has been known to die of grief, when, in an unguarded paroxyſm of rage, he had killed his guide.

Before the invention of gun-powder, elephants were employed in war by the African and Aſiatic nations. 'From time immemorial,' ſays Schouten, 'the Kings of Ceylon, of Pegu, and of Aracan, have uſed elephants in war. Naked ſabres were tied to their

their trunks, and on their backs were fixed ſmall wooden caſtles, which contained five or ſix men armed with javelins, and other weapons.' The Greeks and Romans, however, ſoon became acquainted with the nature of theſe monſtrous warriors. They opened their ranks to let the animals paſs, and directed all their weapons, not againſt the elephants, but their conductors. Since fire has now become the element of war, and the chief inſtrument of deſtruction, elephants, who are terrified both at the flame and the noiſe, would be more dangerous than uſeful in our modern battles. The Indian kings, however, ſtill arm elephants in their wars. In Cochin, and other parts of Malabar, all the warriors who fight not on foot are mounted on elephants. The ſame practice obtains in Tonquin, Siam, and Pegu. In theſe countries, the kings and nobles at public feſtivals are always preceded and followed by numerous trains of elephants, pompouſly adorned with pieces of ſhining metal, and clothed with rich garments. Their tuſks are ornamented with rings of gold and ſilver; their ears and cheeks are painted with various colours; they are crowned with garlands; and a number of ſmall bells are fixed to different parts of their bodies. They delight in gaudy attire; for they are chearful and careſſing in proportion to the number and ſplendour of their ornaments. The Aſiatics, who were very anciently civilized, perceiving the ſagacity and docility of the elephant, educated him in a ſyſtematic manner, and modified his diſpoſitions according to their own manners, and the uſeful labours in which his ſtrength and dexterity could be employed.

A domeſtic elephant performs more labour than could be accompliſhed by ſix horſes; but he requires much care and a great deal of food. He is ſubject to be over-heated, and muſt be led to the water twice or thrice a-day. He eaſily learns to bathe himſelf. With his trunk he ſucks up large quantities of water, carries it to his mouth, drinks part of it, and, by elevating his trunk, makes the remainder run over every part of his body. To give ſome idea of the labour he performs, and the docility of his diſpoſition, it is worthy of remark, that, in India, all the bales, ſacks, and tuns, tranſported from one place to another, are carried by elephants. They carry burdens on their bodies, their necks, their tuſks, and even in their mouths, by giving them the end of a rope, which they hold faſt with their teeth. Uniting ſagacity with ſtrength, they never break or injure any thing committed to their charge. From the margins of the rivers, they put weighty bundles into boats without wetting them, lay them down gently, and arrange them where they ought to be placed. When the goods are diſpoſed as their maſters direct, they examine with their trunks whether the articles are properly ſtowed; and, if a caſk or tun rolls, they go ſpontaneouſly in queſt of ſtones to prop and render it firm.

In the elephant, the ſenſe of ſmelling is acute, and he is paſſionately fond of odoriferous flowers, which he collects one by one, forms them into a noſegay, and, after gratifying his noſe, conveys them to his mouth.

In India, the domeſtic elephants, to whom the uſe of water is as neceſſary as that of air, are allowed every poſſible convenience for bathing themſelves. The animal goes into a river till the water reaches his belly. He then lies down on one ſide, fills his trunk ſeveral times, and dexterouſly throws the water on ſuch parts as happen to be uncovered. The maſter after cleaning and currying one ſide, deſires the animal to turn to the other, which command he obeys with the greateſt alacrity; and, when both ſides

ſides have been properly cleaned, he comes out of the river, and ſtands ſome time on the bank to dry himſelf. The elephant, though his maſs be enormous, is an excellent ſwimmer; and, of courſe, he is of great uſe in the paſſage of rivers. When employed on occaſions of this kind, he is often loaded with two pieces of cannon which admit three or four pound balls, beſides great quantities of baggage and ſeveral men fixed to his ears and his tail. When thus heavily loaded, he ſpontaneouſly enters the river and ſwims over with his trunk elevated in the air for the benefit of reſpiration. He is fond of wine and ardent ſpirits. By ſhowing him a veſſel with any of theſe liquors, and promiſing him it as the reward of his labours, he is induced to exert the greateſt efforts, and to perform the moſt painful taſks. The elephant, as we are informed by M. de Buſſy, quoted by the count de Buffon, is employed in dragging artillery over mountains, and, on theſe occaſions, his ſagacity and docility are conſpicuous. Horſes or oxen, when yoked to a cannon, make all their exertions to pull it up a declivity. But the elephant puſhes the breech forward with his front, and, at each effort, ſupports the carriage with his knee, which he places againſt the wheel. He ſeems to underſtand what his *cornack*, or conductor, ſays to him. When his conductor wants him to perform any painful labour, he explains the nature of the operation, and gives the reaſons which ſhould induce him to obey. If the elephant ſhows a reluctance to the taſk, the cornack promiſes to give him wine, arrack, or any other article that he is fond of, and then the animal exerts his utmoſt efforts. But to break any promiſe made to him is extremely dangerous. Many cornacks have fallen victims to indiſcretions of this kind. 'At Dehan,' ſays M. de Buſſy, 'an elephant, from revenge, killed his cornack. The man's wife, who beheld the dreadful ſcene, took her two children, and threw them at the feet of the enraged animal, ſaying, ſince you have ſlain my huſband, take my life alſo, as well as that of my children. The elephant inſtantly ſtopped, relented, and, as it ſtung with remorſe, took the eldeſt boy in its trunk, placed him on its neck, adopted him for its cornack, and would never allow any other perſon to mount it.'

From the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, we learn ſome curious facts with regard to the manners of the Verſailles elephant. This elephant, they remark, ſeemed to know when it was mocked, and remembered the affront till it had an opportunity of revenge. A man deceived it, by pretending to throw ſome food into his mouth. The animal gave him ſuch a blow with its trunk as knocked him down, and broke two of his ribs. A painter wanted to draw the animal in an unuſual attitude, with its trunk elevated, and its mouth open. The painter's ſervant, to make it remain in this poſition, threw fruits into its mouth, but generally made only a feint of throwing them. This conduct enraged the elephant; and, as if it knew that the painter was the cauſe of this teazing impertinence, inſtead of attacking the ſervant, it eyed the maſter, and ſquirted at him from its trunk ſuch a quantity of water as ſpoiled the paper on which he was drawing. This elephant commonly made leſs uſe of its ſtrength than its addreſs. It looſed, with great eaſe and coolneſs, the buckle of a large double leathern ſtrap, with which its leg was fixed; and, as the ſervants had wrapped the buckle round with a ſmall cord, and tied many knots upon it, the creature, with much deliberation, looſed the whole, without breaking either the ſtrap or the cord.

It is remarked by le P. Vincent Marie, that the elephant, when in a domeſtic ſtate, is highly eſteemed for his gentleneſs, docility, and friendſhip to his governor. When deſtined to the immediate ſervice of princes, he is ſenſible of his good fortune, and maintains a gravity of demeanour correſponding to the dignity of his ſituation. But if, on the contrary, leſs honourable labours are aſſigned to him, he grows melancholy, frets, and evidently diſcovers that he is humbled and depreſſed. He is fond of children, careſſes them, and appears to diſcern the innocence of their manners. The Dutch voyagers relate, that, by giving elephants what is agreeable to them, they are ſoon rendered perfectly tame and ſubmiſſive. They are ſo ſagacious, that they may be ſaid to be deſtitute of the uſe of language only. They are proud and ambitious; and they are ſo grateful for good uſage, that, as a mark of reſpect, they bow their heads in paſſing houſes where they have been hoſpitably received. They allow themſelves to be led and commanded by a child; but they love to be praiſed and careſſed. When a wild elephant is taken, the hunters tie his feet, and one of them accoſts and ſalutes him, makes apologies for binding him, proteſts that no injury is intended, tells him, that, in his former condition, he frequently wanted food, but that, henceforward, he ſhall be well treated, and that every promiſe ſhall be performed to him. This ſoothing harangue is no ſooner finiſhed than the elephant placidly follows the hunter. From this fact, however, we muſt not conclude that the elephant underſtands language, but that, like the dog, he has a ſtrong diſcerning faculty. He diſtinguiſhes eſteem from contempt, friendſhip from hatred, and many other emotions which are expreſſed by human geſtures and features. For this reaſon, the elephant is more eaſily tamed by mildneſs than by blows.

'I have frequently remarked, ſays Edward Terry, 'that the elephant performs many actions which ſeem to proceed more from reaſon than from inſtinct. He does every thing that his maſter commands. If he wants to terrify any perſon, he runs upon him with every appearance of fury, and, when he comes near, ſtops ſhort, without doing the perſon the ſmalleſt injury. When the maſter chooſes to affront any man, he tells the elephant, who immediately collects water and mud with his trunk, and ſquirts it upon the object pointed out to him. The Mogul keeps ſome elephants who ſerve as executioners to criminals condemned to death. When the conductor orders one of theſe animals to diſpatch the poor criminals quickly, he tears them to pieces in a moment with his feet: but, if deſired to torment them ſlowly, he breaks their bones one after another, and makes them ſuffer a puniſhment as cruel as that of the wheel.'

Character of the King of Sweden.

[From "Characters and Anecdotes of the Court of Sweden."]

THE King of Sweden is generally allowed to be one of the moſt amiable and popular princes in Europe. He has a particular gift to gain the heart of every one. His converſation in public is full of wit, politeneſs, and a kind attention to make every one eaſy; in private he ſpeaks with the cordiality and ſimplicity of a friend; he grants favours with apparent ſatisfaction to himſelf, and knows how to refuſe without giving uneaſineſs. His clemency is founded on his great ſenſibility, which could ne-

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ver yet permit him to puniſh with death or infamy any one perſonally known to him. He has often wiſhed that he might never unavoidably be forced to ſuch an act of ſeverity, becauſe the remembrance would ever make him unhappy. It may be ſaid that he inherits his father's heart with the genius of his mother. Had he been a private man, he would have made his fortune either in the line of politics or literature. His knowledge in hiſtory and diplomatics is prodigious; his public ſpeeches in the Diets, and upon other occaſions, have an uncommon force and elegance, worthy ſuch a ſpeaker; and ſeveral plays he has compoſed for the newly conſtituted national ſtage, are of a richneſs in their compoſition, and purity in their morals, that beſpeak the Prince and the Legiſlator, and notwithſtanding all the pains he had taken to prevent being known as the author, it ſoon became no ſecret that they were from the pen of Majeſty.

Though now an avowed author, it has not been remarked that he ever had any jealouſy of other authors. I make this obſervation, becauſe what the French call *jalouſie de metier* is a paſſion which often creeps into the nobleſt minds. Even the late King of Pruſſia, one of the greateſt men of the age in which he lived, was not exempt from this foible: it is known he never loved the King of Sweden, and I preſume to ſay, from no other reaſon but that he looked upon his nephew as a rival in fame. But that he ſhould carry his reſentment ſo far as to inſert in his *Memoirs* downright calumnies on ſo near a relation, that, for the glory of Frederick the Second, I would willingly believe impoſſible. I don't know through what hands thoſe *Memoirs* may have paſſed; but if that article, where the King of Sweden is charged with a plot for burning the Daniſh fleet, be really written by his uncle's own hand, it muſt have been the invention of ſome officious courtier to amuſe the old Monarch in ſome tedious hour; for I never heard that any body knew any thing of the matter either in Denmark or Sweden; and there is no reaſon why the Daniſh Miniſtry ſhould have concealed it at the time, neither is it poſſible that ſuch an attempt could have been carried on without ſome accomplices in Sweden, and certainly it would then not have been long a ſecret; never was King Guſtavus more eagerly cenſured than among his own ſubjects.

There are ſome of them who never miſs an occaſion of blaming and even of miſrepreſenting his conduct. What they commonly dwell upon, is an aſſertion that he wanted ſincerity. I cannot of myſelf declare that the accuſation is not founded in truth, but certain it is, that it never was heard of among the people till after the Diet of 1778. There is much reaſon to believe that it was occaſioned by the regulations they adopted reſpecting brandy: many of the Repreſentatives of the peaſants having it in their inſtructions to obtain the liberty of diſtilling that liquor for private uſe, they had ſeveral times been about to aſk admittance to the King, that they might obtain that advantage; but ſome gentlemen who had promiſed their good offices for that purpoſe, and well knew that the King would not grant the requeſt, perſuaded them not to mind any thing of the matter for the preſent, for that the King would be more pleaſed to do them that favour of his own will, and ſuch they ſaid was his Majeſty's intention. The peaſants at their return home flattered their countrymen with the promiſes that had been given them; but when theſe proved ineffectual, and the King a ſhort time after laid the preparation of brandy under the crown*, it is no wonder

* When the old Biſhop Serenius

if the people grew uneaſy, and liſtened to the inſinuations of thoſe who wiſhed to attribute this artful contrivance to the particular will of the King. Since that time he has been always taxed with diſſimulation; and it is alſo poſſible that his manners have given ſome credit to ſuch reports; perſons who live with him continually cannot deny that he often ſeems a ſtranger to matters very well known to him, and on other occaſions pretends to be well inſtructed upon matters of which he is perfectly ignorant. But that may be a habit contracted by meditating politics, where ſuch means are ſometimes of the ſame neceſſity as countenance in a game; neither ought princes or miniſters to be judged by the ſame rules as private men, becauſe their firſt duty is to ſacrifice all other conſiderations to the benefit of their country.

He is likewiſe charged with being very apt to forget his promiſes, which has often given his favourites occaſion to aſk for his hand-writing as a ſecurity for his fulfilling them; but as I never heard of any particular inſtance of his breach of promiſe, I believe this accuſation to be of no greater weight than ſeveral others invented by malice and diſcontent.

The King has of late been accuſed of too much œconomy in ſmall objects, and too little in great ones. That, I believe, is a common fault in perſons of high rank; great expences, as being commonly made in public, give a ſatisfaction to their vanity, but when they lay out ſmall ſums, they look upon them as impairing their reſources for making up greater ones.

He is further blamed for too much familiarity with young people, many of whom grow vain and arrogant, looking upon themſelves as perſonages of great conſequence, becauſe the King has been pleaſed to jeſt with them and treat them on a footing of intimacy. But it muſt be allowed, that to a perſon who wants company for recreation after ſerious buſineſs, young people are more fitted for the purpoſe than old ones; and if ſome young gentlemen cannot bear with moderation ſuch a favour from their ſovereign, it is certainly *their* fault, and will turn to the prejudice of none but themſelves.

What is the moſt remarkable in the character of the Swediſh monarch is, a vivacity of temper and a flow of ſpirits that never leaves him. He ſleeps very little, and ſupports eaſily the greateſt fatigues. He is thus naturally bent to an active life, and war will be his element. Should he meet with ſucceſs, he will perhaps be another Charles XII. though probably with more prudence.

Of the Swediſh *Court.*

[From the ſame].

A DRAWING-ROOM at the Swediſh Court ends commonly with a public ſupper for the Royal Family, who ſit alone at table, all the nobility and officers of the kingdom ſtanding around as mere ſpectators; the ladies of the Senators, and thoſe of the ſame rank, having alone the privilege to be ſeated on *tabourets* placed in a half circle in face of the King and Queen, at ſome diſtance from the table.

The officers of the reſpective Courts ſtand directly behind the chair of the perſon to whom they belong; the Senators at the King's left hand; and the Ambaſſadors, and other foreigners of diſtinction, on his right. The King ſpeaks to every one in the order

took leave of the King at the Diet of 1772, he told his Majeſty, that if he would preſerve the love of the common people, there were two things he never ſhould touch at—*religion* and *brandy*.

der belonging to their rank, favour, or other circumſtances.

The diſhes are ſerved and the plates preſented to the Royal Family by an officer, called Gentleman of the Court: This officer is commonly Mr v. Hauſwolf, a very nice and elegant beau; but, with all that, a man of abilities, and having a poſt in the King's Chancery. The former part of his merit is alſo claimed by his comrade in the office at Court, Mr Wallencreutz; but he never does any ſervice, having been promoted to that place merely in conſideration of his father, who ventured to counterſign the King's orders, as Secretary of State, during the three firſt days of the Revolution in 1772.

The Marſhal is ſtanding, during the whole entertainment, directly before the King; and the Director of his Majeſty's Oeconomy a little to the right, behind him; though their preſence is commonly not of the leaſt uſe.

When the King has done, he makes a ſign to the Queen, and to the reſt of the Family, and all having anſwered with a bow, he riſes from table, takes a moſt gracious leave, and returns to his own apartments, followed by the officers of his Court. The reſt of the Royal family do the ſame, according to the eſtabliſhed order.

It is reckoned a conſiderable want of reſpect to retire before the Royal Family riſe from table; and the fault is greater, in proportion to the rank of the guilty.

I dwell upon theſe particulars, becauſe there is hardly a Court upon earth where formalities are more obſerved.

Of this the Prince of Holſtein, and deſigned Duke-Biſhop of Lubeck, made a diſagreeable experience on a friendly viſit he paid to his couſins of the royal houſe of Sweden. Before he could appear any where, he was obliged to pay his firſt viſit to the Prime Miniſter, Count Ulric Scheffer, who was not permitted to prevent him. By his means the Prince was preſented at Court, and received with all the formality of an Ambaſſador. At the public ſupper he would have been obliged to ſtand a ſpectator with the reſt of diſtinguiſhed foreigners, if a little indiſpoſition coming on in a ſudden had not furniſhed an excuſe for his abſence. For all this the King gave a reaſon, which, as ſoon as formality ſhould be obſerved, was perhaps a very good one: That the Swediſh Senators were, ſince the time of Guſtavus Adolphus, entitled to equal honours with all the Princes of the empire below the rank of Electors; and, in conſequence, the Princes of the empire could not pretend to any other prerogatives in Sweden than what belonged to the Senatorial dignity in that kingdom.

The Queen Dowager did not trouble herſelf at all with enquiries about the rank of her gueſt; ſhe received him cordially, as the nephew of her late huſband, and with the marks of eſteem due to a Prince, whoſe qualities might do honour to any family in the world. To give him what ſhe thought his right, without injuring that of any body elſe, ſhe had the places at her table diſtributed by cloſed tickets; every perſon took one, and placed himſelf according to the number thereof; but ſhe had given ſecret orders that the number belonging to the place between her and the Princeſs, ſhould be reſerved for the Prince, and put into the hat after all the others were drawn. Thus ſhe paid him an agreeable compliment, without the leaſt ſeeming affectation, or giving uneaſineſs to any perſon.

The Swediſh dreſs gives an appearance of magnificence to the Court, without being half ſo expenſive as the ordinary cuſtom of Europe; with three or four ſuits of cloaths you may

appear at every drawing-room for as many years: The colour and form being once fixed, there is no room for variation.

The dreſs of the ladies differs very little from the preſent Engliſh faſhion, except that the ſleeves are cut in the Spaniſh manner, and tied with a ribbon about the middle of the upper part of the arm, a large ſleeve of white gauze ſwelling out above and below the binding. The colour of the gown and coat is black, except on Gala days, when it is white; the *falbalas* and trimmings are always of the ſame colour with the ſuit. The head-dreſs and ribbons are the only parts left to the fancy of the ſex.

The dreſs of the men is a mixture of the Spaniſh, and that in uſe among the peaſants in the ſouthern parts of Sweden. Their ſmall-cloaths are in the ordinary form, and of the ſame colour with the coat and mantle; the former of which is cloſe to the body, and very ſhort, all buttoned and tied about the thighs with a ſaſh. The mantle goes down below the knee, and hangs looſely on the back, though it is commonly wide enough to be thrown round like a Spaniſh mantle.

The ordinary colour is black; the mantle is lined with *couleur de feu*, or ſcarlet-coloured ſilk, of the ſame ſtuff with the ſaſh and waiſtcoat; all the ſeams of the coat are alſo trimmed with the ſame, as well as a row of tongues which cover the ſeam that joins the ſleeve to the coat, and adds to the breadth of the ſhoulders.

In mourning, the ſuit is all black; and on Gala days, of light blue ſilk, and white trimmings. It was in the beginning white, with red lining, ſaſh, and trimmings; and for the ladies, white coats with red gowns; but ſome ſatyrical wit having compared them to boiled crabs, they inſiſted upon having another colour; and to be ſure none could be found to look ſo elegant as white, which had alſo been formerly reſerved for ſolemn occaſions at this Court, as well as in many others.

This uniformity of dreſs has a very good effect in the drawing-room, and ſtrangers generally allow that it gives an air of grandeur, more ſtriking than all the party-coloured magnificence of other Courts; perhaps from the ſame reaſon, as it gives greater ſatisfaction to the eye to ſee a military corps in the moſt ſimple uniform, than with a richer apparel, and every one in different colours.

For the army, this dreſs was in the beginning very convenient, and better calculated for a cold climate than the common European cuſtom; but as it is at preſent, the length of the coat or jacket having been reduced from the middle of the thigh to the middle of the ſtomach, the girdle, commonly made of bunting, is ſeldom ſufficient to cover the interval between the upper and lower garments, and the poor ſoldier is often in danger of periſhing with cold: But it is very light in ſummer, and gives a ſmart appearance to young fellows of a good figure.

Detached Thoughts.

IN general, we call thoſe men fools who do not think as we do, and thoſe men barbarous whoſe manners are different from ours.

People are more intent upon vindicating what they believe, than in examining the reaſons of their belief.

The ſame effects often proceed from oppoſite cauſes; a man of genius may deſpiſe human attainments becauſe he ſees where they end; a fool may likewiſe deſpiſe them, becauſe he does not ſee whence they originate.

A man of genius paſſes his time among fools who cannot underſtand him, and among men of wit who will not.

The

The man who has moſt ſtrength and activity of mind is he who moſt feels his own weakneſs. That ſtrength inceſſantly forces him againſt obſtacles, and continual and laborious experiments ſhew him what he cannot attain. The man of common underſtanding has no idea of obſtacles; he denies that there are any, becauſe he has never had ſtrength to go their length.

Few people are economiſts of their words; and by a common fatality, it is the poor that are prodigal, and the rich that are niggard; the more ideas one has, the leſs one ſpeaks, and *vice verſa*.

A ſilent man may be compared to a cloſet that is locked; no one will venture to ſay that it does not contain a library.

What ſweet and conſolatory ideas does not a foreſt afford! Are you diſpoſed for contemplation? there you have ſilence and ſolitude. Are you perſecuted? a foreſt ſeems a ſafe aſylum. Are you oppreſſed with heat? there you find coolneſs and ſhade. Do you wiſh for repoſe? how ſoft is the turf beneath the ſpreading foliage! Are you thirſty? a foreſt never fails to promiſe a rivulet! Are you hungry? among ſo many trees there muſt be fruit. Laſtly, do you wiſh for ſociety? Soft, make no noiſe, and a thouſand birds will flutter and chatter around you.

How vaſt the difference between a foreſt and an open field covered with the moſt luxuriant harveſt! Every thing there muſt be bought for money, for by money it is produced; and were you dying of hunger, you would need twenty men with their machines to make the grain an agreeable and a nouriſhing food.

Senſibility and imagination are two qualities of the mind that wonderfully aid and fortify each other.

Senſibility, in my mind, is nothing more than the habit of connecting all or almoſt all our ideas, with ſome idea of pleaſure or of pain; but imagination conſiſts in connecting with each idea the perfect picture of one or more objects.

If you attentively analyſe the works of Racine, in which the moſt affecting ſenſibility is ſo conſpicuous, you will, if I am not miſtaken, find that each idea gently carries along with it, an idea of pleaſure or of pain: you will feel that the delightful emotion, cauſed by an affecting expreſſion, conſiſts in that ſort of undulation of ſoul, which, if I may ſo ſpeak, vibrates gently between different fears and different hopes, between the ideas of pain and of pleaſure; a kind of ſoft and yet fluctuating ſituation which unites two things eſſential to our nature; that of happineſs and variety.

People of ſenſibility generally ſpeak in a tone expreſſive of pleaſure or of pain; and this is the circumſtance which makes ſenſibility ſo perſuaſive, and ſo eloquent in the opinion of thoſe who are themſelves endowed with the ſame diſpoſition. Writers like Racine, Fenelon, and Rouſſeau, may be compared to cords, the vibrations of which make all the cords around that are in uniſon with them, to vibrate.

In the works of men of ſenſibility, we often find more intereſting than original matter; in thoſe of perſons endowed with a fine imagination, we diſcover more novelty and leſs intereſt; for a new combination of objects which we call an *image*, amuſes us often as if it were new, without intereſting us as uſeful to our happineſs.

Poetry.

Sonnet, by Peter Pindar, Eſq.

OH Fortune! do not tempt my heart

To

To ſtray from her my ſoul adores;
Amid thy gifts the tear will ſtart,
And every hour her loſs deplores.

Her pallid eyes and pallid cheek,
Shall often droop on Fancy's eye;
On Fancy's ear her ſighs ſhall break,
And all the ſoul of ſweetneſs die.

To the EDITORS *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Ode to Spring.

I.

AWAKE, my muſe, awake and ſing
The beauties of the blooming ſpring;
And thus thy humble tribute bring,
Since ſummer now begins to daw.

II.

Late winter's cald a' verdure ſpoil'd,
A' nature look'd aghaſt and wild;
Now chearing ſpring wi' ether mild
Drives a' her ſurly blaſts awa.

III.

How ſweet the pleaſures nature yields,
While clad in ſmiling green ilk field;
Nae ſhade or cloak we need to ſhield,
Frae winter's ſhowers or rain or ſnaw.

IV.

How mild the air! ſerene and clear,
While a' the ſweets o' ſpring appear:
Nae froſt ſhall hurt the tender breer,
May's cheering dew begins to fa'.

V.

While a' creation thus looks gay,
The warbling ſongſters frae ilk ſpray
To love a' dedicate their lay;
What nature dictates is their law.

VI.

They ſoftly ſwell their warbling throats,
And glad our ears wi' ſweeteſt notes;
As ſpring's the ſeaſon, time allots,
That love ſud chear the hearts of a'.

VII.

How mild the breeze that fans the air,
Inviting forth ilk lovely fair;
Whilſt ſome gay ſwain makes it his care
To drive ilk danger far awa.

VIII.

And thinks himſelf ſu' well repaid,
When Cupid lends his gentle aid,
Wi' his ſharp dart to wound the maid,
And love nae loſt between them twa.

IX.

That we may taſte life's balmy dew,
Such happineſs let us purſue;
Still keeping virtue in our view,
Leſt Death ſud catch us by the paw.

X.

Let nae dull care our youth annoy,
But let our life be crown'd wi' joy,
And pleaſure a' our time employ,
Before the ſpring o' life withdraw.

XI.

For dowy age will come at laſt,
And wi' it winter's ſtormy blaſt;
Till Death by ſtep and ſtep quite faſt
Secures in his devouring jaw.

Aberdeen, May 3d 1790. SYMON.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Verſes on the Death of the illuſtrious philanthropiſt, MR JOHN HOWARD.

WHAT heavenly goddeſs ſo ſerenely bright,
Burſts in refulgent on my raviſh'd ſight?—
Divine PHILANTHROPY, reviving pow'r,
Whoſe eye beams comfort in affliction's hour,
'Tis thee—but why with ſad and mournful air
Appears a goddeſs here below, declare?
Can earthly troubles grieve the pow'rs above,
Or worldly ſorrows their bright boſoms move?

I learn the cauſe which grieves the goddeſs ſo,
And why ſhe mourns for wretched men below:
Her deareſt Son, great HOWARD is no more!
But he, whoſe bounty chear'd the wretch before,
Bade mis'ry ſmile within her darkſome cell,
And taught ſome comfort even there to dwell;
To brighter ſcenes and happier worlds remov'd
Hath left a NAME for ever to be lov'd.
Go then, illuſtrious man, from ſcenes of woe,
Thy travels o'er in this vain world below,
In heav'nly manſions ſhare eternal reſt,
Be ever happy and ſupremely bleſt.
O had thy viſit laſted longer here,
Thy welcome viſit to our earthly ſphere:
But He forbade who ſent thee from on high,
And ſoon recall'd thee to thy native ſky——
Yet o'er thy grave the muſe muſt ſhed a tear,
Who, far from friends and from thy kindred dear,
In diſtant climes reſign'd thy precious breath,
And foreign lands were honour'd with thy death.
Say, heav'nly muſe, from whence ſuch goodneſs flow'd,
And love to man, which in his boſom glow'd,
Which made him nobly all earth's joys forego,
And ſpend his life in toils relieving woe;
From heav'n, 'tis ſure the gift to him was giv'n,
(For ſuch great minds are all the gifts of heav'n.)
Then ſtill with us his name ſhall dwell below,
And future Nations his great actions know:
For long as yon bright orb ſhall chear the day,
And worlds revolving baſk beneath his ray;
Yea, long as virtue here on earth reſides,
Or virtue's fame with ſons of men abides;
So long, O HOWARD, ſhall thy name be dear,
And lateſt ages thy great worth ſhall hear.

May 11th 1790. PHILOMEIDES.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Dulce eſt pro patria mori.

WHEN five-pence a ſolid meal cannot ſupply
To a healthy young man five feet ten inches high,
Who has trudged with his knapſack twelve leagues thro' the rain,
While his wench and three brats had each ancle to ſtrain,
The ſtarv'd volunteer to the halberts is ty'd,
For ſtealing two chick-eggs and getting them fry'd:
What carters and jockies ſhould ſuffer he feels,
And the blood guſhes down from his nape to his heels.
The Commander in Chief, who is almoſt Fifteen,
And a taylor's apprentice by right ſhould have been,
Now ſtruts round the circle, then turns on his heel,
To belabour the drummers who don't make him feel—
Swears England could ne'er have produc'd ſuch a rogue,
And diſcerns in his howling the true Iriſh brogue.
The Surgeon, whoſe heart is as full of humanity

As

As that of his Enſign of venom and vanity,
When a ſwoon interrupts the convulſions of pain,
Makes them flog till he ſtart to his ſenſes again—
Nay, Doctor and Drum for attendance are paid,
And his pockets are fleec'd while his ſhoulders are flay'd.

And when for his King twenty years he has toil'd,
In Canada froſt-bit, in Africa broil'd;
Has been forty times hand-cuff'd for drinking his pay,
Got nine hundred laſhes for running away;
At laſt with Tippoo, point to point he engages,
For more than one fourth of a ſtable-boy's wages: [leg,
Some merciful volley then ſhatters his
And his Captain procures him a paſſport—to Beg!

VERSES.

By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

There is in the ſtately ſquare at Edinburgh, the Parliament Cloſe, a very fine Statue of CHARLES II. *on horſeback, a caſt in lead, larger than life. Some years ago the* PROVOST *of the City, from a ſtrange Gothic fancy, had it laid over with a thick coat of paint, to make it look white and new. This occaſioned the following.*

WELL done, my Lord, with noble taſte,
You've made Charles gay as five-and-twenty;
We may be ſcarce of *gold* and *corn*,
But ſure there's *lead* and *gold* in plenty.
Yet for a public work like this,
I wou'd have had ſome famous Artiſt,
Tho' I had made each mark a pound,
I wou'd have had the very ſmarteſt.

Why not bring Allan Ramſay* down,
From ſketching coronets and cuſhion;
For he can paint a living King,
And knows—the Engliſh conſtitution†.
The milk-white ſteed is well enough:
But why thus daub the man all over;
And to the ſwarthy *Stuart* give
The cream complexion of *Hanover?*

This ſtatue never gave offence,
But now, as you've been pleas'd to make it,
The Ladies all will run away,
Leſt they behold a man ſtark naked.
Stay, fair diſſembling cowards! ſtay,
He'll do no harm—you may go near him; [blood,
I'll tell you—e'en when fleſh and
Some of your grandams did not fear him.

Lines addreſſed to MRS JORDAN.

SWEET child of Nature, born for pleaſures,
Deck'd with Thalia's deareſt treaſures,
Arm'd with ſmiles all hearts to gain,
With Love and Laughter in thy train;
While with every changing ſcene
Freſh graces deck thy comic mien,
Thy wild notes ſweetly thrill the heart,
By Nature taught, diſdaining art,
No labour'd ſounds diſtort thy face,
All's done with Nature's ſimple grace.

* Allan Ramſay, Eſq. Painter to his Majeſty.

† Mr. Ramſay was the Author of an "Eſſay on the Engliſh Conſtitution."

Erratum, in our laſt, p. 272. col. 2. line 2. for improvement, read *impriſonment.*

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The PROPRIETY *of a* REFORM *of the* PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION *of* SCOTLAND.

By the late DR GILBERT STUART.

The Gothic Form of Government. The Revolution. The Engliſh and Scottiſh Conſtitutions. Encroachments on the Freedom of the Scottiſh Government. Fictitious Votes. Abuſes of Statutory Law. A Call upon the Scottiſh Members of Parliament to urge the Reform of Parliamentary Qualifications, and to fix the Conſtitution of their Country on the true and generous Principles of Freedom.

WHEN we contemplate the great variety of important events, which affected the political condition of the inhabitants of Albion, from the invaſion of Julius Cæſar to that grand æra of Britiſh freedom, the revolution in the latter end of the laſt century, we cannot but admire that curious concatenation of cauſes and circumſtances, which operating their natural effects upon the genius and ſpirit of a people endued in an eminent degree with the natural principles of freedom, have brought to maturity that mixed ſyſtem of government, which, according to the opinion of one* of the profoundeſt of the learned Romans, was too perfect to be eſtabliſhed among any portion of the human race.

The inhabitants of Great Britain have, however, enjoyed the bleſſings of that ſuppoſed impoſſible ſyſtem for many centuries, though the three branches which formed the conſtitution, poſſeſſed not at all times that degree of conſtitutional health and vigour, which marked in an extraordinary manner that great event, known by the name of *the revolution*. The mixed government, then, grown into maturity, is admirably adapted to preſerve that ſpecies of freedom, which bids tyranny and licentiouſneſs to keep at an equal diſtance. The conſtitution as then eſtabliſhed ought to be made the peculiar ſtudy, and its preſervation a principal object of the attention and ſolicitude, of every Briton.

The two Britiſh kingdoms of England and of Scotland came, long before their union, to be governed by laws

* Tacitus.

founded in the ſame ſpirit of freedom. The Saxons were a magnanimous people. They carried into all the parts of Britain in which they made ſettlements, qualities of induſtrious application to buſineſs, ſuperior to thoſe of the native inhabitants of the iſland. Induſtry increaſed property, and neceſſarily produced thoſe rules for its regulation, which obtain the name of laws: theſe require regular adminiſtration of juſtice, the offspring of which are ſocial harmony, order, and civilization. The Saxon inhabitants of this iſland were enured to written laws long before the Scottiſh, who conſiſted of the coaleſced nations of Caledonians and Picts. Some of the Saxon princes penetrated northward as far as the Scottiſh ſea, now known by the name of the Firth of Forth. Any attempts made beyond that line were repulſed. The Scottiſh kings, however, carried their pretenſions beyond the Scottiſh ſea, and reduced under their government all the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants to the northward of the Tweed, and that range of mountains known by the name of the Cheviot hills. And they held ſome of the northern counties of England as fiefs of her monarchs. Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, transferred, in the beginning of the eleventh century, his ſeat of government in a great meaſure to the ſouthern parts of his kingdom; being married to a Saxon princeſs, her language became the language of the court; and a vaſt body of his ſubjects being of the Saxon race, he encouraged them to mix with his ancient ſubjects, gave them protection and ſettlements in all the moſt fertile and moſt eaſily cultivated parts of the kingdom, and adopted their laws. Hence it is, that the ancient book of Scottiſh laws, known by the name of *Regiam Majeſtatem*, is found to agree ſo much with the laws of England as given by Glanville.

The parliament of Scotland conſiſted anciently of the higher orders of the clergy, of the greater and leſſer barons, and of the burgeſſes and freemen of burghs; and theſe were called the three eſtates of parliament. They ſat in one houſe; and with their advice, and by their conſent, all laws were made and promulgated under the king's authority. James the Firſt, of Scotland, acquired by means of his long reſidence in England a conſiderable knowledge of its laws and uſages, and upon his return to his native country ſhewed a laudable ambition, of promoting the general improvement of his kingdom. With reſpect to the parliament, he, as appears from one of the earlieſt acts of his reign, was deſirous of enforcing a more regular attendance of the conſtitutional members than had been before generally obſerved. He was the firſt who had propoſed, for the eaſe of the leſſer barons, to diſpenſe with their perſonal attendance, provided they ſent repreſentatives to parliament, *two or more wiſe men*, who ſhould be called *commiſſars of the ſhire*. The qualifications which entitled freeholders to vote for commiſſioners for ſhires, was by an act of king James the Sixth, of Scotland, fixed to be a *forty ſhilling land* in free tenantry, with *actual reſidence within the ſhire*. And the freeholders are directed to chuſe *two wiſe men, reſident indwellers of the ſhire, of good rent and well eſteemed*. The nature and ſpirit of the conſtitutional repreſentation cannot be miſtaken. The directions of the act were politically wiſe, and truly conſonant to the genuine principles of liberty.

Let it be obſerved, that in England landed property of forty ſhillings of yearly rent, clear of all deductions, conſtituted the qualification of freeholders to vote in the election of members of parliament. The genius of the people of the two countries

tries will appear in a ſtriking light, by attending to the preſent ſtate of the qualifications of county-electors of the repreſentatives of the people. In both countries, the value of the original ſtandard of qualification has been departed from. But it will be obſerved, that while in England the conſtitutional qualification has deſcended almoſt to the level of the multitude, it has in Scotland eluded the graſp of a great body of proprietors of conſiderable landed property; and, as if unwilling to move in the humble ſtation aſſigned to it by ſpecial ſtatutes, regulated by the principles of the conſtitution, it has aſcended into a higher ſphere of action, and has been ambitious of throwing its influence into the ſcale of ariſtocratical dominion.

De Lolme, who has with great induſtry applied himſelf to acquire a juſt notion of the Britiſh conſtitution, has remarked, "that in Scotland, that ſeat of anarchy and ariſtocratical feuds, all the great offices in the ſtate were not only taken from the crown, but they were moreover made hereditary in the principal families of the body of the nobles: ſuch were the offices of high admiral, high ſtewart, high conſtable, great chamberlain and juſtice general.——The king's minority, or perſonal weakneſs, or in general the difficulties in which the ſtate might be involved, were circumſtances of which the Scotch leaders never failed to avail themſelves for invading the governing authority.—It might be matter of curious diſcuſſion to enquire what the Anglo-Saxon government would in proceſs of time have become, and of courſe the government of England be at this preſent time, if the event of the conqueſt had never taken place; which, by conferring an immenſe as as well as unuſual power on the head of the feudal ſyſtem, compelled the nobility to contract a laſting and ſincere union with the people. It is very probable that the Engliſh government would at this day be the ſame as that which long prevailed in Scotland, where the king and nobles engroſſed, jointly or by turns, the whole power in the ſtate."

The juſtneſs of this ingenious author's remark derives ſupport from the courſe in which the qualifications of electors of members of parliament in Scotland have run ſince the firſt act upon that ſubject to the preſent times. Strange it is! that although the Scottiſh qualifications were in the latter end of laſt century limited to owners of landed property whoſe valued rents amounted to 400l. Scots annually, holding immediately of the crown, lands which, at an average, produce of preſent yearly rent 200l. ſterling, yet the ſpirit of ariſtocracy, ever buſy in that country to nip the buds of popular freedom, has been ſucceſsful in eſtabliſhing, by deciſions or judgments of the ſupreme court of law, that the conſtitution of a freehold qualification requires neither the property nor the poſſeſſion of lands; but merely the poſſeſſion of a piece of parchment containing the names of lands valued in the books of ſupply at 400l. Scots, it being thus held to be a matter of no importance to whom truly the lands belong. In this manner lords of manors, or ſubject ſuperiors, as they are ſtiled in Scotland, have found out an eaſy method of creating and multiplying freehold qualifications, by putting their minions and dependents in poſſeſſion of parchments enumerating the names of lands, but carrying no ſubſtantial intereſt whatever to the poſſeſſor. This claſs of freeholders have, therefore, very properly, although contemptuouſly, obtained the appellation of *paper barons* and *parchment voters*, and their qualifications are univerſally known by the denomination of nominal and fictitious. Yet

every freeholder is by ſpecial ſtatute obliged to ſwear that "the lands and "eſtate for which he claims to vote "in the election of a member of par-"liament, are actually in his poſſeſ-"ſion, and do really and truly be-"long to him, and are his own pro-"per eſtate; and that his title to "the ſaid lands and eſtate is not "*nominal* or *fictitious*, created or re-"ſerved in him, in order to enable "him to vote for a member to ſerve "in parliament."

The firſt ſtandard of qualification fixed in Scotland, may at this day amount at an average to 50l. ſterling per annum. The original freehold qualification of England may amount to 30l. ſterling of free yearly rent; ſo that, had matters ſtood upon their original footing, the qualifications of freeholders in both kingdoms, would have limited the privilege of voting for county members to that portion of the people, whoſe good fortune removed them from the neceſſity of ſervile dependence. As they are ſubſtantially, ſo they are permanently attached to the Britiſh ſoil: contented with that mediocrity of fortune, which gives little room for cheriſhing the pernicious ambition of court favour, they are not hurried into the vortex of court influence, and their voices might be with propriety regarded as an honourable teſtimony of merit.

In the northern part of the united kingdom, there is no ſuch thing exiſts as a repreſentation of the people in any ſenſe of the word. By means of thoſe ſhadowy qualifications already mentioned, the voices of the free electors are ſtifled, the conſtitutional rights of the people are totally diſregarded. This pernicious ſyſtem is ſupported by the groſſeſt abuſes of ſtatute law, and the moſt dangerous violation of ſtatutory oaths. Who knows not that the religion of an oath is of the firſt importance in the government of mankind? Society cannot exhibit a ſtronger ſymptom of depravity, than a diſregard for the ſanctity of oaths, and a diſpoſition to treat them with levity and inattention. Yet it is no leſs true than wonderful, that not only multitudes of the laity, but many of the clerical order in Scotland, in times paſt ſo exemplary for guarded manners and decent deportment, have, in contempt of the general ſenſe of the people, rendered themſelves obnoxious to their indignant feelings, by taking, upon no better qualification than a piece of a dreſſed ſkin, called parchment, bearing in written characters the names of lands, to the property of which they have not the moſt diſtant pretenſions, an oath, framed in the moſt anxious and unequivocal terms to prevent this political evil ſo loudly exclaimed againſt by the whole body of the people.

The people, univerſally impreſſed with the conviction, that the oath reſpecting freehold qualifications can warrantably, and with a ſafe conſcience, be taken only by owners of landed property, will ſoon become mutinous and clamorous. They are ſhocked at the wickedneſs and impiety of men moving in ſuperior ſtations, whoſe actions are calculated to throw the ſanctity of oaths into contempt and ridicule, who, to ſerve the moſt unconſtitutional purpoſes, are too ſucceſsful in their endeavours to pervert the plain ſenſe of language, and diſtort the received acceptation of words, to raiſe vile minions and ſervile dependents into the dignified ſtation of freeholders, though not veſted in the right of a foot of property in any part of the habitable globe.

The fatal tendency of this enormous evil muſt be perceived, and perceived muſt be dreaded, by every Britiſh ſubject who is not altogether dead to the feelings of conſtitutional freedom.

It

It ought ever to be remembered, that power depends upon opinion. The violation of conſtitutional freedom, by the higher ranks of the people, muſt deſtroy the reſpect due to their ſtations, and their actions muſt draw upon them merited contempt: they will become the mock pageants of their conſtitutional preeminence: their empty titles will not preſerve them: fatal experience will teach them, that it is good conduct alone that can ſecure real and laſting reſpect; and that a diſregard to conſtitutional principles, to the legal rights and comfortable condition of the people, to the dictates of morality, and to the obſervances of religious duty, will open the eyes of the people to the vanity and inſignificance of all artificial trappings of ſuperiority, and empty ſymbols of greatneſs. The deluſion which long ſupported their ill-founded pretenſions will vaniſh; the angry breath of the people will blaſt their pride: levelled with the duſt from whence they ſprung, they will ſhrink into their natural nothingneſs; their gilded glories will be trampled under foot by the indignant multitude. It is a propoſition of which the children of fortune ought never to loſe ſight, that in proportion to their ſuperior advantages in point of wealth and property, in proportion ought to be their exertion in maintaining the true principles of the conſtitution, and promoting a due execution of the laws, becauſe theſe form their beſt ſecurity for enjoying, undiſturbed, the gifts of fortune, and tranſmitting them to their poſterity with undiminiſhed value and luſtre. Why ſhould the people ſuffer property to be engroſſed by men, who, abuſing its advantages, empoiſon the ſprings of every moral virtue, to the utter extinction of that awe and reverence of religious duty, which conſtitutes the beſt cement of ſociety, and without which no human laws, however perfect, can long preſerve internal order and public tranquillity?

The deformity of the ariſtocratical encroachments upon the rights of the people with reſpect to parliamentary repreſentation, which have been for ſome time gaining ground in Scotland, has been frequently expoſed in the vehicles of public information: the attention of the legiſlature has been called by petitions preſented by counties to the houſe of commons: the truly reſpectable freeholders in almoſt all the counties of Scotland have publiſhed reſolutions, ſtrongly expreſſive of the neceſſity of correcting the prevalent abuſes regarding freehold qualifications: bills have been framed to be introduced into parliament upon that ſubject. Yet ſuch is the unhappy ſituation of the popular repreſentation of Scotland, that no relief can be expected from thoſe perſons who are moſt improperly ſtiled the repreſentatives of the united kingdom.* Conſcious of the vileneſs and rottenneſs of the foundation upon which they ſtand, they have too good reaſon to be afraid of expoſing to the indignant feelings of the Engliſh nation, the unconſtitutional mode and inglorious means by which they find their way into the houſe of the people of Great Britain. It is to be hoped that all the ſons of Scotia in the Britiſh ſenate are not dead to the honour, the freedom, and welfare of their country. If there is any among them who poſſeſſes a dignified character in the ſenate, let him come forward, let him invoke the genius of England; let him point out the deformity of the ſyſtem by which the inhabitants of the northern part of the united kingdom are repreſented in parliament. His endea-

* The reader will obſerve, that this was written before the late memorable deciſion of the Houſe of Peers in the caſe of the Freeholders of Aberdeenſhire. See page 267.

vours will meet with the concurrence and ſupport of the repreſentatives of the Engliſh people. Thoſe true friends of conſtitutional freedom, cannot but perceive the danger of that ariſtocratical ſway, which has in Scotland totally overwhelmed the conſtitutional rights of the legal electors. The reſtoration of the ſubjects of that part of the united kingdom to their conſtitutional rights, muſt forcibly ſtrike their minds as a neceſſary meaſure for the general ſafety. They will not ſuffer their conſtitution to be corrupted from any quarter: more eſpecially when the people call for redreſs, they will reſpectfully liſten to their voices, and remove their complaints. Although it is the province of every repreſentative of the people to expoſe corruption wherever it exiſts, and to repel every attempt injurious to the conſtitution; yet it appears to be, in a peculiar manner, the duty of a repreſentative of the northern part of the iſland, to move for a rectification of the grievances of his native country. Let him ſtep forth in the ſervice of his fellow-ſubjects: let him, in the true ſpirit of patriotiſm, exert himſelf to reſtore the conſtitution, and thus prevent the encroachments of any one branch of it to the prejudice of another: he will gain univerſal confidence and eſteem, and he will long live in the reſpectful remembrance of a grateful people.

Journal of the Proceedings
ON BOARD
HIS MAJESTY's SHIP THE GUARDIAN,
LIEUTENANT RIOU, COMMANDER,

(Continued from page 291.)

Dec. 25. IT ſtill continued to blow a ſtrong gale of wind with very cloudy weather, and frequent ſhowers of hail and rain, the ſea running extremely high, often breaking over the ſhip with great violence. Between one and three o'clock, P. M. the ſecond fothering was under the ſhip's bottom. About this time the crew became almoſt unable to perform their duty, from their limbs being benumbed by the frequent tranſition from the heat of labour, and having reſted in wet clothes. The weather was likewiſe uncommonly piercing. At four P. M. the water again gained on us, when Mr Clements went down by the way of the rudder into the gun-room, from thence into the bread and ſpirit rooms, to endeavour to diſcover the leak, but without effect. It was then thought fit to endeavour to ſcuttle the deck cloſe aft, which being out of the roll of water, would enable us to get up and heave overboard ſome more of the cargo.

Accordingly the Captain, the Chaplain, the Purſer, and two men were employed in this buſineſs; but unfortunately, endeavouring to heave up a caſk, it fell back on the Captain, and bruiſed his hand in ſo ſhocking a manner, as to diſable him from giving any further aſſiſtance. This endeavour was then given up, and all hands were again ſet to the pumps, where the preſence of the officers was indiſpenſible, to encourage and keep the men at their work.

At five o'clock the water increaſed to four feet, and at midnight to four feet and a half. At this time the ſtarboard pump became diſabled from the wrench breaking, and the leak from that time gained on us very faſt.

The people however, continued to uſe their utmoſt endeavours at the pumps, and ſhewed the greateſt reſpect for and confidence in their officers, who attended cloſely to give them every aſſiſtance and encouragement. At 4 A. M. the water was reported to have encreaſed to ſix feet, and at ſix to ſeven feet. About this time

time, the people began to break off occaſionally from the pumps, and to ſecrete themſelves away from the officers, who had ſome difficulty in finding them out, and could only then obtain their return to duty by threatening to have them ſeized on by the reſt of the crew, and thrown overboard.—During the night, the fore and main-topſails were ſhivered to pieces by the violence of the wind, and the ſhip was left at the entire mercy of a moſt tremendous ſea, the dreadful proſpect being rendered ſtill more diſmal by the thick black ſtormy clouds, which appeared as if collected to hide our misfortunes from the compaſſionate eye of Providence.

The people till now had been kept unacquainted with the true ſtate of the ſhip, which had hitherto been reported as favourable as poſſible, when a little after ſix o'clock, one of the carpenters, who was ſtationed to ſound the well, came up, and reported that the water was as high as the hallop deck, and gaining above a foot every half hour. The officers could not poſably over rule the truth of this report, and many of the people, who were really unable to bear the exceſſive fatigue of watching and labour any longer, immediately deſponded, and gave themſelves up to periſh with the ſhip. A few of the more profligate eſcaped the utmoſt vigilance and ſecreted themſelves below, where they got intoxicated with liquor, and became inſenſible of their danger. A part of thoſe who had got a little ſtrength left, ſeeing that their utmoſt efforts to ſave the ſhip were in vain, applied to the officers for the boats, which were promiſed to be got in readineſs for them, and the boatſwain was directly ordered to put maſts, ſails, and a compaſs into each. The cooper was alſo ſet to work to fill a few quarter caſks of water out of ſome of the butts on deck, and proviſions and other neceſſaries were got up from the hold. While theſe preparations were making, all hands were once more called to endeavour to ſave the ſhip from ſinking.

Mr Clements, and one watch, were accordingly employed in hoiſting up and heaving overboard, from abaft, whatever they could come at, and the others in working the pumps. Mr Riou was employed occaſionally, every where encouraging and animating the people as much as poſſible, for whoſe ſafety he ſhewed a concern that does him the higheſt honour. Many hours previous to this, he had privately declared to his officers, that he ſaw the final loſs of the ſhip was inevitable, and could not help regretting the loſs of ſo many brave fellows:—"As for me, (ſaid he,) I have determined to remain in the ſhip, and ſhall endeavour to make my preſence uſeful as long as there is any occaſion for it!"

He was entreated, and even ſupplicated to give up this fatal reſolution, and try for ſafety in the boats. It was even hinted to him how highly criminal it was to perſevere in ſuch a determination; but he was not to be moved by any entreaties.—"If I was to be ſaved, and any of the crew loſt, (ſaid he,) I ſhould be for ever miſerable. As commander, I conſider it in the firſt place, my duty to look to the ſafety of my people, and then comes the conſideration of my own. I will do my endeavours to effect them both, although I fear the impoſſibility. My opinion is fixed, and I hope none of my friends will again agitate my mind on the occaſion."

The Captain continued till the laſt to exert his authority, and was in general attended to. He was as active in providing for the ſafety of the boats, as if he intended to take the opportunity of providing for his own eſcape. He was throughout as calm and collected as in the happier moments of his

his life, and was evidently reſigned to his fate. He at all times during his command ſhewed himſelf a diligent, careful, and active officer, and proved by his care of the young perſons placed under him, that he had the greateſt regard for his Majeſty's ſervice. In his diſcipline of the ſhip it is worthy to be remarked, that in order the convicts might not conceive a wrong notion of their ſituation, or deſire of Providence what was forbidden by law, he ordered the chaplain to leave out that part of the prayer in the public worſhip at ſea, for their ſafe return home.

But to return to the ſad concluſion of the narrative relative to the ſhip:—At ſeven o'clock ſhe had ſettled conſiderably abaft, and the water was coming in at the rudder caſe, in great quantities. At about half paſt ſeven o'clock, the quantity of water in the hold obliged the people to break off from below, and come upon deck; the ſhip was very ſoon after found to be in a ſinking ſtate, and entirely given over for loſt. At this time the water within board was nearly as high as the lower gun-deck, and the ſhip ſettling boldly down; it was therefore almoſt immediately agreed upon to have recourſe to the boats.—While engaged in conſultation on this melancholy buſineſs, Mr Riou took a ſheet of paper and wrote a letter on his Majeſty's ſervice, to the Admiralty, which he delivered to Mr Clements.

He then ordered to get the boats hoiſted out, and to endeavour to give as many a chance of ſafety as he could with propriety. All the people who were able to aſſiſt in the buſineſs, were accordingly collected together in the moſt orderly and regular manner poſſible. We then ſet to work, and hoiſted out the cutter, on the larboard and leeſide, and afterwards the other boats on the booms; they were all fortunately got into the water with very little damage; but the ſea ran immenſely high, and it was with great difficulty they were kept from being ſtove to pieces along ſide. The launch being forced to drop on the quarter, to make room for the two cutters, was nearly drawn under the quarter and ſunk, and at laſt obliged to caſt a-driſt from the ſhip, with only ſeven or eight men on board, and without any proviſions or water. A coil of rope was then handed from the quarter gallery, and paſſed over to Mr Sommerville the gunner, in the jolly boat, which hung over the ſtern. This boat, on being lowered down, was drawn under the counter, and ſunk. As ſoon as the launch had again rowed a little nearer to the ſhip, one of the crew got hold of a rope until the cutters brought them proviſions, &c. and veered to a good diſtance aſtern. A ſmall quantity of biſcuit, and an eighteen gallon caſk of water, was then let down between the main and mizen chains into the ſmall cutter, which was obliged to be watched carefully, on account of the great ſwell of the ſea. The caſk of water was the laſt thing taken into the boat, which was then ordered to ſhove off immediately. The Purſer then got into the main chains, and from thence leaped into her; Mr Wadman and Mr Tremlett likewiſe fortunately got into the boat from the mizen chains. It was with great difficulty rowed clear of the ſhip, and ſteered for the launch.

The agitation of mind on this melancholy occaſion can be better imagined than deſcribed.—Mr Riou was at the moment walking the quarter-deck, and ſeemed happy the boat had got ſafe from along-ſide. The ſhip was driſting a-ſtern, and gradually ſinking in the water. Mr Clements began to be afraid ſhe would drive upon the launch before we got on board her; he therefore called to the crew to cut the tow-rope and row out of the ſhip's wake.

Mr

Mr Sommerville, the ſhip's gunner, who was looking over the ſhip's ſtern, hearing the order, prayed them to hold faſt a moment, and he would jump overboard and come to them; he directly got into the water, and was followed by John Spearman, ſeaman; they were both received ſafe on board the boat, which they then cut and rowed out of the ſhip's track. At about three quarters paſt eight o'clock, we got alongſide of her in the cutter, and Mr Clements, Mr Wadman, Mr Tremlett, and the Purſer, with one or two more of the men, went on board, and took two bags of biſcuit and a caſk of water. A ſmall keg containing five gallons, was returned to the cutter in lieu. The crew were ordered to go back to the ſhip for further ſupplies, and receive as many of the people as could with ſafety be taken on board. They accordingly put off, and rowed for the ſhip, till within about twice the boat's length of her, and then lay on their oars, as if afraid to go along-ſide; a little before this, the large cutter put off from the ſhip, and ſoon after her the jolly boat. The former rowed within hail in a ſhort time, and informed us they had been obliged to put from alongſide to prevent the boat from being ſtove to pieces and ſunk; that the confuſion which ſubſiſted on board the ſhip had prevented their receiving any freſh water, and that they had only been able to obtain a very ſmall portion of the other neceſſaries of life. They were deſired to row as near as they could. We then ſupplied them with a quadrant, and received a cheeſe in lieu. Mr Clements afterwards begged of them to make one effort more for a ſupply of freſh water, and to get Mr Harvey, if poſſible, along with them in the boat; they were not, however, to be prevailed on to return to the ſhip, but rowed off to ſome diſtance, and lay by to watch our motions. The Reverend Mr Crowther left the ſhip in this cutter, and got an opportunity of joining us in the launch, while making the exchange. There was then left on board the cutter, Mr Brady midſhipman, Mr Fletcher, Captain Clerk, and five ſeamen. The Revd. Mr Crowther corroborated the melancholy account they brought us, and added, that he thought their eſcape a moſt miraculous event, the boat having been twice drawn under the ſhip till nearly filled with water each time, in which ſituation he ſaid he was ſuſpended between both, with his back againſt the ſhip, expecting every moment to be cruſhed to atoms, or waſhed away and overwhelmed in the ocean. Mr Riou, he ſaid, had recommended to him, before leaving the ſhip, to get with us in the launch if poſſible.

By this time, the jolly boat had nearly come within hail, and we lay by till informed of her ſituation. She brought with her neither proviſion, water, compaſs, or quadrant. The people on board were five in number, viz. three ſeamen and two convicts. They confirmed the diſagreeable news of the ſhip, which left us no room whatever to expect any further ſupply from her. Hence we were reduced to the ſad medium of conſidering our ſafety alone, and perhaps never did the human mind ſtruggle under greater difficulties, than we experienced, in being obliged to leave ſo many behind to periſh. But it was evident that more people could not with propriety be received on board the launch, and our quantity of proviſions and water, viz. two bags of biſcuit of about 100lbs. each, two mutton hams of five pounds each, a gooſe, two fowls, about twelve pounds of butter, a cheeſe, a ſmall keg of rum about four gallons, and a ſmall rum caſk of water, marked on the head 20 gallons. This was but a very inadequate ſuſtenance for 15

ſouls already in the boat, who had to traverſe the vaſt diſtance of 411 leagues in a boiſterous ocean, without any means of relief.

There being yet a ſpare compaſs and quadrant in the launch, they were, by Mr Clement's directions, handed into the jolly boat. At this time one of the convicts attempted to get on board us, but was oppoſed by all, and puſhed into the ſea. The fellow in the ſtruggle caught hold of Mr Clements, who was with ſome difficulty ſaved from being pulled out of the boat along with him. The people in the jolly boat again picked him up, and then took to their oars, and rowed cloſe upon our quarter, as if determined to come alongſide and board us by force. To prevent, therefore, any ſcuffle, in which both boats muſt inevitably have been loſt, it was immediately agreed to ſet the fore maſt, and make ſail. We accordingly took our final departure from this ſcene of miſery and diſtreſs about nine o'clock. The ſhip at this time appeared ſunk down to her upper deck ports. The large cutter, which was watching our motions, immediately made ſail after us, but in a ſhort time fell much to the leeward. Mr Clements ſaid, he thought they muſt intend making for Prince Edward's, Marien's, or Crozet's Iſland. The ſmall cutter remained hanging on at a diſtance from the ſhip. They alſo ſtepped their maſt in the jolly boat, and made ſail after us; but diſappearing almoſt at the ſame moment, we think the boat filled, and went down.

At ten o'clock we had a hard ſquall of wind, with a heavy fall of rain. At half paſt eleven o'clock, loſt ſight of the ſhip and ſmall cutter —at noon obſerved in the latitude of 44, 07 South. The boat was kept as much to the northward as the ſea would allow.—The wind at this time about N. W. or N. W. by W.

[To be continued.]

Mr. HOWARD.

The following Character of this Gentleman, who appears to have been born at Hackney, is extracted from Mr. Palmer's "Funeral Sermon."

"MR. HOWARD was a man of genuine piety, and of fervent but unaffected devotion. He feared God from his youth, and was ſo happy as to eſcape the ſnares to which the early poſſeſſion of an ample fortune might have expoſed him. He was a firm believer in the great truths of the Goſpel, lived under the influence of them, and taſted their ſweetneſs. He was naturally fond of retirement, and ſpent much time in the private exerciſes of religion, as well as in literary purſuits. His houſe was *no other than the houſe of God*, where the ſtricteſt orders were obſerved by all his domeſtics. He was conſtant and exemplary in attending the public worſhip of God, in which his deportment was ſuch as commanded the reſpect of every beholder; and the whole of the Lord's day was ſpent by him in a manner ſuited to the deſign of its inſtitution.

"Being educated in the principles of Non-conformity, he was ſteadily attached to them, and never aſhamed to avow them. Being a Diſſenter upon conviction, he made a point of attending the worſhip of the Diſſenters wherever he went, though the places and the people were ever ſo mean; for he had no idea of faſhion in religion. And he ſhewed his attachment to the common cauſe, by contributing towards the ſupport of it in ſeveral ſocieties of different denominations. He himſelf was an Independent, and one of thoſe who are called moderate Calviniſts. But he loved good men of all parties, and diſcovered the utmoſt catholiciſm towards the members and the Clergy of the eſtabliſhed church, which he always

ways frequented when he ſpent his Sabbaths where there was no diſſenting worſhip.

" He was equally conſcientious in every part of his conduct. No man had a higher ſenſe of honour, and no man was freer from all temptation, for the ſake of intereſt, to do what his conſcience did not throughly approve.

" His whole deportment correſponded with the character of a gentleman, and a chriſtian, which in him were happily united. And both were adorned with an unaffected humility, and an amiable diffidence. While he was a fit companion for perſons in the higheſt ranks of life, he knew how to *condeſcend to men of low eſtate*, and was eaſy of acceſs to the meaneſt peaſant.

" He was *temperate in all things*, and abſtemious even to exceſs; in which however he was actuated by a principle of virtue and religion. He had all his paſſions in a happy ſubjection. Being addicted to no animal indulgence, he was fitted for a life of activity; and poſſeſſing uncommon reſolution (which might ſometimes be thought a culpable inflexibility), he went through ſuch arduous labours with eaſe, as to moſt other perſons would have been inſupportable. Theſe were moſtly of the beneficent kind. It might truly be ſaid, that he *lived not to himſelf*, but for the good of the Public. To this, the chief of his time and ability and fortune were devoted. The diſtinguiſhing feature in his character was benevolence; and he grudged no labour or expence, in ſerving individuals, or in promoting ſchemes of public utility.

" While he lived in retirement, in an obſcure village, it was his meat and drink to make his neighbours happy. His neat but humble manſion was ever hoſpitable to a few ſelect friends, but was never the ſcene of riot or luxurious banquetting. Though polite to all, he neither ſought nor admitted the company of the profligate, however diſtinguiſhed by rank or fortune. The corrupt faſhions of the gay world had no influence upon him: he nobly dared to be ſingular. And he knew too well the value both of wealth and time, to employ either in the manner ſo common among perſons in what is denominated high life. Inclination, as well as a ſenſe of duty, led him to conſecrate both to nobler purpoſes. As a faithful ſteward, he improved the talents committed to his truſt for promoting human happineſs and the honour of his maker.

" In him the poor found a friend and a father. His charity had no bounds, except thoſe of prudence; and was not more commendable for the extent of it, than for the manner in which it was exerciſed. He was ever careful to beſtow it ſo as to anſwer the moſt valuable purpoſes. He gave not his bounty to countenance vice and idleneſs, but to encourage virtue and induſtry. He was ſingular in furniſhing employment for the labouring poor, of both ſexes, at thoſe ſeaſons when a ſcarcity of work rendered their ſituation moſt compaſſionable. And at other times, though never inattentive to the tale of woe, he was not eaſily impoſed upon by it, but made himſelf acquainted with the caſe. He had indeed a general acquaintance with the caſes and characters of the poor around him, and made it his buſineſs to viſit the abodes of affliction. In circumſtances of bodily diſorder he often acted the part of a phyſician as well as a friend.

Juſtly may the words of Job (ch. xxix. 21—26.) be applied to him: ' When the ear heard him, then it ' bleſſed him, and when the eye ſaw ' him it gave witneſs to him, becauſe ' he delivered the poor that cried, ' and the fatherleſs, and him that ' had none to help. The bleſſing of

'him that was ready to periſh came upon him, and he cauſed the widow's heart to ſing for joy. He was a father to the poor, and the cauſe which he knew not he ſearched out.'

"But his kindneſs was not confined to the bodies of his fellow creatures, it extended to their ſpiritual and immortal part. He carefully watched over the morals of his neighbourhood, and uſed his advice, his admonitions, and influence, to diſcountenance immorality of all kinds, and to promote the knowledge and practice of religion. As a moſt effectual means to this great end, he provided for the inſtruction of poor children by erecting and ſupporting ſchools, which he carefully ſuperintended. In ſhort, he was a univerſal bleſſing to the village where he reſided, in every part of which are to be ſeen the pleaſing monuments of his munificence and taſte.—His liberality extended alſo to adjacent places, in which there are many who will call him bleſſed. Nor was it confined to perſons of his own religious perſuaſion; but comprehended the neceſſitous and deſerving of all parties; while he was particularly uſeful in ſerving the intereſt of the chriſtian ſociety to which he belonged.

"What wonder, if ſuch a man were univerſally beloved? Was it poſſible he ſhould have an enemy? One however he had (and I never heard of more), an idle and diſſolute wretch, who, having been often reproved by him for his vices, formed the deſperate reſolution to murder him as he was going to public worſhip, which he almoſt always did on foot. But Providence remarkably interpoſed to preſerve ſo valuable a life, by inclining him that morning to go on horſeback a different road.

"The ſphere in which he had hitherto moved was too narrow for his enlarged mind. From the time that he ſerved as Sheriff of Bedford, in the year 1773, his ſcene of uſefulneſs was extended, and he at length became the benefactor of the kingdom, and the PATRIOT OF THE WORLD. On frequently viſiting the priſoners in the county jail (as by virtue of his office he thought himſelf bound to do), he obſerved ſuch abuſes, and ſuch ſcenes of calamity, as he had before no conception of; and he exerted himſelf in order to reform them. With a view to obtain precedents for certain regulations which he propoſed, he went to inſpect the priſons in ſome neighbouring counties. But finding in them equal room for complaint and commiſeration, he determined to viſit the principal priſons in England. The farther he proceeded, the more ſhocking were the ſcenes preſented to his view; which induced him to reſolve upon exerting himſelf to the utmoſt, in order to a general reform in theſe horrid places of confinement; conſidering it as of the higheſt importance, not only to the wretched objects themſelves, but to the community at large.

"Having received the thanks of the Houſe of Commons for his patriotic endeavours, he afterwards reviſited all the priſons in the kingdom, together with the principal houſes of correction. He now alſo enlarged his circuit by going into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where he found the ſame need of reformation.

"One grand object which he had view was, to put a ſtop to that ſhocking diſtemper called the jail-fever; which raged ſo dreadfully in many of the priſons, as to render them to the laſt degree offenſive and dangerous. A diſtemper, by which more had been taken off than by the hands of the executioner; and which, in ſeveral inſtances, had been communicated from the priſoners to the courts of Juſtice, and had proved fatal to the Magiſtrates and Judges, and to multi-

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tudes of perſons who attended the trials, as well as to the families of diſcharged felons and debtors.

" Another end he propoſed was, to procure the immediate releaſe of priſoners, who upon trial were acquitted, but had often been long and unjuſtly detained, for want of being able to pay the accuſtomed fees. As alſo to aboliſh many other abſurd and cruel uſages which had long prevailed.

" But the great object of all was, to introduce a thorough reform of MORALS into our priſons; where he had found the moſt flagrant vices to prevail in ſuch a degree, that they were become ſeminaries of wickedneſs and villany, and the moſt formidable nuiſances to the community; in conſequence of the promiſcuous intercourſe of priſoners of both ſexes, and of all ages and deſcriptions; whereby the young and leſs experienced were initiated, by old and hardened ſinners, into all the arts of villany and the myſteries of iniquity; ſo that inſtead of being reformed by their confinement (which ſhould be the chief end of puniſhment), thoſe that were diſcharged became more injurious to ſociety than before.

" Theſe were objects (not now to mention others) which all muſt allow to be worthy the zealous attention of a good citizen and a good chriſtian. In order to the attainment of them, Mr. Howard ſpared no pains nor expence, and cheerfully expoſed himſelf to much inconvenience and hazard; particularly from that malignant diſtemper, of which he ſaw many dying in the moſt loathſome dungeons, into which none, who were not obliged, beſides himſelf, would venture. And his preſervation could only be aſcribed to the peculiar care of that Providence which he acknowledged, and in which he cheerfully confided, while he thought himſelf in the way of his duty.

" What occaſioned him to feel the more ſtrongly for PRISONERS was, his having himſelf experienced ſome of their dreadful hardſhips, in the early part of life, when, in a voyage to Liſbon, he was taken priſoner by the French, and cloſely confined at Breſt*. —None feel for others, like thoſe who have been fellow ſufferers.

" His laudable endeavours he had the pleaſure to ſee, in ſome inſtances, crowned with ſucceſs; particularly in regard to the healthineſs of priſons, ſome of which were rebuilt under his inſpection. Through his interpoſition alſo, better proviſion has been made for inſtruction of priſoners, by the introduction of bibles, and other pious books, into their cells, and a more conſtant attendance of clergymen†.

" But in order to a more general and happy regulation, and the reformation of criminals, he determined to viſit other countries, to ſee the plans there adopted; in hope of collecting ſome information which might be uſeful in his own country. For this purpoſe he travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. Afterwards through the Pruſſian and Auſtrian dominions. He viſited alſo the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Ruſſia and Poland, and ſome cities in Portugal and Spain. In all theſe expenſive and hazardous journies, he denied himſelf the uſual

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* See ſome particulars in his firſt Vol. p. 11. 3d. Edit. Others I had from himſelf.

† The keepers of jails alſo have, by act of Parliament, been rendered incapable of ſelling ſtrong liquors, which had been the ſource of much drunkenneſs and diſorder.—But a minute detail of particulars is not to be expected here; for theſe the reader is referred to Mr. Howard's publications, which ſhew that much is yet wanting.

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gratifications of travellers, and declined the honours which were offered him by perſons of the firſt diſtinction, applying himſelf ſolely to his one grand object. To him the inſpection of a jail or hoſpital, was more grateful than all the entertainments of a palace.—With what aſtoniſhment and gratitude he was received by their miſerable inhabitants may eaſily be imagined, ſince while he made obſervations on their ſituation, he meditated their relief; and many diſtreſſed priſoners abroad, as well as at home, partook of his bounty, and ſome were liberated by it; for he conſidered all of *every nation, and people, and tongue*, as brethren. Nor was he ſparing of advice, or of reproof, as he ſaw occaſion, to perſons of rank and influence, whereby the miſeries of their countrymen might be relieved. As he courted the favour of none, neither did he fear the frowns of any, but, with a manly freedom and a chriſtian fortitude, ſpoke his mind to crowned heads (particularly the late Emperor of Germany) in a manner to which they were not accuſtomed; which, however, in a perſon of ſuch diſintereſted views, procured him reverence and eſteem, and, in ſome inſtances, proved effectual for relieving the miſerable and oppreſſed.

" On his return, he publiſhed the reſult of his obſervations for the benefit of his own country: together with a particular account of that horrid French priſon, the Baſtile, which, thanks be to Heaven, is now no more.

" Not content, however, with theſe zealous exertions in the cauſe of humanity, he conceived a further deſign, which was to viſit Italy, in order to obtain information concerning the beſt methods to prevent the ſpreading of the plague, with a view to apply them, with reſpect to other infectious diſorders. Not gaining all the ſatisfaction here which he wiſhed for, he proceeded to Smyrna and Conſtantinople, where that moſt dreadful of human diſtempers actually prevailed, " pleaſing himſelf (as he ſaid) with the idea of not only learning, but of being able to communicate ſomewhat to the inhabitants of thoſe diſtant regions." In the execution of this deſign, though he was ſo much expoſed to danger, and actually caught the plague, " that merciful Providence," (as he himſelf piouſly remarks) " which had hitherto preſerved him, was pleaſed to extend its protection to him in this journey alſo, and to bring him home once more in ſafety."

In his return he re-viſited the chief priſons and hoſpitals in the countries through which he paſſed; and afterwards went again to Scotland, and then to Ireland, where he propoſed a new and very important object; namely, to inſpect the Proteſtant Charter Schools, in ſome of which he had before obſerved ſhameful abuſes, which he had reported to a Committee of the Iriſh Houſe of Commons. In this more extenſive tour, he took a particular account of what he obſerved amiſs in the conduct of this noble charity, with a view to a reformation, and not without conſiderable ſucceſs.

" Upon his return home, having again inſpected the priſons in England, and the hulks on the Thames, to ſee what alterations had been made for the better (which he found to be very conſiderable, though yet imperfect), he publiſhed the reſult of his laborious inveſtigations; together with many uſeful Obſervations on the Plague; on the importance of a Lazaretto in this iſland; and likewiſe on Penitentiary Houſes, which had been encouraged by act of Parliament, for the correction and reformation of criminals, of which he and

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an eminent phyſician* had been nominated by the King to be ſuperintendants.

"Towards the cloſe of this intereſting volume, he expreſſes himſelf thus: "To my country I commit the reſult of my paſt labours. It is my intention again to quit it, for the purpoſe of reviſiting Ruſſia, Turkey, and ſome other countries, and extending my tour in the Eaſt. I am not inſenſible of the dangers that muſt attend ſuch a journey. Truſting however in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preſerved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myſelf to the diſpoſal of unerring wiſdom. Should it pleaſe God to cut off my life in the proſecution of this deſign, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to raſhneſs or enthuſiaſm, but to a ſerious deliberate conviction that I am purſuing the path of duty, and to a ſincere deſire of being made an inſtrument of greater uſefulneſs to my fellow creatures than could be expected in the narrow circle of a retired life." Accordingly, the laſt ſummer he ſet off, to the great concern of his friends, on this hazardous enterprize, the principal object of which was to adminiſter a medicine in high repute at home, in malignant fevers†, under a ſtrong perſuaſion that it would be equally efficacious in the plague. He called on me a little before his departure, and took his leave with great chearfulneſs, at the ſame time that he expreſſed an apprehenſion that he ſhould not live to return; ſaying, that he was perfectly eaſy as to the event; and uſing the words of Father Paul, when his phyſicians told he had not long to live: "It is well; whatever pleaſes God, pleaſes me."

* The late Dr. Fothergill.

† Dr. James's Powder.

Of Gold and Silver Fiſhes.

A letter from the Author of the Antiquities of Selborne, to Thomas Pennant, Eſq;

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I happen to viſit a family where *gold* and *ſilver fiſhes* are kept in a glaſs bowl, I am always pleaſed with the occurrence, becauſe it offers me an opportunity of obſerving the actions and propenſities of thoſe beings with whom we can be little acquainted in their natural ſtate. Not long ſince I ſpent a fortnight at the houſe of a friend where there was ſuch a *vivary*, to which I paid no ſmall attention, taking every occaſion to remark what paſſed within its narrow limits. It was here that I firſt obſerved the manner in which fiſhes die. As ſoon as the creature ſickens, the head ſinks lower and lower, and it ſtands as it were on its head; till, getting weaker, and loſing all poiſe, the tail turns over, and at laſt it floats on the ſurface of the water with its belly uppermoſt. The reaſon why fiſhes, when dead, ſwim in that manner, is very obvious; becauſe, when the body is no longer balanced by the fins of the belly, the broad muſcular back preponderates by its own gravity, and turns the belly uppermoſt, as lighter from its being a cavity, and becauſe it contains the ſwimming-bladders, which contribute to render it buoyant. Some that delight in *gold* and *ſilver fiſhes* have adopted a notion that they need no aliment. True it is that they will ſubſiſt for a long time without any apparent food but what they can collect from pure water frequently changed; yet they muſt draw ſome ſupport from animalcula, and other nouriſhment ſupplied by the water; becauſe, though they ſeem to eat nothing, yet the conſequences of eating often drop from

from them. That they are beſt pleaſed with ſuch *jejune* diet may eaſily be confuted, ſince if you toſs them crumbs they will ſeize them with great readineſs, not to ſay greedineſs: however, bread ſhould be given ſparingly, leſt, turning ſour, it corrupt the water. They will alſo feed on the water-plant called *lemna (ducks meat)*, and alſo on ſmall fry.

When they want to move a little they gently protrude themſelves with their *pinnæ pectorales;* but it is with their ſtrong muſcular tails only that they and all fiſhes ſhoot along with ſuch inconceivable rapidity. It has been ſaid that the eyes of fiſhes are immoveable: but theſe apparently turn them forward or backward in their ſockets as their occaſions require. They take little notice of a lighted candle, though applied cloſe to their heads, but flounce and ſeem much frightened by a ſudden ſtroke of the hand againſt the ſupport whereon the bowl is hung; eſpecially when they have been motionleſs, and are perhaps aſleep. As fiſhes have no eyelids, it is not eaſy to diſcern when they are ſleeping or not, becauſe their eyes are always open.

Nothing can be more amuſing than a glaſs bowl containing ſuch fiſhes: the double refractions of the glaſs and water repreſent them, when moving, in a ſhifting and changeable variety of dimenſions, ſhades, and colours; while the two mediums aſſiſted by the concavo-convex ſhape of the veſſel, magnify and diſtort them vaſtly; not to mention that the introduction of another element and its inhabitants into our parlours engages the fancy in a very agreeable manner.

Gold and *ſilver fiſhes*, though originally natives of *China* and *Japan*, yet are become ſo well reconciled to our climate as to thrive and multiply very faſt in our ponds and ſtews. *Linnæus* ranks this ſpecies of fiſh under the genus of *cyprinus*, or *carp*, and calls it *cyprinus auratus*.

Some people exhibit this ſort of fiſh in a very fanciful way; for they cauſe a glaſs bowl to be blown with a large hollow ſpace within, that does not communicate with it. In this cavity they put a bird occaſionally; ſo that you may ſee a goldfinch or a linnet hopping as it were in the midſt of the water, and the fiſhes ſwimming in a circle round it. The ſimple exhibition of the fiſhes is agreeable and pleaſant; but in ſo complicated a way becomes whimſical and unnatural, and liable to the objection due to him,

"Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam."

I am, &c.

Account of the ARABIAN WOMAN.

In a Letter from Barbary.

To Mrs. ——

NOthing, madam, but a requeſt ſo preſſing as yours could engage me to deſcribe the manners and condition of the Arab women. Your ſex are too much degraded, and too ill treated in this country for me ever to have attempted to delineate a picture of their ſituation. The Arabs are not at all polite; and I ſhould, perhaps, pardon them, were they only humane; but this virtue is ſo much a ſtranger to their hearts, that they conſider a woman as far beneath them. It is a great deal, if they prefer her to their beaſt of burden.

Marriage, here, is not a contract which requires the conſent of both parties. It is a bargain concluded between the parents of the woman and the perſon who intends to eſpouſe her. In order to obtain her, he has no need to win her heart, or to merit her good graces; for if he preſents him-

himſelf with one or two beautiful cows, well fed, he is certain of being favourably received. The parents keep the cows, and deliver over their daughter in their ſtead. Whether ſhe is to be happy, or unhappy, is not their buſineſs—ſhe is ſold. If ſhe diſpleaſes her huſband, he ſends her back to her parents, and purchaſes another, or even ſeveral, if he be rich. If the repudiated woman ſhould happen to pleaſe another, he may make a bargain, but ſhe will coſt him leſs, as ſhe has before had another huſband.

To the women alone is committed the whole management of the family, which is very fatiguing ſometimes, when theſe Arab hordes often change the place of their reſidence. To grind corn, to make it into courcoucon, to cook it, to milk the cows and to churn butter, all belong to the women; but this is the eaſieſt part. Whilſt the men paſs their lives in idleneſs, they leave to the women the ſevereſt labours. It is they who cut wood, and who, with great fatigue, carry it upon their ſhoulders. I have often met them with burdens ſo enormous, that I could not diſtinguiſh, till very near, under a branchy load, a ſmall human figure, diſguſting with ſweat, and extenuated with toil. It is they alſo, who often ſow and till the earth. Their hardſhips, however, are ſtill greater, when it is neceſſary to pull up the poles of their tents. The huſband mounts his horſe very peaceably, without any other incumbrance, except his arms, while the wife walks on foot, loaded with kitchen furniture, and ſometimes with the tent, when there is no animal to carry it. The huſband often has the cruelty to beat her ſeverely, when in that ſituation ſhe is not able to keep up with his horſe. Thus is ſhe obliged to travel acroſs burning ſands, having often nothing either to eat or to drink.

The ſlave, rather than the companion of her huſband, ſhe can expect from him neither tenderneſs nor affection. He never ſpeaks but as an imperious maſter, who is ſenſible of that ſuperiority which nature has given him over the woman, by making him the ſtronger. Theſe unhappy wretches are ſubordinate to their children, and even to their ſlaves; they never eat till they have finiſhed, and they are obliged to be content with what they leave. When they are not called abroad by labour, they remain ſhut up in their tents, where they ſit ſquatting down amidſt filth and vermin. They almoſt all have the itch, and diffuſe an infectious ſmell every where around them. Their dreſs conſiſts of only a few greaſy rags, which they never waſh. They have no linen, and carry their whole paltry wardrobe along with them.

Employed in continual exerciſe, their being with child is no reaſon for diminiſhing their labours; they are never interrupted but at the moment when they bring forth. They have neither midwives nor ſurgeons amongſt them, they all deliver themſelves, and their bed of pain is the bare ground. Several of them waſh their children as ſoon as they are born, and wrap them up in the corner of their robe; in other reſpects they abandon them to nature, and allow them nothing but what is neceſſary to ſupport their exiſtence. When ſcarcely brought to bed, theſe women reſume their labours, to which is added that of feeding their children; though little cared for, extended on a ſmall bundle of ſtraw, ſcarcely covered with a few rags, without ſwaddling cloaths, and without bandages; theſe children, however, become ſtrong and vigorous in a little time, and ſoon follow their mothers to the fields.

The Arabs of the mountains are much

much leſs jealous than thoſe in the towns—none but their chiefs keep their wives ſhut up; the reſt, though they wiſh to do it, could not, unleſs they were reſolved to ſupply the places of their wives in their domeſtic labours; but in them lazineſs is much more predominant than jealouſy.—Theſe women never have their faces covered, though they ought to uſe veils to hide their uglineſs, rather than to conceal their beauty. I never ſaw ſo diſguſting creatures. Their complexion is like ſoot—their ſkin is dry and parched, and their whole body is painted with different fantaſtical figures, formed with gunpowder and antimony. Scarcely have they paſſed the bounds of infancy, when the ſigns of premature old age appear in their countenance. They are early deformed by wrinkles, but it is eaſily perceived that they are only the effects of forced labour and misfortune, and not of the ravage of years. It is impoſſible to behold them, and not be moved with compaſſion. The attracting graces of youth have not time to diſplay themſelves, and from infancy to old age there is ſcarcely any gradation. Dead eyes, a caſt down and diſorderly look, hollow cheeks, a back bent by exceſs of labour, ſigns of the greateſt miſery in the whole external appearance, dejection, heavineſs, and the moſt gloomy melancholy form the portrait of the greater part of Arab mountaineers. They marry very young, bring forth few children, and early terminate their unfortunate career.

In cities the women loſe in point of liberty, as much as they gain in point of labour. By the jealouſy of their huſband, they are ſubjected to perpetual impriſonment. Women of diſtinction never go abroad; thoſe who are ſeen in the ſtreets are of the lower claſs, and even thoſe wear a very large and thick white veil, which reaches down to their knees. They have their faces covered alſo with another veil, which is applied like a maſk; their undreſs is a large white ſheet, or blanket, arranged in the form of a robe; they all have long drawers, which deſcend to their heels, and on their feet they wear high heeled ſhoes. In ſuch a dreſs theſe women appear as if wrapt up in a large bale of cloth, and it is impoſſible to judge what they are, under ſuch a covering which entirely conceals all their graces. In their houſes they lay aſide part of their dreſs, and in the evening, when their huſbands are at the moſque, it is not uncommon to ſee them enjoying the cool air on their terraces; but they inſtantly diſappear at the ſight of a man—I mean a muſſulman—for they are very fond of the Chriſtians, and when they perceive them, they readily expoſe to their view every thing that the jealouſy of their huſbands obliges them to hide. With ſuch a diſpoſition, and above all, under no great conſtraint, an intrigue might ſoon be formed and terminated; but here there is no greater crime than gallantry, eſpecially in an European. If one be caught—death is unavoidable, and there are no other means of eſcaping it, except to embrace the religion of Mahomet, and to eſpouſe the woman that has been ſeduced. If ſhe be married, there is no reſource for either of the parties. The woman is incloſed in a ſack, and thrown into the ſea, and the man is burnt alive, or cut into a thouſand pieces.

The women in towns, not being like the mountaineers, burnt by the ſun, and oppreſſed by labours, are almoſt all very beautiful, exceedingly fair, and of an agreeable ſtature. Their gait is noble and grave, and their carriage is majeſtic, but they want thoſe graces which are acquired by frequenting company. Loſt to the world, and to the ſweets of ſocial life,

life, these charming sequestered females live only for one man, who gives himself little trouble to indemnify them for the loss of liberty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

History of KEES, *an* APE.

(From M. Le Vaillant's Travels into Africa, just published.)

THIS very entertaining author, whose travels are scarcely less entertaining, and certainly more authentic than those of Robinson Crusoe, recommends himself to the reader by possessing a very happy talent in the description of all objects, particularly those of natural history. We propose, therefore, to give a few short extracts from various parts of the work.

His account of his Ape is very curious. "An animal," says M. de Vaillant, "that rendered me most essential services; which, by its useful presence, suspended and even dissipated certain bitter and disagreeable reflections that occurred to my mind; which, by its simple and striking instinct, seemed to anticipate my efforts, and which comforted me in my languor—was an ape, of that kind so common at the Cape, under the name of *bawians*. As it was extremely familiar, and attached itself to me in a particular manner, I made it my taster. When we found any fruit or roots unknown to my Hottentots, we never touched them until my dear Kees first tasted them; if it refused them, we judged them to be either disagreeable or dangerous, and threw them away.

An ape has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from all other animals, and brings it very near to man. It has received from nature an equal share of *greediness* and *curiosity*: though destitute of appetite, it tastes without necessity, every kind of food that is offered to it: and always lays its paw upon every thing that it finds within its reach.

There was another quality in Kees, which I valued still more. He was my best guardian; and, whether by night or day, he instantly awoke on the least signs of danger. By his cries, and other expressions of fear, we were always informed of the approach of an enemy before my dogs could discover it; they were so accustomed to his voice, that they slept in perfect security, and never went the rounds; on which account I was extremely angry, fearing that I should no longer find that indispensable assistance which I had a right to expect, if any disorder or fatal accident should deprive me of my faithful guardian. However, when he had once given the alarm, they all stopt to watch the signal; and on the least motion of his eyes, or shaking of his head, I have seen them all rush forward, and scamper away in that quarter to which they observed his looks directed.

I often carried him with me during my hunting excursions; during which he would amuse himself in climbing up trees, in order to search for gum, of which he was remarkably fond. Sometimes he discovered honey in the crevices of rocks, or in hollow trees; but when he found nothing, when fatigue and exercise had whetted his appetite, and when he began to be seriously oppressed by hunger, a scene took place, which to me appeared extremely comic: when he could not find gum and honey, he searched for roots, and ate them with much relish; especially one of a particular species, which unfortunately for me I found excellent and very refreshing, and which I greatly wished to partake of. But Kees was very cun-

ning, when he found any of this root, if I was not near him to claim my part, he made great haſte to devour it, having his eyes all the time directed towards me. By the diſtance I had to go before I could approach him, he judged of the time that he had to eat it alone; and I indeed arrived too late. Sometimes, however, when he was deceived in his calculation, and when I came upon him ſooner than he expected, he inſtantly endeavoured to conceal the morſels from me: but by means of a blow well applied, I obliged him to reſtore the reſt; and in my turn becoming maſter of the envied prey, he was obliged to receive laws from the ſtronger party. Kees entertained no hatred or rancour; and I eaſily made him comprehend how deteſtable that baſe ſelfiſhneſs was, of which he had ſet me an example.

To tear up theſe roots, he purſued a very ingenious method, which afforded me much amuſement. He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, and preſſing his fore paws firmly againſt the earth, and drawing his head backwards, the root generally followed; when this method, which required conſiderable force, did not ſucceed, he ſeized the tuft as before, as cloſe to the earth as he could, then throwing his heels over his head, the root always yielded to the jerk which he gave it. In our marches, when he found himſelf tired, he got upon the back of one of of my dogs, which had the complaiſance to carry him for whole hours together: one only, which was larger and ſtronger than the reſt, ought to have ſerved him for this purpoſe; but the cunning animal well knew how to avoid this drudgery. The moment he ſaw Kees upon his ſhoulders, he remained motionleſs and ſuffered the caravan to paſs on without ever ſtirring from the ſpot. The timorous Kees ſtill perſiſted; but as ſoon as he began to loſe ſight of us, he was obliged to diſmount, and both he and the dog ran with all their might to overtake us. For fear of being ſurprized, the dog dexterouſly ſuffered him to get before him, and watched with great attention. In ſhort, he had acquired an aſcendency over my whole pack, for which he was perhaps indebted to the ſuperiority of his inſtinct: for among animals, as among men, addreſs often gets the better of ſtrength. While at his meals Kees could not endure gueſts; if any of the dogs approached too near him at that time, he gave them a hearty blow, which theſe poltroons never returned; but ſcampered away as faſt as they could.

It appeared to me extremely ſingular, and I could not account for it, that, next to the ſerpent, the animal which he moſt dreaded, was one of his own ſpecies, whether it was that he was ſenſible that his being tamed had deprived him of great part of his faculties, and that fear had got poſſeſſion of his ſenſes; or that he was jealous, and dreaded a rivalſhip in my friendſhip. It would have been very eaſy for me to catch wild ones, and to tame them, but I never thought of it. I had given Kees a place in my heart, which no other after him could occupy: and I ſufficiently teſtified how far he might depend on my conſtancy. Sometimes he heard others of the ſame ſpecies making a noiſe in the mountain, and, notwithſtanding his terror, he thought proper, I know not for what reaſon, to reply to them: when they heard his voice, they approached: but as ſoon as he perceived any of them, he fled with horrible cries; and, running between our legs, implored the protection of every body, while his limbs quivered through fear; we found it no eaſy matter to calm him, but he gradu-

ally reſumed, after ſome time, his natural tranquillity. He was very much addicted to thieving, a fault common to almoſt all domeſtic animals: but in Kees it was diſguiſed into a talent, the ingenious efforts of which I admired. Notwithſtanding all the correction beſtowed upon him by my people, who took the matter ſeriouſly, he was never amended. He knew perfectly well how to untie the ropes of a baſket, to take proviſions from it; and above all, milk; of which he was remarkably fond; more than once he has made me go without any. I often beat him pretty ſeverely myſelf, but when he eſcaped from me, he did not appear at my tent till towards night.

In the courſe of the work, the reader will find ſome other entertaining particulars of this wily animal.

FORTITUDE *of* WOMEN.

(From the ſame.)

THE Annals of the Cape make mention of a great number of women who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by acts of intrepidity that might do honour to the moſt reſolute of the other ſex.

The tragical fate of a widow, who lived upon a very remote plantation with her two ſons, the eldeſt of whom was not above eighteen years of age, ſtill afforded a ſubject of converſation at the Cape when I arrived there. One obſcure night, ſhe and all her family being awakened by the kicking and bellowing of her oxen and cows, which were in an incloſure not far diſtant, every body flew to arms, and haſtened towards the place from which the noiſe proceeded. When they reached the ſpot, they found a lion, which, having got over the pales, was making dreadful devaſtation among the cattle; and no reſource was left but to enter the incloſure, to inveſt the ferocious animal, and to kill him. None of the ſlaves or Hottentots of this woman had, however, ſufficient courage to try this expedient; and even her two ſons would not venture to preſent themſelves before the ferocious beaſt. In this dilemma, the intrepid widow enters alone, armed with a fuſee, and penetrating to the lion, which on account of the darkneſs was ſcarcely perceptible, ſhe diſcharged her piece, but unluckily the animal being only wounded, darted upon her with the utmoſt fury, and threw her down. On hearing the cries of their poor mother, the two children haſtened to her relief, and having become deſperate at this horrid ſight, while the formidable lion was engaged with his prey, they fell upon him, and ſtrangled him, though too late, on the mangled corpſe of their mother. Beſides ſeveral deep wounds which ſhe had received in her throat, and ſeveral parts of her body, the lion had torn off one of her hands above the wriſt, and devoured it. Every poſſible aſſiſtance was immediately given her, but ſhe expired that evening in great agony, amidſt the unavailing lamentations of her children and ſlaves aſſembled around her.

Before relating this anecdote, M. de Vaillant ſays of the Hottentot women, "Courageous with reflection, their deliberate coolneſs knows neither obſtacles nor fear; being equally ſkilful as their huſbands in managing their horſes, and in the uſe of fire-arms, they are much more indefatigable, and never retreat on the appearance of danger: they are real Amazons.

I was acquainted with a widow who managed her own plantations, and

and when the wild beaſts came to alarm her flocks, ſhe mounted her horſe, followed them in cloſe purſuit, and never left them till ſhe had either deſtroyed them or obliged them to quit their poſſeſſions.

In one of my excurſions, two years after, to the great Nimigua land, I ſaw upon a very ſolitary plantation a young girl of twenty, who always accompanied her father on horſe back, when he took the field, at the head of his people, to repel the Boſhmen (a kind of inhuman ſavages) who came to diſturb his repoſe. In defiance of their poiſonous arrows, ſhe would purſue them with fury, overtake them in their courſe, and fire upon them without mercy.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I lately fell in with an old MS. of the Virtues of the Peterhead Well —of which I incloſe a Copy—I am not certain if it ever was before publiſhed. I have omitted a few clauſes, which are rather too homely and old-faſhioned for modern ears.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

The virtues of, and way to uſe the mineral and medicinal waters of the well of Peterhead in Scotland. By Andrew Moor, Doctor of Medicine.

THIS water, by the tryal of judicious men and manifold experiments of diſeaſed people of all ranks, ſexes, and ages, is found to to be nothing inferior to the Spaw mineral waters in Germany, and far to excell the wells of Bourbon, of Pongues, of Forges in France, of Porrecta in Italy, of Tunbridge, of Konneſberg, or any other as yet found out in Europe.

The mineral and metal through which theſe waters paſs, and whoſe tincture they carry with them, is Vitriol, and materia proxima omnium metallorum, as hath been often evident to the eye, taſte, and touch of the learned.

The Virtues of the Water.

It purgeth and waſheth viſcid and tartareous humours, extenuateth pituit, it voideth the liver, melt, meſeriacks, and other our intrails of whatſoever obſtructions are troubleſome to them; it tempereth the heat of the kidneys, purging and expelling their gravel, ſand, and ſtones, more forcibly than any other medicament; it hindereth concretion or congulation of ſand, reſiſting the generation of confirmed ſtones, and if confirmed diminiſheth them; it purgeth the bladder, and mundifieth the ſtone of viſcid pituit and mucoſity wherewith it is often environed, preparing it to be eaſily taken out by lithotomy; 'tis moſt profitable for the ulcers of the reins; it is alſo good for the inflammation of the eyes, ſo that the moſt precious and coſtly ophthalmick waters are not comparable to it; it helpeth the concoction of the ſtomach, and by aſtriction ſo doth ſtrengthen the ſame, that none can complain of harm; by its actual coldneſs, it quencheth thirſt, appeaſeth dolours, throwings of the belly, with cholick and iliac paſſions; It purifieth the blood, killeth and expelleth worms, chaſeth away fevers of all ſorts, cleanſeth the ſkin of ſcabs by lotion and bathing; it openeth the belly if bound, reſtraineth the fluxes thereof, working proportionably according to the neceſſity of nature, helping the defects thereof.

Theſe waters carry with them out of the body diverſe ways, all ſorts of excrementitious humours; ſome vomit,

vomit, voiding their ſtomach of ſuperfluous humors; ſome ſweat, ſending forth their obſtructions from their pores; and ſo theſe pure and clear waters, gracious both to palate and eyes, provoke many and diverſe evacuations, which ſcarce any artificial medicament could effectuate. They agree with both ſexes and all ages, reſtoring health loſt, and preſerving in integrity the preſent. Is there any any impurity or corruption offending nature; by what better, and more ſafe way, can it be extirpate, than by ſo excellent, and pure a thing as this? If any fever invade us, with what ſharp julep, what more convenient efficacious ſyrup of Lemons, ſhall you extinguiſh it, than with the balſamic acidity of our Medicinal water? is there any pain to quench, let this be your anodyne, this your only and ſafe laudanum or nepenthe, this your ſafeſt treacle, your wholeſome Alexipharmacum, and antidote to aboliſh poiſonable, peſtilent, and malign qualities: no bezoar, natural nor artificial, animal, mineral, or metallic, no alkermes comparable to this for corroborating the heart, that our bodies may by its comforting help continue in living ſtrength, and vigour.

Theſe and more virtues are proper to this panacea, whoſe ſalt is deterſive, purgative, diuretick, and univerſal voider and corrective of all impurities, and corruptions; its ſulphur a general and ſpiritual anoydne; its mercury an univerſal comfortative, which being all conjoined in one water, by the induſtrious working of nature, can furniſh us means, not only for our defence, but alſo for expulſion and ſuppreſſion of diſeaſes, as an excellent inſtrument appointed by God's providence for the help of mankind.

'Tis found by learned phyſicians, to be the only ſovereign ſpecific remedy (to which diſeaſed ſhould run as their laſt refuge upon earth, when all other artificial help is ineffectual,) for the diſeaſes of the liver, ſpleen, and kidneys, and all other rebellious obſtructions—yea, its virtues are not confined within the compaſs of the generality, but doth alſo reach to the particular diſeaſes of the infirmer ſex, which as it is more lovely and delicate than the other, ſo it is more opportune to its own defects, and is obnoxious to ſome proper diſeaſes, as far different from thoſe of men, as the one ſex is from the other.

Of the time when, and manner how theſe writers are to be taken.

He who is to drink of this water, either for curing diſeaſes, reſtoring health loſt, or preſerving it in being, avoiding future inconveniencies, ſhall come to this well, any time the weather is good, air dry and clear, but eſpecially in the Months of May, June, July, Auguſt, and September, reſting the firſt day after arrival; the next day, let him be purged with ſome fit medicament, by advice of ſome underſtanding and approved phyſician; The day following purgation, let him come to this well, (neither fear any hypercatharſis or ſuper-purgation) early in the morning faſting, yet after ſun riſing, and drink firſt a cup-full about the quantity of half a mutchkin, or half an Engliſh pint; half an hour thereafter take another cup full about the ſame quantity; and ſo for every half hour of two hours, two cups, which will make a Scottiſh chapin, or an Engliſh quart. The ſecond day, every half hour of two hours, two cups, which will make a Scottiſh pint. The third day, for every half hour of the foreſaid time, three cups, which will make three chapins; and ſo continue, twenty, thirty, forty days, or ſo long as the diſeaſe requireth, or affairs can permit. Walk a little betwixt drinking your cups, taking above the waters a little aniſe, coriander, cinnamon, or ſome good tablets

proper

proper for the diſeaſe, or tobacco to help the ſtomack to daunt and vanquiſh the actual coldneſs of the water. Ride to exerciſe your body, with any moderate recreation, until the moſt part of the water be voided, which will be ſoon; then dine upon meat of good digeſtion, proper to the nature of the perſon, and diſeaſe; after noon uſe ſuch recreation as occaſion ſhall offer, and ſup moderately. If the air be troubled with foggy miſts, or rain, or if the perſon be not able to travel conveniently, the water may be taken lying in bed with good ſucceſs. A day after you leave off drinking the water, take ſome other good purgative medicine by the foreſaid advice; after you return home, live a long time in a convenient air, with wholeſome meat and drink, moderate ſleep and exerciſe, avoiding repletion or immoderate evacuation, flee perturbation of mind, and in ſo doing, by the grace of God, you ſhall continue healthful even to your life's end.

Letter to Dr. Robertſon from the Director of the Spaniſh Academy.

[Extracted from the Gent. Mag.]

I BELIEVE the following letter from the Director of the Royal Academy of Hiſtory at Madrid, to Dr. Robertſon, on his Hiſtory of America, and the Doctor's anſwer, have not as yet appeared in Engliſh. I found them in an ingenious deſcription of Spain, publiſhed at Geneva in 1780, by Mr. Perron, a French gentleman, ſince dead. If the letters are *new* here, and you will accept this tranſlation, it is at your ſervice. Mr. Perron has given them in the original Spaniſh, with a French tranſlation.

I am, &c. S. H.

P. S. I ſee by the Reviews, that a French gentleman has adopted much of Mr. Peyron's work in an Account of Spain, which he has lately publiſhed; but probably theſe letters did not intereſt him as they would do an Engliſhman.

Mr. Peyron, giving an account of the Literary Societies at Madrid, ſays: "The Academy of Hiſtory owes its origin to ſome meetings of men of letters, whoſe ideas and converſation upon different ſubjects of literature ſoon fixed to one point, which was to preſerve and illuſtrate the hiſtorical monuments of the Spaniſh monarchy. Their labours attracted the notice of Philip the Vth, who in 1738, approved their ſtatutes, and granted them a charter. When Dr. Robertſon publiſhed his "Hiſtory of America, it met," ſays Mr. Peyron, "with the reception it deſerved. Above all, the author was praiſed for having ſpoken with more moderation than any other had done, of the cruelties exerciſed by the firſt Spaniards in the new world. A tranſlator was choſen among the members of the Academy, that Dr. R's Hiſtory might be known by all Spain, and become, as it were, a national book. M. Campomanes, the Director of the Academy, and one of the moſt learned men in Spain, was charged to write to this reſpectable Hiſtorian, in the name of the Academy, and to acquaint him, that they had admitted him as one of their members, in order to give him a proof of the eſteem in which they held his book, and of their gratitude. M. Campomanes accordingly wrote as follows:

SIR, *Madrid, Sept.* 26, 1777.

It appears unneceſſary to take up time in acquainting you with the real and deſerved eſteem in which all well-informed Spaniards hold your works, and with the motives which engage me to write to you.

After

After having publiſhed with an admirable preciſion, with a truth and an exactneſs worthy of you, the Hiſtory of your own country, you undertook in that of Charles the Vth to deſcribe a ſituation the moſt delicate in which Europe ever found itſelf: you acquitted yourſelf in a manner which excited general admiration; you diſcovered the moſt profound ſecrets of our monarchy. But what ſhall I ſay of your excellent diſcourſe on the feudal ſyſtem, from the fall of the Weſtern Empire, to the time of Charles the Vth? It is there that we ſee new light thrown upon the peculiar cuſtoms which the Barbarian Tartars mixed with a ſovereign contempt for the vanquiſhed, and their neglect of all claſſes of open towns, except a few privileged ones; there was then no more true love for the arts; the moſt uſeful diſcoveries, the ſciences, were abandoned, and in their place the ſubtilties of the ſchools gained ground; ſhut up at firſt in the obſcure and ſolitary retreats of the Cloiſters, they at length were brought into open day in the Univerſities. It is certain that the diſcoveries of the Eaſt and Weſt were among the cauſes which delivered Europe from the feudal ſpirit. In the two firſt volumes of your Hiſtory of America, you give to theſe diſcoveries ſuch a regular ſeries and connexion with ancient hiſtory, as few can equal. I have read the firſt book with an admiration, a pleaſure, that I cannot expreſs; I felt the ſame in the famous controverſy concerning the Biſhop of Chiapa, which you have explained with ſo much ability.

My firſt intention was to write to you more at length; but at preſent I muſt confine myſelf to the ſending you the title of *Academician*, which the Royal Academy of Hiſtory has unanimouſly charged me to convey to you by means of my Lord Grantham. I flatter myſelf, if the multiplicity of affairs with which I am at preſent overwhelmed, will permit me, that I ſhall by and by addreſs ſome obſervations to you; the firſt of which ſhall be, whether the laws and the ſpirit of the feudal ſyſtem have ever had footing in Spain.

The tranſlation of your Hiſtory of America, which Don Ramon de Guevara is making under the inſpection of the Academy, is in a ſtyle truly original, and which ſeems to give with a great deal of propriety, the fluency and the eloquent diction of the original.

I thank you, for my own particular, for the honour which you do me in your writings. My occupations are ſo many that they do not leave me ſufficient leiſure to reflect ſo ſeriouſly as I wiſh to do, on a compariſon of the different ages, cuſtoms, diverſity of government and cauſes, which have had an influence on the political cataſtrophes of the moſt celebrated nations; it is you who are able to do this, as well in your cloſet, as if you were amongſt us, without ſuffering yourſelf to be warped by any partiality. This I avow ſincerely to be my ſentiment: I can aſſure you, without flattery, that few books have obtained ſo ſolid an eſteem among the learned of my country, as yours has done.

I pray God to preſerve you many years.

To this polite and flattering letter the Doctor made the following reply.

SIR, *The College at Edinburgh, Jan.* 3, 1778.

MY Lord Grantham has had the goodneſs to tranſmit me the letter which you have had the trouble of writing to me, and which acquaints me with the ſingular and unexpected honour done me by the Royal Academy of Hiſtory. If a favourable opinion conceived of an author, by men who unite candour with learning, is

one of the moſt pleaſing rewards; how much more flattering and valuable to him is it to have the unanimous approbation of a body diſtinguiſhed by the merit and the talents of its individual members!

When it was neceſſary for me, in my Hiſtory of Charles the Vth, to trace back the ancient conſtitution of the Spaniſh monarchy; and after that, when I ventured to develope the plan, and the interior government of its colonies in the New World; I perceived all the difficulties which a ſtranger muſt neceſſarily encounter in ſuch a work. I endeavoured to get the better of them by ſearching with much care for the truth in original authors, and the public laws of the country: taking care, as much as poſſible, to avoid the prejudices too apt to be imbibed in the ſpirit of a man born under a government, and in religion, very oppoſite in form and ſyſtem to the ſtate and the worſhip of the nation which I had undertaken to deſcribe. The favour done me by the Academy, in approving my writings, perſuades me that ſo many errors have not eſcaped me as I at firſt feared would have done; or elſe that the reſpectable members, who were willing to aſſociate me with them, have caſt a favourable eye on my faults, in conſideration of my endeavours to avoid them.

If you will have the goodneſs to inform me in what manner I can cooperate with the laudable and important labours of the Academy, I ſhould conſider it a glory to contribute to them, and I ſhould eſteem myſelf happy to find a new occaſion of manifeſting my zeal for a nation which I have reſpected more than ſeveral foreign writers have done, only becauſe I have ſtudied to know it better.

Permit me to expreſs my happineſs in reflecting on the honour which I receive in the new connexion which I enter into with you, and in ſeeing myſelf under the immediate direction of a perſon whoſe talents I have long admired, and from whoſe writings I have drawn a fund of information.

Condeſcend, Sir, to add one more obligation to the goodneſs with which you have overwhelmed me; it is, to expreſs to all the members of the Academy my ſentiments of reſpect, eſteem, and gratitude. I have the honour to be, with all due attention, illuſtrious Sir, your moſt obedient and devoted ſervant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

*** In one year after this anſwer was written, in January 1779, the government thought fit to prohibit the book which had occaſioned his being received into the Academy; orders were given to all the cuſtom-houſes to prevent its importation into the kingdom in any language whatever, and to the Academy of Hiſtory to name two of its members to attack and criticize the work of Dr. Robertſon; their anſwer was, that they would willingly name them, if at the ſame time they were permitted to chooſe two others to prepare a defence. The tranſlation, which was about to have been ſent to the preſs, was involved in this proſcription. S.H.

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER LXIII.

Thurſday June 3d, 1790.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been ſick,
And give us, in recitals of diſeaſe,
A Doctor's trouble, but without the fees:
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic ſped;

No-

Nothing is ſlightly touch'd, much
leſs forgot,
Noſe, ears and eyes ſeem preſent
on the ſpot.
Now the diſtemper, ſpite of draught
or pill,
Victorious ſeem'd, and now the
Doctor's ſkill;
And now—alas for unforeſeen miſ-
haps!
They put on a damp night cap, and
relapſe;
They thought they muſt have died,
they were ſo bad,
Their peeviſh hearers almoſt wiſh
they had.

Cowper's Poems.

AFTER having already, "at ſundry times and in divers manners," treated on Converſation, as a ſource both of inſtruction and amuſement, and after having preſumed to give ſome advice on the ſubject, it would ill become me to reſume it again without a preface ſo well written as that which Mr Cowper furniſhes, and which I intend as a prologue to the following obſervations—not like our modern prologues, which have no relation to the play, for theſe lines will be found to have a very intimate connexion.

I don't know whether on ſome occaſions the hope of being able to relate paſt dangers may not in a great degree ſtimulate us to encounter them. Old ſoldiers and ſeamen, though they may have expoſed themſelves to ruin which appeared inevitable, and braved dangers from which there ſeemed no poſſibility of eſcaping, yet relate their adventures without any recollection of horror, and their chief pleaſure ſeems to ariſe from magnifying what they certainly muſt once have wiſhed to be diminiſhed. Perhaps this pleaſure in recounting paſt dangers may account for the whim of ſome people who endeavour to amuſe company by relating the hiſtory, ſymptoms, violence and cure of all the diſorders they have ſuffered. I chooſe to refer it to this principle, a principle of vanity, and not to a diſpoſition merely talkative, becauſe where the latter is the caſe, there are ſurely a multitude of occurring ſubjects far more pleaſant to comment upon than burning fevers, broken limbs, and torturing rheumatiſms.

A company I was lately in brought to my mind the lines I have quoted from Cowper. When I entered the room, an elderly lady had got as far in a nervous fever as to be ſuppoſed paſt recovery; before, however, I had been ten minutes in the room, the criſis took place, and the bark being thrown in, in doſes which were very minutely deſcribed, ſhe had the ſatisfaction to aſſure us that ſhe recovered perfectly in two months, and that Dr — had recommended her to go to the country and drink goats whey and milk—which nevertheleſs did not agree ſo well with her, turning ſour on her ſtomach, &c. &c.

Thoſe troubleſome ſymptoms in time abated—and ſhe was ſucceeded in diſeaſe by another lady who ſat by her, and who aſſured her that all ſhe had ſuffered was nothing at all to her own ſufferings—that the Doctors for a long time could make nothing of her caſe—for it was ſuch a caſe—it began in her head—and then it went to her heart—and then ſhe thought her ſtomach was full of pins and needles—and then her bowels—they were ſo torn, and tattered—that in ſhort, the Doctors and 'Potecaries could give her nothing, as ſhe termed it, "but *ſimple* things," and then ſhe got well—but ſhe ſuffered ſo much that ſhe thought ſhe ſhould have died.—

Here this lady made a full ſtop, expecting the opinion of the company, and we could do no leſs than compliment her on having ſuffered ſo much,

and remembering it ſo perfectly —Mrs —— began next, and lying under the inconvenience of having enjoyed perfect health as long as ſhe could remember, ſhe had recourſe to her daughter's ſmall-pox, which to do her juſtice were of a very bad kind, and the young lady had been in great danger—I had ſome hopes that as we had now arrived at the diſeaſes of infancy, we ſhould there ſtop;—but Sir Jaſper, an elderly batchelor of one of the Inns of Court, played off a fit of the gout with amazing ſucceſs, and deſcribed his aches and pains in a ſtile ſo pathetic and piteous, that they could not help applauding his performance—and the debate went on.—

Miſs — a beautiful young lady, and to all appearance a very *Hygeia*, next began, and by the aſſiſtance of a decayed tooth which the Surgeon broke in attempting to draw, and afterwards *punched* out, ſhe came in for no ſmall ſhare of the torments of our party—and to convince me that her loſs was irreparable, ſhe pretended to ſhow the vacancy left by the departure of her tormentor—but this was a trick, for it only produced a declaration that "ſhe had very pretty teeth."—

It was now my turn, yet I determined, if not ſpecially ſummoned, to remain in good health both as to the paſt and preſent. The company, however, would not permit a ſingularity of this nature, and the *Lady of the Nervous Fever* begged to know if I ever now felt any inconvenience from an arm broken by accident ſome years ago—I anſwered "No, Ma'am"—but "No Ma'am" would not do—and Miſs exclaiming "break your arm! La! how did you do it?" Here all reſiſtance was in vain—and, determining if poſſible to bear away the honours of this *ſick ward*, I explained how it happened—wherein I was active, namely in going into a chaiſe wilfully—wherein I was paſſive, namely in tumbling out of the chaiſe, *nil he will he*—from thence I paſſed on to fractures ſimple and compound, reduction of fractures, luxations, rollers, bandages, ſplints and "all that thereunto do belong"——I gave ſuch ſatisfaction, and ſo hit the taſte of the company in relating my diſtreſſes, that they paid me many compliments, and I verily believe were of opinion that nothing leſs than amputation could excell me—The Apothecary who attended the family, and who, being a relation, viſited *en famille*, now happened to drop in, and we had a freſh round of diſeaſes, to all which he made very conſiderable additions—Finding that this converſation was too agreeable to be given up, I haſtily recollected an engagement, and left the company *incurable*, determined, if ever I viſited this Hoſpital again, to provide myſelf with a compleat ſet of Clinical Caſes, and a box of inſtruments for the ſake of thoſe who are curious in demonſtrations.

Poetry.

To the PRINTER *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

HARK, Mr Printer, lend your ear,
The ſound of war approaches near;
In every ſtreet and lane
We hear the bagpipe ſhrilly play,
"The King commands and we'll obey;"
Or, "Tourville on the main."

You tell the world all that paſſes,
Except that half the world are aſſes;
But that you will not even hint:
Yet, if you would preſume to try it,
No SINGLE BLOCKHEAD durſt deny it,
If it appear'd in Print.

See, in the Coffee Room, the pews
Are fill'd with Quidnuncs, gaping for the news;

Some

Some of them cannot read!
But yet they hear, and ſeem to under-
ſtand,
Then fly to tell thro' all the liſtening
land,
Whoſe Dog is dead!

To-morrow too, theſe aſſes muſt be
baited,
Prepare a murder ſhockingly related;
Some rogue, perhaps a butcher, draws
his knife,
And in twelve different places ſtabs his
wife—
O cruel wretch!!
Let them at this diſtort their faces,
And groan out all their *common places*,
'Twould move Jack Ketch.

Another paragraph proclaims
A liſt of new made Peers—ſuch names!
The virtuous and the wiſe, ordain'd
by fate,
To be by royal mandate, good and
great;
L—d help the people:—
They're juſt as happy reading, where
it tells,
The ſtory of *the* ringing of *the* bells
In ſome church ſteeple.

Give them but reading, Mr Printer,
And daſh as I do, at a venture:
You cannot err—unleſs you publiſh *this*,
It may be taken very much amiſs.
Aberdeen, May 12, 1790.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

THE GOLFIAD.

OF wars, of conqueſts, and the
dire diſputes
Of wrangling princes, potentates and
pow'rs,
Sing meaner bards. But ſuch *my*
muſe diſdains;
Mounted on Eagle-wing, ſhe ſoars
aloft,
Nor thinks on princes, potentates and
pow'rs,
But on the Golf.—This theme,
(ſublimer far
Than aught has yet been ſung,) em-
ploys her thoughts
Sans intermiſſion from the morn to eve,
From ſable ev'ning to the morning's
ray.
Hail! happy exerciſe, alike the joy
Of lord or baron, nay of ev'ry
ſphere;
That as with magic touch, afar diſ-
pels
Or pains rheumatic or the tort'ring
gout,
Vile brood of pamper'd luxury and
ſloth,
Pickpockets of our lives, who, while
thy ſons
Enjoy the ſpring, and wear health's
roſeate bloom,
Bring winter's hoar and wrinkles—
beauty's foe;
Fit meed for thoſe who know not how
to prize
The good that nature gives.—For
ſhame to think,
That we receiv'd this godlike frame,
ſupplied
With bone, joint, nerve, and purple
currents warm,
And the ſole uſe was but to loll at
eaſe,
Supine within the downy ſofa's arms;
Or at th' o'erloaded board to gor-
mandize
With each choice viand, plagues for
other days.
Well might indeed ſuch ſentiments
beſeem
The tenants of the Eaſt, whoſe
proud Baſhaws
Croſs-legged ſit beneath the plantain
ſhade,
Immured in clouds of ignorance and
ſmoke;
But ſuit not well with Caledonia's
youth.
Heav'n gave us life, and bade us
that improve;
Would you pleaſe Heaven, be of uſe
to man,
But who ere yet on man could aught
beſtow,
That ſpent his life in hateful indo-
lence?

It

It brings diſtempers, ſickneſs, ſours the mind,
And when the mind is ſadden'd by diſeaſe,
Self is its only aim, nor does it feel
For once a wiſh to mitigate the ills
Attendant ſtill on indigence and woe.
Start from your ſlumbers then, and yet once more,
Ere life begins to wane, enjoy the breeze
Infuſing vigour thro' each ſlacken'd nerve:
So ſhall your riſing progeny receive
Health with their breath, nor will the cynic ſay,
"Our race is dwindling to a puny brood."
The parent tree, knotted and ſtrong, diſtends
To ev'ry ſprout a portion of its ſtrength,
They ſoon grow up, do credit to their ſire;
While thoſe which firſt ariſe from ſickly roots
Grow up indeed, but cannot ſtand alone,
And like the unprop'd hop, along the ground
Feebly they crawl, diſturb'd by ev'ry blaſt.
Forth to the field then, ſhare the manly ſport,
Which tho' it be not like the hunters toil,
Debaſed by blood, yet yields us ſtrange delight;
The ſoul expanded feels the gen'ral joy,
And all is then to ſweet compaſſion wrought.
Scarce paſt the hour when round the tea-board throng
Old maids and matrons, lovely dames and beaux,
Who waſte in ſilly chat the fleeting time,
When from the town two jovial youths eſſay'd,
Henry and Edwin; eager for the game
With ſnow-white balls and clubs of yielding aſh
Nice taper'd to the end, where horn and lead
Together join'd, ſerve to impel the blow.
Henry of middle ſize—and limbs well turn'd,
With jetty locks, and beard of raven hue,
Gave to the eye a whole, completely wrought,
Such as of yore the ſwains of Scotia were;
But ſtrange to tell, nor yet leſs true tho' ſtrange,
Cold to the fair, elſe would not Phillis ſigh
Each tedious hour for Henry ſtill in vain.
Edwin ſlender and tall, with flaxen hair,
Blue eye and ſmooth white face, thro' which the red
Scarce peeps, ſave when beſide the fair he ſtands,
(When all his viſage ſhews a roſy grace)
Seem'd more of modern growth,—not cold his heart,
For well the pow'r of mighty love he knew,
And ſighs oft whiſper'd Arabella's name.
Tho' in this note ununiſon'd their minds,
Yet both were bound by friendſhip's holy ties,
Save at the Golf, when each would each ſubdue.
They reach'd the plain, and for the game prepare,
Stretch'd out their arms and pliant made their joints,
And on a mound then ſetting well their golfs,
They took their aim and ſent them far before.
Outſtripp'd was Edwin's by his rival's blow,
But this was half deſign, for reaſon ſage
Suggeſted to his breaſt and quietly ſaid,
"At the firſt onſet ſpend not all your force."

He

He took th' advice and profited thereby;
Henry leſs politic, too heedleſs drew
With all his might the health reviving club,
Nor cautious kept a body of reſerve.
So the firſt goal he gain'd—Again they ſet
The rolling ball, again they took their aim,
But Henry's now ſoon halted in the rear, [ſtake.
So Edwin conquer'd with the ſecond
Again they ſet, again they took their aim
And both the balls a mighty diſtance flew;
But Edwin's lighting in a treach'rous gulf,
Deep in the ſand it forc'd its luckleſs way.
Twice did he try, but twice he tried in vain
To extricate from thence the hidden ball.
Thus to be baffled was too much to bear,
Rage ſeiz'd him all, and ſparkled in his eye;
So looks the tiger from his prey withheld.
He tried once more, but ſtriking fierce the ground
Craſh went the club, nor yet the ball aroſe,
Tho' clods flew high; earth felt the mighty wound,
And join'd her groans to ſullen Neptune's roar.
As ſinks the wave when Boreas' blaſts decreaſe,
So Edwin's rage ſoon ſunk into a calm;
He join'd the laugh (oft at misfortune rais'd)
And gave this goal to Henry's better fate.—
But from the page attendant on their ſteps,
He now with care choſe out another club,
And luckier grown, 'twas he that conquer'd next.
Each ſeven goals alternately had gain'd,
When o'er the green, to taſte the ev'ning breeze,
Came Arabella and a num'rous train
Of ſprightly dames, companions of her time
Each taken by herſelf look'd well, 'tis true,
But placed by lovely Arabella's ſide.
They were but foils to ſhew her beauty more,
Who ſhone like Phœbus midſt his leſſer orbs.
Quick Edwin knew the fair, glow'd with delight
And thus to Henry eagerly he ſpoke,
" Renew the ſport, and fierce the conteſt be,
Of great importance now who wins the day."
Henry complied, and ſet the ball anew,
Which ſtruck, diſdain'd the earth, and mounting high,
Like ſome proud boaſter ſpent its force in air.
Next Edwin drew, but ere he gave the blow,
He pious thus the Cyprian Queen addreſs'd;
" Daughter of Jove, O hear my ardent pray'r,
" Brace firm each ſinew, and impel my arm,
" That o'er my rival I ſucceſsful be,
" And ſhew me worthy of the maid I love.
" So ſhall the victim on thy altar bleed."
The pray'r was heard, and from the azure ſky,
Propitious ſign, ſudden a milk white Dove
Darting there came, and flew acroſs the plain
The happy omen gladden'd Edwin's heart,

And graſping firm the club, he took his aim;
Quick roſe the ball, and whiſtled as it went,
'Till three ſhort ſpace within the goal it fell.
" 'Tis mine" he cried, " the *fifteenth* goal is mine."
Pleas'd Arabella ſaw from where ſhe ſtood
Her Hero's ſkill—and from her neck ſhe took
A band of gloſſy ſilk, which round his arm
In graceful knots ſhe tied. " Wear " this, ſhe ſaid,
" And ſtill return the victor from the field."
But Sol now down the weſt had far declined,
And o'er yon gilded hill but half was ſeen;
His ſlanting beams gave giant-length-like ſhades,
And told each Golfer evening was near.
Homeward they turn'd, and as each foot they moved,
They ſkiff'd the dew that bended down the graſs.

J. M.

Sonnet on the Bad Weather.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

S'BLOOD! what arch devil now rules the vernal air,
And turns to winter's breath its balmy ſweets?
This may reduce us all to meagre fare—
Perhaps ev'n to Sir Joſeph Banks's *beets!*

Yet, 'tis an ill wind blows nobody good;
That might turn out a pretty job for Jo,
To build a jolly green ſtall in Soho,
And there retail the *Mangel Worzul* food.

To which if providently he could add
A *quantum ſufficit* of full-fed *fleas*,
We might defy the Devil and weather bad,
Secure of ſav'ry meat obtain'd with eaſe:

At cod and parſnips then we ſhould cry piſh—
The *beet* our *parſnip*, and the *flea* our *fiſh!*

EPIGRAMS.

THE ORIGIN OF OYSTER EATING,

Written with a Pencil on the inſide of an Oyſter Shell.

HE who at firſt converted me to meat,
Mere malice, and not hunger, urg'd to eat;
The greedy wretch, ſearching for pearls, unlock'd
My caſque, and eat me cauſe his hopes were mock'd.

Suppoſed for the MONUMENT *of the* P——R *at* R—E.

REMOTE from Britain, in this foreign ſhrine,
Ends the laſt hope of S—rt's ancient line.
Reflection muſt excite the generous tear,
And Royalty ſecure will learn to fear.
O, ye of Britain's Iſle—no more unjuſt,
Your hearts acknowledge here your Ch—s's duſt.
The virtuous in the Tomb their rights maintain,
Alive, his virtues challeng'd them in vain.

THE

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LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

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The VISION *of* FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

Les Femmes y ſont belles & agréables; mais ſimples, modeſtes & laborieuſes.—Elles gagnent confiance, & charment moins par leur Beauté que par leur Vertue. FENELON.

Hail wedded Love! myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offſpring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men,
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother firſt were known.
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets!
Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here, and revels. MILTON.

IN the ſmiling month of May, when nature puts on her faireſt and gayeſt robes, I went to the country to ſpend a week or two at a friend's houſe. The diſtance from town being but a few miles, I walked thither, and as I went along amuſed myſelf with the picturesque ſcenes which were preſented to my view. The Gentleman whom I viſited had juſt retired from the buſtle and hurry of commercial life, and had reſolved to ſpend the remainder of his days, amidſt the ſweets of paſtoral ruſticity—the villa where he reſided was ſmall but neat, and the garden adjoining the manſion delightful beyond expreſſion; through the middle of it ran a clear and purling rivulet, which poured itſelf by a beautiful caſcade into a large circular baſon, where the finny tribe baſked in the ſun, and ſported with unuſual cheerfulneſs—the garden was portioned out with the greateſt degree of elegance and taſte, and the ſtatues and obeliſks were ſo judiciouſly interſperſed throughout the whole, that they caught the eye at each opening avenue, and had the fineſt effect on the ſpectator's imagination.—I muſt not forget to mention, that within this charming incloſure was a piece of riſing ground, in form reſembling the tapering cone: from its top was an enchanting proſpect of the ſurrounding country—the landſcape was ſtored with ſome of the moſt beautiful objects in nature; you were delighted by beholding the luxuriant paſtures—the lowing herd and the playful lambkins—but why ſhould I attempt to deſcribe the lovely ſcene? ſince

ſince to give it its full beauty and colouring, would require the moſt maſterly ſtrokes of the glowing pencil. On the ſide however of this riſing hillock was a ſolitary cave, ſomething like Trophonius's of old; but embelliſhed with ſome of the choiceſt curioſities which the foſſile and vegetable kingdoms could afford. The entrance into this hermitage was hid from the ſight of man by a groupe of trees, and its inſide was well calculated to inſpire the penſive ſoul, with all the pleaſing melancholy of ſolitude.

The Owner of this enchanting ſpot had four lovely daughters, who were as olive plants around the good man's table: they vied with one another in expreſſions of filial affection, and they ſeemed anxious (almoſt to a degree of officiouſneſs) to promote the felicity of their worthy parents. It was pleaſing to ſee each of them doing her utmoſt to ſmooth the brow of declining years, and to leſſen the diſagreeable burden which ariſes from the decrepitude of age. During my viſit I could not but obſerve with ſecret delight and admiration that mildneſs of temper and that amiableneſs of diſpoſition, which were viſible in the ſweet ſiſters. They had all of them a moderate ſhare of beauty, and their minds were greatly improved and refined by a good education. We ſpent our leiſure hours either in walking through the garden, or in delighting ourſelves with the tuneful melody of the harpſichord, for the three elder ſiſters could play with ſuperior ſkill on that charming inſtrument. Every morning while I ſtayed we hailed the riſing ſun, and our ſpirits were exhilarated by contemplating the beauties of nature. The cuckoo entertained us with his reiterated but cheering note expreſſive of ſpring's return, and the feathered ſongſters of the grove, hopping from ſpray to ſpray, did not fail to charm us by the warbling of their little throats. We paſſed the whole time of my viſit in the moſt innocent feſtivity, and when the period of my return came, I was ſurpriſed at the ſuddenneſs of its approach, and bid this happy family an adieu, not without the tendereſt ſentiments of regret.

On my way homewards my thoughts were naturally employed in muſing on the amiable ſiſterhood whom I had left behind me, and with whom I had ſpent ſo many a cheerful hour. Finding myſelf conſiderably fatigued when near the end of my journey, I ſat myſelf down upon a ſloping bank, which was beautifully adorned by the kind hand of nature. The evening was calm and ſerene; and the ſky was lightly tinged with all the luxuriancy of variegated colour: Silent and ſtill was every thing around me.

"Save where the Beetle wheel'd his droning flight
And drowſy Tinklings lull'd the diſtant folds."

Thus ſituated I indulged my meditation on the fair ſex in general, and leaning my head upon my hand I inſenſibly exclaimed, "Who can eſtimate *female worth?* what heart is there ſo hard as to be inſenſible to the *charms of female excellence?*" juſt as I uttered this ſoliloquy I fell into a profound ſleep, and the following imaginary train of circumſtances was preſented to my view.

I thought I ſaw before me a large extended plain bounded only by the horizon: upon this plain, was erected a magnificent and ſtately throne of curious workmanſhip, and beautified with the coſtlieſt ornaments that can be imagined; before this throne was aſſembled a prodigious concourſe of females, whoſe garments were white as the virgin ſnow, and whoſe fair countenances beſpake an anxiety, which could ariſe from no other ſource but the eagerneſs of curioſity.

The

The ſpectators on this occaſion were very numerous, and what was the more remarkable, chiefly conſiſted of young men of every claſs and deſcription. After I had for a while contemplated this extraordinary ſcene, I inquired of a venerable ſage that ſtood near me, who were the individuals that compoſed the aſſembly, and for what purpoſe they were met. He thus briefly replied, "You muſt know, my young friend, that the fair ſex from the middle and higher walks of life, are aſſembled upon yonder plain; the throne you behold is to be filled by the GODDESS of FEMALE EXCELLENCE; we immediately expect her deſcent, when ſhe will addreſs the aſſembly, on their behaviour and conduct, in paſſing through the world, and give thoſe directions to her fair auditors, by which their lives ought ever to be regulated." I rejoiced in no ſmall degree in being preſent on ſuch an intereſting occaſion, and was determined to be an attentive ſpectator of every thing that ſhould happen. The moment I thus congratulated myſelf on the happineſs of my ſituation, I was ſtartled by the joyful acclamations of the multitude, which exceeded every thing I had heard before, and which it ſeemed were occaſioned by the appearance of the Goddeſs herſelf; her deſcent from the ſky was rapid and magnificent, and her preſence like the meridian ſun, threw a vivid luſtre over every object around her. "Grace was in all her ſteps, heaven in her eye, in every geſture, dignity and love." She was one of the moſt beautiful females I ever beheld; there was ſomething ſtrikingly peculiar in her countenance, form, attitude and dreſs, which I ſhall never forget, and which words however figurative cannot fully expreſs; her perſon was tall and graceful; in her countenance was united the beauty of youth with the ſedateneſs of maturer years; her habiliments were ſimple yet elegant; her eyes were black as a ſloe, and roſy health mantled on her cheek. She poſſeſſed all the mildneſs and ſweetneſs of feminine beauty, her appearance was of the moſt enchanting nature, and her whole perſon had that dignified and engaging air, which at once commands the higheſt veneration and reſpect. The Graces in beauteous array ſat on each ſide of her, and Cupid, little Cupid, with his bewitching ſmiles hovered o'er her head.

The lovely perſonage having ſeated herſelf on the throne, a profound ſilence ſomething like the univerſal ſtillneſs of midnight, prevailed throughout the whole aſſembly; every eye was ſteadily fixed upon the Goddeſs; and every breaſt glowed with feveriſh expectation. She then aroſe with a ſweet but majeſtic air, and addreſſed her fair audience in theſe mild and tender accents.

"YE DAUGHTERS of MEN, you are aſſembled this day for the moſt important purpoſe. I wiſh to diſcloſe to you my ſentiments concerning a ſubject, with which you ought all to be intimately acquainted. Give ear, I beſeech you, to what may be advanced, for be aſſured, I have your deareſt intereſts at heart, and I breathe the warmeſt wiſhes for your future proſperity and ſucceſs.

The Creator, in the plenitude of his wiſdom and goodneſs, made *Woman* to be an *help mate* to *Man;* to this end, you are poſſeſſed of a ſimilar form, endued with an intelligent ſoul, and furniſhed with thoſe paſſions and diſpoſitions which are neceſſary to anſwer the purpoſes of your exiſtence. To moſt of your ſex nature hath kindly given the graceful form—the well proportioned feature—the engaging mien—and the delicate complexion—but know, that the charms of beauty and the graces

graces of external appearance, however enchanting in themſelves, are of little worth, if unaccompanied with the more ſolid accompliſhments of the mind. To theſe more valuable qualities I am now deſirous of turning your attention. Let the enumeration of theſe ſeveral excellencies kindle within each of your boſoms a noble ſpirit of virtuous emulation; ſit not down in ſlothful inactivity and ſhameful indolence; you certainly were deſigned by your creator for ſome nobler end, than to flutter about like gaudy and inſignificant inſects, fond of outward ſhow. You are capable of much higher attainments than you imagine; why not ſeek them with unceaſing aſſiduity? why not cultivate them with the moſt fervent enthuſiaſm? liſten I intreat you to me. I'll tell you what theſe attainments are—but as I proceed in their enumeration, you muſt think it your real intereſt as well as your indiſpenſable duty to be fully in the poſſeſſion of them.

Attend to the improvement of your minds; this is a point of the utmoſt conſequence. I do not hereby mean that you ſhould be verſed in the profound parts of literature. I do not require any of you to be good linguiſts, acute philoſophers, or expert mathematicians. The abſtruſe ſciences have no connection with domeſtic life. I wiſh you to poſſeſs ſuch a kind of knowledge and ſuch a degree of it, as might be ſufficient to render you fit companions for the more intelligent of the other ſex. The too common neglect of intellectual accompliſhments among you, my beloved females, has given riſe to one of the falſeſt libels that ever the ingenious malice of calumny invented. It hath been aſſerted, that your underſtandings are weak and conſequently incapable of any great degree of culture. Illiberal thought! does not the exiſtence of a Dacier, a Macauly, a Barbauld, a Montague, a More and a Williams, plainly prove the abſurdity of ſuch a poſition? It may be granted indeed, that your minds are more formed for reliſhing works of taſte and imagination, than for comprehending the Principia of the immortal Newton; but this conceſſion when underſtood in its utmoſt extent, only declares, that nature by the peculiar delicacy of your frame, and your greater ſuſceptibility of tender emotions, hath fitted you more for the cultivation of one branch of knowledge than another. Is not the wiſdom of providence conſpicuous in ſuch an arrangement? you are the better capacitated for the leſs active ſcenes in which you are to be engaged. By reading and meditation then improve and ſtrengthen the faculties of your minds: Memoirs, Voyages, Travels and Poetry, if judiciouſly choſen, will amply repay the time ſpent upon them. Novels and Romances are books that ſhould be read with great caution; many of them ſerve no other purpoſe than to inflame the imagination and to give falſe views of human life; conſult ſome friend who has a good taſte, a ſound judgment and the ſtricteſt regard to morality and religion, he will recommend to your peruſal thoſe alone which are worthy of your regard. The fair and inſtructive page both of profane and ſacred hiſtory ſhould ever lie open before you; the gradual riſe, progreſs and fall of kingdoms and individuals, will teach you the moſt excellent leſſons, and give you that extenſive knowledge of human nature, of which no perſon ſhould be deſtitute who pretends to any degree of refinement. Geography and chronology have been juſtly ſtiled the handmaids of hiſtory, you muſt therefore call in their aſſiſtance before you can fully perceive the beauty and propriety of the hiſtorian's tale. Aſtronomy alſo is well

well worthy your attention, you ſhould not be unacquainted with its firſt principles, and theſe have been laid down with ſo much clearneſs and perſpicuity as to render the knowledge of them an eaſy attainment. Surely it muſt be delightful to trace thoſe ſignatures of wiſdom and goodneſs which are every where impreſſed on the works of creation, and to know ſomething of that general law by which your days and your nights, your ſummers and your winters are brought about with ſuch aſtoniſhing regularity. Be converſant likewiſe with the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, Idler, Rambler, Adventurer, Mirror, and other publications of a ſimilar kind; you will find them a perpetual fund of rational entertainment and inſtruction. Your leiſure hours may be ſpent in muſic, painting and neceſſary viſits. Improve therefore your minds in the manner already ſpecified, and you'll have no reaſon to complain of the tediouſneſs of time or the inſipidity of your enjoyments. An improved mind hath been juſtly compared to a fine piece of poliſhed marble, which preſents to the eye of the ſpectator the many beautiful ſpots and veins wherewith its ſurface is adorned.

I earneſtly recommend to you all the cultivation of a good temper. Here you muſt not underſtand me as if I inculcated a paſſive obedience to the other ſex without any kind of reſerve. I do not wiſh you to poſſeſs that puſillanimity of ſoul, which reſents no inſults, and which makes you regardleſs of every thing that is done to you. By a good temper I mean that deſirable diſpoſition of mind which inclines the poſſeſſor to be contented and chearful with the lot aſſigned by providence, to make ſuitable allowances for the weakneſs and frailties of human nature, and to diſcover the utmoſt readineſs to forgive injuries upon proper acknowledgement. This is a quality ſo indiſpenſably requiſite to your own felicity and to the felicity of thoſe around you, that if you have not a conſiderable degree of it, life will be nothing but a ſcene of diſtreſs and confuſion. The infirmities of mankind call for its perpetual exerciſe, you'll find nothing therefore ſo eſſential to the comfort of your preſent exiſtence. Unite then the gentleneſs of the dove with the wiſdom of the ſerpent, and never let the harſh and jarring voice of diſcord be heard. Is not domeſtic happineſs the moſt exquiſite of earthly bleſſings? what ſo deſtructive of it as a fretful and peeviſh temper?

Be tender hearted.—"Graceful is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at another's woe" To ſympathize with the afflicted, and to commiſerate the diſtreſſed, are congenial to the female mind: a diſpoſition that adds ſo much luſtre to your character ſhould be carefully cultivated; a heart unſuſceptible of the tender and delicate ſenſations of humanity in either ſex, does the poſſeſſor no honour, and frequently throws a deep ſhade over the good qualities, of which he may be otherwiſe poſſeſſed: Your peculiar province is to cheer the dejected mind, to adminiſter the cup of cold water, and to viſit the fatherleſs, and the widow.—Hath not nature formed you for this benevolent purpoſe? kind ſympathy will in ſome meaſure avail when the boaſted aid of medicine fails. Withhold not what is in the power of all to give, ſpare no exertion to alleviate human woe.

Be firm in your friendſhips, and fixed in your attachments. Levity and inconſtancy of diſpoſition have been frequently attributed to your ſex—beware that you give no juſt ground for ſuch a charge.—The foul breath of calumny ſometimes blaſts the faireſt reputation—believe not all you hear—raſhly diſapprove of none.—Human character is often very complicated, and

and ſome of your fellow creatures poſſeſs many excellencies but of the latent kind. Long acquaintance and cloſe examination are neceſſary to bring them fully to view.—If you regard your own felicity—avoid a wavering and inconſtant mind—like the troubled ocean, it is a ſtranger to tranquillity and peace.

Let modeſty preſide over every part of your conduct.—She is the Queen of virtues—the diſtinguiſhed Patroneſs of every thing excellent and praiſe worthy—what unknown charms does this ſingle quality by its magic influence add to female beauty! without it the fineſt features are diſguſting, and the faireſt complexion hath little power to engage.—The modeſt ſoul, like the ſenſitive plant, poſſeſſes a ſuperior degree of delicacy—it ſhrinks into itſelf, at the approach of any thing offenſive.

Be virtuous and religious. Where the former lovely grace is wanting—virtue and religion, twin ſiſters, are ſeldom preſent—Ah! of what avail was the conſummate beauty of Helen and Cleopatra, of Roſamond and of Shore! not embelliſhed with the attractive excellencies of virtue, it only ſerved to entangle them in many a ſnare, and to pierce them through with many a ſorrow.—But virtue alone is not ſufficient—the female character is incomplete without religion. Moſt of the good qualities which are conſpicuous in individuals, and attract the notice of mankind, are very precariouſly founded except they have religion for their baſe; they may for a while keep up a ſpecious appearance, but if a few ſtorms of temptation ariſe, they will ſoon totter and fall to the ground. Mere unaſſiſted virtue is but a feeble plant; will it not ſoon droop its lovely head and die away, like the tender lilly nipped by the frozen gale? As religion alone therefore gives ſtrength and permanency to virtue, firmly believe its truths, imbibe its meek and amiable ſpirit, attend diligently to its precepts, imitate the example of its great author, and aſpire to the tranſcendent honors of a bliſsful immortality.

Theſe, my fair auditors, are the chief parts of female Excellence, and they muſt be aſſiduouſly cultivated by you all. But here I muſt not cloſe—as the beſt and moſt richly adorned flower garden is here and there diſfigured by the noxious weed, ſo ſometimes the female character preſents us with a few blemiſhes which tarniſh its beauty and obſcure its glory. Many of the defects indeed, are like the ſpots on the ſun, which cauſe no viſible diminution of its luſtre, and are obſervable only to the ſcrutinizing eye of the ingenious aſtronomer; but there are other foibles over which kind hearted charity cannot throw her veil; theſe permit me to mention, that you may avoid them It is a diſagreeable taſk to point them out to you, but you'll certainly excuſe me when you reflect that all I utter is dictated by the ſincereſt regard for your happineſs and proſperity.

Keep then the ſtricteſt watch againſt the intruſion of pride, affectation and extravagance; if theſe evil propenſities be in any degree indulged, they will ſooner or later prove deſtructive of your real felicity. Pride makes you diſguſting, Affectation ridiculous, and extravagance hateful. Never let the haughty look, the froward gait, or the forbidding mien diſfigure your fair form; ſuch a demeanor will not fail to create averſion and excite diſguſt. Be careful to extirpate envy from your boſom; this malevolent paſſion like an unmerciful bird of prey will devour your internal peace. As for detraction it betrays ſuch an unamiableneſs of ſpirit, and is ſo far beneath the graceful dignity of the female character, that I hope none of you will have the leaſt inclination to indulge it.—Show to all around you that you

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are not the slavish votaries of preposterous fashion. Such a turn of mind will produce a thousand inconveniences, which cannot be easily obviated. A decent regard is surely due to the manners and customs of the country wherein you dwell, but let every thing of this kind be regulated by a good taste and strict propriety. Repress that unbounded rage for popular amusements which seems to be one of the chief characteristics of the present age. Do not those modes of public entertainment frequently encroach on the time, which should be appropriated to domestic affairs? are they not generally attended with an enormous expence? and do they not often destroy that sobriety of mind and that regularity of conduct which are the leading excellencies in the moral character? The author of your being has given you charms whereby you controul even the lords of the creation, and bring them with the utmost ease under your gentle dominion: but remember, to wield the sceptre of authority is an arduous task; abuse not the high prerogative wherewith you are entrusted.—Eve abused it when she plucked the forbidden fruit and gave it to Adam. Helen abused it when she occasioned the Trojan war which lasted for ten long years, and Cleopatra abused it when she facilitated the ruin of Antony in the height and splendor of his military career. But let not *your* beauty, O ye fair ones, resemble some inauspicious star, that sheds a baneful and malignant influence over the children of men; rather like the melodious harp of Orpheus may it tend to soften and humanize the manners of the ferocious and dissipated, and give mankind that mildness and gentleness of disposition which is so ornamental to human nature, and so subservient to the best interests of society.—Upon the whole, may you be attentive to every part of your conduct at all times and in all places; remember, to you is given that most momentous of all trusts, the training up of the rising generation. Under your more immediate inspection almost every individual of the human race spends the important years of infancy and child-hood, important not indeed in themselves, but on account of their influence on subsequent life. When their memories are the most retentive and their minds the most docile, teach them, I beseech you, the useful lessons of wisdom, virtue and religion. This is the conduct I prescribe to you all. May *he* who in the beginning gave to woman the *power* of charming, and to man the *susceptibility* of impression, guide you through the intricate, and troublesome mazes of human life; may he pour down upon you the richest of those favors which he has laid up in store for his favorite children. To the graceful form, the well proportioned feature, the engaging mien, and the delicate complexion, may he add the improved mind, the mild disposition, and the obliging temper. May your virtue be aided by religion, and thence acquire the stability of the stately pyramid; may you be kept from that numerous tribe of evils to which you are peculiarly exposed through the delicate sensibility of your sex and the remarkable tenderness of a female constitution: may every avenue to your heart be guarded against the deceitful wiles of the insidious flatterer, or the less disguised insinuations of the vicious and unprincipled rake: may the fond hopes of your aged parents be amply realized, may your partners in life be in every respect equal to your wishes, and may your children rise up to call you blessed. When done with the present transitory state, may you be received into the ABODES of BLISS, and cloathed in the EFFULGENT ROBES of IMMORTAL BEAUTY."

Here, methought, the Goddess paused; Her female audience seemed deep-

deeply affected; the affectionate addreſs had intereſted their imaginations and touched their hearts. Tears of joy trickled from their eyes, and their expreſſive features indicated the grateful emotions of their ſoul. The Goddeſs now turned round to the ſpectators who (as I before obſerved) chiefly conſiſted of young men of every claſs and deſcription; ſhe beheld them with a ſmile of complacency, and, proceeding to addreſs them, thus began.

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Aberdeen, June 4, 1790. JUVENIS.

Cataſtrophe at Hereford lamented.

WHILE Dr. Prieſtley is undermining the Church of England, in order to blow it up unawares, and Dr. Price devoutly prays that the members of the Hierarchy may let it fall on their own heads; it ſeems that our cathedrals are beginning to tumble about the ears of their chapters, partly through the ill management of the architects whom they employ. The cruſhing of a few old mutilated monuments might be no loſs to the public; but it is really too much to riſk the lives of ſixteen of his Majeſty's ſubjects, of whom three actually fell a ſacrifice to the miſmanagement of the conductor of theſe repairs, who, inſtead of hanging up a ſcaffold to the timbers of the roof, to guard againſt accidents, contented himſelf with erecting four large heavy ſcaffolds, under arches and groins which he might have foreſeen would yield on the removal of the firſt ſtone that bound the vault together. Five more out of the ſixteen workmen employed in this melancholy buſineſs were carried to the Infirmary, and may be dead by this time. But as, if all the critical caſes of health were committed to the care of a ſingle phyſician, it would be impoſſible for him to do juſtice to, or to ſave, all; ſo when a ſingle architect undertakes every pariſh-church and every cathedral in the kingdom, and, beſides attending to the deſperate caſes where immediate help is required, amuſes himſelf with hazarding adventurous criticiſm in the alteration and new modelling others, which, at moſt, want only new furniſhing up, the conſequences muſt be, as in the preſent inſtance, a neglect of the more important matters. And ſuch is really the caſe: for it does not appear that the phyſician has given his attendance where moſt wanted; and the danger is daily advancing with large ſtrides. Increaſing cracks in various parts of the building in queſtion, ſpread ſuch alarms, that the ſervice is neglected, for fear another vault ſhould tumble on the heads of the reſidentaries. One happy conſequence of theſe ſerious events will be, that it will completely convince the chapter alluded to, of the futility of the alterations projected in their cathedral; and it is more than probable that they will find their funds inadequate to the expences every day incurring. When this venerable edifice is reduced to three-fourths of its antient magnificence, when its nave is dilapidated, and its fine organ damaged, all frivolous improvements muſt be ſuperſeded. Heaven will avenge its own cauſe, and not ſuffer the pious liberality of our forefathers to be ſacrificed to the whim of modern innovation and falſe taſte. My heart bleeds at the ſacrifices already made to the caprice of our modern architects: ſacrifices, compared with which the pecuniary offerings were but the overflowings of accumulated hoards: but when theſe are crowned with ſacrifices of life and limb, ſuch ſacrifices cannot be concealed; or, if one could ſuppoſe there was the leaſt wiſh to keep them from the public eye, ſhould be brought forward in the ſtrongeſt point of view. In vain does a canon of this cathedral applaud in grateful congratulations the munificence of thoſe who undertake to raiſe this antient temple from its ruins*. Thoſe ruins every day increaſing may defeat the beſt intentions to reſtore the church of HEREFORD to her antient ſplendour. R. G.

* See Dr. Napleton's ſermon, reviewed.

Loyal

Original Letter of the Pretender.

I SEND you, as a curioſity, an original letter, addreſſed, in 1749, by "the late Chevalier," under the aſſumed title of Royalty, to the Lady Abbeſs Fleetwood, ſiſter or aunt to the then baronet of that name at Martinſands in Cheſhire.

A TRAVELLER.

"For the Lady Abbeſs of the Engliſh Benedictin Nuns at Dunkirk.

"*Rome January 28th*, 1749.

"I have received your letter of the 1ſt of the month; and thank you very kindly, and your worthy community, for the duty you expreſs towards me, for your good wiſhes on the new-year, and for your good prayers for me and my family, to the continuation of which I recommend ourſelves; and I deſire that you and your community may be aſſured of my favour and protection upon all proper occaſions, and yourſelf of the particular regard and conſideration I have for you.

Gent. Mag. "JAMES R."

Account of an Eaſt India Sect, called Seek.

[From the Aſiatic Miſcellanies.]

THEY have a College in Patna, which Mr Wilkins, who wrote this account, viſited—He was admitted into the hall, forty feet ſquare, furniſhed with ſix or ſeven low deſks, on which ſtood as many books of the law, and the walls above the arches hung with pictures of Muſſulmen princes and Hindoo deities, and European looking glaſſes in gilt frames. At the left-hand end of the hall, in a kind of chancel, was an altar, a little raiſed, and declining, covered with a cloth of gold, and on it a round black ſhield over a long broad-ſword, and on either a *chowry* of peacock's feathers in a ſilver handle. Before ſtood a ſmall low throne, and about it ſeveral ſilver flower-pots and roſe-water bottles, and three ſmall copper urns with notches to receive donations. Near the altar ſtood on a low deſk a large folio, from which ſome portions are daily read, covered with a blue mantle, on which were printed in ſilver letters ſeveral paſſages of their law. At noon the congregation arranged themſelves on the carpets on each ſide of the hall, having a ſpace before the altar from end to end. The great book and deſk were brought with ſome ceremony from the altar, and placed at the oppoſite extremity of the hall. An old man with a reverend ſilver beard kneeled before the deſk, with his face to the altar; and on one ſide of him ſat a man with a ſmall drum, and two or three with cymbals, to which the old man began to chaunt from the book a hymn in proſe of about twenty verſes, of the unity, omnipotence, and omni-preſence of the Deity. At the cloſe of each moſt of the congregation joined in a chorus in a reſponſe with countenances exhibiting great marks of joy, in tones by no means harſh, and quick tune. The old man's countenance was expreſſive of infelt joy when he turned from one to another, as it were to beſpeak their aſſent to the truths which his very ſoul ſeemed engaged in chaunting forth. The whole congregation then ſtood up, with their hands joined, and their faces to the altar; and a young man with a loud voice and diſtinct accent pronounced a long prayer, at certain periods of which the people ſaid, *Wa Gooroo*. They prayed againſt temptation, for grace to do good, for the general good of mankind, a bleſſing to the *Seeks*, and ſafety to travellers. The old man

concluded with a ſhort bleſſing, and general invitation to the aſſembly to partake of a friendly feaſt. The book was cloſed and replaced, and the congregation ſeated; two men brought in a large iron cauldron, and placed it on a low ſtool before the altar, while others ſupplied the company without diſtinction with plates made of leaves ſewed together, and filling five or ſix ſilver diſhes from the cauldron, ſerved it round to every perſon preſent. It was a kind of ſweetmeat, of the conſiſtence of brown ſugar, compoſed of flour and ſugar mixed up with clariſied butter rather rancid. A few ſugar-plums cloſed the feaſt and ceremonies, the religious part of which is repeated five times a day. The founder of the ſect was Nâneek Shah, above 400 years ago, at Patna, whoſe body diſappeared from under the cloth that covered it: he wrote the book before mentioned in a character of his own invention, inculcating the unity of God, future retribution, and the ſtrict obſervance of every virtue, univerſal philanthropy and toleration, forbidding diſputes with thoſe of another perſuaſion. Another book appeared ſome years after the former, and is now held in almoſt equal reverence. The word *Seek* ſignifies *Learn thou*. They admit proſelytes by ſprinkling them over with ſweetmeats diluted in pure water, and repeating their creed to them.

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Number LXIV.

Thurſday June 17, 1790.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END. *Eccleſ.* xii. 12.

THAT there is nothing new under the ſun, is an opinion which will, perhaps, be readily taken up by all who are deeply converſant with ancient hiſtory; and by ſuch a concluſion will be drawn, that the preſent age has but few pretences to originality; that every virtue and every vice now exiſting, may be traced in the earlieſt records of human manners, and that where we think ourſelves moſt juſtified in the claim of original merit, we are but licking into ſhape, that which exiſted from the beginning of the world, or poliſhing the diamond that has lain in the earth ſince "the mountains were brought forth."—But without examining too narrowly into theſe opinions, which it was my preſent deſign only to advert to, it ſeems at leaſt fair to conclude, that if Solomon, who flouriſhed in the thirtieth century of the world, were alive now in the eighteenth of the Chriſtian Æra, he would have the ſame occaſion to offer the obſervation which I have prefixed to this paper, as he had then.—The "many books" of his time, indeed, have been loſt in the wreck of ages. Meritorious as they may have been, they were trod under foot during the long night of intellectual darkneſs that overſpread his nation and kingdom.—

"Of making many books there is no end."—How fit a motto for the preſent ſtate of literature, when the preſs groans with voluminous labours, and bookſellers are adding warehouſe to warehouſe to contain them! At no time, and in no country, do we find ſo great a torrent of writings overflowing a nation as at preſent. Literary fame fills the breaſt with irreſiſtible ardour, and we may ſafely ſay, that negligence is only in fault if "any flower *now* be born to bluſh unſeen, or waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air." In every ſpecies of literature our books are increaſing ſo greatly, as to produce a degree of confuſion from which a young pupil knows not how to extricate himſelf,

or

or how to make a proper choice. For amidſt ſuch a number of books as are publiſhed, can it be wondered if there are ſome bad? Nay, I am afraid, that the number of good ones bears but a ſmall proportion to thoſe which are either intrinſically bad, or uſeleſs, or trifling.

To prevent the inconveniencies which the public may ſuffer in this ſtate of confuſion and uncertainty, it has pleaſed the bookſellers, in their wiſdom, to appoint certain *Indexes* or *Wayposts*, which are better known by the name of Monthly, Critical and Analytical *Reviewers*. It is the province of theſe gentlemen to inform the public what books are really good, bad, or indifferent; but ſuch is the imperfection of human nature, that the Bookſellers, albeit very deſirous to obtain them, have never yet been able to procure a ſet of *Infallible* Reviewers.—There is always ſome little flaw, ſpeck or imperfection in what they do—and they often differ ſo very materially from one another, that although we can pretty nearly gueſs ſome one may be right, yet it is beyond all power of conjecture to find out who that one is—and to do them juſtice, they are ſo very modeſt, that while each ſeems to give his own opinion as the beſt poſſible, he never ſteps out of his way to ſay that his cotemporary is in the wrong.—

"Of making many books there is no end."—But are there readers for all the books publiſhed? Is the number of readers increaſed? If *my* anſwer to this may be permitted, I would boldly give it in the affirmative. There are unqueſtionably fifty readers of books now to one who was a reader thirty years ago—and for this plain reaſon, that there is that number more who *can* read;—ſchools among the lower claſs have been greatly extended, and although the poor may not be the beſt cuſtomers to the bookſellers, yet the avidity with which they peruſe pamphlets, and ſuch low-priced books as ſuit their finances, is wonderful. But the great conſumption of books is undoubtedly, where we are to look for all that is good and virtuous in a nation, among the middling claſſes of life.—As to the Upper—they too are great friends to the Bookſellers—a library is an elegant ornament to a houſe, and ſplendid bindings make a ſplendid ſhow.—I have obſerved a ſpecies of avarice prevail among ſome great men, the inconvenience of which I have very much felt—what the miſer is with his money they are with their books.—You may look at them through the glaſs doors, or the gilt wire caſes, but the precept is "Touch not, Taſte not, Handle not"—and I have known a man of quality refuſe a volume to one to whom he would have willingly given his purſe. However, they are defenſible on one principle: In prohibiting others from reading their books, they deal by them as they do by themſelves!

The tyrannical and abſurd maxim (if I may call it a maxim) which has been advanced as a reaſon againſt ſundry ſchools, namely, that teaching poor people to read will make gentlemen of them and not ſervants, is I preſume, ſufficiently confuted by the common obſervation of many of my readers. If there are any who ſtill adhere to the ſlaviſh idea, they muſt excuſe me if I think, that their mode of reaſoning is not unlike that of the woman whoſe ſon was hanged for forgery—She ſaid "She long knew that no good could come of his reading and *writing*."

"Of making many books there is no end."—There is one kind of books to the making of which, one could wiſh an end was put—I mean Novels, which, with a very few exceptions, are as devoid of taſte, genius, knowledge of life, humour, wit or pathos, as they are pernicious to the underſtand-

ſtanding, and unfriendly to the heart.—Yet they flow in upon us in dozens.—Indeed the greater part of them are *made* with great facility, and like the Quack Medicines, may be *written* "without loſs of time or hindrance of buſineſs."—I wiſh they could be read with as much indifference as they are written—or rather—it were to be wiſhed they were not read at all.—

Yet the number of good books daily publiſhed is very conſiderable—and as reading is unqueſtionably more faſhionable, it is to be hoped the effects of them will bear ſome proportion to the intentions of the authors; I am frequently diſpoſed to think, that already we may diſcover improvements in our habits of thinking—more candour, more liberality, more gentleneſs of manners, and upon the whole, underſtandings better cultivated—This muſt render men and women agreeable companions, and give them a deeper ſenſe of their own importance in the ſcale of ſociety, than can ever be felt by the ignorant.—In deſpotic countries there are a few wiſe men at the helm—all the reſt are ignorant. Enlighten the minds of the latter, and they ſoon awake to reaſon, ſhake off their fetters, and become free and happy.

"Of making many books there is no end"--My bookſeller has juſt ſent me Bruce's Travels in *five Quarto Volumes!* a work which (to uſe the words of a reviewer) "from the importance of the ſubject, the difficulty of the enterpriſe it deſcribes, and the time conſumed in arranging and methodizing the materials, has rouſed public curioſity to an uncommon pitch:—a work, which, independent of the diſcovery whoſe honour it claims, teems with obſervations equally intereſting to ſcience and commerce, enriches, ſurprizes, invigorates the natural hiſtorian, the philoſopher, and the man of poetic fancy, and abounds with novel entertainment for every claſs of readers."—And here ends for the preſent my *Rhapſody* on Books—which peradventure may be renewed in my next.

The following articles, by ſhewing that Scandinavian ſuperſtitions ſtill continue to mark the vulgar language of our country, ſeem to argue how much thoſe ſuperſtitions were once rooted among us.

OLD Nick is evidently, with a trifling deviation, the ſame as *Nicka*, the Gothic demon who inhabited the element of water, and who ſtrangled perſons that were drowning.

An ejaculation commonly made uſe of to frighten children, &c. is to be derived from *Boh*, one of the moſt fierce and formidable of the Gothic generals, and the ſon of Odin; the mention of whoſe name only, was ſufficient to ſpread an immediate panic among his enemies.

The provincial phraſe *meed* for reward or recompence of good actions, ſtill retained in poetic compoſition, even by the moſt elegant writers, appears alſo to be only a corruption of *mead*, the northern nectar, or favourite liquor of the Goths, which they fabled was to be preſented by the hands of the Valkyres, or virgin-goddeſſes, to the departed heroes, in Odin's Val-hall, the Gothic Elyſium, as a reward for their heroic actions on earth.

The vulgar proſopopœia of the *night-mare*, applied to a nocturnal ſtagnation of the blood, is derived from the *Mara* of Runic theology, a ſpirit or ſpectre of the night, which ſeized men in their ſleep, and ſuddenly deprived them of ſpeech and motion.

Journal of the Proceedings

ON BOARD

HIS MAJESTY's SHIP THE GUARDIAN,

LIEUTENANT RIOU, COMMANDER.

(Continued from page 314.)

December 26. STRONG gales, ſqually and cloudy weather, with remarkable high ſea. People employed fitting and ſecuring the weather-boards, making weather-cloths out of a tarpauling, and fixing them upright to carry them round the boat on the top of the waſh boards. At about four o'clock, loſt ſight of the large cutter. We were this night very much numbed and chilled with cold, and could get no ſleep. A. M. the weather became more moderate; at four o'clock ſhifted the fore-maſt to its proper place, ſtepped the main-maſt, and ſet the fore and main-ſails; at eight, the people were employed to make a main-top ſail out of ſome ſheets and a yard out of one of the boat's thwarts; the hand of a broken oar was converted into a top-maſt. A ſmall tobacco canniſter was cut up to make a meaſure of the bottom, for the diſtribution of water, rather leſs than a gill, two of which it was agreed upon to allow each man a day.—The latitude obſerved in at noon 42, 42 South.

December 27. Firſt part, moderate breezes and cloudy weather. At one P. M. having boiled all our poultry in an iron pot we had in the boat, cut up the gooſe, which was but ſmall, into fifteen equal parts. One of the men forward was then blindfolded and directed to call each perſon by name, and another was appointed to ſerve out the morſels by lots.—Notwithſtanding we had by this time faſted above thirty hours, all were perfectly ſatisfied with the ſmall morſel of food, and ſome had ſo little appetite, they reſerved a part of it for a future occaſion; but the very ſcanty meaſure of water received afterwards, by no means allayed the univerſal craving for drink, evidently occaſioned by the exceſſive heat and feveriſh ſtate of our bodies, which then partook of every ſymptom of a ſucceeding ſevere and dangerous illneſs. We durſt not however venture to take one drop more water than the allowed proportion to eaſe the ſcorching pain, the acuteneſs of which is hardly conceivable. We therefore, through neceſſity, became philoſophers, and ſubmitted with becoming ſpirit and reſolution to the exigencies of the moment. At ſeven o'clock, we received our ſecond meaſure of water, which being ſucceeded by the coldneſs of the night, adminiſtered greatly to our relief;—but it was only for a ſhort ſpace of time, and the fever returned with ſtill ſtronger ſymptoms of a laſting illneſs.—At midnight, it blew a freſh gale, with dark, cloudy, and remarkably cold weather. The boat was at this time brought under her mainſail only, and the weather continuing much the ſame, no alteration was made throughout the day. At noon, obſerved in the lat. of 40. 35. South, and ſuppoſed ourſelves in the longitude of about 41. 30. Eaſt of Greenwich.

December 28. The firſt part, freſh gales and cloudy weather; middle, more moderate. At one P. M. we had one of the fowls cut up and divided amongſt us, as on the preceding day, and then received our gill of water. The heat and fever of our bodies encreaſed, and our lips began to break out in watery and ulcerous tumours. This day one of the crew, being afraid of famiſhing for want of drink, requeſted to be allowed his whole quantity of water for the day in one ſerving, which Mr Clements oppoſed, conſidering very properly that it would be of much more

more ſervice in the evening; he had therefore recourſe to ſalt water, of which he drank freely. At five o'clock A. M. got the top-maſt up, and ſet the topſails: at ten o'clock freſh gales, the topſail lowered and taken in. In theſe ſeas are conſtantly vaſt numbers of ſea fowl flying about, which are peculiar to this part of the world. Had we been fortunate enough to have had a fowling-piece, we could not have been at a loſs for much proviſions. Powder and ſhot we had in ſtore, and two brace of piſtols, but were unable to do any execution with them.—Latitude by obſervation at noon, 38. 50. South, and ſuppoſed ourſelves in longitude abont 40. 30. Eaſt of Greenwich.

December 29. Firſt and middle parts, freſh gales and ſqually weather, with a high croſs ſea running.—We this day cut up and divided our laſt fowl, and afterwards received our ſhare of water as before. At day-break, ſtrong gales with flying ſhowers of rain, from which we endeavoured to benefit as much as poſſible, by facing the weather with our mouths open and handkerchiefs ſpread out; but the drifting moiſture was ſo thin and light, we were barely able to catch ſufficient to wet our lips. This morning we received a ſmall thimble full of rum each, which was occaſionally allowed.

At nine o'clock, lowered down the mainſail and ſcudded under the reefed foreſail. At this time it was blowing a ſtrong gale of wind; the ſea had alſo riſen to a great height, and broke with much violence all round, and ſhipped conſiderable quantities of water, ſo as to endanger our filling. At noon, the latitude obſerved 36. 44. South, and ſuppoſed longitude 39. 50. Eaſt of Greenwich.

December 30. Firſt part, freſh gales and cloudy weather, with a very high croſs running ſea. Middle, freſh breeze, rather light air, inclinable to calm; we were this day reduced to a very low ebb indeed, and could not eat the ſmalleſt crumb till ſupplied with an additional meaſure of water to moiſten our lips, which were almoſt held together by a tough viſcid phlegm, that could not be expectorated but with the greateſt difficulty. On this occaſion, we dipped our bit of biſcuit into the water, and afterwards ſipped a little of it with each mouthful to force it down: the butter, cheeſe, and hams, were left free for the uſe of every one of us, but being found to occaſion great thriſt, they remained almoſt untouched. Several of the crew had again recourſe to the ſalt water, which was found not to have any bad effects. At eight A. M. the topmaſt was got up, and topſail ſet—At noon, hot ſultry weather—Latitude by obſervation 35. 35. South; longitude, by ſuppoſition, 38. 00. Eaſt of Greenwich.

December 31. Firſt part, light airs and clear hot ſultry weather, with a very high ſwell from S. E. We again ſuffered greatly this day from the burning heat of the ſun, and parched ſtate of our bodies, and were allowed an additional meaſure of water, with a larger portion of rum than uſual; in which we ſoaked our crumbs of biſcuit, and made our meal of it. About four P. M. the weather became overcaſt, and the clouds to ſhow an appearance of rain, for which we made preparations accordingly, but were ſo unfortunate as to ſee it fall in heavy ſhowers all round the horizon at a diſtance from us, and had barely as much over the boat as would wet our handkerchiefs.

Strong gales and ſqually weather ſucceeded, till about ten o'clock, when it again became moderate, and the main and foreſails were ſet on the boat.—The people this day appeared to be in a more hopeleſs ſtate than at

at any time before, and discovered signs of an uneasiness hurtful to their officers, which was however happily checked in time by the spirited conduct of the gunner, Mr Somerville, who chastised the offender in the face of the whole crew, who were in future careful not to shew any want of respect, or disobedience to the orders given them. Many of the men this day drank of their urine, and others tried the salt water. The weather was this day more warm and sultry than at any time since our misfortunes. At noon in the latitude of 34. 18. South by observation and supposed longitude East of Greenwich 36. 40.

January 1, 1790. Light airs and fine clear weather. We dined this day as on the preceeding, and in general appeared in better spirits, which we considered, on account of its being the first day of the new year, a happy presage of our safety. At noon observed in the latitude of 33. 39. South, and were by supposition, in the longitude East of Greenwich 35. 45.

January 2. Light breezes and clear weather till about four o'clock P. M. at which time it became overcast and blew a fresh gale; we had before this dined on our usual fare of biscuit and water, with half a measure of rum, and at the time were all in tolerable spirits; but the gale increasing during the night, and the sea running to an immense height, brought us again into great danger, which, with the disappointment of not seeing land in the morning, as we expected, reduced us to our former miserable state of despondency. At about eight P. M. the foresail was shifted to the main-mast, and the boat sailed under it reefed till near six o'clock A. M. when the mizen was set on the foremast, to give her greater steerage way before the sea. At noon in the latitude by observation 33. 19. and supposed longitude East of Greenwich 34. 15.

January 3. Fresh gales and cloudy weather till about seven o'clock P. M. at which time the clouds put on the appearance of a very heavy rain, but unfortunately broke over in a most dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, attended with gusts of wind, and a very little rain; succeeded by a sudden change of weather, and a violent gale of several hours from the S. W. in which we were near perishing. On this occasion the master and the gunner succeeded one another at the helm, and by their experience and judgment in the management of the boat we were this night enabled to traverse, in safety, an ocean of such fierce and tremendous seas in different directions as is seldom met with. One day more of such misery as we suffered during the last twelve hours, would certainly have terminated the life of some, and the others must soon after have paid the debt of nature. At day-break, the gunner, who was then at the helm, discovered a ship at a little distance from us, lying under her bare poles. Our joy at this sight was great beyond expression, and, anxious to secure so favourable an occasion, we immediately made more sail, and between five and six o'clock passed close under her, and informed the people on board of our distresses. We then veered about, and put alongside of her on the other tack.

The people on board her crouded immediately to our assistance, and received us in the most friendly manner. As soon as we got alongside, several of them jumped in, and assisted in keeping the boat from being stove to pieces.

This ship was named the Viscountess of Bantannie, a French merchantman, Martin Doree, master, with part of Walsh's or 95th regiment, from the Isle of France, to touch at the Cape of Good Hope for

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a ſupply of water and proviſions, on her way to Europe. The officers of this corps were unbounded in their friendſhip and attention towards us, affording every poſſible comfort, and even gave up their beds for our uſe.

At noon, this day, in latitude, by obſervation taken on board the ſhip, 32. 52. South; longitude from Paris, 31, 14. Eaſt, Point Natal, W. about 87 leagues. The river St John on the coaſt of Natal, N. by W, 77 leagues.

January 6. At 12 A. M. made the land.

January 9. Blew a violent gale of wind, in which we were very near foundering.

January 18. At noon, anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope.

On Viſiting the Great.

IF the laying before the public a folly I have been ſome years guilty of, will ſave any one from running into the ſame error, I ſhall think myſelf a buoy to prevent others from ſplitting on the ſame rock.

You are to be informed that I am one of thoſe (or rather was one) who have ſpent the laſt four years in viſiting thoſe who thought (as I have ſince experienced) that they did me an honour in ſetting me at their table, which by the bye was a very expenſive honour, for you cannot viſit ſuch dignified people without being as profuſe in dreſs, &c. as your finances will admit, and ſometimes a great deal more, which I ſhall endeavour to explain ere I cloſe this narrative. I know a friend of mine, whom I ſhall call Mrs. *Humdrum*, who is ſo buſy for four or five days previous to ſuch a viſit, in preparing elegant things for the fruition of this miraculous condeſcenſion, and each millener's ſhop is ranſacked for a ſmart cap, apron, cloak, &c. &c. to honour, or rather not to diſgrace the table of lord and lady B——, whilſt her ladyſhip is far differently employed. When her houſekeeper waits on her to know what is for dinner, as ſhe hears her laydſhip is to have company—ſhe ſays, "O! not any thing more than uſual, for there is only Mrs. Humdrum; yes, you may tell the cook, if the ſervants have left any cold meat, ſhe may haſh it; Mrs. Humdrum will think it a grand dinner, and be ſure, Marmalade (which is the houſekeeper's name) tell the ſervants I am not at home to any body. I would not have even my ſtaymaker know I keep ſuch company." And then turning to her companion, "I wonder, my dear Snail, theſe people cannot ſee how odious their company is; but, poor ſtupid wretches! they think we are pleaſed, when one is ſo ready to burſt at the Gothic figure they make."

Now, ſhould one through fear of keeping them waiting dinner, go before the hour appointed, we find her ladyſhip is not dreſſed; you are introduced into her ladyſhip's powdering room, and madam condeſcends to turn round and ſay, "ſo, you are come—ſit down"—then tells her Abigal that ſhe has dreſſed her horridly, and bids her powder her more, till the room is in ſuch a cloud of powder, that Mrs. Humdrum is ready to faint, leſt ſhe ſhould not be fit to appear at table; and her ladyſhip is ready to die with laughing to think that her ill-natured joke has made work for a week: and when the grand cavalcade march in proceſſion to the dining parlour, "ſhe is ſo ſorry her table is ſo full that ſhe had not a place for her dear Mrs. *Humdrum*—but near the bottom of the table—as his lordſhip's friends had taken poſſeſſion of every ſeat, and

and ſhe was afraid, if ſhe placed her higher, the ſervants might probably forget that ſhe was NOBODY."

Then, ſhould the want of a ſervant, or to raiſe money on ſomething after a run of ill-luck at cards bring her ladyſhip to Mrs. *Humdrum's* houſe, the latter does not know enough how to ſhow herſelf proud of the viſit. The parlour windows are thrown open, the maid runs for a clean apron, the meat is left to burn at the fire, and all is hurry and confuſion; and Mrs. *Humdrum* herſelf hardly dares venture to ſit down in her ladyſhip's preſence, though in her own houſe; when, after all, this mighty viſit is nothing more than to make a regiſter-office or a pawnbroker's ſhop of her houſe.

On the other hand, ſhould a diſtreſſed perſon, who had ſeen better days, come, in hopes to find a friend in this very Mrs. *Humdrum*, ſhe would in all probability give a flat refuſal, and pretend great hurry of buſineſs. But what I am deſcribing in the perſon of another is juſtly applicable to myſelf, and I ſhall conclude my letter with an account to ſhow how much is gained by paying viſits to the great.

The expences of each day's viſit I thus calculate.

To hair-dreſſing, pins, powder, and a cuſhion which was of no uſe but for the day -	0	6	0
To a cap - -	0	13	0
To a new pair of ſhoes ſpoiled in one day's wear by the lap-dog gnawing the points off -	0	10	6
To a pair of gloves and ſtamp - -	0	2	3
To a gauze apron, which the footman (to make a laugh in the kitchen) ſet his foot on and tore	0	9	0
Coach hire - -	0	6	0
Altering a gown -	0	4	6
Loſs of time by neglect of buſineſs - -	0	10	6
£.	3	1	9

This round of expence, at the moderate computation of 30*l.* per annum, is 120*l.* which I conſider as money loſt. Had I with that ſum reſcued a widow and her children from impending ruin, what would by my feelings? But I have no reflection of this nature to conſole me, and have only the hopes, that, while I have myſelf ceaſed this folly, I may, by your aſſiſtance, be the means of preventing others from being equally fooliſh.

I am, Sir, your's &c.

[Lady's Mag.] JEMIMA.

The Proceſs of making Attar, or eſſential Oil of Roſes.

By Lieut. Col. Polier.

THE whole is done by a ſimple diſtillation; forty pounds weight of roſes with their calces, the ſtems cut cloſe, put into ſixty pounds of water, mixed together with the hand, and fire put under the ſtill: when the water grows hot, and fumes riſe, the cap is put on, and the pipe fixed, the chinks well luted with paſte, and cold water poured on the refrigeratory at top. The fire is leſſened till about thirty pounds of water are come over, which will be in about four or five hours. This roſe-water is to be poured on a freſh forty pounds of roſes, and from fifteen to twenty pounds of water, to be drawn off as before: the roſe-water thus made and cohobated, will be found highly ſcented. It is poured into earthen or tinned metal pans, and left in the air all night: the *attar*, or eſſence

floating on the ſurface, muſt be ſkimmed off in the morning, and poured into a vial. The water and fæces muſt be ſeparated from the clear eſſence, which congeals with ſlight cold. If it be kept fluid with heat afterward, the fæces will ſubſide, and may be ſeparated, being as highly perfumed as the eſſence. The remaining water ſhould be uſed for future diſtillation. As the roſes of the country yield but little eſſence, it has been augmented with ſandal wood raſpings, which contain an eſſential oil, but it will not congeal in common cold, and its ſmell predominates. In ſome parts they ſubſtitute a ſweet-ſcented graſs, which gives the eſſence a high clear green colour, but will not congeal in ſlight cold. The quantity of oil is ſo precarious, that, to obtain one drachm and a quarter from eighty pounds of roſes, the ſeaſon muſt be very favourable, and the operation very well purſued. In 1787 about two drachms in a hundred pounds were produced.

Bruce's *Travels.*

[As Bruce's *Travels to diſcover the Source of the Nile* at preſent very much engage public attention, we hope it will be agreeable to our readers if we ſelect, in this and ſome future Numbers, a few of the moſt entertaining and intereſting paſſages of that work. In the Introduction there is an account of the author's proceedings preparatory to his ſetting out on the expedition which makes the ſubject of his book: and he concludes that introduction as follows:]

"I HAVE now one remaining part of my promiſe to fulfil, to account for the delay in the publication. It will not be thought ſurpriſing to any that ſhall reflect on the diſtant, dreary, and deſert ways by which all letters were neceſſarily to paſs, or the civil wars then raging in Abyſſinia, the robberies and violences inſeparable from a total diſſolution of government, ſuch as happened in my time, that no accounts for many years, one excepted, ever arrived in Europe. One letter, accompanied by a bill for a ſum borrowed from a Greek at Gondar, found its way to Cairo; all the reſt had miſcarried; my friends at home gave me up for dead; and, as my death muſt have happened in circumſtances difficult to have been proved, my property became as it were an *hereditas jacens*, without an owner, abandoned in common to thoſe whoſe original title extended no further than temporary poſſeſſion.

"A number of law-ſuits were the inevitable conſequence of this upon my return. One carried on with a very expenſive obſtinacy for the ſpace of ten years, by a very opulent and active company, was determined finally in the Houſe of Peers, in the compaſs of a very few hours, by the well known ſagacity and penetration of a noble Lord, who happily for the ſubjects of both countries, holds the firſt office in the law; and ſo judicious was the ſentence, that harmony, mutual confidence, and good neighbourhood has ever ſince been the conſequence of that determination. Other ſuits ſtill remained, which unfortunately were not arrived to the degree of maturity to be ſo cut off; they are yet depending; patience and attention, it is hoped, may bring them to an iſſue at ſome future time. No imputation of raſhneſs can poſſibly fall upon the decree, ſince the action has depended above thirty years.

"To theſe diſagreeable avocations, which took up much time, were added others ſtill more unfortunate. The relentleſs ague [caught at Bengazi main-

maintained its ground at times for a ſpace of more than ſixteen years, though every remedy had been uſed, but in vain; and, what was worſt of all, a lingering diſtemper had ſeriouſly threatened the life of a moſt near relation, which, after nine years conſtant alarm, where every duty bound me to attention and attendance, conducted her at laſt, in very early life, to her grave.

"The love of ſolitude is the conſtant follower of affliction; this again naturally turns an inſtructed mind to ſtudy. My friends unanimouſly aſſailed me in the part moſt acceſſible when the ſpirits are weak, which is vanity. They repreſented to me how ignoble it was, after all my dangers and difficulties were over, to be conquered by a misfortune incident to all men, the indulging of which was unreaſonable in itſelf, fruitleſs in its conſequences, and ſo unlike the expectation I had given my country, by the firmneſs and intrepidity of my former character and behaviour. Among theſe, the principal and moſt urgent was a gentleman well known to the literary world, in which he holds a rank nearly as diſtinguiſhed as that to which his virtues entitle him in civil life; this was the Hon. Daines Barrington, whoſe friendſhip, valuable on every account, had this additional merit, that it had exiſted uninterrupted ſince the days we were at ſchool. It is to this gentleman's perſuaſions, aſſiſtance, protection, and friendſhip, that the world owes this publication, if indeed there is any merit in it; at leaſt, they are certainly indebted to him for the opportunity of judging whether there is any merit in it or not.

"No great time has paſſed ſince the work was in hand. The materials collected upon the ſpot were very full, and ſeldom deferred to be ſet down beyond the day wherein the events deſcribed happened; but oftener, when ſpeeches and arguments were to be mentioned, they were noted the inſtant afterwards; for, contrary I believe to what is often the caſe, I can aſſure the reader theſe ſpeeches and converſations are abſolutely real, and not the fabrication of after-hours.

"It will perhaps be ſaid, this work hath faults; nay, perhaps, great ones too, and this I readily confeſs. But I muſt likewiſe beg leave to ſay, that I know no books of the kind that have not nearly as many, and as great, though perhaps not of the ſame kind with mine. To ſee diſtinctly and accurately, to deſcribe plainly, diſpaſſionately and truly, is all that ought to be expected from one in my ſituation, conſtantly ſurrounded with every ſort of difficulty and danger. It may be ſaid, too, there are faults in the language; more pains ſhould have been taken. Perhaps it may be ſo; yet there has not been wanting a conſiderable degree of attention even to this. I have not indeed confined myſelf to a painful and ſlaviſh nicety that would have produced nothing but a diſagreeable ſtiffneſs in the narrative. It will be remembered likewiſe, that one of the motives of my writing is my own amuſement, and I would much rather renounce the ſubject altogether, than walk in fetters of my own forging. The language is like the ſubject, rude and manly. My paths have not been flowery ones, nor would it have added any credit to the work, or entertainment to the reader, to employ in it a ſtile proper only to works of imagination and pleaſure. Theſe trifling faults I willingly leave as food to the malice of critics, who perhaps, were it not for theſe blemiſhes, would find no other enjoyment in the peruſal of the work. It has been ſaid that parties have been formed againſt this work. Whether this is really the caſe I cannot ſay, nor have I ever been very anxious in the inquiry. They have been harmleſs

leſs adverſaries at leaſt, for no bad effects, as far as I know, have ever as yet been the conſequence; neither is it a diſquiſition that I ſhall ever enter into, whether this is owing to the want of will or of power. I rather believe it is to the former, the want of will, for no one is ſo perfectly inconſiderable, as to want the power of doing miſchief.

"Having now fulfilled my promiſe to the reader, in giving him the motive and order of my travels, and the reaſon why the publication has been delayed, I ſhall proceed to the laſt article promiſed, the giving ſome account of the work itſelf. The book is a large one, and expenſive by the number of engravings; this was not at firſt intended, but the journey has proved a long one, and matter has increaſed as it were inſenſibly under my hands. It is now come to fill a great chaſm in the hiſtory of the univerſe. It is not intended to reſemble the generality of modern travels, the agreeable and rational amuſement of one vacant day; it is calculated to employ a greater ſpace of time.

"Thoſe that are the beſt acquainted with Diodorus, Herodotus, and ſome other Greek hiſtorians, will find ſome very conſiderable difficulties removed; and ſuch as are unacquainted with theſe authors, and receive from this work the firſt information of the geography, climate, and manners of theſe countries, which are little altered, will have no great occaſion to regret they have not ſearched for information in more ancient ſources.

"The work begins with my voyage from Sidon to Alexandria, and up the Nile to the firſt cataract. The reader will not expect that I ſhould dwell long upon the particular hiſtory of Egypt; every other year has furniſhed us with ſome account of it, good or bad: and the two laſt publications of M. Savary and Volney ſeem to have left the ſubject threadbare. This, however, is not the only reaſon.

"After Mr Wood and Mr Dawkins had publiſhed their Ruins of Palmyra, the late king of Denmark, at his own expence, ſet out a number of men, eminent in their ſeveral profeſſions, to make diſcoveries in the eaſt, of every kind, with theſe very flattering inſtructions, that tho' they might, and ought, to viſit both Baalbec and Palmyra for their own ſtudies and improvement, yet he prohibited them to ſo far interfere with what the Engliſh travellers had done, as to form any plan of another work ſimilar to theirs. This compliment was gratefully received; and, as I was directly to follow this miſſion, Mr Wood deſired me to return it, and to abſtain as much as poſſible from writing on the ſame ſubjects choſen by M. Niebuhr, at leaſt to abſtain either from criticiſing or differing from him on ſuch ſubjects. I therefore paſſed ſlightly over Egypt and Arabia; perhaps, indeed, I have ſaid enough of both: if any ſhall be of another opinion, they may have recourſe to M. Niebuhr's more copious work; he was the only perſon of ſix who lived to come home, the reſt having died in different parts of Arabia, without having been able to enter Abyſſinia, one of the objects of their miſſion.

"My leaving Egypt is followed by my ſurvey of the Arabian gulf as far as the Indian Ocean—Arrival at Maſuah—Some account of the firſt peopling of Atbara and Abyſſinia—Conjectures concerning language—Firſt ages of the Indian trade—Foundation of the Abyſſinian monarchy, and various revolutions till the Jewiſh uſurpation about the year 900. Theſe compoſe the firſt volume.

"The ſecond begins with the reſtoration of the line of Solomon, compiled from their own annals, now firſt tran-

tranſlated from the Ethiopic; the original of which has been lodged in the Britiſh Muſeum, to ſatisfy the curioſity of the public.

"The third comprehends my journey from Maſuah to Gondar, and the manners and cuſtoms of the Abyſſinians, alſo two attempts to arrive at the fountains of the Nile—Deſcription of theſe ſources, and of every thing relating to that river and its inundation.

"The fourth contains my return from the ſource of the Nile to Gondar—The campaign of Serbraxos, and revolution that followed—My return through Sennaar and Beja, or the Nubian deſert, and my arrival at Marſeilles.

Account of Cairo, *and the Author's reception there.*

IT was in the beginning of July (1768) we arrived at Cairo, recommended to the very hoſpitable houſe of Julian and Bertran, to whom I imparted my reſolution of purſuing my journey into Abyſſinia.

The wildneſs of the intention ſeemed to ſtrike them greatly, on which account they endeavoured all they could to perſuade me againſt it, but, upon ſeeing me reſolved, offered kindly their moſt effectual ſervices.

As the government of Cairo hath always been jealous of this enterpriſe I had undertaken, and a regular prohibition had been often made by the Porte, among indifferent people, I pretended, that my deſtination was to India, and no one conceived any thing wrong in that.

This intention was not long kept ſecret, (nothing can be concealed at Cairo): All nations, Jews, Turks, Moors, Cophts, and Franks, are conſtantly upon the inquiry, as much after things that concern other peoples buſineſs as their own.

The plan I adopted was to appear in public as ſeldom as poſſible, unleſs diſguiſed; and I ſoon was conſidered as a *Fakir*, or *Dervich*, moderately ſkilled in magic, and who cared for nothing but ſtudy and books.

This reputation opened me, privately, a channel for purchaſing many Arabic manuſcripts, which the knowledge of the language enabled me to chuſe, free from the load of traſh that is generally impoſed upon Chriſtian purchaſers.

The part of Cairo where the French are ſettled is exceedingly commodious, and fit for retirement. It conſiſts of one long ſtreet, where all the merchants of that nation live together. It is ſhut at one end, by large gates, where there is a guard, and theſe are kept conſtantly cloſe in the time of the plague.

I have always conſidered the French at Cairo, as a number of honeſt, poliſhed, and induſtrious men, by ſome fatality condemned to the gallies; and I muſt own, never did a ſet of people bear their continual vexations with more fortitude and manlineſs.

But a more brutal, unjuſt, tyrannical, oppreſſive, avaricious ſet of infernal miſcreants, there is not on earth, than are the members of the government of Cairo.

The government of Cairo is much praiſed by ſome. It may perhaps have merit when explained, but I never could underſtand it, and therefore cannot explain it.

The Beys are underſtood to be veſted with the ſovereign power of the country; yet ſometimes a Kaya commands abſolutely, and, though of an inferior rank, he makes his ſervants, Beys or Sovereigns.

There are perhaps four hundred inhabitants in Cairo, who have abſolute power, and adminiſter what they

they call juſtice, in their own way, and according to their own views.

Fortunately in my time this many-headed monſter was no more, there was but one Ali Bey, and there was neither inferior nor ſuperior juriſdiction exerciſed, but by his officers only.

The inſtant that I arrived at Cairo was perhaps the only one in which I ever could have been allowed, ſingle and unprotected as I was, to have made my intended journey.

All Bey, lately known in Europe by various narratives of the laſt tranſactions of his life, after having undergone many changes of fortune, and been baniſhed by his rivals from his capital, at laſt had enjoyed the ſatisfaction of a return, and of making himſelf abſolute in Cairo.

The Porte had conſtantly been adverſe to him, and he cheriſhed the ſtrongeſt reſentment in his heart. He wiſhed nothing ſo much as to contribute his part to rend the Ottoman empire to pieces.

A favourable opportunity preſented itſelf in the Ruſſian war, and Ali Bey was prepared to go all lengths in ſupport of that power. But never was there an expedition ſo ſucceſsful and ſo diſtant, where the officers were leſs inſtructed from the cabinet, more ignorant of the countries, more given to uſeleſs parade, or more intoxicated with pleaſure, than the Ruſſians on the Mediterranean then were.

After the defeat, and burning of the Turkiſh ſquadron, upon the coaſt of Aſia Minor, there was not a ſail appeared that did not do him homage. They were properly and advantageouſly ſituated at Paros, or rather, I mean, a ſquadron of ſhips of one half their number, would have been properly placed there.

The number of Baſhas and Governors in Caramania, very ſeldom in their allegiance to the Porte, were then in actual rebellion; great part of Syria was in the ſame ſituation, down to Tripoli and Sidon; and thence Skekh Daher, from Acre to the plains of Eſdraelon, and to the very frontiers of Egypt.

With circumſtances ſo favourable, and a force ſo triumphant, Egypt and Syria would probably have fallen diſmembered from the Ottoman empire. But it was very plain, that the Ruſſian commanders were not provided with inſtructions, and had no idea how far their victory might have carried them, or how to manage thoſe they had conquered.

They had no confidential correſpondence with Ali Bey, though they might have ſafely truſted him as he would have truſted them; but neither of them were provided with proper negotiators, nor did they ever underſtand one another till it was too late, and till their enemies, taking advantage of their tardineſs, had rendered the firſt and great ſcheme impoſſible.

The Bey, with all his good ſenſe and underſtanding, was ſtill a mamaluke, and had the principles of a ſlave. Three men of different religions poſſeſſed his confidence and governed his councils all at a time. The one was a Greek, the other a Jew, and the third an Egyptain Copht, his ſecretary. It would have required a great deal of diſcernment and penetration to have determined which of theſe was the moſt worthleſs, or moſt likely to betray him.

The ſecretary, whoſe name was Riſk, had the addreſs to ſupplant the other two at the time they thought themſelves at the pinnacle of their glory, overawing every Turk, and robbing every Chriſtian: the Greek was baniſhed from Egypt, and the Jew baſtinadoed to death. Such is the tenure of Egyptian miniſters.

Riſk profeſſed aſtrology, and the Bey, like all other Turks, believed in it implicitly, and to this folly he ſacrificed his own good underſtanding; and

and Riſk, probably in pay to Conſtantinople, led him from one wild ſcheme to another, till he undid him —by the ſtars.

The apparatus of inſtruments that were opened at the cuſtom-houſe of Alexandria, prepoſſeſſed Riſk in favour of my ſuperior knowledge in aſtrology.

The Jew who was maſter of the cuſtom-houſe, was not only ordered to refrain from touching or taking them out of their places (a great mortification to a Turkiſh cuſtomhouſe, where every thing is handed about and ſhewn) but an order from the Bey alſo arrived that they ſhould be ſent to me without duty or fees, becauſe they were not merchandiſe.

I was very thankful for that favour, not for the ſake of ſaving the dues at the cuſtom-houſe, but becauſe I was excuſed from having them taken out of their caſes by rough and violent hands, which certainly would have broken ſomething.

Riſk waited upon me next day, and let me know from whom the favour came; on which we all thought this was a hint for a preſent; and accordingly, as I had other buſineſs with the Bey, I had prepared a very handſome one.

But I was exceedingly aſtoniſhed when, deſiring to know the time when it was to be offered, it not only was refuſed, but ſome few trifles were ſent as a preſent from the ſecretary, with this meſſage: "That when I had "repoſed, he would viſit me, and deſire "to ſee me make uſe of theſe in-"ſtruments; and, in the mean time, "that I might reſt confident, that "nobody durſt any way moleſt me "while in Cairo, for I was under "the immediate protection of the "Bey."

He added alſo, "That if I wanted "any thing I ſhould ſend my Arme-"nian ſervant, Arab Keer, to him, "without troubling myſelf to com-"municate my neceſſities to the "French, or truſt my concerns to their "Dragomen."

Although I had lived for many years in friendſhip and in conſtant good underſtanding with both Turks and Moors, there was ſomething more polite and conſiderate in this than I could account for.

I had not ſeen the Bey; it was not therefore any particular addreſs, or any prepoſſeſſion in my favour, with which theſe people are very apt to be taken at firſt ſight, that could account for this; I was an abſolute ſtranger: I therefore opened myſelf entirely to my landlord, Mr Bertran.

I told him my apprehenſion of too much fair weather in the beginning, which, in theſe climates, generally leads to a ſtorm in the end; on which account, I ſuſpected ſome deſign; Mr Bertran kindly promiſed to ſound Riſk for me.

At the ſame time, he cautioned me equally againſt offending him, or truſting myſelf in his hands, as being a man capable of the blackeſt deſigns, and mercileſs in the execution of them.

It was not long before Riſk's curioſity gave him a fair opportunity. He inquired of Bertran as to my knowledge of the ſtars; and my friend, who then ſaw perfectly the drift of all his conduct, ſo prepoſſeſſed him in favour of my ſuperior ſcience, that he communicated to him in the inſtant the great expectations he had formed, to be enabled by me to foreſee the deſtiny of the Bey; the ſucceſs of the war; and, in particular, whether or not he ſhould make himſelf maſter of Mecca; to conquer which place, he was about to diſpatch his ſlave and ſon-in law, Mahomet Bey Abou Dahab, at the head of an army conducting the pilgrims.

Bertran communicated this to me with great tokens of joy; for my own part, I did not greatly like the pro-

 ſeſſion

feſſion of fortune-telling, where baſtinado or impaling might be the reward of being miſtaken.

But I was told I had moſt credulous people to deal with, and that there was nothing for it but eſcaping as long as poſſible, before the iſſue of any of my prophecies arrived, and as ſoon as I had done my own buſineſs.

This was my own idea likewiſe; I never ſaw a place I liked worſe, or which afforded leſs pleaſure or inſtruction than Cairo, or antiquities, which leſs anſwered their deſcriptions.

In a few days I received a letter from Riſk, deſiring me to go out to the Convent of St George, about three miles from Cairo, where the Greek patriarch had ordered an apartment for me; that I ſhould pretend to the French merchants that it was for the ſake of health, and that there I ſhould receive the Bey's orders.

Providence ſeemed to teach me the way I was to go. I went accordingly to St George, a very ſolitary manſion, but large and quiet, very proper for ſtudy, and ſtill more for executing a plan which I thought moſt neceſſary for my undertaking.

During my ſtay at Algiers, the Rev. Mr Tonyn the king's chaplain to that factory, was abſent upon leave. The bigotted catholic prieſts there neither marry, baptize, nor bury the dead of thoſe that are Proteſtants.

[To be continued.]

Manners of the Iriſh Rapparees.

By Sir John Dalrymple, *Bart.*

THE genius of nations often depends on the food with which they are nouriſhed. When men obtain ſubſiſtence without any exertion of induſtry, they become indifferent with regard to their clothing and habitation; and indifference to theſe, creates a habit of indolence in every thing elſe. The potatoe root, upon which moſt of the common people of Ireland (during the civil wars there in the reign of William III.) ſubſiſted, while it increaſed the population, debaſed the character of the nation; becauſe a man, by the work of a few days, could raiſe as much food as was ſufficient to maintain him during the reſt of the year. The *Rapparee* was the loweſt of the low people. He lived in the country upon that root alone; in his clothing he was half naked; his houſe conſiſted of a mud wall, and a few branches of trees, covered with graſs or buſhes, the one end of the branch ſtuck into the ground, and the other laid upon the wall; a fabric which could be erected in an hour. He was a part rather of the ſpot on which he grew, than of the community to which he belonged; or when he entered into ſociety, he did it with all the ſelfiſhneſs and ferocity of uncivilized nature. Each party (the adherents of James and of William) hunted out theſe people againſt the other, though the inſtruments of vengeance often recoiled upon themſelves; for the Rapparees knew little difference between friend and foe; receiving no mercy, they gave none; and, not regarding their own lives, they were always maſters of thoſe of other men. They rendezvouſed during the night, coming to ſome ſolitary ſtation, from an hundred places at once, by paths which none elſe knew: there, in darkneſs and deſarts, they planned their miſchievous expeditions. Their way of conducting them was, ſometimes to make incurſions from a diſtance in ſmall bodies, which grew greater every hour; and, as they made their incurſions at times when the moon was quite dark, it became impoſſible to trace their ſteps, except by the cries

cries of thoſe whom they were murdering, or the flames of the houſes, barn-yards, and villages, which they burnt as they went along. At other times, they hung about the cantonments of the troops, under pretence of aſking written protections, or of complaining that they had been driven from their country by the other army. It was difficult to detect, or to guard againſt them till too late, ſeeing they went unarmed, and more with the appearance of being overcome with fears themſelves, than of giving them to others: but they carried the locks of their muſkets in their pockets, or hid them in dry holes of old walls, and laid the muſkets themſelves, charged and cloſely corked up at the muzzle and touch-hole, in ditches with which they were acquainted: ſo that bodies of regular troops often found them hidden in the unequal ſurfaces formed by the bog graſs, or laying them hidden all along in muddy water with nothing but the mouth and noſtrils above; ſo became more eaſy to find game than the fugitives. Theſe people gave an unuſual horror to the appearance of war; becauſe they mangled the bodies of thoſe whom they ſlew, partly from rage, and partly to ſtrike terror; and they tore corſes from their graves for the ſake of their ſhrouds.

Account of ſome Singular Cuſtoms.

IN the iſland of Ceylon the people beſtow no title on their king; but when they ſpeak to him they diveſt themſelves, through reſpect, of the quality of man: for example, if the Prince aſks any of them whence he comes, they will ſay, Your Majeſty's dog comes from ſuch a place. And if he aſks how many children he has, he will reply, Your Majeſty's bitch has produced ſo many children to your Majeſty's dog.

White among the Japaneſe is the mark of mourning, and black that of joy. They mount their horſes on the right ſide. They ſalute neither with the head nor the hand, but with the foot. In the houſe they wear their fineſt clothes, and lay them aſide when they go abroad. A Japaneſe nobleman, when accuſed and convicted of any crime, would think he diſgraced himſelf did he beg for a pardon; he only endeavours to obtain permiſſion to deſtroy himſelf, or to make ſome one of his friends, who is a gentleman, like himſelf, perform the part of the executioner.

So great was the ignorance into which Europe was plunged for ſeveral centuries, that noblemen of the firſt rank could not ſign their own names. In England, that the nation might be inſpired with a taſte for ſtudy, a criminal who could read and write was pardoned. Nobody, ſaid fathers to their children, can foreſee what will happen in life; one day, perhaps, it may be your fate to be condemned to the gallows: it is therefore of the higheſt importance to learn to read and write.

In Languedoc, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, when a man or a woman was caught in the act of adultery, the criminal was condemned to run naked, in the middle of the day, from one end of the town to the other.

We read in the ſeventeenth volume of the *General Hiſtory of Voyages and Travels*, that a Dutch clergyman having made a preſent of a bottle of gin to an Indian prince, the latter, in order that he might ſhew his gratitude, and do honor to his benefactor, ordered a battle to be fought by his ſubjects, ſo that the earth was ſoon covered with wounded or dying people and with dead bodies; and that, notwithſtanding the prayers and entreaties of the clergyman, the combat

continued for some time. "These are "my subjects," said the prince, "the "loss of them is of very little "importance; and I am exceedingly "happy in making this small sacri- "fice, as a proof of the esteem which "I entertain for you."

In China, the governor of each city, in the name and by the authority of the Emperor, on the commencement of every year, after a proper examination, gives an entertainment to all those who in the course of the preceeding year have performed some virtuous action. This entertainment is prepared in the public square, under a tent: upon which is inscribed the following words, *ye men of all ranks and conditions, it is virtue which places you here, and makes you all equal.* The people consider and examine all the guests, and if they observe any person who did not deserve to be in such company, they would oblige him by their hooting to retire from the table, and to go and hide himself.

The weaknesses of the human mind are sometimes so ridiculous, that one can scarcely give credit to them. In Egypt, the master of a house in which a cat died, shaved his left brow as a sign of mourning. Not above two hundred years ago, the law proceeded against rats, in the same manner as it would have proceeded against men. The celebrated Chasseneux, who was afterwards first President of the Parliament of Provence, being as yet only Advocate for the King in the Bailiwick of Autun in Burgundy, undertook the defence of the rats, in opposition to a sentence of excommunication pronounced against them by the Bishop of Autun. "He remon- "strated," says Mr. de Thou, "that "the time which had been allowed "them to appear in was too short, "especially as it was very dangerous "for them to set out, because all the "cats in the neighbouring villages "were lying in wait to seize them." He obtained, therefore, that they should be again summoned, and that a longer time should be granted them to appear.

Formerly in Poland, those who were accused and convicted of eating meat in the time of Lent, had their teeth plucked out. A slanderer was condemned to walk on all fours, and to bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. It is pretended that Charles V. King of France, introduced this punishment at his court, and that on certain days nothing was heard but barking for whole mornings.

Among the antient Arabs, when a new king was crowned, a list of the names of all the women eight or nine months gone with child was made out; these females were all shut up in the palace, where every possible care was bestowed upon them, and the child first born, if a boy, was declared presumptive heir to the crown.—"Royalty," said they, "ought not to be con- "fined to one family, it belongs to "the whole nation."

LONDON, June 5.

KING's BIRTH DAY.

Yesterday the following ODE, written by the late Mr WARTON, and set to music by Mr PARSONS, was performed at St James's, before their Majesties and the Royal Family:

I.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess Health to dwell?
Where from the rigid roof distills
Her richest stream in steely rills?
What mineral gems entwine her humid locks?
Lo, sparkling high from potent springs,
To Britain's sons her cup she brings!
Romantic Matlock! are thy tufted rocks,
Thy fring'd declivities, the dim retreat
Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite seat,

And

And hears, reclin'd along the thundering shore,
Indignant Darwent's desultory tide
His rugged channel rudely chide?
Darwent, whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with Danish gore!

II.

Or does she dress her Naiad-cave
With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
And hold short revels with the train
Of nymphs that tread the neighb'ring main?
And from the cliffs of Avon's* cavern'd side,
Temper the balmy beverage pure,
That, fraught with "drops of precious cure,"
Brings back to trembling Hope the drooping bride;
That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
And wraps the eye of Pain in quick repose!
While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving steeps,
And calls her votaries wan, to catch the gale
That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn sweeps.

III.

Or broods the nymph with watchful wing
O'er ancient Badon's mystic spring?
And speeds from its sulphureous source
The steamy torrent's secret course;
And fans th' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
In deep unfathom'd beds below
By Bladud's magic taught to glow,
Bladud, high theme of fancy's Gothic lyre!
Or opes the healing power her chosen fount
In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount?
From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer views
Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues.

IV.

Haunts she the scene, where nature lowers
O'er Buxton's heath in lingering showers?
Or loves she more, with sandal feet,
In mattin dance the nymphs to meet
That on the flowery marge of Chelder† play?
Who, boastful of the stately train
That deign'd to grace this simple plain,
Late, with new pride, along his reedy way,
Bore to Sabrina wreaths of brighter hue,
And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new.
Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
Thy steps, O genial Health, yet not alone
Thy gifts the Naiad-sisters own;
Thine too the briny flood, and Ocean's hoar domain.

V.

And lo! amid the watery roar,
In Thetis' car she skims the shore;
Where Portland's brows, embattled high
With rocks, in rugged Majesty
Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain,
She beckons Britain's sceptre'd Pair
Her treasures of the deep to share!
Hail then, on this glad morn, the mighty main!
Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days
To those who wear the noblest regal bays:
That mighty main, which on its conscious tide
Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
Their dauntless banner bears sublime;
Which wafts their pomp of war and spreads their thunder wide!

* The Avon at Bristol.

† The rivulet Chelt, or Chelder, at Cheltenham, which runs into the Severn.

DRAWING ROOM.

The Drawing Room at St James's exhibited one of the most magnificent spectacles that the homage of a birth day ever represented in it. We join

our

our voice to the congratulatory applauſe of a whole nation for the preſervation of a beloved Monarch to the preſent time; and for the hope afforded of a long ſucceſſion of Anniverſaries yet to come.

Their Majeſties and the eldeſt Princeſſes came at one o'clock to St James's. Soon after two the drawing room commenced. The following were part of the company preſent:——Their Royal Highneſſes the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York, Glouceſter, and Cumberland, the Princeſſes, the Princeſs Sophia of Glouceſter, the Lord Chancellor, Mr Pitt, and all the other members of adminiſtration; the Archbiſhops and Biſhops, all the foreign ambaſſadors, and among the reſt the Marquis del Campo, *the Spaniſh Ambaſſador*, and all the nobility and gentry in town.

A congratulatory letter from the Duke of Clarence, at Plymouth, to his Royal Father, on the birth-day, was preſented to the King at Buckingham Houſe.

BALL ROOM.

Their Majeſties entered at half paſt nine, when the minuets immediately commenced, and laſted till within a quarter of twelve.

After the minuets, a country dance commenced, at the end of which the Royal Family retired. It was near one o'clock before the company left St James's.

The Dukes of Orleans and Luxembourg, and Vicomte de Vergenne were among the foreigners of diſtinction preſent.

Their Majeſties appeared in great health and cheerfulneſs.

LADIES' DRESSES.

THE QUEEN was arrayed in all the ſplendour of Majeſty, as is uſual on the Birth Day of the King. There was ſomething finely pictureſque in her dreſs, her petticoat being very beautifully embroidered in imitation of clouds with ſhades of green foil; the drapery drew up with green bands covered with chains of diamonds and pearls. Her Majeſty wore a profuſion of diamonds, both about her dreſs and in her hair, with a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and ſtomacher.

THE THREE PRINCESSES appeared brilliant and lovely: their Highneſſes trains were white and ſilver, their petticoats covered with white crape embroidered with ſilver and ſpangles; the whole beautifully deſigned, and producing a charming effect.

Ducheſs of Hamilton—White crape ornamented with feſtoons of primroſes, trimmed at bottom with a deep ſilver fringe, and two rows of black ſattin ribbon embroidered in ſilver, and intermingled with primroſes, a drapery at top of the petticoat looped up with diamonds; train of primroſes, ornamented with ſilver and black.

Marchioneſs of Salisbury—A pale blue Iriſh poplin, with ſilver ſtripes, trimmed with a rich ſilver ſpangled crape, and taſſels appropriate.

Counteſs of Sutherland—Crape petticoat, covered with ſilver ſpangles, and embroidered with blue foil and corn flowers, the bottom fringed with rich taſſels.

Lady Balgonie—Crape petticoat with ſilver ſpots, with a very rich embroidery acroſs, of purple and green foil; gown Emperor's eye, trimmed with ſilver.

Lady Georgiana Hope—A ſilver embroidery on crape, decorated with garlands of ſweet peaſe, pale pink, under a part of the embroidery; the train of ſilver gauze.

HEAD DRESSES.

The caps moſt worn were very high and narrow, chiefly of white and coloured crapes ſuitable to the dreſſes, and richly trimmed with blond lace. The ornaments were oſtrich and vulture feathers, and many ladies wore white beads. The toupee was in curls off the ſides, with two drop curls.

The ear rings moſt in faſhion were clump earrings, in the ſhape of a large button of gold.—Others which were likewiſe much worn, by far the moſt becoming, were long ear rings of fine fillagree work.

GENTLEMENS' DRESSES.

HIS MAJESTY—Dreſſed in a plain ſuit, as uſual on his own birth day. He looked remarkably well and chearful.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES—A garter blue ſtriped rich ſilk coat and breeches, and white ſilk waiſtcoat—the whole very ſuperbly embroidered, with ſilver, ſpangles, and ſtones. The epaulette was the moſt

ſuperb

ſuperb ever ſeen at Court, and eſtimated in value at 30,000l. A brilliant of extraordinary fineneſs, and the value exceeding 4000 guineas, formed a button at the top, and from the bottom of the epaulette hung a fringe of two rows of large brilliants, extending three or four inches down the arm. His Royal Highneſs' ſword was of ſteel, beautifully poliſhed, the luſtre of which was eclipſed by the ſuperior magnificence of the diamonds. He alſo wore a ſuperb diamond George. To complete this very magnificent dreſs, his Royal Highneſs wore a moſt ſuperb and valuable pair of brilliant buckles, conſiſting of ſtones of great ſize and value, cemented together by a beautiful knot of diamonds—the knee buckles to correſpond.

THE DUKE OF YORK in a plain ſuit of regimentals, with an embroidered ſtar, and, according to the etiquette of the army, without any diamonds.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER in a full dreſs, and very handſome uniform.

Duke of Orleans—A blue ſilk coat and breeches, with light blue and black ſtripes, very handſomely embroidered with treble rows of foil ſtones, edged with gold and ſilver, and a white ſilk waiſtcoat, elegantly embroidered as the coat. He wore a profuſion of diamonds, particularly a brilliant ſhoulder knot.

Marquis of Lorn—A garter blue ſtriped and ſpotted ſilk coat and breeches, and white ſilk waiſtcoat, all richly embroidered in ſilks and net work.

Earl of Morton—A brown and purple ſtriped ſilk ſuit, with a hand ſome embroidery in ſilver, green, and white, and lined with white and ſilk.

Sixteen mail coaches, entirely new for the occaſion, drawn by as many ſets of blood horſes, in plated harneſs; and the drivers and guards, like the coachmens and guards hammer-cloths, decked out in ſcarlet and gold, preſented a very ſtriking and elegant object. They paraded from the Mail Coach Manufactory at Millbank, to the Poſt Office.

To the PRINTER *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ON Friday laſt, propitious day!
When joy in ev'ry face was ſeen,
Was ſung, with glee, the foll'wing lay,
In our good town of *Aberdeen*.
And if you'll give the ſame a place,
I ſhall remain, with zeal moſt fervent,
While there's a noſe upon my face,
Your much obliged humble ſervant,

Abdn. June 12th, 1790. } W. B. FLAXDRESSER.

Song for the King's Birth-day.

Tune, Jockey to the Fair.

I.

'TWAS in the pleaſant month of June,
When Flora wears her ſpangled gown,
And ladies leave the ſmoaky town,
To breathe the country air,
The Cheiftain of our Iſle was born;
Upon this day, O joyous morn!
Long may the Crown his brow adorn;
And far may fame's loud ſounding horn
His mighty deeds declare.
And far may fame's loud ſounding horn, &c.

II.

While he governs the Britiſh Iſle,
May peace in ev'ry hamlet ſmile;
Far hence be each inteſtine broil,
And ev'ry public woe.
Far hence be each inteſtine broil &c.
Should Mars unſheath the ſword again,
May Britain ſtill the vict'ry gain,
Where'er her fleets traverſe the main,
To cruſh the pride of haughty Spain,
Or any daring foe.
To cruſh the pride of haughty Spain, &c.

III.

III.

When firſt this day announc'd his birth,
What loud hoſannahs rent the earth!
And ſtill with loyal ſongs, and mirth,
We hail the happy day:
Long, long may his illuſtrious line,
In Britiſh royal ſplendor ſhine;
O may his offspring ne'er decline!
But ſtill unto the end of time,
The Britiſh ſceptre ſway.
But ſtill unto the end of time,
The Britiſh ſceptre ſway.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

The Rumour of War.

WHEN Cæſar had the Gauls ſubdu'd,
His paſſion ſtill for conqueſt ſued,
No nation could, he thought, withſtand
His fortune and his martial band.
That warlike fire for Roma's fame
Shone bright in ev'ry Roman name,
By future glory's tempting breeze
He ventur'd oe'r the narrow ſeas.
But here the hero ſhortly found,
That Kentiſh men were firm, and ſound,
A naked hoſt of painted foes,
Drew up before his Roman noſe,
His well train'd Phalanx feel their rage,
With native valour they engage,
Deſpiſing all his pomp and ſkill,
The daring enſigns of his will
No gold nor politics cou'd ſtain,
They neither knew nor valu'd gain.
They here and there pour'd forth their blood,
But conquer them they never cou'd.
Repulſed and beat they form anew,
And ſtill their enemies purſue:
At laſt by many friendly tyes
They all their quarrels compromiſe.
The Dons and Gauls, now fiercer far
Than Romans in the heat of war,
By martial ſkill and valour due,
We gallantly with eaſe ſubdue;
Each inn or tavern of each town
Reechoes with our paſt renown,
Of feats atchiev'd by Britiſh blood,
Extoll'd for valour ſince the flood,
Of battles fought, of battles won,
Of fleets and batteries undone,
Of Heroes taken, heroes ſlain,
By our ſtill vanquiſhing domain,
Of hearts of oak in heavy chains
In cutters lying on the Thames,
Of cities ſtorm'd, of lands ſubdu'd,
Of armies flying, and purſu'd,
Of great ſurrenders here and there,
By our great Generals watchful care,
Of burning towns, and firing mines,
Conſuming nations for their crimes,
Of claymores, dirks and black cockades,
Of highland lairds and tartan plaids.
Advancing, cheering ſword in hand,
Still cutting down a rebel band;
Of marching troops thro' mire and mud,
Without their baggage, ſtrength or food;
Of cannons, cochorns, bombs, and ſhells,
Of ſounding trumpets, ringing bells,
Of gallant ſpies, who have been hang'd,
And traitors, who oppreſs the land;
Of red hot balls fir'd from the rock
By our humane brave cripple cock,
Who ſtood his ground and crow'd ſo loud,
He ſcar'd the Dons below the flood;
Of ſinking ſhips and blowing up,
We hear in ev'ry flowing cup.
Let fearful Spain, diſtracted France,
Sardinia with their claims advance,
Their rights and claims ſhall be our ſport,
While we have Fred'ric and the Port.
No nation dare approach our ire,
A Roman, Saxon, Norman fire!
Each coffeehouſe, which underſtands
The politics of our commands,
Approves the ſpirit of our laws,
To conquer, when we find a cauſe,
Our battles there are fairly won,
Before our forces fire a gun.

June 3d, 1790. REGULUS.

Vol. Lib. Prog. fol. 3, 318



Jamieson pinxt

A. Robertson sculp.
1789.

KING^{s} COLLEGE OLD ABERDEEN *as originally built by* BISHOP ELPHINSTON 1500.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXV.] Thurſday June 31, 1790. [Price 3d.

Bruce's *Proceedings at* Cairo.

(Concluded from p. 362.)

THERE was a Greek prieſt, Father Chriſtopher, who conſtantly had offered gratuitouſly to perform theſe functions. The civility, humanity, and good character of the man, led me to take him to reſide at my country houſe, where I lived the greateſt part of the year; beſides that he was of a cheerful diſpoſition, I had practiſed much with him both in ſpeaking and reading Greek with the accent, not in uſe in our ſchools, but without which that language, in the mouth of a ſtranger, is perfectly unintelligible all over the Archipelago.

Upon my leaving Algiers to go on my voyage to Barbary, being tired of the place, he embarked on board a veſſel, and landed at Alexandria, from which ſoon after he was called to Cairo by the Greek patriarch Mark, and made *Archimandrites*, which is the ſecond dignity in the Greek church under the patriarch. He too was well acquainted in the houſe of Ali Bey, where all were Georgian and Greek ſlaves; and it was at his ſolicitation that Riſk had deſired the patriarch to furniſh me with an apartment in the convent of St George.

The next day after my arrival I was ſurpriſed by the viſit of my old friend Father Chriſtopher; and, not to detain the reader with uſeleſs circumſtances, the intelligence of many viſits, which I ſhall comprehend in one, was, that there were many Greeks then in Abyſſinia, all of them in great power, and ſome of them in the firſt places of the empire; that they correſponded with the patriarch when occaſion offered, and, at all times, held him in ſuch reſpect, that his will, when ſignified to them, was of the greateſt authority, and that obedience was paid to it as to holy writ.

Father Chriſtopher took upon him, with the greateſt readineſs, to manage the letters, and we digeſted the plan of them; three copies were made to ſend ſeparate ways, and an admonitory letter to the whole of the Greeks then in Abyſſinia, in form of a bull.

By this the patriarch enjoined them as a penance, upon which a kind of jubilee was to follow, that, laying aſide their pride and vanity, great ſins with which he knew them much *infected*, and,

inſtead of pretending to put themſelves on a footing with me, when I ſhould arrive at the court of Abyſſinia, they ſhould concur, heart in hand, in ſerving me; and that, before it could be ſuppoſed they had received inſtructions from *me*, they ſhould make a declaration before the king, that they were not in condition equal to me, that I was a free citizen of a *powerful nation*, and ſervant of a great king; that *they* were born ſlaves of the Turk, and, at beſt, ranked but as would my ſervants; and that, in fact, one of their countrymen was in that ſtation then with me.

After having made that declaration publicly, and *bona fide*, in preſence of their prieſt, he thereupon declared to them, that all their paſt ſins were forgiven.

All this the patriarch moſt willingly and chearfully performed. I ſaw him frequently when I was in Cairo, and we had already commenced a great friendſhip and intimacy.

In the meanwhile, Riſk ſent to me, one night about nine o'clock, to come to the Bey. I ſaw him then for the firſt time. He was a much younger man than I conceived him to be; he was ſitting upon a large ſofa, covered with crimſon-cloth of gold; his turban, his girdle, and the head of his dagger, all thick covered with fine brilliants; one in his turban, that ſerved to ſupport a ſprig of brilliants alſo, was among the largeſt I had ever ſeen.

He entered abruptly into diſcourſe upon the war between Ruſſia and the Turk, and aſked me if I had calculated what would be the conſequence of that war? I ſaid, the Turks would be beaten by ſea and land wherever they preſented themſelves.

Again, Whether Conſtantinople would be burned or taken?—I ſaid, Neither; but peace would be made, after much bloodſhed, with little advantage to either party.

He clapped his hands together, and ſwore an oath in Turkiſh, then turned to Riſk, who ſtood before him, and ſaid, That will be ſad indeed! but truth is truth, and God is merciful.

He offered me coffee and ſweetmeats, promiſed me his protection, bade me fear nothing, but, if any body wronged me, to acquaint him by Riſk.

Two or three nights afterwards he ſent for me again. It was near eleven o'clock before I got admittance to him.

I met the janiſſary Aga going out from him, and a number of ſoldiers at the door. As I did not know him, I paſſed him without ceremony, which is not uſual for any perſon to do. Whenever he mounts on horſeback, as he was then juſt going to do, he has abſolute power of life and death, without appeal, all over Cairo and its neighbourhood.

He ſtopt me juſt at the threſhold, and aſked one of the Bey's people who I was? and was anſwered "It is Hakim Engleſe," the Engliſh philoſopher or phyſician.

He aſked me in Turkiſh, in a very polite manner, if I would come and ſee him, for he was not well? I anſwered him in Arabic, "Yes, whenever he pleaſed, but could not then ſtay, as I had received a meſſage that the Bey was waiting." He replied in Arabic, "No, no; go, for God's ſake go; any time will do for me."

The Bey was ſitting, leaning forward, with a wax taper in one hand, and reading a ſmall ſlip of paper, which he held cloſe to his face. He ſeemed to have little light, or weak eyes; nobody was near him: his people had been all diſmiſſed, or were following the janiſſary Aga out.

He did not ſeem to obſerve me till I was cloſe upon him, and ſtarted when I ſaid, "*Salam.*" I told him I came upon his meſſage. He ſaid,

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I thank you, did I ſend for you? and without giving me leave to reply, went on, "O true, I did ſo," and fell to reading his paper again.

After this was over, he complained that he had been ill, that he vomited immediately after dinner, tho' he eat moderately, that his ſtomach was not yet ſettled, and was afraid ſomething had been given him to do him miſchief.

I felt his pulſe, which was low, and weak; but very little feveriſh. I deſired he would order his people to look if his meat was dreſſed in copper properly tinned; I aſſured him he was in no danger, and inſinuated that I thought he had been guilty of ſome exceſs before dinner; at which he ſmiled, and ſaid to Riſk, who was ſtanding by, "Afrite! Afrite"! he is a devil! he is a devil! I ſaid, If your ſtomach is really uneaſy from what you may have eat, warm ſome water, and, if you pleaſe, put a little green tea into it, and drink till it makes you vomit gently, and that will give you eaſe; after which you may take a diſh of ſtrong coffee, and go to bed, or a glaſs of ſpirits if you have any that are good.

He looked ſurpriſed at this propoſal, and ſaid very calmly, "Spirits! do you know I am a Muſſulman?" But I, Sir, ſaid I, am none. I tell you what is good for your body, and have nothing to do with your religion, or your ſoul. He ſeemed vaſtly diverted, and pleaſed with my frankneſs, and only ſaid, "He ſpeaks like a man." There was no word of the war, nor of the Ruſſians that night. I went home deſperately tired, and peeviſh at being dragged out, on ſo fooliſh an errand.

Next morning, his ſecretary Riſk came to me to the convent. The Bey was not yet well; and the idea ſtill remained that he had been poiſoned. Riſk told me the Bey had great confidence in me. I aſked him how the water had operated? He ſaid he had not yet taken any of it, that he did not know how to make it, therefore he was come at the deſire of the Bey, to ſee how it was made.

I immediately ſhewed him this, by infuſing ſome green tea in ſome warm water. But this was not all, he modeſtly inſinuated that I was to drink it, and ſo vomit myſelf, in order to ſhew him how to do with the Bey.

I excuſed myſelf from being patient and phyſician at the ſame time, and told him, I would vomit *him*, which would anſwer the ſame purpoſe of inſtruction; neither was this propoſal accepted.

The old Greek prieſt, Father Chriſtopher, coming at the ſame time, we both agreed to vomit the Father, who would not conſent, but produced a Caloyeros, or young monk, and we forced him to take the water whether he would or not.

Magnanimity of William Rufus.

Communicated by Mr. R. P. Culham, of Oxford.

WORD being brought to William, as he ſat at dinner, that his city of Mans in Normandy was beſieged, and in great danger to be taken, if not preſently relieved;—he haſtily aſked, which way Mans lay. Upon which being anſwered, the king immediately ordered a maſon to take down a wall which happened to obſtruct his neareſt paſſage to the ſea. His lords about him adviſed him to ſtay till ſuch time as the people might get ready; but his anſwer was, "No!—ſuch as love me, will follow me." Whereupon, the lords obeyed; but being come on ſhipboard, and the weather growing very

tempeſtuous, he was adviſed, a ſecond time, by the maſter of the ſhip, to await ſome calmer ſeaſon, alledging the preſent very imminent danger of the voyage; to which the valiant hero again anſwered, "Fear nothing!—I never yet heard of a king being drowned, while defending the rights of juſtice and his kingdom." And thereupon he ſet ſail, and arriving at Mans unexpectedly, preſently diſperſed the beſiegers, and took Helias, Count de la Fleſchè, who had been the author of the tumult, priſoner; who vauntingly ſaid to the king, "Now, indeed, you have taken me for a while, but if I were at liberty again, you ſhould find me performing different feats!" At which Ruſus, laughing heartily, ſaid, "Go your way, and do your worſt, and let us ſee what feats you can do." Being reconciled to his brother Robert, he aſſiſted him in recovering the forts of Moun and St. Michael, which their brother Henry formerly held in Normandy; during which ſiege he happened to be ſtraggling along the ſhore alone, on horſeback, and was met by three other horſemen, who aſſaulted him ſo fiercely that they drove him from his ſaddle, and his ſaddle from his horſe; but William taking up his ſaddle, and drawing out his ſword, defended himſelf till reſcue came; upon which, being blamed for minding his ſaddle almoſt in preference of his life, he anſwered, "It would have grieved me to the very heart, ſhould the knaves have had it to brag, that they had won my ſaddle from me!"

On the dangerous Influence of Novels.

THE general race of modern novels, has, with equal ſeverity and propriety, been condemned by the ſerious, ſincere, and ardent friends of the riſing generation.

The enthuſiaſt, whoſe love of virtue is as yet uncorrupted by the thoughtleſs follies of faſhion, whoſe reflections are not yet diſſipated by riot, or drowned in diſſipation,—and whoſe heart is not hitherto abandoned to ſenſuality, reprobates with honeſt ardour the increaſing force which theſe compoſitions generally lend to the already too luxuriant paſſions. Feeling with how much difficulty the principles of morality and *real* generoſity maintain themſelves againſt the encroachments of youthful deſires, he is ſenſibly awake to the neceſſity of ſuppreſſing whatever, by its inflammatory influence, may increaſe their natural ebullition. Hence he regards with generous indignation the ſpecious ornaments with which faſhionable vices are generally gilded, in theſe fictitious hiſtories, and the unnatural blandiſhments with which they frequently render ſtill more tempting and inſinuating the moſt dangerous qualities of the diſſipated character.

The contemplative mind, which is prone to trace actions to their ſource, and, with the intereſts of ſociety ever preſent in reflection, penetrates the external glare of deceptive appearance, and looks forward for effects, muſt peruſe with ſtill greater averſion productions in which the grovelling meanneſs of ſenſual debauch is clothed with the ſemblance of nobility of ſpirit. Can he view the diſſipated purſuits of ſelf-gratification veiled in the robe of generoſity, and not execrate the fatal deception?—Can he, without contempt, hear thoughtleſs extravagance proclaimed as the argument of a good heart---or the wanton cruelties of heedleſs diſſipation announced as arguments of an open diſpoſition---while the *neglect* of every moral, and *contempt* of every religious duty, are deſcribed as the characteriſtics of a generous ſoul?

If hence we proceed to the man whoſe clear underſtanding is tenacious of truth, and jealous of propriety and decorum, with how much diſguſt does he view the falſe ſentiments and affected refinements which bedizen the tinſel labours of the novel writer: while he who is verſed in the characters of men, and informed by experience of the ſtructure of the human mind, turns away from the pretended repreſentations of nature, equally offended at the deceptive mirror, which reflects no ſingle trait of native proportion.

But zealous, above all, in the condemnation of the maſs of novels, is he who is alive to a proper conviction of the frailty of human nature;---who is conſcious what feeble reſiſtance prudence and virtue are capable of making againſt temptation;---who is aware of the force of paſſion, and acquainted with the weakneſs of human reſolution.---He who has been taught, by obſervation, and by experience, the wiſdom of that petition which prays for the avoidance of temptation, turns with juſt abhorrence from the volume which, inſtead of repreſenting human nature ſubject to human frailties, delineates ſome favourite character, with nothing of mortality about it but the human form, and perhaps a romantic attachment to ſome worthleſs object.

Theſe curious deſcriptions, not of what is, but of what ſome conceive ought to be, may be conſidered as tacit reproaches of the divine wiſdom for not creating human beings after that model of perfection which the author has formed in his own mind: or they may be looked upon as draughts by which nature may regulate herſelf in caſe of a new creation. But as the writers of theſe hypothetical narratives (if I may hazard the expreſſion) had perhaps no ſuch preſumptuous ideas when they were indulging their imaginations in the formation of theſe embodied ſpeculations, we might perhaps regard their faultleſs monſters with nothing ſeverer than a ſmile of contempt, were it not for the conſideration of their evil effects upon thoſe who are too inexperienced to detect their abſurdity. But theſe books are to be read by the artleſs young female, who knows nothing of the world but what a card-party or a ball has taught, and is no further acquainted with her own heart, than from ſome romantically virtuous ſpeculations with which it has entertained itſelf in the ſecurity of her own cloſet, where no temptation could aſſail her, no trial, no experience convince her of their vanity: after which this young female is to enter upon the great and dangerous ſcene of action, with ſuch opinions and ſentiments on her credulous mind as theſe pages are calculated to impreſs. How juſt then is the indignation excited by thoſe performances, which, deſcribing the heroine triumphing over temptations which no mortal reſolution could (in reality) reſiſt, inſpire the deluded novice to ſeek, in preſumptuous confidence, thoſe trials, which a proper knowledge of human weakneſs would teach her to avoid.

Who that has ever felt what different beings we are in the calm meditations of the cloſet, and amidſt the buſtle of action, and the incitements of paſſion, can forbear execrating thoſe productions which tend to inſpire inexperienced beauty with a confidence, which no one ever poſſeſſed who did not, in the hour of trial, find it to be without foundation!

C. W.

Life of Arabella Stuart, commonly called the Lady Arabella.

SHE was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox; who was

was younger brother of Henry Lord Darnley, father to King James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England; by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendiſh, knt. She was far from being either beautiful in her perſon, or from being diſtinguiſhed by any extraordinary qualities of mind, and yet ſhe met with many admirers, on account of her royal deſcent, and near relation to the crown of England. Her father dying in the year 1579, and leaving her thereby ſole heireſs, as ſome underſtood, of the houſe of Lenox, ſeveral matches were thought of for her at home and abroad. Her couſin, King James, inclined to have married her to Lord Eſme Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lenox, and whom before his marriage he conſidered as his heir; but this match was prevented by Queen Elizabeth, though it was certainly a very fit one in all reſpects. As the Engliſh ſucceſſion was at this time very problematical, the great powers on the Continent formed many deſigns about it, and thought of many huſbands for the Lady Arabella: ſuch as the Duke of Savoy, a prince of the houſe of Farneſe, and others. In the mean time, this lady had ſome thoughts of marrying herſelf at home, as a celebrated writer informs us, to a ſon of the Earl Northumberland's; but it is not credible that this took effect, though he ſays it did privately. The very attempt procured her Queen Elizabeth's diſpleaſure, who confined her for it. In the mean time her title to the crown, ſuch as it was, became the ſubject, amongſt many others, of father Parſons' famous book, wherein are all the arguments for and againſt her, and which ſerved to divulge her name and deſcent all over Europe; and yet this book was not very favourable to her intereſt. On the death of the queen, ſome malecontents framed an odd deſign of diſturbing the public peace, and amongſt other branches of their dark ſcheme, one was to ſeize the Lady Arabella, and to cover their proceedings by the ſanction of her title, intending alſo to have married her to ſome Engliſh nobleman, the more to increaſe their intereſt, and the better to pleaſe the people. But this conſpiracy was fatal to none but its authors, and thoſe who converſed with them; being ſpeedily defeated, many taken, and ſome executed. As for the Lady Arabella, is does not appear that ſhe had any knowledge of this engagement in her behalf, whatever it was; for domeſtic writers are perplexed, and foreign hiſtorians run into abſurdities when they endeavour to explain it. She continued at liberty, and in ſome kind of favour at court, though her circumſtances were narrow, till the latter end of the year 1608, when ſome way or other ſhe drew upon her King James's diſpleaſure. However, at Chriſtmas, when there was much mirth and good humour at court, ſhe was again taken into favour, and had a ſervice of plate preſented to her of the value of two hundred pounds, a thouſand merks given her to pay her debts, and ſome addition made to her annual income. This ſeems to have been done, in order to have gained her to the intereſt of the court, and to put the notions of marriage ſhe had entertained out of her head, all which however proved ineffectual; for in the beginning of the month of February, 1609, ſhe was detected in an intrigue, with Mr. William Seymour, ſon to Lord Beauchamp, and grandſon to the Earl of Hertford, to whom, notwithſtanding, ſhe was privately married ſome time afterwards. Upon this diſcovery, they were both carried before the council, and ſeverely reprimanded, and then diſmiſſed. In the ſummer of the year 1610, the marriage broke out, where-

whereupon the Lady was ſent into cloſe cuſtody, at the houſe of Sir Thomas Parry, in Lambeth; and Mr. Seymour was committed to the Tower for his contempt, in marrying a lady of the royal family, without the king's leave. It does not appear that this confinement was attended with any great ſeverity to either; for the Lady was allowed the uſe of Sir Thomas Parry's houſe and gardens, and the like gentleneſs, in regard to his high quality, was ſhewn to Mr Seymour. Some intercourſe they had by letters, was after a time diſcovered, and a reſolution taken thereupon to ſend the Lady to Durham; a reſolution which threw her into deep affliction. Upon this, by the interpoſition of friends, ſhe and her huſband concerted a ſcheme for their eſcape, which was ſucceſsfully executed in the beginning, though it ended unluckily. The lady, under the care of Sir James Croſts, was at the houſe of Mr. Conyers, at Highgate, from whence ſhe was to have gone the next day to Durham, on which ſhe put a fair countenance now, notwithſtanding the trouble ſhe had before ſhewn. This made her keepers the more eaſy, and gave her an opportunity of diſguiſing herſelf, which ſhe did on Monday the 3d of June, 1611, by drawing over her petticoats a pair of large French-faſhioned hoſe, putting on a man's doublet, a peruke which covered her hair, a hat, black cloak, ruſſet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her ſide. Thus equipped, ſhe walked out between three and four with Mr. Markham. They went a mile and a half to a little inn, where a perſon attended with their horſes. The Lady, by that time ſhe came thither, was ſo weak and faint, that the hoſtler, who held the ſtirrup when ſhe mounted, ſaid, that gentleman would hardly hold out to London. Riding, however, ſo raiſed her ſpirits, that by the time ſhe came to Blackwall, ſhe was pretty well recovered. There they found waiting for them two men, a gentlewoman, and a chambermaid, with one boat full of Mr. Seymour's and her trunks, and another boat for their perſons, in which they haſted from thence towards Woolwich. Being come ſo far, they bade the watermen row on to Graveſend. There the poor fellows were deſirous to land, but for a double freight were contented to go to Lee, yet being almoſt tired by the way, they were forced to lie ſtill at Tilbury, whilſt the rowers went on ſhore to refreſh themſelves; then they proceeded to Lee, and by that time the day appeared, and they diſcovered a ſhip at anchor a mile beyond them, which was the French bark that waited for them. Here the Lady would have lain at anchor expecting Mr. Seymour, but through the importunity of her followers, they forthwith hoiſted ſail and put to ſea. In the mean time Mr. Seymour, with a peruke and beard of black hair, and in a tawney cloth ſuit, walked alone without ſuſpicion, from his lodging, out at the great weſt door of the Tower, following a cart that had brought him billets. From thence he walked along by the Tower-wharf, by the warders of the ſouth gate, and ſo to the iron gate, where one Rodney was ready with a pair of oars to receive him. When they came to Lee, they found that the French ſhip was gone; the billows riſing high, they hired a fiſherman for twenty ſhillings, to put them on board a certain ſhip that they ſaw under ſail. That ſhip they found not to be it they looked for, ſo they made forwards to the next under ſail, which was a ſhip from Newcaſtle. This, with much ado, they hired for forty pounds, to carry them to Calais, and the maſter performed his bargain,

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by which means Mr. Seymour escaped, and continued in Flanders. On Tuesday in the afternoon, my Lord Treasurer being advertised that the Lady Arabella had made an escape, sent immediately to the lieutenant of the Tower, to set strict guard over Mr. Seymour, which he promised, after his *yare* manner *he would thoroughly do, that he would;* but coming to the prisoner's lodgings, he found, to his great amazement, that he was gone from thence one whole day before. A pink being dispatched from the Downs into Calais road, seized the French bark, and brought back the Lady and those with her. As soon as she was brought to town, she was, after examination, committed to the Tower, declaring that she was not so sorry for her own restraint, as she should be glad if Mr. Seymour escaped, for whose welfare, she affirmed, she was more concerned than for her own. Her aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury, was likewise committed, on suspicion of having prompted the Lady Arabella, not only to her escape, but to other things, it being known that she had amassed upwards of twenty thousand pounds in ready money. The Earl of Shrewsbury was confined to his house, and the old Earl of Hertford sent for from his seat. By degrees things grew cooler, and though it was known that Mr. Seymour continued in the Netherlands, yet the court made no farther applications to the Arch-Duke about him. In the beginning of the year 1612, a new storm began to break out; for the Lady Arabella, either pressed at an examination, or of her own free will, made some extraordinary discoveries, upon which some quick steps would have been taken, had it not shortly after appeared, that her misfortunes had turned her head, and that consequently, no use could be made of the evidence of a person out of her senses. However, the Countess of Shrewsbury, who before had leave to attend her husband in his sickness, was very closely shut up, and the court was amused with abundance of strange stories, which wore out by degrees, and the poor Lady Arabella languished in her confinement till the 27th of September, 1615, when her life and sorrows ended together. Even in her grave this poor lady was not at peace, a report being spread that she was poisoned, because she happened to die within two years of Sir Thomas Overbury. As for her husband, Sir William Seymour, he soon after her decease procured leave to return, distinguishing himself by loyally adhering to the king during the civil wars, and, surviving to the time of the restoration, was restored to his great-grandfather's title of Duke of Somerset, by an act of parliament, which entirely cancelled his attainder; and on the giving his royal assent to this act, King Charles II. was pleased to say in full parliament, what perhaps was as honourable for the family as the title to which they are restored. His words were these: 'As this is 'an act of an extraordinary nature, 'so it is in favour of a person of no ordi- 'nary merit: he has deserved of my 'father, and of myself, as much as any 'subject possibly could do; and I 'hope this will stir no man's envy, 'because in doing it I do no more 'than what a good master should 'do for such a servant.' By this lady Arabella this noble person had no issue; but that he still preserved a warm affection for her memory, appears from hence, that he called one of his daughters by his second wife, Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Arabella Seymour.

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Life of Jeffery, Lord Amherſt.

JEFFERY, ſince Lord, Amherſt, is the ſecond ſon of the late Jeffery Amherſt, Eſq. a gentleman who, though bred to the law, inherited from a very reſpectable anceſtry, a freehold eſtate at Riverhead, near Seven Oaks, and whoſe family is equally eſteemed from its deſcent, and for the conſiderable ſurrounding families, to which it is related by matrimonial alliances. The elder brother of the preſent lord dying unmarried, the eſtate of courſe deſcended to him. But Mr. Amherſt was born to give luſtre to his family, not to receive it from paternal poſſeſſions. With that juvenile enthuſiaſm with which great minds are frequently attached to particular purſuits, and without which no one ever became illuſtrious in any, he at a very early period made choice of the profeſſion of arms, and in a happy hour was received into the ſervice of his country. Having paſſed through the inferior gradations with honour to himſelf, and to thoſe who promoted him, and having diſplayed, in ſome reſpects, thoſe early promiſes of military talents, which afterwards diſtinguiſhed him on the other ſide of the Atlantic, he at length obtained the command of a regiment. After this a war breaking out between France and England, of which North America was the principal theatre, his lordſhip was appointed to ſerve in that country, where he ſoon had opportunities of diſplaying his talents as a general officer. The courage and military abilities which entitled him to the truſt thus repoſed in him, were not long unatteſted by the fears of his enemies, and the acclamations of his country. It is not the intention of the preſent article to enumerate all the victories of this brave and fortunate ſoldier: the following, among the moſt important, are ſufficient to evince the value of the commander, and to inſure the gratitude of his country. In the ſummer of 1758, he undertook the expedition againſt Louiſbourg; which, together with the iſland of Cape Breton, on which it is ſituated, in the Gulf of Saint Laurence, ſurrendered with all its dependencies to his victorious arms on July 26th, 1758. This important conqueſt not only deprived the enemy of an important place of ſtrength, on which the proſperity of their moſt valuable poſſeſſions in America depended, as it was the guardian and protector of their trade in that part of the world, but it alſo put Great Britain in poſſeſſion of the navigation of the river Saint Lawrence, cut off France from the advantages of her fiſhery, and thereby conſiderably diſtreſſed her Weſt India Iſlands, and finally opened the road for the reduction of Canada. The ſame campaign was diſtinguiſhed by another very important atchievement: for in the month of November following, a plan being laid by this vigilant general for the capture of fort Du Queſne, one of the keys of Canada, ſituated on the Lakes: and the execution being intruſted to brigadier general Forbes, the aſſault proved ſucceſsful, and the fortreſs was accordingly captured: meaſures being conducted at the ſame time with ſo much ſpirit and wiſdom, that the Indians were ſo far detached from the alliance of the enemy, as to give no obſtruction to the expedition. In the enſuing campaign another ſtrong ſtation was reduced, under the prudent auſpices of this aſſiduous officer. Sir William Johnſon, to whom the command of the expedition againſt Niagara devolved, in conſequence of the accidental death of Bri-

gadier Prideaux, on the 24th of July 1759, having defeated and taken M. d'Aubrey near that place, the fort ſurrendered the next day. This important victory and capture, threw the whole of the Indian fur trade into the hands of the Engliſh; and alſo ſecured the Britiſh dominions behind it from the incurſions of the ſcalping parties, and, in ſhort, from all hoſtile annoyance.

Some time before this, general Abercrombie had made an unſucceſsful attempt on Ticonderoga, in which, together with a conſiderable number of men, the Britiſh army had been robbed of thoſe gallant and reſpected young officers, Lord Howe, and colonel Roger Townſhend. But it now, on the 26th of July, 1759, the day after the reduction of Niagara, confeſſed the power and fortune of the Britiſh arms, and ſurrendered its important fortreſs. Thus was the way cleared for the ſubjection of Canada; and accordingly we find, that on the 14th of the following month, the long and obſtinately diſputed poſt of Crown Point ſurrendered to the Britiſh forces; the 18th of the enſuing September beheld the chief ſettlement of the enemy in this part of the globe, the ever to be remembered Quebec, ſurrender upon capitulation to our commanders; and in the month of Auguſt, 1760, the French army evacuating Iſle au Noix, abandoning the Iſle Gallot, and Pic quet's Iſland, at the approach of general Amherſt, Iſle Royale being captured by him, and Montreal, the laſt remaining poſt of the foe, ſurrendering on the 8th of September following, the whole province became ſubject to the Britiſh government. In the mean time the Iſland of Newfoundland having been redu ced by the French, general Amherſt projected an expedition for its reco very. The command of this was intruſted to the late major general William Amherſt (then lieutenant colonel) who giving effect and action to the plan which his brother had formed, happily reſtored the iſland to its Britiſh owners, and captured the various garriſons which had been ſtationed by the enemy in the reſpective poſts. General Amherſt now ſeeing that the whole continent of North America was reduced in ſubjection to his country, returned to New York, the capital of the Britiſh empire there, to receive all the honours which a grateful people can ſhower on the vindicators of their rights and glory. His arrival was celebrated by public rejoicings, and every teſtimony of popular applauſe; and the corporation preſented him with a gold box, containing the freedom of that city: a gift rendered the more gracious by the animated and elegant addreſs of the mayor, in which he enumerated ſome of the principal ſervices which the general had performed for his country, and expatiated on the grateful ſenſe of his worth which his conduct had inſpired in the boſoms of all. Nor was the Engliſh government entirely unmindful of his merits and ſervices. The thanks of the houſe of commons had already been tranſmitted to him; and among other honourable teſtimonies of approbation, in 1761, he was created one of the knights companions of the moſt honourable order of the Bath. He had alſo ſome time before been appointed commander in chief of all the forces in America, and governor general of the Britiſh provinces there. But ſhortly after the peace was concluded, he reſigned his command, and returned to England, arriving in London in December, 1763. The commander whoſe exploits have added luſtre to his name, and aggrandized the power of his country, and who has neither embroiled himſelf

ſelf with party diſputes, nor ſtooped to be the tool of a faction, can never fail of a gracious reception from an amiable ſovereign to whom he has devoted his talents and his labours. His majeſty accordingly received his conquering general, like one whoſe ſervices demanded ſomething beyond the uſual formula of gracious approbation; and the government of the province of Virginia was conferred on him, as the firſt mark of that royal favour which he had merited and obtained. In the year 1768, he was appointed colonel of the 3d regiment of foot, with permiſſion to continue alſo his command of the 60th, or royal American regiment, of four battalions; and in October, 1770, he was appointed governor of the iſland of Guernſey, and the caſtle of Cornet, together with all other iſlands, forts, and dependencies thereunto belonging. To theſe was added the office of lieutenant general of the ordnance, in October 1772; at which time he ſworn of the privy council. From this period alſo to the beginning of the year 1782, he officiated as commander in chief of the Engliſh forces, though he was not promoted to the rank of general in the army till March 1778; from which period, to the time of his reſignation in March, 1782, he acted as eldeſt general on the ſtaff of England. Till his military promotion in 1778, he had no higher appointment in the army than that of eldeſt lieutenant general on the Engliſh ſtaff. In the year 1780, he reſigned the command of the 3d regiment of foot, and was promoted to the 2d troop of horſe-grenadiers. Beſides the military honours already mentioned, general Amherſt received from his royal maſter on the 20th of May, 1776, the dignity of Britiſh peerage, by the title of Baron Amherſt, of Holmeſdale, in the county of Kent. Nor was he, who in former times had been the ornament and glory of Britain in a diſtant climate, and a dangerous camp, doomed to reſt at home without power or opportunity of doing eſſential ſervice to his country. It is not intended here to be diſcuſſed how far the adminiſtration of that time were blameable for not cauſing effective means to be uſed more early for checking the riots in June, 1780, when a deſperate band of robbers, under the ſtale pretence of religion, committed the moſt daring and ſhocking depredations on the peace and ſecurity of a metropolis filled with troops of diſciplined ſoldiers, and boaſting of a regular police. But the honour of ſuppreſſing, with little bloodſhed, this outrageous mob of depredators, who had already begun to lay the inhabitants of the metropolis under contribution, had deſtroyed the public gaols, releaſed and recruited themſelves with the priſoners, and were preparing to plunder the Bank, is to be attributed to the prudent conduct of Lord Amherſt. It was he who, according to the duty of his office, planned and cauſed to be executed thoſe meaſures, which checked the progreſs of anarchy and devaſtation, and reſtored tranquillity to the metropolis, though not before it began to dread all the evils which the loweſt and vileſt of mankind can inflict, on thoſe whom inferiority of circumſtances had taught them to envy and to hate, and whom ſuperiority of power would ſoon have enabled them to perſecute with cruelty and contempt. Had this looſe and diſſolute mob been guided by a reſolution which kept pace with their outrageous profligacy, there is no knowing where the evil might have ended. Had they, while in the height of their career, after deſtroying the priſon of Newgate, proceeded immediately to the Bank, they would have found

that place unprepared for their reception; and plunder, unbridled licenciouſneſs, popular anarchy, and public ruin, muſt have been the inevitable conſequences. But Providence, whoſe general diſpenſations are calculated for the general good, has denied to the profligate and the baſe that vigour of mind which can plan and execute great undertakings, and that quickneſs of perception which can ſeize the proffered advantages of the moment. Either this gang of deſperadoes had not courage immediately to attempt ſo daring a piece of miſchief; or elſe perhaps they had never ventured to meditate ſo great a project, till emboldened by an uninterrupted career of ſucceſs. Be this as it will, the attempt was not made till the ſucceeding day. In the mean while the deſign got wind, and thoſe who, from an idle curioſity, had ſwelled the formidable appearance of the inſurgents, and others who, from mere wantonneſs, had but too far countenanced their depredations, began to reflect on the dangers and the conſequences of their conduct, withdrew themſelves to the ſecurity of their homes, and left the deſperadoes to their fate. Government in the mean while was alarmed. His lordſhip ordered out the military, the Bank was garriſoned, and the money ſo concealed and ſecured, that had the aſſault been ſucceſsful, the banditti would have been diſappointed of their booty. But vigorous meaſures were now determined upon; and it was ſoon evident how little is to be effected by a tumultuous rabble againſt a handful of regular troops. Though every precaution had been made uſe of in other places to prevent bloodſhed, and though but few comparatively fell in other parts of the town, yet here it was neceſſary to proceed with a ſeverity in ſome degree proportionate to the deſperate eagerneſs of the rabble; and to ſtrike with terror thoſe who could not be ſubdued by lenity. It is ſuppoſed that conſiderably above a hundred of the moſt daring fell at this place; the officers diſpatching thoſe who had been only wounded by the privates, to convince the deſperate that no mercy was to be hoped if they preſerved in their profligate deſign. The unhappy victims were prudently interred behind the Bank, that the minds of the people might not be agitated by a ſight which always excites commotion in a mercantile city——the bodies of men ſlaughtered within their walls by the hand of martial law. Thus terminated this dangerous tumult, with as little bloodſhed as prudence would permit, and with leſs than could poſſibly have been expected. The humanity which marked the regulations and inſtructions of his lordſhip in this affair may be termed the happy and honourable concluſion of that career of glory which his country will ever reflect upon with a mixture of honeſt pride and gratitude. After this nothing particular marked his official conduct; and indeed he did not long after remain in his elevated ſituation. During the early part of his lordſhip's life his conduct does not ſeem to have been marked by attachment to any particular party; the duties of his military ſituation, and the advancement of the intereſts and glory of his country engroſſing all his thoughts. But when reſiding in the vicinity of the court, his lordſhip experienced the truth of the axiom, "that in England every man muſt chooſe his party." He naturally became attached to that miniſtry with which he was aſſociated, and under whoſe influence he had obtained thoſe honours which were the juſt rewards of paſt ſervices. On this account therefore, when the miniſtry of Lord North found their poſts no longer ten-

tenable againſt the growing force of oppoſition, Lord Amherſt remained no longer in his ſituation. In March 1782, he reſigned his ſtaff as commander in chief of the forces, which was ſhortly after conferred upon general Conway. Since this period, his lordſhip has lived retired from all public buſineſs, mingling but little in political debate: deeming perhaps that a youth ſpent in the glorious camp of danger, can reap little addition of honour from an age devoted to party ſquabbles, and contentions for poſts of ambition or emolument. Conſidering his lordſhip in a ſtate of popular demiſe at preſent, it is preſumed that it may not be improper to take a liberty with the memory of his former conduct, which can ſeldom be done with juſtice and impartiality while a man is yet engaged in the buſy ſcenes of action. The character of his lordſhip ought to occupy ſome part of the conſideration of one who profeſſes to write even a ſketch of his important life. This may in part be drawn from what has already been recorded: but it ſhall be more particularly ſtated. His vigilance and courage are too ſtrongly marked in every part of his conduct in America to need further comment; and his diſpatches ſpeak a mind attentive to the duties of an official ſituation, and tinged with ſomething of the Spartan ſpirit, more engroſſed in the projection and execution of great and hazardous enterprizes, than careful about the eloquent illuſtration of his exploits. But the moſt prominent features in his lordſhip's character were the fertility of his mind in the invention of expedients, with which he ſurmounted difficulties apparently inacceſſible, and the ſtrict and rigid ſeverity with which he preſerved diſcipline in his army. Of the former of theſe a ſtriking inſtance was given in the dangerous but ſucceſsful attack at Iſle Royale. To diſpoſſeſs the foe from their ſtations was not poſſible without an attack upon their fort by water. This appeared impracticable by means of the rocks, of the rapidity of the torrent, and of the falls, which could not fail to ſplit or overſet the boats made uſe of on ſuch occaſions. But the diſlodgement of the enemy from this poſt appeared of the utmoſt importance; little elſe being left to do to bring affairs to an expeditious and happy iſſue. His lordſhip therefore had a number of round boats built, ſo conſtructed as to ſail equally well whichever ſide might be forced forward by the brakes of the waves, and prevent their being whirled away by the eddies of the flood, daſhed againſt the crags, or overſet by the rapidity of the falls. On board of theſe he embarked, ſharing in common with his troops the dangers of the expedition; and falling down the Lakes with the current, he effected the purpoſe of his undertaking. The other leading feature in the general's character, however it may perhaps be juſtified by the conſideration of military neceſſity, will not place him in ſo amiable a light in the eyes of the children of ſenſibility; and the circumſtance now about to be related will undoubtedly draw forth the pitying ſigh from thoſe who can exerciſe the aberrations which proceed from the glow of youthful paſſion. A young fellow, of gay and heroic diſpoſition, but of rather wild and irregular conduct, though the ſon of a conſiderable tradeſman in London, felt himſelf impelled, either by that martial ardour natural to his warmth of temper, or by that wandering and unſettled inclination frequently attendant on youthful diſſipation, to enter into the ſervice of his country: and he went to America accordingly in the capacity of a common ſoldier.

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But as, together with a very fine perſon, he poſſeſſed ſome accompliſhments above the expectations of his ſtation; and as, by means of an income which his father allowed him, he was enabled to preſerve a gentility of appearance which diſtinguiſhed him above his comrades, the youth always attracted and preſerved to himſelf a degree of reſpect to which his ſituation in the ranks did not ſeem to entitle him. The regiment in which he ſerved was, during the war, quartered in the town of Albany. Here the youth, whoſe heart had at all times been devoted to gallantry, ſoon became tenderly attached to a beautiful young lady, the daughter of one of the moſt conſiderable inhabitants of the town. The lady returned his attachment with a diſintereſted ardour which gratified his warmeſt wiſhes. But how often does the proſperous gale which ſeems to be wafting us to the harbour of felicity, by ſome ſudden guſt, ſhipwreck us on the cliffs of ruin, even in ſight of the wiſhed-for ſhore! The relations of the young lady were informed of the connection, and removed her ſuddenly to another part of the country. The young ſolder got intimation of theſe proceedings, and without the delay of obtaining leave of abſence, ſet off in purſuit of his miſtreſs; diſcovered the place of her retreat, and having adjuſted the terms of their future correſpondence, was returning to his quarters. But the unfortunate lover was ſeized before he reached the lines, and tried by a court-martial for deſertion. The officers, with pitying hearts, paſſed unwillingly the ſentence of military law upon his crime; and immediately ſent an account of the affair to general Amherſt, then at New York, accompanying it with a petition for his pardon, ſigned by every officer of the three regiments then at Albany. But the ſevere temper of the general admitted of no relaxation in the ſtrict laws of diſcipline. He is ſaid to have anſwered to the ſolicitations made for the life of the unfortunate victim, that *The laws of war condemned the deſerter to death, and if he were his own brother he muſt abide by the deciſion.* The youth had been permitted during the time of ſuſpenſe to be at large, accompanied only by one centinel; but the fatal meſſenger arrived with the warrant for his execution, and he was led to death among the tears of ſurrounding ſpectators. The officers, though they could not ſave his life, decreed him all the honours which could attend upon his exit. He was led to the fatal ſpot, accompanied by a long military proceſſion, which laſted for the ſpace of two hours, filling the pitying beholders with awe, but not melting the gallant ſpirit of the victim. He walked round all the ranks, expatiated on the juſtice of his ſentence, exhorted his comrades to be warned by his example, and met his death with a calmneſs and heroiſm which proved him worthy of a better fate. The reader it is preſumed will readily pardon the detail of a circumſtance which, however romantic in appearance, has been well atteſted to the writer of this article by a gentleman of indubitable integrity, and who was an eye witneſs of the whole. Its inſertion alſo appeared proper, as it places in a ſtrong point of view the character of this able commander and rigid diſciplinarian.

Lord Amherſt has no legitimate iſſue, although he has been twice married; firſt to a lady of Hampton, the daughter of Thomas Dalyſon, Eſq. which lady dying in 1765, his lordſhip, in 1767, united himſelf to Miſs Elizabeth Cary, daughter of the lieutenant-general of that name, and niece to Lord Viſcount Fakland. His lordſhip, who is now about ſeventy-three, although he has

has the appearance of more advanced age, enjoys, conſidering his years, a firm and happy conſtitution. He is tall and thin; but his figure, which is now venerable with the marks of age, and the hardſhips of former ſervices, was formerly martial and commanding, full of dignity, and expreſſive of great powers of mind; and of that enterpriſing boldneſs, and that ſteady reſolution, the former of which diſtinguiſhed him as an officer, the latter as a commander.

Curious Obſervations *on the* Docility *of* Animals.

[From Smellie's Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory.]

BESIDES man, many other animals are capable of being inſtructed. The ape-kind, and eſpecially the larger ſpecies of them, imitate the actions of men without any inſtruction. This imitation they are enabled to perform with the greater exactneſs, on account of their ſtructure. The orang-outang, a native of the ſouthern regions of Africa and India, is as tall and as ſtrong as a man. He has no tail. His face is flat. His arms, hands, toes, and nails, are perfectly ſimilar to ours. He walks conſtantly on end; and the features of his viſage make a near approach to thoſe of the human countenance. He has a beard on his chin, and no more hair on his body than men have when in a ſtate of nature. He knows how to bear arms, to attack his enemies with ſtones, and to defend himſelf with a club. Of all the apes, the orang-outang, or *wild man*, as he is called by the Indians, has the greateſt reſemblance to man both in the ſtructure of his body and in his manners. There are two ſuppoſed ſpecies of orang-outang, a larger and a ſmaller. The latter has been ſeveral times brought to Europe, and accurate deſcriptions have been given both of his external and internal parts. But, with regard to the larger kind, who is ſaid to exceed the ordinary ſtature of man, we have nothing to rely on but the relations of travellers. Bontius, who was chief phyſician in Batavia, affirms expreſsly, that he ſaw, with admiration, ſeveral individuals of this ſpecies walking on their two feet. Among others, he remarked a female, who ſeemed to have a ſenſe of modeſty, who covered her face with her hands when men approached her with whom ſhe was unacquainted, who wept, groaned, and ſeemed to want nothing of humanity but the faculty of ſpeech. Many other ſurpriſing actions performed by this animal are recited by different voyagers, which it is unneceſſary to repeat, eſpecially as we have a ſufficient number of facts atteſted by unequivocal evidence. The court de Buffon, with much probability, conſiders what are called the large and ſmall orang-outangs to be the ſame ſpecies of animals; for thoſe hitherto brought to Europe were very young, and had not acquired one half of their ſtature.

'The orang-outang,' ſays Buffon, 'which I ſaw, walked always on two feet, even when carrying things of conſiderable weight. His air was melancholy, his movements meaſured, his diſpoſitions gentle, and very different from thoſe of other apes. He had neither the impatience of the Barbary ape, the maliciouſneſs of the baboon, nor the extravagance of the monkeys. It may be alleged that he had the benefit of inſtruction; but the apes, which I ſhall compare with him, were educated in the ſame manner. Signs and words were alone ſufficient to make our orang outang act: but the baboon required a cud-

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gel, and the other apes a whip; for none of them would obey without blows. I have ſeen this animal preſent his hand to conduct the people who came to viſit him, and walk as gravely along with them as if he had formed a part of the company. I have ſeen him ſit down at table, unfold his towel, wipe his lips, uſe a glaſs, and make it touch that of the perſon who drank along with him. When invited to drink tea, he brought a cup and ſaucer, placed them on the table, put in ſugar, poured out the tea, and allowed it to cool before he drank it. All theſe actions he performed without any other inſtigation than the ſigns or verbal orders of his maſter, and often of his own accord. He did no injury to any perſon. He even approached company with circumſpection, and preſented himſelf as if he wanted to be careſſed. He was very fond of dainties, which every body gave him: and, as his breaſt was diſeaſed, and he was afflicted with a teazing cough, this quantity of ſweatmeats undoubtedly contributed to ſhorten his life. He lived one ſummer in Paris, and died in London the following winter. He eat almoſt every thing; but preferred ripe and dried fruits to all other kinds of food. He drank a little wine; but ſpontaneouſly left it for milk, tea, or any other mild liquor.'

M. de la Broſſe purchaſed two orang-outangs from a negro, whoſe age exceeded not twelve months. 'Theſe animals,' he remarks,' have the inſtinct of ſitting at table like men. They eat every kind of food without diſtinction. They uſe a knife, a fork, or a ſpoon, to cut or lay hold of what is put upon their plate. They drank wine and other liquors. We carried them abroad. At table, when they wanted any thing, they made themſelves be underſtood by the cabin-boy; and, when the boy refuſed to give them what they demanded, they ſometimes became enraged, ſeized him by the arm, bit, and threw him down.---The male was ſeized with ſickneſs on the road. He made himſelf be attended as a human being. He was even twice bled in the right arm: and whenever he found himſelf afterward in the ſame condition, he held out his arm to be bled, as if he knew that he had formerly received benefit from that operation.'

We are informed by Francis Pyrard, 'that, in the province of Sierra-Leona, there is a ſpecies of animals called *baris* (the orang-outang) who are ſtrong and well limbed, and ſo induſtrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like ſervants; that they generally walk on the two hind-feet; that they pound any ſubſtances in a mortar; that they go to bring water from the river in ſmall pitchers, which they carry full on their heads. But, when they arrive at the door, if the pitchers are not ſoon taken off, they allow them to fall; and, when they perceive the pitcher overturned and broken, they weep and lament.' With regard to the education of theſe animals, the teſtimony of Schotton correſponds with that of Pyrard. 'They are taken,' ſays he, 'with ſnares, taught to walk on their hind-feet, and to uſe their fore-feet as hands in performing different operations, as rinſing glaſſes, carrying drink round the company, turning a ſpit,' &c. Guat informs us, that he 'ſaw at Java a very extraordinary ape. It was a female. She was very tall, and often walked erect on her hind-feet. On theſe occaſions, ſhe concealed with her hands the parts which diſtinguiſh the ſex.—She made her bed very neatly every day, lay upon her ſide, and covered herſelf with the bed-clothes.—When her head ached, ſhe bound it up with her handkerchief; and it was amuſing to ſee her thus hooded in bed. I could relate many other little articles

which

which appeared to be extremely ſingular. But I admired them not ſo much as the multitude; becauſe, as I knew the deſign of bringing her to Europe to be exhibited as a ſhew, I was inclined to think that ſhe had been taught many of theſe monkey tricks, which the people conſidered as being natural to the animal. She died in our ſhip, about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. The figure of this ape had a very great reſemblance to that of man.

We have now enumerated the principal facts regarding this extraordinary animal, which have been related by voyagers of credit, and by thoſe who have ſeen and examined him in Europe; and ſhall only remark, that, notwithſtanding the great ſimilarity of his ſtructure and organs to thoſe of the human ſpecies, his genius and talents ſeem to be very limited. The form of his body enables him to imitate every human action. But, though he has the organs of ſpeech, he is deſtitute of articulate language. If, however, he were domeſticated, and proper pains beſtowed for inſtructing him, he might unqueſtionably be taught to articulate. But, ſuppoſing this point to be obtained, if he remained incapable of reflection, if he were unable to comprehend the meaning of words, or to diſcover by his expreſſions a degree of intellect greatly ſuperior to that of the brute creation, which I imagine would be the caſe, he would never, as ſome authors have held forth, be exalted to the diſtinguiſhed rank of human beings.

Of all the quadrupeds, of whoſe hiſtory and manners we have any proper knowledge, the elephant is moſt remarkable both for docility and underſtanding*.

Next to the elephant, the dog ſeems to be the moſt docile quadruped. A wild dog is a paſſionate, ferocious, and ſanguinary animal. But, after he is reduced to a domeſtic ſtate, theſe hoſtile diſpoſitions are ſuppreſſed, and they are ſucceeded by a warm attachment, and a perpetual deſire of pleaſing. The perceptions and natural talents of the dog are acute. When theſe are aided by inſtruction, the ſagacity he diſcovers, and the actions he is taught to perform, often excite our wonder. Thoſe animals which man has taken under his immediate protection are taught to perform artificial actions, or have their natural inſtincts improved, by three modes of inſtruction, puniſhment, reward, and imitation. More ductile in his nature than moſt other animals, the dog not only receives inſtruction with rapidity, but accommodates his behaviour and deportment to the manners and habits of thoſe who command him. He aſſumes the very tone of the family in which he reſides. Eager, at all times, to pleaſe his maſter or his friends, he furiouſly repels beggars; becauſe he probably, from their dreſs, conceives them to be either thieves, or competitors for food.

Though every dog, as well as every man, is naturally a hunter, the dexterity of both is highly improved by experience and inſtruction. The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures which thoſe of different climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are ſo great, and their inſtincts are ſo much diverſified, that, even though they produce with each other, we ſhould be apt to regard them as different ſpecies. What a difference between the natural diſpoſitions of the ſhepherd's dog, the ſpaniel, and the grey-hound? The ſhepherd's dog, independently of all inſtruction, ſeems to be endowed by Nature with an innate attachment to

* The curious account which Mr. Smellie here gives of the elephant was inſerted in our Magazine, No. 62, page 291.

the preſervation of ſheep and cattle. His docility is likewiſe ſo great, that he not only learns to underſtand the language and commands of the ſhepherd, and obeys them with faithfulneſs and alacrity, but, when at diſtances beyond the reach of his maſter's voice, he often ſtops, looks back, and recogniſes the approbation or diſapprobation of the ſhepherd by the mere waving of his hand. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of his maſter. His vigilance and activity produce order, diſcipline, and ſafety. Sheep and cattle are peculiarly ſubjected to his management, whom he prudently conducts and protects, and never employs force againſt them, except for the preſervation of peace and good order. But, when the flock committed to his charge is attacked by the fox, the wolf, or other rapacious animals, he makes a full diſplay of his courage and ſagacity. In ſituations of this kind, both his natural and acquired talents are exerted. Three ſhepherds dogs are ſaid to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Every perſon knows the docility and ſagacity of ſuch dogs as are employed in conducting blind mendicants. Johannes Faber, as quoted by Mr. Ray, informs us, that he knew a blind beggar who was led through the ſtreets of Rome by a middle ſized dog. This dog, beſide leading his maſter in ſuch a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to diſtinguiſh not only the ſtreets, but the houſes where his maſter was accuſtomed to receive alms twice or thrice a-week. Whenever the animal came to any of theſe ſtreets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every houſe where his maſter was uſually ſucceſsful in his petitions. When the beggar began to aſk alms, the dog, being wearied, lay down to reſt; but the maſter was no ſooner ſerved or refuſed, than the dog roſe ſpontaneouſly, and, without either order or ſign, proceeded to the other houſes where the beggar generally received ſome gratuity. I obſerved, ſays he, not without pleaſure and ſurpriſe, that, when a halfpenny was thrown from a window, ſuch was the ſagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in queſt of it, lifted it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into his maſter's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taſte it, unleſs he received a portion of it from the hand of his maſter. Without any other inſtruction than imitation, a maſtiff, when accidentally ſhut out from a houſe which his maſter frequented, uniformly rung the bell for admittance. Dogs can be taught to go to market with money, to repair to a known butcher, and to carry home the meat in ſafety. They can be taught to dance to muſic, and to ſearch for and find any thing that is loſt.

There is a dog at preſent belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for ſome time amuſed and aſtoniſhed the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the ſtreets ringing a bell and ſelling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye. The next time he heard the pyeman's bell, he ran to him with impetuoſity, ſeized him by the coat, and would not ſuffer him to paſs. The pyeman, who underſtood what the animal wanted, ſhewed him a penny, and pointed to his maſter, who ſtood in the ſtreet-door, and ſaw what was going on. The dog immediately ſupplicated his maſter by many humble geſtures and looks. The maſter put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he inſtantly delivered to the pyeman, and received his pye. This traffic between the pyeman and the grocer's dog has been daily practiſed

tiſed for months paſt, and ſtill continues.

Dogs, horſes, and even hogs, by rewards and puniſhments, and, I am afraid, often by cruelty, may be taught to perform actions, as we have frequently ſeen in public exhibitions, which are truly aſtoniſhing. But of theſe we muſt not enter into any detail.

With regard to the horſe, the gentleneſs of his diſpoſitions and the docility of his temper, are ſo well and ſo univerſally known, that it is unneceſſary to dwell long upon the ſubject. To give ſome idea of what inſtruction horſes receive when in a domeſtic ſtate, we ſhall mention ſome traits of their form and manners when under no reſtraints. In South America the horſes have multiplied prodigiouſly, and, in that thinly inhabited country, live in perfect freedom. They fly from the preſence of man. They wander about in troops, and devour, in immenſe meadows, the productions of a perpetual ſpring. Wild horſes are ſtronger, lighter, and more nervous, than the generality of thoſe which are kept in a domeſtic ſtate. They are by no means ferocious. Though ſuperior in ſtrength to moſt animals, they never make an attack. When aſſaulted, however, they either diſdain the enemy, or ſtrike him dead with their heels. They aſſociate in troops from mutual attachment, and neither make war with other animals nor among themſelves. As their appetites are moderate, and they have few objects to excite envy or diſcord, they live in perpetual peace. Their manners are gentle, and their tempers ſocial. Their force and ardour are rendered conſpicuous only by marks of emulation. They are anxious to be foremoſt in the courſe, to brave danger in croſſing a river, or in leaping a ditch or precipice; and, it is ſaid, that thoſe horſes which are moſt adventurous and expert in theſe natural exerciſes, are, when domeſticated, the moſt generous, mild, and tractable.

Wild horſes are taken notice of by ſeveral of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horſes on the banks of the Hypanis in Scythia. He likewiſe tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horſes covered all over with hair five inches in length. The wild horſes in America are the offſpring of domeſtic horſes originally tranſported thither from Europe by the Spaniards. The author of the hiſtory of the Buccaneers informs us, that troops of horſes, ſometimes conſiſting of 500, are frequently met with in the iſland of St. Domingo; that when they ſee a man they all ſtop; and that one of their number approaches to a certain diſtance, blows through his noſtrils, takes flight, and is inſtantly followed by the whole troop. He deſcribes them as having groſs heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with eaſe, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they ſoon ſtrangle themſelves, unleſs ſome perſon arrive in time to diſentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that ſituation two days without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally ſufficient to render them more tractable, and they ſoon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of theſe horſes, by accident, regain their liberty, they never reſume their ſavage ſtate, but know their maſters, and allow themſelves to be approached and retaken.

From theſe, and ſimilar facts, it may be concluded, that the diſpoſition of horſes is gentle, and that they are naturally diſpoſed to aſſociate with

man. After they are tamed they never forſake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the ſtable. The ſweets of habit ſeem to ſupply all they have loſt by ſlavery. When fatigued, the manſion of repoſe is full of comfort. They ſmell it at conſiderable diſtances, can diſtinguiſh it in the midſt of populous cities, and ſeem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By ſome attention and addreſs colts are firſt rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they ſoon learn to perform with alacrity the various labours aſſigned to them. The domeſtication of the horſe is perhaps the nobleſt acquiſition from the animal world which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the induſtry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and ſeems to enjoy the glory of victory. He encounters death with ardour and with magnanimity. He delights in the tumult of arms, and attacks the enemy with reſolution and alacrity. It is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horſe co-operates with the diſpoſitions of his maſter. He even ſeems to participate of human pleaſures and amuſements. He delights in the chace and the tournament, and his eyes ſparkle with emulation in the courſe. Though bold and intrepid, however, he does not allow himſelf to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occaſions, he repreſſes his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but ſeems to conſult the inclination of his rider. Always obedient to the impreſſions he receives, he flies or ſtops, and regulates his motions ſolely by the will of his maſter.

Mr. Ray, who wrote about the end of laſt century, informs us, that he had ſeen a horſe who danced to muſic, who, at the command of his maſter, affected to be lame, who ſimulated death, lay motionleſs with his limbs extended, and allowed himſelf to be dragged about till ſome words were pronounced, when he inſtantly ſprung up on his feet. Facts of this kind would ſcarcely receive credit, if every perſon were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility of the horſes educated by Aſtley, and other public exhibitors of horſemanſhip. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility and prompt obedience of the animals deſerve more admiration than the dexterous feats of the men.

Animals of the ox-kind, in a domeſtic ſtate, are dull and phlegmatic. Their ſenſibility and talents ſeem to be very limited. But we ſhould not pronounce raſhly concerning the genius and powers of animals in a country where their education is totally neglected. In all the ſouthern provinces of Africa and Aſia, there are many wild biſons, or bunched oxen, which are taken when young and tamed. They are ſoon taught to ſubmit, without reſiſtance, to all kinds of domeſtic labour. They becomeſo tractable, that they are managed with as much eaſe as our horſes. The voice of their maſter is alone ſufficient to make them obey, and to direct their courſe. They are ſhod, curried, careſſed, and ſupplied abundantly with the beſt food. When managed in this manner, theſe animals appear to be different creatures from our oxen. The oxen of the Hottentots are favourite domeſtics, companions in amuſements, aſſiſtants in all laborious exerciſes, and participate the habitation, the bed, and the table of their maſters. As their nature is improved by the gentleneſs of their education, by the kind treatment they receive, and the perpetual attention beſtowed on them, they acquire ſenſibility and intelligence, and perform

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actions which one would not expect from them. The Hottentots train their oxen to war. In all their armies there are conſiderable troops of theſe oxen, which are eaſily governed, and are let looſe by the chief when a proper opportunity occurs. They inſtantly dart with impetuoſity upon the enemy. They ſtrike with their horns, kick, overturn, and trample under their feet every thing that oppoſes their fury. They run ferociouſly into the ranks, which they ſoon put into the utmoſt diſorder, and thus pave the way for an eaſy victory to their maſters. Theſe oxen are likewiſe inſtructed to guard the flocks, which they conduct with dexterity, and defend them from the attacks of ſtrangers, and of rapacious animals. They are taught to diſtinguiſh friends from enemies, to underſtand ſignals, and to obey the commands of their maſter. When paſturing, at the ſmalleſt ſignal from the keeper, they bring back and collect the wandering animals. They attack all ſtrangers with fury, which renders them a great ſecurity againſt robbers. Theſe brackeleys, as they are called, know every inhabitant of the kraal, and diſcover the ſame marks of reſpect for all the men, women, and children, as a dog does for thoſe who live in his maſter's houſe. Theſe people may, therefore, approach their cattle with the greateſt ſafety. But, if a ſtranger, and particularly an European, ſhould uſe the ſame freedom, without being accompanied with one of the Hottentots, his life would be in imminent danger.

Notwithſtanding the many ſurpriſing actions which different quadrupeds may be taught to perform, none of them, though their organs are much more perfect than thoſe of birds, have ever been able to pronounce articulate ſounds. But many birds, without much inſtruction, learn to pronounce words, and even ſentences. In parrots, the diſtinguiſhing accuracy of their ear, the acuteneſs of their attention, and their ſtrong inſtinctive propenſity to imitate ſounds of every kind, have juſtly procured them univerſal admiration. When in a ſtate of domeſtication, the parrot learns to pronounce the common ſtreet-calls, beſide many words and phraſes occaſionally employed by the family in which he reſides. Though the limitation of his mental powers does not permit him to learn any extent of language, or the proper uſe and meaning of words, he not unfrequently diſcovers the aſſociation between the object and the ſound. A woman every morning paſſed the window, where a parrot's cage was fixed, calling ſalt. The parrot ſoon learned to imitate the call. But, before any ſound could be heard, he no ſooner caſt his eye upon the woman than he uttered her uſual call. In this, and many other ſimilar caſes, the objects and the ſounds are evidently connected in the mind of the animal. How far theſe aſſociations might be carried by a patient and perſevering education, it is difficult to determine. In this manner, however, parrots might be taught a conſiderable vocabulary of ſubſtantive nouns, or the proper names of common objects. But their intellect, it is more than probable, would never reach the uſe of the verb, and other parts of ſpeech.

Beſide parrots, jays, &c. who learn to pronounce articulate ſounds, there is another race of birds whoſe docility deſerves to be mentioned. Singing birds, thoſe lively and ſpirited little animals, attempt not to articulate. But their muſical ears are as delicate and diſcerning as their voices are melodious and delightful. The vivacity, the extent of voice, and the imitative powers of theſe beautiful creatures, have at all times excited the attention and conciliated the affections of mankind. When domeſticated, theſe birds, beſide their natural notes, ſoon ac-

acquire the faculty of ſinging conſiderable parts of artificial tunes. Theſe imitations are effects of natural inſtinct. But, in exhibitions, I have ſeen linnets ſimulate death, and remain perfectly tranquil and unmoved, when ſmall cannons were fired, within an inch of their bodies, from a wooden fort. Theſe little creatures have even been taught to lay hold of a match and fire the cannons themſelves.

The docility and ſagacity of animals have always been conſidered as wonderful. But this wonder is partly the effect of inattention; for, though man is unqueſtionably the chief of the animal creation, the other animals, according to the number of inſtincts, or, which amounts to the ſame thing, according to the mental powers with which Nature has endowed them, comparatively approach to or recede from the ſagacity and genius of the human ſpecies. The whole is a graduated ſcale of intelligence. A philoſopher ſhould, therefore, contemplate and admire the whole, but ſhould never be ſurpriſed at any partial exhibition of the general ſcene of intellect and animation.

Method of Deſtroying the PUTRID SMELL *which* MEAT *acquires in* HOT WEATHER.

[By Mr. Adam, Profeſſor of Philoſophy at Caen.]

EVERY body knows that in warm and damp weather, or during a ſtorm, meat becomes corrupted in the butchers ſhops, in larders, and even in the drieſt places; that it contracts a fetid and diſguſting ſmell, which it retains after it has been boiled, and that the broth or ſoup made of it is equally diſagreeable. This ſmell I conſidered as the effects of gaz, which expands as ſoon as a putrid fermentation begins, and I thence concluded, that if the gazeous particles could be extracted from the meat or broth, nothing of that nauſeous ſmell would be perceived. I therefore endeavoured to find an abſolvent capable of producing that effect.

After different attempts, I at length thought that by throwing into the ſaucepan or kettle in which the meat was boiling, a burning coal, it would abſorb the gaz; becauſe the fiery particles iſſuing with impetuoſity from the coal, while the water cannot penetrate into it, the pores of the coal remaining open, the ſubtle gaz, which has a great affinity to the phlogiſton of the coal, might inſinuate itſelf into it and remain there fixed, by diſengaging itſelf from the meat and broth, which are impregnated with it. I therefore made the experiment, which ſucceeded according to my wiſh. Every time I had an opportunity, I made a trial of my diſcovery, and others to whom I communicated it found it to anſwer equally well. The manner of proceeding in this operation is as follows:

Firſt put the meat intended for making ſoup into a ſaucepan full of water, ſcum it when it boils, and then throw into the ſaucepan a burning coal, very compact and deſtitute of ſmoke, leave it there for two minutes, and it will have contracted all the bad ſmell of the meat and the ſoup.

Secondly, if you wiſh to roaſt a piece of meat on the ſpit, you muſt put it into water till it boils, and after having ſcummed it, throw a burning coal into the boiling water as before; at the end of two minutes, take out the meat, and having wiped it well in order to dry it, put it upon the ſpit.

Thirdly, when freſh butter has not been ſalted in proper time, or when ſalt butter has become rancid or muſty, after melting and ſcumming it, dip

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in it a cruſt of bread well toaſted on both ſides; at the end of a minute or two the butter will loſe its diſagreeable odour, but the bread will be found fetid.

State of the Military Forces of the Turks. *By Mr* Chenier.

THE firſt ſoldiers of Othman, the founder of the Turkiſh empire, were only volunteers, whom a ſpirit of turbulence and a taſte for arms had collected together; incited by the glory of conquering, by avarice and ſuperſtition, they were contented with plunder, and with the hopes of paradiſe. When Orcan, his ſon, had extended his conqueſts far enough to form grander projects, he was ſenſible that it would be neceſſary to have an army obedient to their chief, and to complete that military diſcipline which his father had already introduced. He, therefore, eſtabliſhed for the infantry a daily pay, which increaſed in proportion to the length of time they ſerved; and gave lands to the old ſoldiers, who, in return, were obliged to furniſh a certain number of armed horſemen. Such was the origin of regular troops in the Ottoman empire, and this plan has been followed and improved, according as the Sultans found their power increaſe.

The moſt celebrated troops of the Turkiſh empire are the Janiſſaries, who pique themſelves much on their bravery and fidelity: they never ſuffer any foreign caſtes to be incorporated with them; and even Arabs, Egyptians, and Moors, although Mahometans, cannot be admitted among this body.

The number of the Janiſſaries who receive pay is not exactly known. At the beginning of this century there were an hundred and eighty-ſix companies; but as ſome of them are very numerous, and others much leſs ſo, I doubt much whether this militia exceeds ſixty thouſand men, who are diſperſed throughout the capital, and all the ſtrong places of the empire. The Janiſſaries are allowed to exerciſe mechanical profeſſions. Thoſe who are not married, who labour, and who, for this reaſon, are not lodged in barracks, do not receive victuals. Next to the Janiſſaries are the cannoniers, bombardiers, miners, and others, who each have their chief, and perform their ſervice ſeparately.

From the Grand Signior to the humbleſt individual, all the Turks are honoured with being Janiſſaries. There are none who do not conſider it as an honour to ſerve, or to contribute towards the defence of their religion, but the Janiſſaries only perform ſervice, and receive pay; the reſt are honorary ſoldiers. Each company has its particular money-box, under the direction of a commiſſary, and a few officers. The wealth of the deceaſed Janiſſaries is depoſited in it, and whatever is taken from this treaſury, muſt be employed only for keeping up tents, and other military articles; for relieving infirm or neceſſitous ſoldiers, or for the ranſom of Janiſſaries who are ſlaves.

The troops of the ſeraglio, and the ſovereign's guards, the Boſtangis, the Capigis, and the Baltagis, form a part of the Ottoman militia; but theſe go to war only occaſionally: attached to the ſervice of the palace, and the perſon of the prince, they never march but along with him.

In the provinces there are troops of infantry, who replace the Janiſſaries when occaſion may require; but theſe never receive pay except when they are employed, and it is furniſhed by the province to which they belong. Independent of theſe bodies of ſoldiers, who are augmented according to emergencies, in caſe of war, the provinces are obliged, at their own expences, to raiſe recruits, who are

paid

paid a certain ſum for the campaign. Beſides this, the Ottoman army is reinforced, and often over-burdened with a multitude of volunteers, attracted by a deſire for pillage, and a love to their religion: but theſe reinforcements, inſtead of being of any aſſiſtance, ſerve only to waſte proviſions, and to ſpread confuſion, becauſe ſuch crowds of undiſciplined ſoldiers, acknowledging no chief, can never act in concert together.

The principal ſtrength of the Ottoman army conſiſts in cavalry, on account of the abundance and goodneſs of their horſes, their ſkill in managing them, and the dexterity with which they uſe ſwords and ſcimetars. The Turkiſh cavalry, however, is not ſo numerous as their infantry, but it is nearly ſo. A part of this cavalry, not exceeding fifteen or ſixteen thouſand men, is deſtined for the ſultan's guard, and is paid by the ſtate; the reſt, which comes from the provinces, is paid alſo by the ſtate, when in actual ſervice; but, at all other times, it is maintained by officers called Zaim and Timariot, who enjoy theſe military benefices, in order to furniſh, in caſe of neceſſity, a number of armed cavaliers, proportioned to the fiefs which they poſſeſs, and the produce of their lands, which is a pay anticipated. Theſe eſtabliſhments have been tranſmitted from the Romans, who diſtributed to the military upon the frontiers of their empire a part of their conqueſts. The Franks, when they entered Gaul, ſhewed the ſame liberality to their ſoldiers; but theſe fiefs paſſed inſenſibly to individuals, called Knights Bannerets, and even to Eccleſiaſtics; and the enjoyment of theſe benefices ſubjected them to military ſervice. Theſe inſtitutions which have varied in Europe, have been perpetuated in Turkey, where notwithſtanding the abuſes of which they are ſuſceptible, they are obſerved with the utmoſt fidelity.

This feudal militia is generally united under the banner of its Sangiak, or commander. This formerly was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed employments, when there were neither Beys nor Pachas; but, ſince the regulations made by Soliman, what is called the Sangiak is only an office of the loweſt rank; it has only to diſtinguiſh it the ſangiak, or flag from which it derives its name. Above this officer there is the Sangiak-Bey and the Pacha, among whom the Beigler-Beys are the moſt honourable, and they have a number of Sangiaks under their juriſdiction. The conformity of thoſe titles, ſince the Roman empire to this period, leave us in no doubt reſpecting their origin. The Romans called them *Vexillarii Militeſ*, the French *Bannerets;* and the Ottomans name them *Sangiak*, all of which indicate the flag, or banner, under which the ſoldiers were aſſembled.

According to an eſtimate made by Count Marſigli, this cavalry amounts to more than fifty thouſand men, independent of an equal number, or nearly ſo, kept on the frontier places, or attending the Pachas, and other lords who are in the military ſervice.

Theſe different bodies of the Turkiſh cavalry make more than an hundred and twenty thouſand men; and as the Tartars, united to the Ottomans by the ſame intereſt and the ſame belief, may eaſily aſſemble as many, in caſes of abſolute neceſſity, the Grand Signior can raiſe more than two hundred thouſand armed horſemen. Confining ourſelves to the ſame number of infantry, it appears that the Ottoman empire can ſet on foot from four to five hundred thouſand ſoldiers, without reckoning volunteers, whilſt it ſcarcely pays ſixty thouſand embodied in the time of peace. Such is the advantage which the Ottoman empire has over its neigh-

neighbours in military force, ſince the latter, obliged at all times to ſupport powerful armies, are under the neceſſity of making the greateſt efforts, though they may have neither the ſame means in reſpect of riches, nor the ſame reſources in reſpect of population.

The Ottomans have preſerved the manner of fighting practiſed by the ancients; and, as they are not very fond of innovations, it is doubtful whether they will ever adopt any other. Their army, when the ground upon which it is drawn up will admit, forms a creſcent, which they extend to a ſufficient length to encloſe the enemy, and this cannot fail of giving them the advantage in point of number; but as, in the environs of the Danube, which are the uſual theatre of their wars, the Ottomans cannot eaſily adopt this method, on account of the inequality of the ground, it often happens that their detachments, which make attacks without order, and without concert, impede one another, and render their efforts of no avail, if they do not deſtroy each other. It is the intereſt of the Ottomans to avoid general actions, and to confine themſelves to ſkirmiſhing, and to the defending of poſts, in which they can ſignalize their bravery, and attack with advantage, without being under any conſtraint in their evolutions. In ſuch actions they have been often ſeen to return ſeveral times upon the enemy, with their ſabres in their hands, and at length to obtain a complete victory; whilſt, in general actions, their natural impetuoſity, a want of foreſight, and the irregularity with which they make their attacks, ſerve only to ſpread confuſion; and a large army, once ſhaken and routed, cannot be again rallied.

Notwithſtanding thoſe fits of confidence or fear, which ſuperſtition inſpires into the Ottomans, they cannot be accuſed with a want of courage: theirs, excited by fanaticiſm, riſes often to ferocity. An Ottoman ſoldier is never afraid of another; but, in a pitched battle, if an European army can once withſtand the impetuous fire of the Ottomans, they may conſider themſelves as ſure of obtaining a victory; becauſe the latter, not being capable of following the regular and methodical motions of European tactics, are always afraid of the effects produced by their harmony. The Europeans have the ineſtimable advantage of encampments, of their artillery being readily and exactly ſerved, of the activity of their muſquetry, of the uſe of the bayonet, and of the knowledge of evolutions; while the Ottomans have nothing to oppoſe to this military theory, but blind courage and ferociouſneſs, which, ſubjected to chance, are almoſt always unſucceſsful. They never make uſe of the bayonet; they are ſlow in handling their muſkets, which, through impatience, they abandon for their naked ſabres, and both officers and ſoldiers, who ſcarcely differ in any thing but their rank, follow the ſame plan, ſo that, in ſuch impetuous motions, the fate of the battle is ſoon decided.

The Ottoman ſoldiers, as well as thoſe of the Romans, are honoured by their office, and the firſt ſtep of an officer is to be a common janiſſary; becauſe, in Turkey, it is only by obeying that one can learn to command. The Ottoman troops are ſubmiſſive to the orders of their chiefs; but, notwithſtanding their reſpect for this eſſential part of diſcipline, their ardent diſpoſition, and the influence which war always has over events, render them haughty and ready to mutiny, and to entertain a ſpirit of revolt; but it is to the want of prudence in their chiefs, or to the circumſtances of the moment, that we muſt attribute thoſe inſurrections, which have often decided the ſucceſs

of campaigns, determined the fate of generals, and diſturbed the repoſe of the empire.

The Ottoman ſoldiers are in general fine troops; we may even ſay that they are good troops, as they ſerve with good will, and not through conſtraint; for it is not upon diſcipline only that the real ſtrength of an army depends. The Ottoman ſoldiers never enervate themſelves by repoſe; and if they are ever ſo little trained, and well commanded, they are fit to undertake any thing. Among the Ottomans uniformity of ſtature is not much regarded, and every man is a ſoldier, provided he is in a condition to ſerve. Beſides, the Ottomans are, in general, very fine men. There is no uniform colour either for their dreſs. The janiſſaries, however, wear a green dreſs, and large blue breeches, without adhering too rigorouſly to the ſame ſhade of colour. The troops are paid every three months, and they themſelves are obliged to furniſh their own clothes.

The Ottomans exerciſe their ſoldiers with great guns, bombs, and the muſket, and they are ſubjected to no other military exerciſe whatever. Formerly they were exerciſed in ſhooting with the bow and croſs-bow, but theſe are no longer uſed ſince the muſket has ſupplied their place.

It is not poſſible to reconcile the preciſion of the European tactics, with the prejudices of a nation, as averſe to the cuſtoms of others as it is tenacious of its own. The Ottoman forces would be invincible, did they, to the delirium of fanaticiſm and ſuperiority of numbers, unite a practice in the art of war, and the ſcience of evolutions. Conducted by the law of deſtiny, and being little ſuſceptible of deliberate courage, the Ottomans follow only a rapid impulſion, which inſpires ferocity or fear. However dangerous it may be to deſtroy the prejudices of a nation, there are ſtill other obſtacles, perhaps equally inſurmountable. Having very little deſire for making conqueſts, the Ottomans keep on foot no more forces than are neceſſary for preſerving what they have already acquired, and in time of peace they ſcarcely pay the ſixth part of what they can arm in time of war. Should they form their militia according to the military evolutions brought to perfection in Europe, it would be neceſſary alſo that they ſhould have numerous legions conſtantly exerciſed, and always ready to combat, which would encreaſe, in the proportion of ſix to one, the expences deſtined for the maintenance of ſoldiers, and give to the army, already poſſeſſed of too much influence, an aſcendency that might entirely deſtroy public tranquillity. It is to be preſumed beſides, and we are to expect the ſame thing from time and from reaſon, that the fury of arms, and that perfection of evolutions will, perhaps, relax in Europe; and that ſovereigns will renounce thoſe formidable armies, which impoveriſh their people by the expences they occaſion, and by depriving agriculture of a number of hands, ſo much the more neceſſary, as the earth requires more care, ſince the wants of men have been multiplied. They will then reduce to ſimplicity thoſe evolutions, the whole merit of which conſiſts in preciſion, and which are, perhaps, incompatible with the hazard and confuſion of engagements. Might they not be contented with keeping on foot only an army ſufficient to protect their frontiers; and a body of provincial militia, exerciſed from time to time, and always ready to aſſemble for the defence of the ſtate? This militia might eaſily perform ſimple evolutions; and thoſe ſtriking manœuvres, which have contributed to the aggrandiſement and the glory of the Houſe of Brandenburg, and which

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the late King of Pruſſia alone had a paſſion for bringing to perfection, becoming inſenſibly effaced from the remembrance of nations, they will all find themſelves upon a level in this reſpect. It muſt every where be allowed that ſoldiers cannot be familiariſed with theſe manœuvres, but by tormenting them, and keeping them in continual activity, which requires in the officers a conſtancy and love of labour, too incompatible with an European education to be depended on. Ye ſovereigns who ought to be the fathers of your people, and the friends of humanity, ſince your thrones are in the hearts of your ſubjects, make your glory only to conſiſt in rendering them happy; renounce that military pomp which breathes nothing but deſtruction; conſider that large ſtanding armies preſerve a reciprocal diſtruſt between you, prevent the people from applying to more uſeful labours, and tend only to exhauſt your treaſures, which are the fruits of their induſtry. Think that if thoſe large armies cauſe ſometimes great devaſtation in the enemies country, it is never until after they have ruined their own. Let the ineſtimable advantages of the European tacties, on the banks of the Danube, in 1788, be eſtimated. Was not the Emperor's army obliged to confine itſelf to a defenſive war? Have not the Ottomans, without generals, and without military knowledge, attacked ſometimes with ſucceſs; and have they not always with as much intelligence as intrepidity, reſiſted the efforts of their enemies, without expoſing themſelves to the hazard of a deciſive battle?

In the preſent ſtate of things, the Mahometans, devoted to the defence of their religion, are born ſoldiers; and it would be neceſſary to make them ſo, were they ſubjected to the reſtraint of rules, and to meaſured evolutions, liable to amendments and variations. There would be more inconveniencies than advantages in changing the education of a nation entirely occupied with itſelf, and tenacious of its cuſtoms, ſince it would be neceſſary to deſtroy prejudices, and to make it adopt new ideas; but theſe changes in the opinions of a people have too much influence on their moral, military, and political ſyſtems, to hazard the experiment. They are ſo many ſhocks, which ſhake empires, and tend often to ruin them. We have an inſtance under the reign of Mahomed V. of the effect produced by this innovation, when the chief of the bombardiers, Achmet Pacha, known under the name of Count Bonneval, propoſed to initiate the janiſſaries into the military evolutions of Europe. Theſe exerciſes, little calculated for haughty people, who have an averſion to the uſages of others, ſoon loſt their novelty, and it was found neceſſary to abandon them, to put an end to the murmurs which they had excited.

After the example of the Roman ſoldiers, the young Turks incorporated among the janiſſaries, exerciſe with one another in running, wreſtling, and leaping, and challenge each other who ſhall carry the largeſt ſtone on the back of his hand, and who in running ſhall throw it to the greateſt diſtance. They exerciſe themſelves alſo in throwing the *djerit* at one another, and in warding off the blow. This is the exerciſe likewiſe of the young noblemen deſtined for the profeſſion of arms. They dart it on horſeback with much addreſs, and when it rebounds, they take it up again, riding on a full gallop. Theſe exerciſes, which the Ottomans make their amuſement, render them dexterous, agile, vigorous, and hardy, and at the ſame time make them good horſemen.

The Turkiſh government ſupplies its ſoldiers with arms and ammuni-

tion, but as the Ottomans in general are fond of military ſervice, and embrace it from choice, it is common for each ſoldier to carry his ſabre, his fuſee, and one or two piſtols at his girdle along with him; and to prevent any inconvenience which might ariſe from an inequality in the calibres, ſmall bars of lead are diſtributed to each ſoldier, which they cut to whatever ſize they pleaſe. The Turks being accuſtomed to the uſe of tents, like thoſe wandering people from whom they derive their origin, they make them very commodious, and ſuſceptible of great magnificence. Nothing can be more beautiful than the tents of the Sultan and the Vizirs; the apartments are diſtributed with as much convenience as thoſe of a palace; they are embroidered in the inſide with flowers and foliage of different colours, and ſeveral tents are united together, and ſurrounded by an encloſure, which prevents the interior part from being ſeen. Thoſe appropriated for the ſoldiers are equally light and commodious, and they are embelliſhed with various ornaments. On the dome is ſeen the number of the company, and the ſign or hieroglyphic by which the ſoldier knows his own. The Vizir's tent is diſtinguiſhed by the tails of five horſes, which this miniſter has a right to hoiſt when he commands the army.

THE TRIFLER,

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Thurſday July 1, 1790.

VERBUM SAT SAPIENTI.
A WORD TO THE WISE.
Proverbial ſaying.

TO be always employing the mind in the contemplation of exalted excellence might in time produce a degree of deſpondency very unfavourable to our progreſs in virtue; and to be always revolving the vices and infamy of mankind, might produce a habit of thinking as well as acting, very unfriendly to ſocial union, to benevolence and to philanthropy. In the one caſe we would be perpetually uneaſy, becauſe unable to complete the excellence we had formed, and in the other would be perpetually in dread of meeting with the monſter we had painted in our imagination. To divert us from both theſe extremes, it is wiſely appointed that we are ſuſceptible of no little pleaſure from catching the harmleſs foibles, the trifling imperfections of our nature and conduct, and by placing them in ſituations favourable for their diſplay, we create a comic picture which pleaſes without occaſioning the pain of envious admiration, or exciting the more painful ſentiments of diſguſt. Such is the merit of many of thoſe excellent characters deſcribed in periodical writings, and in ſome, though few, novels, in which the writer ſeizes a leading feature, and renders it a ſource of irreſiſtible comic humour and amuſement. Such is Sir Roger de Coverly—Parſon Adams—and many others which my readers may recollect.———Nor is there, as ſome may ſuppoſe, any thing cruel or unmanly in thus deſcribing the little failings, and the oddities of our nature, provided we look at the heart of the man; even the cut of the coat, or the tone of the voice may be a rich fund of amuſement; but we, I hope, would not think that thoſe had any or much connection with the integrity of the heart or the ſoundneſs of the intellect. That the writer of the following letter is pretty nearly of my way of thinking I have very little doubt, although with what propriety he comes to be claſſed, or even mentioned with the great names alluded to above, I muſt leave to his modeſty and my readers judgment to determine.

To

To the AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

In a late paper I obſerved the character of a gentleman and his ſiſter depicted, whoſe characteriſtics were a ſteady adherence to truth, and therefore a ſtrict confinement to the moſt laconic expreſſions in ſpeech. It is not improbable, Sir, that thoſe perſons had read Gulliver's Travels, in which we find an account of a people, or a ſect of wiſe and economical men, who, knowing what a precious thing *breath* is, and how frequently it is waſted on trifles, carry about with them a number of things, by means of which they make their ſentiments known without the trouble and fatigue which attends ſpeech. Whatever was their nature, I am to follow up your account of them with ſome memorials of a friend of mine whoſe economy extends principally to *writing*, and although I believe he can converſe as volubly and as much to the purpoſe as moſt men, yet preſerves, in all his letters, the moſt inflexible adherence to that kind of writing which is denominated the *Laconic*.

As we live ſeparated by ſome hundred miles, we have no opportunity of conference unleſs by letter, and my eſteem for him is ſuch that I am always glad to receive the ſmalleſt ſcrap of his pen——Happy is it for me that I am ſo, for I aſſure you, Sir, I never receive any thing but the ſmalleſt ſcraps from him; all my endeavours to draw from him a long letter have hitherto been in vain; twenty of his epiſtles would not make up the ſum of a common letter of buſineſs, and ſo very ſaving is he of his *ink*, for he ſends paper enough, that I very rarely can get a *Dear Sir* from him, and yet he thinks I am ſo well acquainted with his hand, that he hardly ever ſigns his name. As to the place of abode or day of the month, or even the month or year, thoſe are things left for my conjecture.

I once had an idea that my friend had taken the alarm at the too common practice of printing confidential letters after the death of a great man, and that he was determined no perſon ſhould ever have it in their power to ſerve him ſo. But when I conſider his modeſty, and that he thinks much leſs of himſelf than other people do, I am ſatisfied that my conjecture is not juſt, and that with every talent for eaſy and elegant epiſtolary correſpondence, he would be the only man hurt at the publication of his letters in any ſhape. As I told you before, however, he puts this quite out of my power, for were I diſpoſed to publiſh ſuch as I am poſſeſſed of, five hundred of them would not fill up the ſpace of a ſhilling-pamphlet, and what is more, the want of dates and ſubſcription would lay me open to a flat denial of authenticity by any of his friends.—Since your paper appeared, I have told him again and again that I would ſend you ſome of his letters, but he gave neither conſent nor diſſent, and I am determined to try the experiment, and perhaps draw from him *eight* or *ten lines* in anſwer, which will be an acquiſition of no ſmall moment.—

While I am writing to you, Sir, I have received a letter from him; a ſiſter of mine who lives in his neighbourhood being *near her time*, as it is called, and my correſpondent being very intimate in the family, I aſked him to write me an account of her health, or whether delivered; in truth I was here chuſing one of two evils, for her huſband is as laconic as my friend. The letter I received contains the following;

"*All tight as yet, but very weary and looking out for land.*"

No ſignature, and no date, and a won-

wonder it is that he took the trouble to addreſs it to me. Many in ances could I give of this laconiciſm, but I ſhall confine my ſelf to two or three, preſuming they will be ſufficient.

My friend poſſeſſes a conſiderable ſum in the Bank, and I am employed by him as attorney to receive his dividends, or ſell, if need be. I wrote him on the approach of a rupture with Spain, as many perſons conceived that the ſtocks would fall and were ſelling out their money. This anſwer was;

" *Dear Sir,*
Sell, if you think proper, but not all."

The appearance of *Dear Sir* was novel, but ſo much was left to my judgement by the *not all* that I requeſted to know *how much?* and the anſwer was—

" *I will conſider of it—*
Yours ſincerely, &c."

And here that affair ended, as he has never ſince *conſidered* any thing farther. At another time, a very great riot having taken place in the town where he lives, I wrote to him for the particulars, without ever reflecting that he was the laſt man in the world I could expect ſuch information from. The following is a literal copy of his epiſtle.

" *All quiet now, and no great miſchief done.*"

The only other inſtance of his brevity with which I ſhall trouble you occurred lately on the death of an uncle; on this melancholy occaſion he ſent me an *official* notice as follows:

" *Squaretoes is gone—bruſh your black cloaths—but he has left you nothing.*"

Had not a newſpaper at the ſame time informed me of the death of this gentleman, I ſhould have been much puzzled to know who was meant by *Squaretoes*—But thus it is, Sir, that I am treated, and that in return for whole ſheets of paper cloſely written, and which I am told he is very impatient to receive—I hope that you will inſert this in your next Magazine, for if any thing can draw a letter from him, this will—and if it ſucceeds, you may depend on my moſt grateful acknowledgements.—

I am, Sir, &c. T. B.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Elegy on the Death of a young Lady.

Jamque pulcherrima vale,
Semper autem cara erit Imago tui.
Ovid.

COME, heav'nly Muſe, awake the plaintive Lyre,
And ev'ry note let deepeſt woe inſpire;
Come, crown'd with cypreſs or the mournful yew,
For ſad the ſcene of grief thou haſt to view.
ELIZA ſtretch'd on her untimely bier,
A breathleſs corſe, demands a genuine tear.
I ſaw her lately bluſhing as the roſe,
In all its beauty, when it newly blows;
Fair Health ſat blooming in her lovely face,
And youthful Vigour heighten'd ev'ry grace.
I came again—I ſaw the Lilly pale,
And on her cheek its glowing colours fail,
The radiance vaniſh'd from her beaming eyes,
And Death had mark'd her for an early prize.
Yet ſtill ſerene beneath affliction's rod,
Without a murmur, calm ſhe bore the load,
Till life's laſt pang did burſt her dying heart,
And with a ſigh her gentle ſoul depart.
Thus have I ſeen, beneath a heavy train,

A tender flow'ret drooping on the plain;
Its head ſtill bending with a greater ſway,
As more and more the ſlender ſtem gave way,
Till broke at laſt, its feeble ſtrength defy'd,
It fell before the rigid blaſt and dy'd.
Thus ſunk ELIZA by the hand of Death, [breath,
And in her prime gave up her precious
But Muſe, forbear her laſt ſad ſcene to draw,
The dreadful ſight inſpires my ſoul with awe: [fail,
When mournful parents ſaw her ſpirits
And death in ev'ry throbbing pulſe prevail;
What pow'r of words or language can declare,
The tears of anguiſh that were ſtreaming there! [age,
An only child, the comfort of their
Poſſeſs'd of all the Virtues that engage;——
Tho' dear ſhe fell, and left them ſunk in woe,
Depriv'd of all their ſouls held dear below—!
Dark now thoſe eyes that once outſhone the day, [the clay;
All radiance loſt, they mingle with
Pent too in ſilence lies the tuneful tongue, [ſung:
At once forgotten all the ſtrains it
The yielding boſom, white as pureſt ſnow,
Now cold as marble, ſoil'd in duſt lies low:
Her golden treſſes now no more ſhall wave,
But damps ſurround them in the ſilent grave—
Then what does youth and all its charms avail, [fail:
Its tranſient reign and all its beauties
The gloomy Tyrant ſpares nor ſex nor age,
All fall alike before his conquering rage——
O had he ſpar'd ELIZA in her prime,
Nor call'd the blooming Maid before her time—
The wiſh is vain: nought could her doom recall,
'Twas Heaven's decree the charming fair ſhould fall.
Yet round her grave, thick planted by the Muſe,
Shall gloomy cypreſs grow, and mournful yews:
Oft o'er the ſpot the plaintive Maid ſhall weep,
Where lov'd ELIZA's mouldring aſhes ſleep; [tear,
Bedew the turf with many a chryſtal
And ſtill in Mem'ry ſhall her name be dear.
But mourning parents, tho' ſhe much was lov'd,
And early from their ſtage of Life remov'd; [riſe
Yet VIRTUE dies not—nobly does ſhe
With brighter radiance to her native ſkies;
There ſhines for ever with a glorious ray,
Beneath the ſplendors of eternal day.
Then dry your tears: forbear ſo much to grieve,
Let this one thought your drooping ſouls relieve. [nigh,
The day approaches, and perhaps is
When that grim tyrant, Death himſelf, ſhall die!
For He, who once in this our world below
His glorious nature veil'd in robes of woe,
When time ſhall ceaſe its fleeting courſe to run,
In narrow circles meaſur'd by the ſun;
Shall pull the grizly monarch from his ſeat,
And ſtamp his crown beneath his radiant feet.
While glorious ſaints in joyful ſtrains ſhall ſing,
Grave, where thy conqueſt! Death, and where thy ſting!"

June 21ſt. 1790. PHILOMEIDES.

ELEGY.

LOW ſinks the ſun beneath yon waving way,
His golden robes o'er hang the weſtern main;
Dim are the fading beams of cloſing day,
And ſable Eve renews her ſolemn reign.
Save, where the wailing birds in plaintive tale,
Thro' yonder glade their liquid numbers ſwell,
An aweful ſtillneſs rules the duſky veil
Where muſing ſolitude delights to dwell.
While ever grateful, ſober Eve returns,
And ſilver moonbeams on the zephyrs rove,
My weary ſoul in ſecret anguiſh mourns,
And pours her ſorrow to the lonely grove!
For, Oh! no more fair Nature's vernal bloom,
In breathing odours, charm my eager view!
In dreary ſhades, to weep my wayward doom,
Is all, alas! theſe faded eyes can do!
Can bluſhing morn far diſtant Hope ſupply,
Or laughing day one cheering joy beſtow?
Will theſe avail to lift the downcaſt eye,
Or lull the breaſt that throbs with mighty woe?
The riſing morn may virgin bluſhes wear,
And early dews impearl the flow'ry plain; [pear,
But oh! to me ſhall modeſt morn ap-
And day's bright radiance ſtill return in vain!
Far from my boſom, mild reſtoring peace [fled;
And ſmiling joys, are now for ever
My woe born tears ſhall never, never ceaſe,
Till fate ſhall lay me with the lowly dead!
See, fell deſtruction o'er her victim wait,
And mad deſpair, wild wailing round me roll!
While boding terror marks approaching fate,
Aſſiſts the gloom, and chills my ſtarting ſoul!
Come fell deſtruction, ſtrike the deſtin'd blow!
Ah! wherefore thus my hated life prolong?
I'll bleſs, in death, the dart that lays me low,
To darkly mingle with the mould'ring throng!
For ſcorn derides, and ſlander blaſts my name,
That injur'd name I ever ſtrove to ſave;
Now loſt are all my dreams of future fame,
And ſadly welcome is the peaceful grave!
Let dull oblivion's ſable wings o'erſhade
My narrow cell from each enquiring eye;
Nor weeping friend e'er claim the Sculptor's aid,
To point the place where all my ſorrows lye!
Where, low my aſhes ſhall for ever reſt,
On that green bed, ſome lone companion dear,
May pluck the thorn that riſes o'er my breaſt,
And drop the ſad memorial of a tear.
There, while the ſwimming eye ſtill mourns my doom,
Or round the turf, wild roving Fancy ſtrays;
Shall buſy Mem'ry mark my graſſy tomb,
And trace the moments of our happier days!

A. K.

THE

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From Aliſon's Eſſays on the Nature and Principles of Taſte.

THAT the notes or cries of ſome animals are ſublime, every one knows: the roar of the lion, the growling of bears, the howling of wolves, the ſcream of the eagle, &c. In all thoſe caſes, theſe are the notes of animals remarkable for their ſtrength, and formidable from their ferocity. It would ſeem very natural, therefore, that the ſublimity of ſuch ſounds ſhould ariſe from the qualities of which they are expreſſive; and which are of a nature fitted to excite very powerful emotions in our minds.

'That this is in reality the caſe, and that it is not the ſounds themſelves which have this effect, appears to be obvious from the two following conſiderations:

'1. When we have no aſſociations of this kind, ſuch ſounds are productive of no ſuch emotion. There is not one of theſe ſounds which may not be imitated in ſome manner or other; and which, while we are ignorant of the deception, does not produce the ſame emotion with the real ſound: when we are undeceived, however, we are conſcious of no other emotion, but that perhaps of ſimple pain from its loudneſs. The howl of the wolf is little diſtinguiſhed from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its ſtrength, but there is no compariſon between their ſublimity. There are few, if any, of theſe ſounds ſo loud as the moſt common of all ſounds, the lowing of a cow; yet this is the very reverſe of ſublimity. Imagine this ſound, on the contrary, expreſſive of fierceneſs or ſtrength, and there can be no doubt that it would become ſublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is ſtrikingly ſublime. The ſame ſound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being ſo. The ſcream of the eagle is ſimply diſagreeable, when the bird is either tamed or confined: it is ſublime only, when it is heard amid rocks and deſarts, and when it is expreſſive to us of liberty, and independence, and ſavage majeſty. The neighing of a war-horſe in the field of battle, or of a young and untamed horſe, when at large among mountains, is powerfully ſublime. The ſame ſound in a cart-horſe, or a horſe in the ſtable, is ſimply in-

different, if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean, than the grunting of swine. The same sound in the wild boar, an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength, is sublime. The memory of the reader will supply many other instances.

'2. The sublimity of such sounds corresponds not to their nature, as sounds, but to the nature of the qualities they signify. Sounds of all kinds are sublime, in proportion as they are expressive of power, or fierceness, or strength, or any other quality capable of producing strong emotions in the animals which they distinguish. There are many instances undoubtedly where loud cries are sublime, but there are many also, where such notes are very far from being so. The lowing of cows, the braying of the ass, the scream of the peacock and many other inoffensive birds, are only mean or disagreeable.

'Low or feeble sounds, in the same manner, are generally considered as the contrary of sublime; yet there are also many instances where such sounds are strongly sublime, when they distinguish the notes of fierce, or dangerous, or powerful animals. There is not a sound so generally contemptible as that which we distinguish by the name of hissing, yet this is the sound appropriated to serpents, and the greater part of poisonous reptiles; and, as such, is extremely sublime. The noise of the rattlesnake (that most dangerous animal of all his tribe) is very little different from the noise of a child's play-thing, yet who will deny its sublimity! The growl of the tyger resembles the purring of a cat: the one is sublime, the other insignificant. Nothing can be more trifling than the sound produced by that little animal, which among the common people is called the death-watch; yet many a bold heart hath felt its power. The inhabitants of modern Europe would smile, if they were asked, if there were any sublimity in the notes of chickens, or magpies; yet under the influence of ancient superstition, when such animals were considered as ominous, the bravest among the people have trembled at their sound. The superstitions of other countries afford innumerable instances of the same kind.

'If these illustrations are just, it should seem, that the sublimity of the notes of animals is to be ascribed to the associations we connect with them, and not to any original fitness in the mere sounds themselves, to produce this emotion.'

On Migration in general.

MIGRATION is generally supposed to be peculiar to the feathered tribes; but this is a limited idea, which has originated from inattention to the œconomy of Nature. Birds migrate, with a view to remedy the inconveniencies of their present situation, and to acquire a more commodious station with regard to food, temperature, propagation, and shelter, but, from similar motives, men, sometimes in amazing multitudes, have migrated from north to south, displaced the native inhabitants, and fixed establishments in more comfortable climates than those which they had relinquished; and these, in their turn, have fallen victims to fresh and barbarous emigrants. Among the inhabitants of the more northern nations, as Norway, Sweden, &c. notwithstanding a very strong attachment to their native countries, there seems to be a natural or instinctive propensity to migrate. Poverty, rigour of climate, curiosity, ambition, false representations of interested individuals, the oppression of feudal bar-

barons, and ſimilar circumſtances, have given riſe to great emigrations of the human ſpecies. But, it is worthy of remark, that the emigrations from ſouth to north, except from the love of conqueſt in ambitious nations, are ſo rare, that the inſtinct ſeems hardly to exiſt in thoſe more fortunate climates. Curioſity is a general inſtinctive principle, which operates ſtrongly in the youthful periods of life, and ſtimulates every man to viſit places that are diſtant from his ordinary reſidence. This innate deſire is influenced by the relations of travellers, and by many other incentives of a more intereſted kind. Without the principle of migration, mankind, it is probable, would never have been ſo univerſally diffuſed over the ſurface of the earth. It is counterbalanced, however, by attachment to thoſe countries which gave us birth, a principle ſtill more powerful and efficient. Love of our native country is ſo ſtrong, that, after gratifying the migrating principle, almoſt every man feels a longing deſire to return.

Savages, as long as their ſtore of food remains unexhauſted, continue in a liſtleſs inactive ſtate, and ſeem not to be prompted by any motive of curioſity. They have no conception of a man's walking either for amuſement or exerciſe. But, when their proviſions begin to fail, an aſtoniſhing reverſe takes place. They then rouſe, as from a profound ſleep. In queſt of wild beaſts, birds, and fiſhes, they migrate to immenſe diſtances, exert the greateſt feats of activity, and endure incredible hardſhips and fatigue. After acquiring a ſtore of proviſions, they return to their wonted haunts, and remain inactive till their food begins again to fail.

Quadrupeds likewiſe perform partial migrations. At the approach of winter, the ſtag, the rein-deer, and the roebuck, leave the tops of the lofty mountains, and come down to the plains and copſes. Their chief objects, in theſe flittings, are food and ſhelter. When ſummer commences, they are haraſſed with different ſpecies of winged inſects, and to avoid theſe enemies, they regain the ſummits of the mountains, where the cold, and the height of the ſituation, protect them from their attacks. In Norway, and the more northern regions of Europe, the oxen, during the winter, migrate to the ſhores of the ſea, where they feed upon ſea-plants and the bones of fiſhes; and biſhop Pontoppidan remarks, that the cattle know by inſtinct when the tide retires, and leaves theſe articles of food upon the ſhore. In Orkney and Shetland, the ſheep, for the ſame purpoſes, uniformly repair to the ſhore, in winter, at the ebbing of the tides. Rats, particularly thoſe of the northern regions of Europe, appear, from time to time, in ſuch myriads, that the inhabitants of Norway and Lapland imagine the animals fall from heaven. The celebrated Linnæus, who paid great attention to the œconomy of theſe migrating rats, remarked, that they appeared in Sweden periodically every eighteen or twenty years. When about to migrate, they leave their wonted abodes, and aſſemble together in inconceivable numbers. In the courſe of their journey, they make tracks in the earth of two inches in depth; and theſe tracks ſometimes occupy a breadth of ſeveral fathoms. What is ſingular, the rats, in their march, uniformly purſue a ſtraight line, unleſs they are forced to turn aſide by ſome unſurmountable obſtacle. If they meet with a rock, they firſt try to pierce it, and then reſume the ſtraight line. Even a lake does not interrupt their paſſage; for they either traverſe it in a ſtraight line, or periſh in the attempt; and, if they meet with a

bark, or other veſſel, they do not alter their direction, but climb up the one ſide of it and deſcend by the other.

Frogs, immediately after their tranſformation from the tadpole ſtate, leave the water, and migrate to the meadow, or marſhy grounds, in queſt of inſects. The numbers of young frogs which ſuddenly make their appearance in the plains induced Rondeletius, and many other naturaliſts, to imagine that they were generated in the clouds, and ſhowered down upon the earth. But if, like Mr. Derham, they had examined the ſituation of the place with regard to ſtagnating waters, and attended to the nature and transformation of the animals, they would ſoon have diſcovered the real cauſe of the phænomenon.

Of all migrating animals, particular kinds of fiſhes make the longeſt journies, and in the greateſt numbers. The multiplication of the ſpecies, and the procuring of food, are the principal motives of their migration. The ſalmon, a fiſh which makes regular migrations, frequents the northern regions alone. It is unknown in the Mediterranean ſea, and in all the rivers which fall into it. It is found in ſome of the rivers of France that empty themſelves into the ocean. Salmons are taken in the rivers of Kamtſchatka, and appear as far north as Greenland. They live both in the ocean and in freſh waters. To depoſit their ſpawn, they quit the ſea in the month of September, and aſcend the rivers. So ſtrong is the inſtinct of migrating, that they preſs up the rivers with amazing keenneſs, and ſcarcely any obſtacle is ſufficient to interrupt their progreſs. They ſpring, with great agility, over cataracts ſeveral feet in height. In their leaps, they ſpring ſtraight up with a ſtrong tremulous motion, and do not, as has been vulgarly ſuppoſed, put their tails in their months. When they find a place which they think proper for depoſiting their eggs, the male and female unite their labours in forming a convenient receptacle for the ſpawn in the ſand, which is generally about eighteen inches deep. In this hole the female depoſits her eggs, and the male his milt, which they are ſaid to cover carefully with their tails; for, after ſpawning, their tails are deprived of ſkin. The eggs, when not diſturbed by violent floods, lie buried in the ſand till the ſpring, and they are hatched about the end of March. The parents, however, after this important office has been performed, haſten back to the ſea, in order to cleanſe themſelves, and to recover their ſtrength. Toward the end of March, the young fry begin to appear, and they gradually increaſe in ſize till they acquire the length of four or five inches, and are then called ſmelts, or ſmoults. About the beginning of May, all the conſiderable rivers of Scotland are full of ſalmon-fry; and, after this period, they migrate to the ſea. About the middle of June, the earlieſt of the fry begin to appear again in the rivers. At that time they are from twelve to ſixteen inches long, and gradually augment, both in number and ſize, till about the end of July or the beginning of Auguſt, when they weigh from ſix to nine pounds. This is a very rapid growth. But a gentleman of credit at Warrington informed Mr. Pennant of a growth ſtill more rapid. A ſalmon, weighing ſeven pounds and three quarters, was taken on the ſeventh day of February. It was marked on the back, fin, and tail, with ſciſſars, and then turned into the river. It was retaken on the ſeventh day of the following month of March, and then it weighed ſeventeen pounds and a half. The ſeaſon for fiſhing ſalmon in the Tweed begins on the 30th of November, and ends on old Michaelmas day.

day. In that ſingle river, it is computed that no leſs than 208000, at a medium, are annually caught, which, together with the products of many other rivers on both ſides of Scotland, not only afford a wholeſome and palatable food to the inhabitants, but form no inconſiderable article of commerce.

Herrings are likewiſe actuated by the migrating principle. They are chiefly confined to the northern and temperate regions of the globe. They frequent the higheſt latitudes, and are ſometimes found on the northern coaſts of France. They appear in vaſt ſhoals on the coaſt of America, as far ſouth as Carolina. In Cheſapeak Bay there is an annual inundation of herrings, and they cover the ſhores in ſuch amazing numbers as to become offenſive to the inhabitants. The great winter rendezvous of the herrings is within, or near, the arctic circle, where they remain ſeveral months, and acquire ſtrength after being weakened by the fatigues of ſpawning, and of a long migration. In theſe ſeas, inſect food is much more abundant than in warmer latitudes. They begin their migration ſouthward in the ſpring, and appear off the Shetland iſlands in April and May. Theſe, however, are only the forerunners of the immenſe ſhoal which arrives in June. Their approach is recogniſed by particular ſigns, ſuch as the appearance of certain fiſhes, the vaſt number of birds, as gannets or ſolan geeſe, which follow the ſhoal to prey upon the herrings. But, when the main body arrives, its breadth and depth are ſo great, as to change the appearance of the ocean itſelf. The ſhoal is generally divided into columns of five or ſix miles in length, and three or four in breadth. Their progreſſive motion creates a kind of rippling or ſmall undulations in the water. They ſometimes ſink and diſappear for ten or fifteen minutes, and then riſe again toward the ſurface. When the ſun ſhines, a variety of ſplendid and beautiful colours are reflected from their bodies. In their progreſs ſouthward, the firſt interruption they meet with is from the Shetland iſlands. Here the ſhoal divides into two branches. One branch ſkirts the eaſtern, and the other the weſtern ſhores of Great Britain, and fill every bay and creek with their numbers. Thoſe which proceed to the weſt from Shetland, after viſiting the Hebrides, where the great fiſhery is carried on, move on till they are again interrupted by the north of Ireland, which obliges them to divide a ſecond time. One diviſion takes to the weſt, where they are ſcarcely perceived, being ſoon loſt in the immenſity of the Atlantic Ocean. The other diviſion goes into the Iriſh ſea, and affords nouriſhment to many thouſands of the human race. The chief object of herrings migrating ſouthward is to depoſit their ſpawn in warmer and more ſhallow ſeas than thoſe of the Frigid Zone. This inſtinct ſeems not to be promoted by a ſcarcity of food; for, when they arrive upon our coaſts, they are weak and emaciated. They continue in perfection from the end of June to the beginning of winter, when they begin to depoſit their ſpawn. The great ſtations of the herring fiſheries are off the Shetland and the weſtern iſlands, and along the coaſt of Norfolk.

Beſide ſalmons and herrings, there are many fiſhes which obſerve a regular migration, as mackerels, lampreys, pilchards, &c. About the middle of July, the pilchards, which are a ſpecies of herrings, though ſmaller, appear in vaſt ſhoals off the coaſts of Cornwall. When winter approaches, like the herrings, they retire to the Arctic ſeas. Though ſo nearly allied to the herring, it is not in-

incurious to remark, that the pilchards, in their migration for the purpoſe of ſpawning, chooſe a warmer latitude; for, off the coaſts of Britain, the great ſhoals never appear farther north than the county of Cornwall and the Scilly iſlands.

Of the land crab there are ſeveral ſpecies. The migration of what is called the violet land crab deſerves ſome notice. It inhabits the warmer regions of Europe: but its particular reſidence is in the tropical climates of Africa and America. Land-crabs generally frequent the mountainous parts of the country, which are, of courſe, moſt remote from the ſea. They inhabit the hollows of old trees, the clefts of rocks, and holes which they themſelves dig in the earth. In April and May, they leave the mountains, and march in millions to the ſea-ſhore. At this period the whole ground is covered with them; and a man can hardly put down his foot without treading on them. The object of their migration is to depoſit their ſpawn on the ſea-ſhore. In their progreſs toward the ſea, like the northern rats, they move in a ſtraight line. Even when a houſe intervenes, inſtead of deviating to the right or left, they attempt to ſcale the walls. But, when they meet with a river, they are obliged to wind along the courſe of the ſtream. In their migration from the mountains, they obſerve the greateſt regularity, and commonly divide into three bodies. The firſt conſiſts of the ſtrongeſt and boldeſt males, which, like pioneers, march forward to clear the way, and to face the greateſt dangers. The females, which form the main body, deſcend from the mountains in regular columns, which are fifty paces broad, three miles long, and ſo cloſe that they almoſt entirely cover the ground. Three or four days afterward, the rear-guard follows, which conſiſts of ſtraggling undiſciplined troops of males and females. They travel chiefly during the night; but, if it rain by day, (for moiſture facilitates their motion), they proceed in their ſlow uniform manner. When the ſun ſhines, and the ſurface of the ground is dry, they make an univerſal halt till the evening, and then reſume their march. When alarmed with danger, they run backward in a diſorderly manner, and hold up their nippers in a threatning poſture. They even ſeem to intimidate their enemies; for, when diſturbed, they make a clattering noiſe with their nippers. But, though they endeavour to render themſelves formidable to their enemies, they are cruel to each other. When an individual, by any accident, is ſo maimed that he cannot proceed, his companions immediately devour him, and then purſue their journey After a fatiguing and tedious march, which ſometimes continues three months before they reach the ſhore, they prepare themſelves for depoſiting their ſpawn. The eggs ſtill remain in the bodies of the animals, and are not excluded, as uſual to this genus, under the tail. To facilitate the maturation and excluſion of the eggs, the land crabs no ſooner arrive on the ſhore, than they approach to the margin of the ſea, and allow the waves to paſs ſeveral times over their bodies. They immediately retire to the land; the eggs, in the mean time, come nearer to maturity, and the animals once more go to the water, depoſit their eggs, and leave the event to Nature. The bunches of ſpawn are ſometimes as large as a hen's egg; and it is not incurious to remark, that, at this very period, numbers of fiſhes of different kinds are anxiouſly waiting for this annual ſupply of food. Whether the painful migration of the land-crabs, or the wonderful inſtinct of the fiſhes which await their arrival, in order to devour their ſpawn, is the moſt aſtoniſhing fact,

fact, muſt be left to the conſideration of philoſophers. The eggs which eſcape theſe voracious fiſhes are hatched under the ſand. Soon after, millions of minute crabs are ſeen leaving the ſhore, and migrating ſlowly toward the mountains. Moſt of the old ones, however, remain in the flat parts of the country till they regain their ſtrength. They dig holes in the earth, the mouths of which they cover with leaves and mud. Here they throw off their old ſhells, remain quite naked, and almoſt without motion for ſix days, when they become ſo fat that they are eſteemed delicious food. When the new ſhell has hardened, the animals, by an inſtinctive impulſe, march back to thoſe mountains which they had formerly deſerted. In Jamaica, where they are numerous, the land-crabs are regarded as great delicacies; and they are ſo abundant, that the ſlaves are often fed entirely upon them.

The migrating principle is not confined to men, quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles: it extends to many of the inſect tribes. Numberleſs inhabitants of the air paſs the firſt ſtages of their exiſtence in the waters. There they remain for longer or ſhorter periods, according to the ſpecies. Previous to their transformation into chryſalids, they quit the waters, and come upon dry ground, where they undergo their amazing change. Inſtead of active water-worms, they dig or find holes in the earth, where they are converted into chryſalids, or ſeemingly inanimated beings, and, in a ſhort time, mount into the air in the form of winged inſects. Similar migrations are to be obſerved among land-inſects. But migration is not confined to water-worms. Many ſpecies of caterpillars which feed upon the leaves of trees, ſhrubs, and other vegetables, when about to undergo their transformation, leave their former abodes, deſcend from the trees, and conceal themſelves in the earth. The hiving of bees, when numerous colonies remove in order to eſtabliſh new ſettlements, is another inſtance of the migration of inſects. Indeed, if we except bees, waſps, ants, and a few others, moſt inſects, whether they inhabit the air, earth, or waters, are perfect wanderers, having no fixed place of reſidence. Some of them, as the ſpider tribes, build temporary apartments; but, when diſturbed, they migrate to another commodious place, and erect new habitations.

From the facts which have been enumerated, it is apparent, that the principle of migration, or the deſire of changing ſituations, is not confined to particular birds, but extends through almoſt the whole ſyſtem of animation. Men, quadrupeds, birds, fiſhes, reptiles, inſects, all afford ſtriking examples of the migrating principle. From the ſame facts it is equally apparent, that the general motives of migrating are ſimilar in every claſs of animals. Food, multiplication of ſpecies, and a comfortable temperature of air, are evidently the chief cauſes which induce animals to remove from one place to another, or, what amounts to the ſame thing, from one climate to another. Partial emigrations, or emigrations to ſmall diſtance, are prompted by the ſame inſtinctive motives which induce animals of a different ſtructure to undertake long and fatiguing excurſions. But, previous to actual migration, what are the peculiar feelings of different animals, and what ſhould ſtimulate them to proceed uniformly in the direction that ultimately leads them to the ſituations moſt accommodated to their wants and their conſtitutions, are myſteries, with regard to which, like every other part of the oeconomy of Nature, it is the duty of philoſophers, inſtead of attempting to puſh their inquiries beyond the bounds of human

man ability, to obſerve a reſpectful ſilence.

Memoirs *of the* Life *of the late Dr.* John Armstrong.

DR. John Armſtrong, an eminent phyſician, poet, and miſcellaneous writer, was born at Caſtleton, in the county of Roxburgh, and kingdom of Scotland. His father and brother were ſucceſſively miniſters of Caſtleton; and took care that he ſhould receive a liberal education, which he completed in the univerſity of Edinburgh, where he took his degree in phyſic, February 4, 1732, with much reputation; and publiſhed his Theſis, as the forms of that univerſity require: the ſubject was 'De Tabe purulenta.' Like Akenſide, another poet and phyſician, he never arrived at much practice. In 1735, he publiſhed a little humourous pamphlet in 8vo, intitled, 'An Eſſay for abridging the Study of Phyſic; to which is added, a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the practice of phyſic, as it is managed by a certain illuſtrious ſociety. As alſo an epiſtle from Uſbek, the Perſian, to Joſhua Ward, eſq.' The dedication runs thus: 'To the Academic Philoſophers, to the generous Deſpiſers of the Schools, to the deſervedly celebrated Joſhua Ward, John Moor, and the reſt of the numerous ſect of inſpired phyſicians, this little work is humbly inſcribed, by their moſt devoted ſervant and zealous admirer.'—This piece contains much fun and drollery; and in the dialogue he has caught the very ſpirit of Lucian. It is not marked with his name, but we can, on the beſt authority, aſſert that he was the author of it. In 1737 he publiſhed 'A Synopſis of the Hiſtory and Cure of Venereal Diſeaſes,' 8vo, inſcribed, in an ingenious dedication, to Dr. Alexander Stuart, as to 'a perſon who had an indiſputable right to judge ſeverely of the performance preſented to him.' This was ſoon followed by the 'Oeconomy of Love,' a poem which has much merit, but is too ſtrongly tinctured with the licentiouſneſs of Ovid. His more mature judgment, however, expunged many of the luxuriances of youthful fancy, in an edition 'reviſed and corrected by the author' in 1768. It appears, by one of the caſes on literary property, that Mr. Miller paid fifty guineas for the copy-right of this poem, which was intended as a burleſque on ſome didactic writers. It has been obſerved of Dr. Armſtrong, that his works have great inequalities, ſome of them being poſſeſſed of every requiſite to be ſought after in the moſt perfect compoſition, while others can hardly be conſidered as ſuperior to the productions of mediocrity. In 1741 he ſolicited Dr. Birch's recommendation, that he might be appointed phyſician to the forces then going to the Weſt Indies. The 'Art of preſerving Health,' his beſt performance, which was publiſhed in 1744, and which will tranſmit his name to poſterity as one of the firſt Engliſh writers, has been honoured with the following teſtimony of a reſpectable critic: 'To deſcribe ſo difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of diſtemper on the human body, was reſerved for Dr. Armſtrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed it at the end of the third book of his Art of preſerving Health, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the ſweating ſickneſs. There is a claſſical correctneſs and cloſeneſs of ſtyle in this poem that are truly admirable, and the ſubject is raiſed and adorned by numberleſs poetical images.' And Dr. Mackenzie, in his 'Hiſtory of Health,' has this beautiful eulogium of it; 'Of

'Of all the poetical performances on this ſubject that have come to my hands, Dr. Armſtrong's 'Art of preſerving Health,' is by far the beſt. To give every charming deſcription and beautiful paſſage of this poem, one muſt tranſcribe the whole. We cannot however, expect new rules, where the principal deſign was to raiſe and warm the heart into a compliance with the ſolid precepts of the ancients, which he has enforced with great ſtrength and elegance. And, upon the whole, he has convinced us, by his own example, that we are not to blame antiquity for acknowledging,

One power of phyſic, melody, and ſong.'

In 1746, Dr. Armſtrong was appointed one of the phyſicians to the hoſpital for lame and ſick ſoldiers, behind Buckingham-houſe. In 1751, he publiſhed his poem 'on Benevolence,' in folio; and in 1753, 'Taſte, an Epiſtle to a young Critic.' In this year, an elegant ode was addreſſed to him by Dr. Theobald. In 1758, appeared 'Sketches, or Eſſays on various ſubjects, by Launcelot Temple, eſq. in two parts.' In this production, which poſſeſſes much humour and knowledge of the world, and which had a remarkably rapid ſale, he is ſuppoſed to have been aſſiſted by Mr. Wilkes. In 1760, he had the honour of being appointed phyſician to the army in Germany; where, in 1761, he wrote a poem called 'Day, an epiſtle to John Wilkes, of Aylesbury, eſq.' In this poem, which is not collected in his works, he wantonly hazarded a reflection on Churchill, which drew on him the ſerpent-toothed vengeance of that ſevereſt of ſatiriſts. It may be here obſerved, that nothing appears ſo fatal to the intercourſe of friends as attention to politics. The cordiality which had ſubſiſted between Dr. Armſtrong and Mr. Wilkes was certainly interrupted, if not diſſolved, by theſe means. In 1770, Dr. Armſtrong publiſhed a collection of 'Miſcellanies' in two volumes; containing, 1. 'The Art of preſerving Health;' 2. 'Of Benevolence, an epiſtle to Eumenes;' 3. 'Taſte, an epiſtle to a young Critic, 1753;' 4. 'Imitations of Shakeſpeare and Spenſer;' 5. 'The Univerſal Almanac, by Noureddin Ali;' 6. 'The Forced Marriage, a tragedy;' 7. 'Sketches, or Eſſays on various ſubjects, by Launcelot Temple, eſq.' —This Miſcellaneous Collection juſtifies the obſervation we have already made, that Dr. Armſtrong's works have great inequalities; for beſide the tragedy of The Forced Marriage, (written in 1754, but never acted,) in which, indeed, there is much paſſion, but little judgment, theſe volumes contain a Winter Piece in imitation of Shakeſpeare; a vile, turgid performance, that had better have been omitted. There is, likewiſe, 'Progne's Dream,' and 'A Storm,' which are almoſt as bad; and 'The Univerſal Almanac,' mentioned above, is neither one thing nor another.—In his 'Epiſtle to a young Critic,' our poet is ſeverely ſatirical on all pretenders to Taſte; but he does not treat this ſubject in quite ſo maſterly, nor in ſo poetical, a manner, as Mr. Pope had done before him. In 1771 he publiſhed 'A ſhort Ramble through ſome parts of France and Italy, by Launcelot Temple;' and in 1773, in his own name, a quarto pamphlet, under the title of 'Medical Eſſays;' toward the concluſion of which, he accounts for his not having ſuch extenſive practice as ſome of his brethren, from his not being qualified to employ the uſual means, from a tickliſh ſtate of ſpirits, and a diſtempered exceſs of ſenſibility. He complains much of the behaviour of ſome of his brethren, of the herd of critics, and particularly of the reviewers. He died in September 1779;

1779; and, to the no ſmall ſurpriſe of his friends, left behind him more than 3,000l. ſaved out of a very moderate income, ariſing principally from his half-pay.

SPEECH
OF THE
LORD CHANCELLOR,

In the HOUSE *of* LORDS, *April* 19. 1790.

Sir WILLIAM FORBES, and others, Appellants.

Sir JOHN M'PHERSON, Reſpondent.

Counſel for the Appellants.

The Honourable THOMAS ERSKINE;
JOHN ANSTRUTHER, Eſquire;

Counſel for the Reſpondent.

Sir JOHN SCOTT, Kt. Solicitor-General for England;
WILLIAM TAIT, Eſquire.

MY LORDS,

I DOUBT not, that the queſtion in this cauſe has created a conſiderable degree of anxiety, with regard to the particular intereſts to which the determination may apply in its conſequences. I ſtand in a ſituation perfectly clear of all that anxiety, having no property or intereſt whatever in that part of the country from whence the queſtion comes. If I could poſſibly entertain a wiſh upon the ſubject, it muſt be, to ſupport the deciſion.

The only queſtion before us, is, What *is* the law of Scotland upon the point?—not what it *ought* to be?—If the conſtitution of that country has ſo far fallen off its baſis, that, inſtead of repreſentatives choſen by the real and effectual landed property, they are to be choſen by what is almoſt leſs than a ſhadow, this is not the place to ſhew zeal for its reſtoration. If it can be maintained, as it has been at the Bar, that the counties of Scotland may be repreſented as Old Sarum is repreſented, it is not the province of this Houſe to ſay, that it ſhall not be ſo repreſented: On the contrary, it is the duty of the Houſe, in its judicative capacity, to declare *that* to be the true repreſentation.

The preſent queſtion does not go upon the very ſame points with what occurred in the caſes ſo often quoted, and ſaid to be ſettled by deciſions of this Houſe.—Though I am ready to declare that I do not feel the ſame degree of concurrence with thoſe deciſions, of which I have been ſenſible with regard to moſt of the other deciſions which the Houſe has come to, upon the advice of a great and eminent perſon; yet I ſhould certainly have been much diſinclined to eſtabliſh a contrary principle. I do not mean to ſay, that if the very ſame queſtions ſhould come again before the Houſe, I ſhould look upon them to be ſo decided as to make it unfit for your Lordſhips to reconſider them.—— Where a queſtion has been decided in the laſt reſort, and all the arguments upon it fully ſtated, and another preciſely ſimilar occurs, it will require much conſideration, before your Lordſhips agree to decide differently; but it is impoſſible to lay it down as a rule, that a judgment in the laſt reſort ſhall change the law, though it binds the particular caſe, no doubt, irrevocably. It were an abſurd propoſition to ſtate, that, even in the laſt reſort, there is infallibility. If it were ſuppoſable that the Houſe ſhould decide, that a grant to a man and his heirs did not paſs a fee ſimple, it would be abſolutely neceſſary, upon the next occurrence of ſuch a caſe, to reverſe the principle: And I cannot avoid ſaying, that it is piteous to ſee the learned Judges of Scotland (as I obſerve in the notes of what they ſaid on the preſent cauſe) lamenting that thoſe deciſions were made, becauſe contrary to what they conceive *to be law*, and yet conſidering themſelves as bound by thoſe deciſions.

Your

Your Lordſhips know, that a juriſdiction has been given to the Court of Seſſion in matters of election, to prevent the uncertainty which muſt ariſe from deciſions in the Houſe of Commons. It has been conſidered as one of the greateſt advantages that country could boaſt of, that the right of an election could be made clear to the very concluſion, by a diſcuſſion before the Supreme Court of Juſtice in that country. The preſent caſe has ariſen under that juriſdiction; and your Lordſhips are to determine, whether the Court has decided right, according to the law of elections for Scotland. The queſtion is, Whether a real ſubſtantial *bona fide* eſtate has been gained by the perſon put upon the roll?—for an eſtate may ſtand well upon parchment, which is not ſound at bottom; and I need not ſurely ſtate to your Lordſhips, that it is no part of the law of Scotland, that a man ſhall have as many votes as the extent and value of his property would go to, if divided. That is not contended for on any hand. Therefore, all pretences that men of great fortune ſhould have great weight in the repreſentation of that country, fall to the ground. It is clear, that the policy of the law does not mean to give to any man, let his fortune be what it will, more than one vote.

The act 1681 introduces no new qualification, but only defines what is the real eſtate in land which ſhall entitle a perſon to vote. I need not mention particular eſtates enumerated in the ſtatute, but only obſerve, that it requires *the being publicly infeft, and in poſſeſſion.* What is the true meaning of thoſe words? The unbiaſſed judgement of any individual may be ſuffered to explain them. The common language we have heard ſo often, as applied to the oaths which electors muſt take, calling them the oaths of *truſt and poſſeſſion*, is nearly ſufficient to ſhow what the idea of the country is, as to *being poſſeſſed.* All the terms ſet forth in thoſe oaths are ingredients to prove, whether perſons are, or are not, in *actual poſſeſſion.*

The act of the 12th of Queen Anne recites, That an abuſe prevailed, of perſons getting into the *apparent poſſeſſion* of lands upon conveyances granted in truſt, to create and multiply votes, contrary to the true intent and meaning of the former acts; and, among other proviſions to remedy this, it directs, that the perſons upon the roll ſhall take an oath in the terms there mentioned. This act is worth attention, as the principal part of the preſent diſpute hinges upon it. It has been contended, That if the perſon ſwears that *he is not* in the circumſtances ſtated in the oath, he ſhall have a right to vote, and that you ſhall prove that *he is* in thoſe circumſtances, only by his refuſal to take the oath, and in no other way whatever; and your Lordſhips have been told, very ſeriouſly, that this is the moſt effectual way of preventing the frauds which the act meant to detect and avoid.—There can be no better method of conſtruing this act, than by conſidering if this be really the moſt efficient mode. If you ſuppoſe the oath *accumulative*, there is no doubt in the world; it is additional to thoſe ſecurities that exiſted before, and will exiſt after the oath is given; and therefore the oath does tend, in a certain degree, to purge the roll of thoſe that ought not to be upon it.—But if you ſuppoſe it a *commutation*, that is, that inſtead of being at liberty to proceed againſt them any other way, you ſhall have the benefit of putting this oath, there could not be a worſe bargain.——In that way, all who are content to take an oath, though falſe, ſhould be admitted; and thoſe who ſcruple to take a falſe oath, ſhall be rejected.—Your Lordſhips will recollect farther, that this ſtatute relates to voting at elections only; and it declares, that notwithſtanding ſuch oath taken, other objections may be made: And therefore, to draw an argument

from it, to the case of *coming on the roll*, is wrong: that is not within the view or object of the statute, by any construction.

The act of the 7th of Geo. II. did no more than alter the form of the oath. By the oath in that statute, the taker is obliged to swear he had given no promise, obligation, &c. except what appears from the face of the title-deeds claimed upon.—Now, suppose there was an engagement to reconvey, indorsed upon the conveyance, the claimant might safely take the oath. But will it be argued, that, that would no afford an objection? Will it be said, that his qualification was good, or that the circumstance of his having come under such an engagement could be proved only by putting the oath?

A vast deal of confusion has been introduced into the argument, by not observing what the oath applies to, and what it does not apply to. This is a question upon the title of Sir John M'Pherson to be admitted upon the roll.——Some Noble Lords have observed, that he is enrolled——It is true, he was enrolled; and it is easy to see, if there happened to be a majority of freeholders of the same description with himself, he would be enrolled. But that is the mischief the law was calculated to redress, by the application to the Court of Session; and therefore, your Lordships are determining the question exactly as if he had not been put on the roll.—You are trying whether he ought to have been enrolled.

Now, let us see a little what the policy of the law of Scotland, as it stands upon the acts of Parliament, is, with regard to this subject.—In the year 1681, it was provided, that there should be a roll of Freeholders made up, not only at the election of members of Parliament, but at each of the Michaelmas courts, to provide against such partialities as those political assemblies were too much liable to in their own nature, and to prevent the judgment resting even upon the Parliament of Scotland. The policy of the act of 1681, was to give the freeholders the original right of deciding upon the titles of those who were to vote; and it was provided by that act, that unless an objection was made at the time, no objection should be made afterwards; and as far as the election was thought of, it was meant to make the Parliament a court of appeal.—The Freeholders were first to determine, and the Parliament afterwards; and so it stood for a considerable time.—It has been said, that from the year 1681 to 1743, the 16th of Geo. II. if the Freeholders had put an improper person upon the roll, and if no objection had been stated against him when he was inrolled, there was no way of correcting the abuse.—— With submission to that opinion, I doubt it—I take it, that the general jurisdiction of the Court of Session would have enabled them, not in a summary way, as provided by the 16th of Geo. II., but in the ordinary course of their jurisdiction, to have reformed such abuse. I take it to be so determined in regard to boroughs, where relief has been got from the ordinary jurisdiction of the Court of Session. But the 16th of Geo. II. gives a summary jurisdiction upon this subject. How does the summary jurisdiction apply? Not to the right of election:—— The Court of Session has no summary jurisdiction as to that;—from the time of the Union to the 16th of Geo. II. the Court of Session had no jurisdiction to try the right of election: that must, and could have been tried by the House of Commons only. The 16th of Geo. II. has been thought by some to have intended vesting the whole of the jurisdiction in the Court of Session; and I confess for myself, I find it a very difficult matter to invent or state a case, where the House of Commons can properly interpose, with regard to a person's

ſon's title to be on the roll: Becauſe, if that ſtatute of the 16th of Geo. II. gave the Court of Seſſion an authority over the roll, in all the extent of making up that roll, I find it a difficult matter to ſuppoſe a point of objection that does not come within the range of that authority. I have always heard learned perſons from Scotland, whom I have converſed with upon the ſubject, ſpeak with ſome degree of horror of the Houſe of Commons interpoſing; and I always thought they looked upon themſelves as ſecure, upon the idea the Houſe of Commons would not do ſo. But ſtill, in reſpect to this argument, it makes little; for this is a queſtion, not upon the right of voting at elections, but upon the right of ſtanding upon the roll.

Now, let us conſider how the oath provided by the ſtatute of Queen Anne, could poſſibly apply to this caſe; and I refer myſelf to that oath, chiefly for the purpoſe of ſhewing, that it has abſolutely nothing to do with the ſubject-matter of the preſent diſpute; that is, whether a man ſhould ſtand upon the roll, or not; for as the oath of the 12th of Anne ſtood, it could not have been put to him but at the election of members to ſerve in Parliament. He was at liberty to ſtand upon the roll, and vote for others ſtanding upon the roll; and he could have gone on for ſeven years together, adjuſting the roll from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, according to his own judgment; and there was no way of putting the oath to him.——Thus it ſtood, to the 7th of Geo. II., twenty years. If it be clear the oath adminiſtered in virtue of the 12th of Queen Anne had no relation to ſtanding upon the roll, but merely to the election, How was it poſſible that the Parliament at that time could think, that the oath ſo to be taken could poſſibly afford the leaſt degree of ſecurity to the intereſt of the Freeholders, that they ſhould not have perſons put upon the roll to depreciate their votes?—How could they ſuppoſe or conceive that an oath ſo inapplicable could produce the leaſt effect to that end? Under the ſtatute of Anne, a perſon refuſing could not vote, yet he might remain upon the roll; and if twenty others ſhould claim, he would have had a voice in putting them on the roll. The Counſel therefore ſhift the ground to the 7th of Geo. II.: but it is impoſſible to ſhift the ground; for that act contains no new enactment—it is merely a correction of the ſtatute of the 12th of Queen Anne;—and, it is impoſſible to argue that there is any *intention* upon the corrected oath of the 7th of Geo. II. which is not applicable to the 12th of Queen Anne.—But, if it were ſo, it would vary it only in degree, but in principle it would not vary it at all: for even as it ſtands upon the oath of the 7th of Geo. II. this conſequence follows, that if a man refuſes to take the oath either at a Michaelmas meeting, or at the Elections of Members of Parliament, he is to be ſtruck off the roll—(I don't know why he ſhould be ſo, if their conſtruction of the 12th of Anne is right); but he muſt be upon the roll before he can have the oath given him.—— There was a caſe determined in this Houſe, and ſo the law is underſtood to ſtand by the 10th ſection, of the 16th of Geo. II., that thoſe oaths which are to be given before the election of a Preſes, do not extend to the qualification oath, but only to the oaths to Government.——It is therefore a clear propoſition, that he may vote for the Preſes and Clerk; and the Preſes (we are rightly told) has a double voice; and thus the election may be carried by the voice of one to whom the oath cannot be put.

I do think the deciſion of the preſent queſtion does not ſignify an iota; for, from what I am told of Sir John Macpherſon, and the character he holds in the world, that he will take ſuch an oath, I believe no more, than that I

ſhall

ſhall take it——but it is of importance to the queſtion, that a man in that ſituation might ſtand upon the roll, and produce the effect now mentioned.—At the ſame time, the circumſtance of a perſon in that ſituation being capable of producing ſuch effect, and the inconvenience which manifeſtly reſults from the effect ſo produced, are not the grounds of my argument.——I only uſe them as illuſtrative, that is, as tending to ſhow, that neither the one nor the other of theſe oaths related to the right of individuals to be put upon the roll; they relate to a different ſubject, and ought not to be confounded with that. If you take that to be clear, What does it amount to? No more than this,—a queſtion whether an oath to be taken in order to do one out of many acts, and in order to exerciſe one out of many franchiſes that belong to a freeholder, and an oath in conſequence of which he may exerciſe many franchiſes, and which he takes to exerciſe one out of many; whether that oath was intended by the Legiſlature, to give him, from the poſſibility that it may be put to him, (and whether put or no is the ſame thing), a complete title to exerciſe all other franchiſes whatſoever, including thoſe to which the oath did not relate: taking it in that way, it ſeems to be a propoſition monſtrous and untenable.

What is the queſtion in this particular caſe?—Sir John M'pherſon's agents, in his abſence, tender deeds to the Freeholders, which appear tolerably fair.—The freeholders are a good deal aſtoniſhed, and heſitate; but the majority, not being people of a deſcription *to be much aſtoniſhed*, or have any heſitation on ſuch points, enrol him.—A complaint is then exhibited, under the act of the 16th of Geo. II. alleging they had done wrong; for, notwithſtanding what appeared on the face of the titles, he had no real ſubſtantial right, but was merely nominal and fictitious, and ought conſequently to be rejected. It was ſaid at the Bar, that *nominal* and *fictitious* were terms undefined—I define it, the not being really the man he deſcribes himſelf to be. The counſel who ſaid ſo, did himſelf define it in the next ſentence very neatly, *Aliud agit, aliud ſimulat*—He produces titles, which, on their face, import to convey an eſtate; but he has obtained it under circumſtances, which, if diſcloſed, would ſhow, that no thing like ſuch a conveyance was in the contemplation of the granter or grantee. The counſel having thus defined *nominal* and *fictitious*, has he juſtified the pretending one thing, and actually doing another?

The next ſtep in the courſe of pleading, is to call on the perſon complained on, to confeſs or deny what would go ſome way or other to eſtabliſh the fact. It is material to be apprized of what this proceeding means in the law of Scotland. The learned Gentleman who appeared at the Bar for the reſpondent, and whoſe knowledge in that law has been uſeful to the Houſe on ſeveral occaſions, and will, I hope, continue to be ſo very frequently, as I don't know a more able arguer, he has told you expreſsly, that this is the uſual courſe of pleading in the Court of Seſſion. A man is called upon to confeſs or deny—If he confeſſes, the fact muſt be taken to be true; but whether that fact is concluſive, is a different matter. If the circumſtances confeſſed don't conclude, the conſequence is only to avoid the confeſſion.—On the other hand, it does not preclude the other party from giving additional evidence, which may obtain judgement the other way: but if neither the thing confeſſed, nor the additional evidence, creates a caſe to bind the opinion of the Court, there muſt be judgement of abſolvitor. If the facts on which the caſe turns ly in the knowledge of the party, he muſt not put the other ſide to the expence of proofs. If, by his denial, he puts them to that expence, the Court gives coſts againſt him.

At this ſtage of the pleadings in the pre-

preſent caſe, the Court take up the queſtion, and pronounce a judgement ot abſolvitor. Upon its being propoſed that the defendant ſhould plead in this manner, the Court of Seſſion have taken it into their heads, that ſome judgements of the Houſe of Lords prevented them—from what?—not only from putting the truſt-oath, but from all other inveſtigation, and even from having recourſe to the oath of verity. That oath is a contract between two parties in a ſuit, where one party ſays, I wave all other proof, and refer it to you, my adverſary, whether ſuch facts are true. He may do ſo; but he cannot afterwards produce a witneſs to the ſame points the party has been examined to—he muſt abide by the party's depoſition in thoſe points, in conſequence of the contract. I ſee ſome doubt, if the oath of truſt has actually been put, and is to be conſidered as an oath of verity, whether other evidence can be reſorted to; and upon that the Houſe ſeems to have gone in the caſes alluded to: but this argument proves, that the Houſe had no idea that the matter could not be examined by other means. What a monſtrous propoſition was laid down at the Bar!—If a man were to have his back-bond produced, and it was proved he had made a contract to give up the eſtate, yet the Legiſlature meant to ſay, that if he was bold enough to perjure himſelf, he would be entitled to the franchiſe, *eo nomine*, as perjured. It is impoſſible to ſtate it in any other manner. The Court of Seſſion cannot interfere; and the perſon muſt remain upon the roll to all eternity, if he will venture to ſwear contrary to every proof, even contrary to what may appear on the face of the writing he produces.

If the Court of Seſſion can, by any other means than putting the oath of verity, and reference, diſcover the fraud, your Lordſhips judgments are ſo far from denying that juriſdiction and authority, as by the argument is ſuppoſed, that the judgments imply that the Court of Seſſion ought to go upon all the other points. The queſtion here does not ariſe upon the peculiarity, Whether they are at liberty, as in ordinary ſuits, to put it by reference to the oath of the party? and the Court of Seſſion were extremely miſtaken, if they ſuppoſed your Lordſhips meant more than was ſaid. I don't believe any Noble Lord, at that time, would have ſaid, the Court of Seſſion muſt not meddle at all. The inquiry is thrown upon them, by the act of the 16th of George II. The juriſdiction could not be given, merely to ſee whether the eſtate was good *ex facie* of the title-deeds. That, it is to be preſumed, would always be taken care of. [*His Lordſhip here, for the information of the Houſe, went into a detail of the way of making theſe qualifications, to ſhow, that though quite empty, they appeared to be ample conveyances of the eſtate.*]—Now, it is inſiſted, that if a freeholder ſtates to the Court of Seſſion, that the conveyance, though bearing to be an inveſtiture of the eſtate, really gives no ſubſtantial title, the Court of Seſſion ſhall not enquire. Then the beſt way would be, not to ſuffer ſuch a charge to be made at all.—The concluſion is ſo plain, that I need not argue upon it.

It has been ſaid, that fair votes may be thus cut down, if the Court is to decide upon their ideas of honorary engagements.—I don't mean by honorary, the engagements which gratitude, or the force of obligations, impel a man to think himſelf bound to perform; for ſuch obligations lead to exerciſe a judgment on the ſubject.—But I mean that a fair qualification ſhould be ſomething paramount to leaving in the hands of the granter the diſpoſal of that very ſubject which *prima facie* he appears to have parted with.

The queſtion, Don't you think yourſelf in honour bound? has been objected to. I don't ſay the queſtion is preciſe, nor that it is concluſive. We are not con-

conſidering the concluſiveneſs of the queſtions put, but only the right to put queſtions at all. If the queſtions or anſwers are not material, the defendant cannot be hurt; but, at this ſtage, I cannot ſay that it is totally immaterial. What a man thinks in his own mind, may be a mere ſenſation, and amount to nothing: But if that impreſſion upon his mind ariſes out of the reſt of the tranſaction, it extends itſelf to the granter, and may ſhow what was the conſideration of the grant. If it has paſſed from the mind of the granter to the grantee, and from the mind of the grantee to the granter, that the grantee is to employ the eſtate for the benefit of the granter, I don't aſk whether it is in writing or in words; but if in fact there exiſts ſuch an underſtanding, it comes within the very terms of the Act of Parliament. Whether the queſtions here propoſed are ſufficient or not ſufficient, to make out this, I enquire not.

When you talk of an eſtate given to a ſon or a brother, or purchaſed for a valuable conſideration, or, becauſe a man thinks fit to have an intereſt in ſuch an election; if, upon the eve of an election, he is deſired to vote for a particular candidate, he may ſay, No, I have nothing to do with you my granter,—I never meant to vote for whoever you choſe to put up: it may be ſaid or hinted, It was expected he ſhould, and the qualification was granted upon that expectation; but it may be refuſed. If Sir John Macpherſon was told, it was out of the great perſonal kindneſs the Duke of Gordon had for him, that he made him a preſent of this right to vote, it would be thoroughly underſtood between them, —it would be underſtood by any gentleman that hears me, if a vote of that ſort was offered him. If he had no diſinclination to be the ſervant of the Lord, he would aſk no queſtions, but take his vote, and poll, and go on; for if he diſliked it, he would ſay, Let me underſtand how this is, whether really there has been that ſort of heartineſs and kindneſs which I did not know of; but if there is the leaſt degree of underſtanding that I am to vote for any candidate you are to put up at next election, from my notion of honour with regard to you, I will not take it. I don't think a vote of this kind can paſs from one gentleman to another, without its being well underſtood.—Sometimes it may be underſtood from circumſtances. If it lies out of the reach of all poſſible enquiry, there let it ly. As many proofs as I can get, I will get; and what I cannot get at, I will not decide upon; but I will go as far as I can.

I am not one of thoſe who are apt to examine principles for the ſake of overturning the conſtitution of any place, much leſs of a country which has flouriſhed many ages under that conſtitution. He is a bold man who undertakes, upon any abſtract ideas, to new-model the conſtitution of a country. I give no opinion upon that ſubject. What I propoſe, goes upon as perfect a conviction that I am ſpeaking the law of Scotland, as dry ſolid reaſoning can eſtabliſh upon my mind; and does not flow from zeal, or public wiſhes, or any private object reſpecting the ſubject.—And therefore, I move your Lordſhips to reverſe the interlocutor, and to declare that the reſpondent ſhall confeſs or deny the truth of the ſeveral matters contained in the appellants averments.

The above excellent Speech, together with one on a former cauſe of this kind, in 1787, and the final determination of the Court of Seſſion, may be had, neatly printed, Price Sixpence, of the Editor of this Magazine; of all the bookſellers in town; of Mr. Imlach, bookſeller, Banff—Mr. Rannie, Cullen—Mr. Forſyth, bookſeller, Elgin—Mr. Davidſon, bookſeller, Inverneſs—and of Mr. George Davidſon Junr. Huntly.

THE

THE TRIFLER,

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"Life has no pleaſure higher or nobler than that of friendſhip. It is painful to conſider, that this ſublime enjoyment may be impaired or deſtroyed by innumerable cauſes, and that there is no human poſſeſſion of which the duration is leſs certain." *Johnſon.*

IT is no great diſappointment to a rational, a ſerious and a thinking mind, that the pleaſures of licentiouſneſs are temporary, that the enjoyment of them is ſurrounded with many dangers, and the ſatisfaction they yield is counterbalanced by many pains; but it excites ſorrow to reflect that the beſt joys of which we are capable, and the higheſt pleaſures in which both religion and civil policy encourage us, ſhould partake of the uncertainty and mutability of all human things. One of the greateſt pleaſures in life, that which contributes moſt to alleviate all diſtreſſes, to ſmooth every aſperity, and to reconcile every ſeeming inconſiſtency in our lot, is Friendſhip—and yet it is that on which we cannot depend, for it is impaired by various accidents which we can neither foreſee nor prevent, and is finally deſtroyed by death, againſt which we have no remedy. In aſſerting this fact, however, we do not ſpeak as philoſophers but as men; we are not ſpeaking of what ought to be, but are relating what is. We are not viewing the happy few whoſe friendſhip knows no end, but are contemplating the many thouſands whoſe friendſhip knows no permanency.

It is a vice of the age, and not of our age only, to proſtitute the beſt of bleſſings, to miſapply the moſt honourable of words, to practiſe deception where ſincerity only ought to have place, and to uſe language where there is neither meaning nor feeling. Friendſhip is miſapplied on the one hand, and miſunderſtood on the other. The one party intentionally deceive, the other innocently are miſled. With the ſelf-intereſted, the impious, and the libertine, it is a word without meaning, an aſſociation, if I may ſo ſpeak, without a connexion, a tie where there is nothing binding, an engagement where nothing is expected to be fulfilled. Convenience, neighbourhood, intereſt, accident, and too often a ſimilarity in vicious propenſities, form and eſtabliſh the greater part of that acquaintance or intimacy to which the name of friendſhip extends; but ſo ſlight is the connexion, ſo ill adapted are the component parts, that we may eaſily diſcover hoſtility in every act of kindneſs, and contempt in every ſmile.

But to leave this more groſs proſtitution of the term friendſhip, let us conſider how many ways real friendſhip is obſtructed, and what are the reaſons of its ſo ſeldom appearing. In one word, Friendſhip can have no foundation but in the mutual deſire of pleaſing, and no ſuperſtructure that is not ſupported by virtue. To form and to cultivate friendſhip with a wicked man is a vain attempt. You may tolerate him, or you may be pleaſed with his ſocial qualities; he may ſhare your pleaſures, and contribute to your mirth; but in the ſituations where a friend is wanting, you miſs him. In the hour of diſtreſs he adminiſters no aſſiſtance, and the thorns of a dying pillow he knows not how to remove. He leaves you with a firmneſs that belongs to pride, and regrets you with a coldneſs approaching to contempt. In a word, he "laughs at your diſtreſs, and mocks when your fear comes."

Among perſons of a better deſcrip-

cription, where virtue is the baſis, and kindneſs the ſupport of friendſhip, we have too often to regret that the petty inconſiſtencies of temper diſturb the connexion, and trifling differences of taſte or opinion are allowed to grow to ſerious diſputes. It is not always that the fault here is on both ſides, but where the one provokes, the other is hurt; the wound is given, and however ſlight or dangerous, the remedy is delayed; we begin to diſcover imperfections we never ſuſpected before, and our imagination, aſſiſted by our pride, magnifies trifles into heinous offences, and ſlight words into open declarations of contempt. Dangerous is that period, however ſhort, which occurs between the beginning of a miſunderſtanding and the explanation of it; and if ever the enemy of mankind ſteps forward actively to diſturb the peace of ſociety, it is on ſuch occaſions. But even here our ſecurity lies in having a friend who is a man of ſenſe and virtue. His *ſenſe* will always ſuggeſt what is moſt expedient, and what can be more expedient than to make all poſſible allowances for human frailty, and to recollect paſt inſtances of tenderneſs and friendſhip, which will ſo operate on the mind as to widen the door of reconciliation, and expand the arms of returning tenderneſs. His *virtue*, too, will induce him to reflect on the value and importance of friendſhip, on the folly and wickedneſs, the unfeeling cruelty of not compaſſionating with a friend when in an error, as well as when in ſorrow or pleaſure. It will lead him to recollect all he knows of human life and manners, and to conſider how few things are in this life which we ought to quarrel about; how liable the beſt of us are to the irregular heat of temper, and the unkindly expreſſions of thoughtleſs levity; that often where much is ſaid, nothing is meant; and that there are many who in a moment of imprudent vivacity will "ſpeak daggers, though they uſe none." He will alſo be led to conſider that mutual forbearance is a Chriſtian duty, and that a conſciouſneſs of our own imperfections ſhould reconcile us to thoſe of others, and induce us to forget them—as to *forgiveneſs*, who is he ſo perfect and upright as to claim that divine privilege?

In all poſſible caſes it will be found that the formation and cultivation of virtuous friendſhips is not only true pleaſure but ſound policy. Men may ſurely be allowed to be *intereſted*, where happineſs is the end and object, and how that intereſt can be better ſupported than by forming an alliance in this life with thoſe whom we would wiſh to live with in another, has not yet been diſcovered. I have already ſaid—and it has been ſaid a thouſand times—that all other aſſociations, which go under the name of friendſhip, are calculated to waſte time in a manner which we cannot juſtify, to acquire habits which endanger our virtue and impair our health,—and, what even with a man of the world ought to have its weight—to ſubject us to many diſappointments and mortifications. It may be obſerved of thoſe who have what is called a numerous circle of acquaintance, that they keep company with many whom they deſpiſe, more whom they merely can tolerate, but few whom they can eſteem and love. The true enjoyment can only be with the latter, and all they can expect from the former is, either the promotion of ſome ſelfiſh intereſt, or the waſte of time; for I believe I need not inform my readers, that the waſte of time is a very large branch of that ſyſtem of life which is purſued by thoſe who call themſelves *perſons of faſhion*. It is an error which ariſes from conſidering the preſent only; and not the future; for ſurely if we ſeriouſly believe that what has happened to others may hap-

happen, nay muſt happen to us; that we muſt encounter the debility of age, the agonies of a ſickbed, and th ſolicitudes of a dying hour, we would be eager to ſecure ſuch a ſtore of recollection as might not, at leaſt, add to our pain, and cultivate the friendſhip of thoſe who would not deſert us with a mixture of horror and contempt, and fly from the houſe of mourning to drown all reflection in the houſe of mirth.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Have taken up my pen on a ſubject, which at firſt ſight would appear to afford little matter for literary ſpeculation. My ſubject is *Signs*. This however is clearly a miſtake, as they may be a good ſubject for a mover of the paſſions, ſince they certainly require *painting*.

But without further prelude, let me addreſs you to uſe your dictatorial authority in redreſſing a grievance I ſhall now mention. That there ought to be a concordance, ſymmetry, or union in every thing expoſed to the view of the public, is a maxim I have long ſince adopted, and which in this city is evidently tranſgreſſed in the article of ſigns.

I ſhall give an inſtance. In one of the moſt public ſtreets in town, there are two ſigns, one above the other, *Gall*, and *Courage*. Is it not moſt provoking, Mr Editor, that people ſhould thus indirectly aſſert that bitterneſs is always the conſequence of bravery? This, I apprehend, might be remedied by tranſpoſing *Hardy*, and placing him ſide by ſide with *Courage*, while *Gall* and *Mettice* might have the cloſeſt union. Many other ſimilar amendments might be made, ſuch as placing our *Blacks*, *Whites*, *Browns* and *Grays*, in oppoſite ſides of the ſtreet. Meſſrs *Ray* and *Boyl* ſeem to have followed my direction, tho' the firſt is generally too weak to produce the ſecond in this climate. I cannot but approve of a *Troop* being near the Guardhouſe, as in a ſcarcity of Soldiers, application might be made for a reinforcement. *Knight*, *Sheriff* and *Steward* would be a proper triumvirate, and would make a good figure fronting a Court of Juſtice.

I am,

Yours,

CHRISTOPHER CRABTREE.

Abdn. 2d July 1790.

We ſhall be glad to hear again from this facetious correſpondent.

Reflections on unaffected Senſibility.

[Extracted from Dr. Blair's third Volume of Sermons, juſt publiſhed.]

THAT temper which intereſts us in the concerns of our brethren; which diſpoſes us to feel along with them, to take part in their joys, and in their ſorrows; is known by the name of Senſibility; a word, which in modern times we hear in the mouth of every one; a quality, which every one affects to poſſeſs; in itſelf, a moſt amiable and worthy diſpoſition of mind; but often miſtaken and abuſed; employed as a cover, ſometimes, to capricious humour; ſometimes, to ſelfiſh paſſions.

The original conſtitution of our nature with reſpect to the mixture of ſelfiſh and ſocial affections, diſcovers in this, as in every other part of our frame, profound and admirable wiſdom. Each individual is, by the Creator, committed particularly to himſelf, and his own care. He has it more in his power to promote his own welfare, than any other perſon can poſſibly have to promote it. It was therefore fit, it was neceſſary, that in each individual ſelf-love ſhould

be the ſtrongeſt and moſt active inſtinct. This ſelf love, if he had been a being who ſtood ſolitary and alone, might have proved ſufficient for the purpoſe both of his preſervation, and his welfare. But ſuch is not the ſituation of man. He is mixed among multitudes of the ſame nature. In theſe multitudes, the ſelf-love of one man, or attention to his particular intereſt, encountering the ſelf love and the intereſts of another, could not but produce frequent oppoſition, and innumerable miſchiefs. It was neceſſary, therefore, to provide a counterbalance to this part of his nature; which is accordingly done, by implanting in him thoſe ſocial and benevolent inſtincts which lead him in ſome meaſure out of himſelf, to follow the intereſt of others. The ſtrength of theſe ſocial inſtincts is, in general, proportioned to their importance in human life. Hence that degree of ſenſibility which prompts us to weep with them that weep, is ſtronger than that which prompts us to rejoice with them that rejoice; for this reaſon, that the unhappy ſtand more in need of our fellow-feeling and aſſiſtance than the proſperous. Still however it was requiſite, that in each individual the quantity of ſelf-love ſhould remain in a large proportion, on account of its importance to the preſervation of his life and well-being. But as the quantity requiſite for this purpoſe is apt both to ingroſs his attention, and to carry him into criminal exceſſes, the perfection of his nature is meaſured by the due counterpoiſe of thoſe ſocial principles which tempering the force of the ſelfiſh affection, render man equally uſeful to himſelf, and to thoſe with whom he is joined in ſociety.

The diſpoſitions oppoſite to ſenſibility are, cruelty, hardneſs of heart, contracted attachment to worldly intereſts; which every one will admit to be directly oppoſite to the Chriſtian character. According to the different degrees of conſtitutional warmth in men's affections, ſenſibility may, even among the virtuous, prevail in different proportions. For all derive not from nature the ſame happy delicacy, and tenderneſs of feeling. With ſome, the heart melts, and relents, in kind emotions, much more eaſily than with others. But with every one who aſpires to the character of a good man, it is neceſſary that the humane and compaſſionate diſpoſitions ſhould be found. There muſt be that within him which ſhall form him to feel in ſome degree with the heart of a brother: and when he beholds others enjoying happineſs, or ſees them ſunk in ſorrow, ſhall bring his affections to accord, and, if we may ſpeak ſo, to ſound a note uniſon to theirs.

This virtuous ſenſibility powerfully influences the proper diſcharge of all the relative and ſocial duties of life. Without ſome diſcharge of thoſe duties there could be no comfort or ſecurity in human ſociety. Men would become hordes of ſavages, perpetually haraſſing one another. In one way or other, therefore, the great duties of ſocial life muſt be performed. There muſt be among mankind ſome reciprocal co-operation and aid. In this, all conſent. But theſe duties may be performed from different principles, and in different ways. Sometimes they are performed merely from decency and regard to character; ſometimes from fear, and even from ſelfiſhneſs, which obliges men to ſhew kindneſs, in order that they may receive returns of it. In ſuch caſes, the exterior of fair behaviour may be preſerved. But all will admit, that when from conſtraint only, the offices of ſeeming kindneſs are performed, little dependance can be placed on them, and little value allowed to them.

By others, theſe offices are diſcharg-

charged ſolely from a principle of duty. They are men of cold affections, and perhaps of an intereſted character. But, overawed by a ſenſe of religion, and convinced that they are bound to be beneficent, they fulfil the courſe of relative duties with regular tenor. Such men act from conſcience and principle. So far they do well, and are worthy of praiſe. They aſſiſt their friends; they gave to the poor; they do juſtice to all. But what a different complexion is given to the ſame actions, how much higher flavour do they acquire, when they flow from the ſenſibility of a feeling heart? If one be not moved by affection, even ſuppoſing him influenced by principle, he will go no farther than ſtrict principle appears to require. He will advance ſlowly, and reluctantly. As it is juſtice, not generoſity, which impells him, he will often feel as a taſk what he is required by conſcience to perform. Whereas, to him who is prompted by virtuous ſenſibility, every office of beneficence and humanity is a pleaſure. He gives, aſſiſts, and relieves, not merely becauſe he is bound to do ſo, but becauſe it would be painful for him to refrain. Hence, the ſmalleſt benefit he confers riſes in its value, on account of its carrying the affection of the giver impreſſed upon the gift. It ſpeaks his heart; and the diſcovery of the heart is very frequently of greater conſequence than all that liberality can beſtow. How often will the affectionate ſmile of approbation gladden the humble, and raiſe the dejected? How often will the look of tender ſympathy, or the tear that involuntarily falls, impart conſolation to the unhappy? By means of this correſpondence of hearts, all the great duties which we owe to one another are both performed to more advantage, and endeared in the performance. From true ſenſibility flow a thouſand good offices, apparently ſmall in themſelves, but of high importance to the felicity of others; offices which altogether eſcape the obſervation of the cold and unfeeling, who, by the hardneſs of their manner, render themſelves unamiable, even when they mean to do good.

If he who poſſeſſes this virtuous ſenſibility, be maſter of riches or influence, it affords him the means of increaſing his own enjoyment, by relieving the wants, or increaſing the comforts of others. If he command not theſe advantages, yet all the comforts which he ſees in the poſſeſſion of the deſerving become in ſome ſort his, by his rejoicing in the good which they enjoy. Even the face of nature yields a ſatisfaction to him which the inſenſible can never know. The profuſion of goodneſs which he beholds poured forth on the univerſe dilates his heart with the thought that innumerable multitudes around him are bleſt and happy. When he ſees the labours of men appearing to proſper, and views a country flouriſhing in wealth and induſtry; when he beholds the ſpring coming forth in its beauty, and reviving the decayed face of nature; or in autumn beholds the fields loaded with plenty, and the year crowned with all its fruits; he lifts his affections with gratitude to the great Father of all, and rejoices in the general felicity and joy.

It may indeed be objected, that the ſame ſenſibility lays open the heart to be pierced with many wounds from the diſtreſſes which abound in the world; expoſes us to frequent ſuffering from the participation which it communicates of the ſorrows, as well as of the joys of friendſhip. But let it be conſidered, that the tender melancholy of ſympathy is accompanied with a ſenſation, which they who feel it would not exchange for the gratifications of the ſelfiſh. When the heart is ſtrongly moved by any of the

the kind affections, even when it pours itſelf forth in virtuous ſorrow, a ſecret attractive charm mingles with the painful emotion; there is a joy in the midſt of grief. Let it be farther conſidered, that the griefs which ſenſibility introduces are counterbalanced by pleaſures which flow from the ſame ſource. Senſibility heightens in general the human powers, and is connected with acuteneſs in all our feelings. If it make us more alive to ſome painful ſenſations; in return, it renders the pleaſing ones more vivid and animated. The ſelfiſh man languiſhes in his narrow circle of pleaſures. They are confined to what affects his own intereſt. He is obliged to repeat the ſame gratifications, till they become inſipid. But the man of virtuous ſenſibility moves in a wider ſphere of felicity. His powers are much more frequently called forth into occupations of pleaſing activity. Numberleſs occaſions open to him of indulging his favourite taſte, by conveying ſatisfaction to others. Often it is in his power, in one way or other, to ſooth the afflicted heart; to carry ſome conſolation into the houſe of woe. In the ſcenes of ordinary life, in the domeſtic and ſocial intercourſes of men, the cordiality of his affections chears and gladdens him. Every appearance, every deſcription of innocent happineſs, is enjoyed by him. Every native expreſſion of kindneſs and affection among others is felt by him, even though he be not the object of it. Among a circle of friends, enjoying one another, he is as happy as the happieſt. In a word, he lives in a different ſort of world from what the ſelfiſh man inhabits. He poſſeſſes a new ſenſe, which enables him to behold objects which the ſelfiſh cannot ſee. At the ſame time, his enjoyments are not of that kind which remain merely on the ſurface of the mind. They penetrate the heart. They enlarge and elevate, they refine and ennoble it. To all the pleaſing emotions of affection, they add the dignified conſciouſneſs of virtue.—Children of men! Men formed by nature to live and to feel as brethren! How long will ye continue to eſtrange yourſelves from one another by competitions and jealouſies, when in cordial union ye might be ſo much more bleſt! How long will ye ſeek your happineſs in ſelfiſh gratifications alone, neglecting thoſe purer and better ſources of joy, which flow from the affections and the heart?

Having explained the nature, and ſhown the value and high advantages of true ſenſibility, I proceed to point out ſome of the miſtaken forms, and abuſes of this virtue.

In modern times, the chief improvement of which we have to boaſt, is a ſenſe of humanity. This, notwithſtanding the ſelfiſhneſs that ſtill prevails, is the favourite and diſtinguiſhing virtue of the age. On general manners, and on ſeveral departments of ſociety, it has had conſiderable influence. It has abated the ſpirit of perſecution: it has even tempered the horrors of war; and man is now more aſhamed than he was in ſome former ages, of acting as a ſavage to man. Hence, ſenſibility is become ſo reputable a quality, that the appearance of it is frequently aſſumed when the reality is wanting. Softneſs of manners muſt not be miſtaken for true ſenſibility. Senſibility indeed tends to produce gentleneſs in behaviour; and when ſuch behaviour flows from native affection, it is valuable and amiable. But the exterior manner alone may be learned in the ſchool of the world; and often, too often, is found to cover much unfeeling hardneſs of heart. Profeſſions of ſenſibility on every trifling occaſion, joined with the appearance of exceſſive ſoftneſs, and a profuſion of ſentimental language, afford always much

much ground for diſtruſt. They create the ſuſpicion of a ſtudied character. Frequently, under a negligent and ſeemingly rough manner, there lies a tender and feeling heart. Manlineſs and ſenſibility are ſo far from being incompatible, that the truly brave are, for the moſt part, generous and humane; while the ſoft and effeminate are hardly capable of any vigorous exertion of affection.

As ſenſibility ſuppoſes delicacy of feeling with reſpect to others, they who affect the higheſt ſenſibility are apt to carry this delicacy to exceſs. They are, perhaps, not incapable of the warmth of diſintereſted friendſhip: but they are become ſo refined in all their ſenſations; they entertain ſuch high notions of what ought to correſpond in the feelings of others to their own; they are ſo mightily hurt by every thing which comes not up to their ideal ſtandard of reciprocal affection, as to produce diſquiet and uneaſineſs to all with whom they are connected. Hence, unjuſt ſuſpicions of their friends; hence, groundleſs upbraidings, and complaints of unkindneſs; hence, a proneneſs to take violent offence at trifles. In conſequence of examining their friends with a microſcopic eye, what to an ordinary obſerver would not be unpleaſing, to them is grating and diſguſting. At the bottom of the character of ſuch perſons there always lie much pride, and attention to themſelves. This is indeed a falſe ſpecies of ſenſibility. It is the ſubſtitution of a capricious and irritable delicacy, in the room of that plain and native tenderneſs of heart, which prompts men to view others with an indulgent eye, and to make great allowances for the imperfections which are ſometimes adherent to the moſt amiable qualities.

There are others who affect not ſenſibility to this extreme, but who found high claims to themſelves upon the degree of intereſt which they take in the concerns of others. Although their ſenſibility can produce no benefit to the perſon who is its object, they always conceive that it intitles themſelves to ſome profitable returns. Theſe, often, are perſons of refined and artful character; who partly deceive themſelves, and partly employ their ſenſibility as a cover to intereſt. He who acts from genuine affection, when he is feeling along with others in their joys or ſorrows, thinks not of any recompence to which this gives him a title. He follows the impulſe of his heart. He obeys the dictate of his nature; juſt as the vine by its nature produces fruit, and the fountain pours forth its ſtreams. Wherever views of intereſt, and proſpects of return, mingle with the feelings of affection, ſenſibility acts an imperfect part, and intitles us to ſmall ſhare of praiſe.

But ſuppoſing it to be both complete and pure, I muſt caution you againſt reſting the whole merit of your character on ſenſibility alone. It is indeed a happy conſtitution of mind. It fits men for the proper diſcharge of many duties, and gives them acceſs to many virtuous pleaſures. It is requiſite for our acceptance either with God or man. At the ſame time, if it remain an inſtinctive feeling alone, it will form no more than an imperfect character. Complete virtue is of a more exalted and dignified nature. It ſuppoſes ſenſibility, good temper, and benevolent affections; it includes them as eſſential parts; but it reaches farther: it ſuppoſes them to be ſtrengthened and confirmed by principle; it requires them to be ſupported by juſtice, temperance, fortitude, and all thoſe other virtues which enable us to act with propriety, in the trying ſituations of life.

It is very poſſible for a man to poſſeſs the kind affections in a high degree, while, at the ſame time, he is carried away by paſſion and pleaſure into

into many criminal deeds. Almoſt every man values himſelf on poſſeſſing virtue in one or other of its forms. He wiſhes to lay claim to ſome quality which will render him eſtimable in his own eye, as well as in that of the public. Hence, it is common for many, eſpecially for thoſe in the higher claſſes of life, to take much praiſe to themſelves on account of their ſenſibility, though it be, in truth, a ſenſibility of a very defective kind. They relent at the view of miſery when it is ſtrongly ſet before them. Often too, affected chiefly by the powers of deſcription, it is at feigned and pictured diſtreſs, more than at real miſery, that they relent. The tears which they ſhed upon theſe occaſions they conſider as undoubted proofs of virtue. They applaud themſelves for the goodneſs of their hearts; and conclude, that with ſuch feelings they cannot fail to be agreeable to Heaven. At the ſame time, theſe tranſient relentings make ſlight impreſſion on conduct. They give riſe to few, if any, good deeds; and ſoon after ſuch perſons have wept at ſome tragical tale, they are ready to ſtretch forth the hand of oppreſſion, to graſp at the gain of injuſtice, or to plunge into the torrent of criminal pleaſures. This ſort of ſenſibility affords no more than a fallacious claim to virtue, and gives men no ground to think highly of themſelves. We muſt inquire not merely how they feel, but how their feelings prompt them to act, in order to aſcertain their real character.

Senſibility, when genuine and pure, has a ſtrong connection with piety. That warmth of affection, and tenderneſs of heart, which lead men to feel for their brethren, and to enter into their joys and ſorrows, ſhould naturally diſpoſe them to melt at the remembrance of the divine goodneſs; to glow with admiration of the divine majeſty; to ſend up the voice of praiſe and adoration to that Supreme Being who makes his creatures happy. He who pretends to great ſenſibility toward men, and yet has no feeling for the high objects of religion, no heart to admire and adore the great Father of the univerſe, has reaſon to diſtruſt the truth and delicacy of his ſenſibility. He has reaſon to ſuſpect, that in ſome corner of his heart there lodges a ſecret depravity, an unnatural hardneſs and callouſneſs, which vitiates his character.—Let us ſtudy to join all the parts of virtue in proper union; to be conſtantly and uniformly good; juſt and upright, as well as pitiful and courteous; pious, as well as ſympathiſing. Let us pray to him who made the heart, that he would fill it with all proper diſpoſitions; rectify all its errors; and render it the happy abode of perſonal integrity and ſocial tenderneſs, of purity, benevolence, and devotion.

On the Idea of a Sexual Difference in the human Character.

[From Mrs. Macaulay Graham's Letters on Education.]

THE great difference that is obſervable in the characters of the ſexes, Hortenſia, as they diſplay themſelves in the ſcenes of ſocial life, has given riſe to much falſe ſpeculation on the natural qualities of the female mind.—For though the doctrine of innate ideas, and innate affections, are in a great meaſure exploded by the learned, yet few perſons reaſon ſo cloſely and ſo accurately on abſtract ſubjects as, through a long chain of deductions, to bring forth a concluſion which in no reſpect militates with their premiſes.

It is a long time before the crowd give up opinions they have been taught to look upon with reſpect; and I know

know many persons who will follow you willingly through the course of your argument, till they perceive it tends to the overthrow of some fond prejudice; and then they will either sound a retreat, or begin a contest, in which the contender for truth, though he cannot be overcome, is effectually silenced, from the mere weariness of answering positive assertions, reiterated without end. It is from such causes that the notion of a sexual difference in the human character has, with a very few exceptions, universally prevailed from the earliest times, and the pride of one sex, and the ignorance and vanity of the other, have helped to support an opinion which a close observation of Nature, and a more accurate way of reasoning, would disprove.

It must be confessed, that the virtues of the males among the human species, though mixed and blended with a variety of vices and errors, have displayed a bolder and a more consistent picture of excellence than female nature has hitherto done. It is on these reasons that, when we compliment the appearance of a more than ordinary energy in the female mind, we call it masculine; and hence it is, that Pope has elegantly said, *a perfect woman's but a softer man.* And if we take in the consideration, that there can be but one rule of moral excellence for beings made of the same materials, organized after the same manner, and subjected to similar laws of Nature, we must either agree with Mr. Pope, or we must reverse the proposition, and say, that *a perfect man is a woman formed after a coarser mold.* The difference that actually does subsist between the sexes, is too flattering for men to be willingly imputed to accident; for what accident occasions, wisdom might correct; and it is better, says Pride, to give up the advantages we might derive from the perfection of our fellow associates, than to own that Nature has been just in the equal distribution of her favours. These are the sentiments of the men; but mark how readily they are yielded to by the women; not from humility, I assure you, but merely to preserve with character those fond vanities on which they set their hearts. No; suffer them to idolize their persons, to throw away their life in the pursuit of trifles, and to indulge in the gratification of the meaner passions, and they will heartily join in the sentence of their degradation.

Among the most strenuous asserters of a sexual difference in character, Rousseau is the most conspicuous, both on account of that warmth of sentiment which distinguishes all his writings, and the eloquence of his compositions: but never did enthusiasm and the love of paradox, those enemies to philosophical disquisition, appear in more strong opposition to plain sense than in Rousseau's definition of this difference. He sets out with a supposition, that Nature intended the subjection of the one sex to the other; that consequently there must be an inferiority of intellect in the subjected party: but as man is a very imperfect being, and apt to play the capricious tyrant, Nature, to bring things nearer to an equality, bestowed on the woman such attractive graces, and such an insinuating address, as to turn the balance on the other scale. Thus Nature, in a giddy mood, recedes from her purposes, and subjects prerogative to an influence which must produce confusion and disorder in the system of human affairs. Rousseau saw this objection; and in order to obviate it, he has made up a moral person of the union of the two sexes, which, for contradiction and absurdity, outdoes every metaphysical riddle that was ever formed in the schools. In short, it is not reason, it is not wit; it is pride and sensuality that

ſpeak in Rouſſeau, and, in this inſtance, have lowered the man of genius to the licentious pedant.

But whatever might be the wiſe purpoſe intended by Providence in ſuch a diſpoſition of things, certain it is, that ſome degree of inferiority, in point of corporal ſtrength, ſeems always to have exiſted between the two ſexes; and this advantage, in the barbarous ages of mankind, was abuſed to ſuch a degree, as to deſtroy all the natural rights of the female ſpecies, and reduce them to a ſtate of abject ſlavery. What accidents have contributed in Europe to better their condition, would not be to my purpoſe to relate; for I do not intend to give you a hiſtory of women; I mean only to trace the ſources of their peculiar foibles and vices; and theſe I firmly believe to originate in ſituation and education only: for ſo little did a wiſe and juſt Providence intend to make the condition of ſlavery an unalterable law of female nature, that in the ſame proportion as the male ſex have conſulted the intereſt of their own happineſs, they have relaxed in their tyranny over women; and ſuch is their uſe in the ſyſtem of mundane creation, and ſuch their natural influence over the male mind, that were theſe advantages properly exerted, they might carry every point of any importance to their honour and happineſs. However, till that period arrives in which women will act wiſely, we will amuſe ourſelves in talking of their follies.

The ſituation and education of women, Hortenſia, is preciſely that which muſt neceſſarily tend to corrupt and debilitate both the powers of mind and body. From a falſe notion of beauty and delicacy, their ſyſtem of nerves is depraved before they come out of their nurſery; and this kind of depravity has more influence over the mind, and conſequently over morals, than is commonly apprehended. But it would be well if ſuch cauſes only acted toward the debaſement of the ſex; their moral education is, if poſſible, more abſurd than their phyſical. The principles and nature of virtue, which is never properly explained to boys, is kept quite a myſtery to girls. They are told indeed, that they muſt abſtain from thoſe vices which are contrary to their perſonal happineſs, or they will be regarded as criminals, both by God and man; but all the higher parts of rectitude, every thing that ennobles our being, and that renders us both innoxious and uſeful, is either not taught, or is taught in ſuch a manner as to leave no proper impreſſion on the mind. This is ſo obvious a truth, that the defects of female education have ever been a fruitful topic of declamation for the moraliſt; but not one of this claſs of writers have laid down any judicious rules for amendment. While we ſtill retain the abſurd notion of a ſexual excellence, it will militate againſt the perfecting a plan of education for either ſex. The judicious Addiſon animadverts on the abſurdity of bringing a young lady up with no higher idea of the end of education than to make her agreeable to a huſband, and confining the neceſſary excellence for this happy acquiſition to the mere graces of perſon.

Every parent and tutor may not expreſs himſelf in the ſame manner as is marked out by Addiſon; yet certain it is, that the admiration of the other ſex is held out to women as the higheſt honour they can attain; and while this is conſidered as their *ſummum bonum*, and the beauty of their perſons the chief *deſideratum* of men, Vanity, and its companion Envy, muſt taint, in their characters, every native and every acquired excellence. Nor can you, Hortenſia, deny, that theſe qualities, when united to ignorance, are fully equal to the engender-

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ing and rivetting all thoſe vices and foibles which are peculiar to the female ſex; vices and foibles which have cauſed them to be conſidered, in ancient times, as beneath cultivation, and in modern days have ſubjected them to the cenſure and ridicule of writers of all deſcriptions, from the deep thinking philoſopher to the man of *ton* and gallantry, who, by the bye, ſometimes diſtinguiſhes himſelf by qualities which are not greatly ſuperior to thoſe he deſpiſes in women. Nor can I better illuſtrate the truth of this obſervation than by the following picture, to be found in the polite and gallant Cheſterfield. 'Women,' ſays his lordſhip, 'are only children of a larger growth. They have an entertaining tattle, ſometimes wit; but for ſolid reaſoning, and good ſenſe, I never in my life knew one that had it, or who acted or reaſoned in conſequence of it for four and twenty hours together. A man of ſenſe only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does an engaging child; but he neither conſults them, nor truſts them in ſerious matters.'

Poetry.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS the following verſes reſpect the character of a Gentleman lately deceaſed, who devoted a long and active life chiefly to the improvement of his country and to promoting the public good, I hope, on this account, they may not be found undeſerving a place in your Magazine.

I am, &c. C.

To the Memory of FRANCIS FARQUHARSON, Eſq; *of Monaltry.*

FArewell, bright ſpirit, gladly wing thy way;
May Angels guide thee to the realms of day,
While we thy friends, in ſorrow left behind,
Weep for ourſelves, and weep for human-kind.

Pure friendſhip's warm heart-cheering flame was thine:
In thee Benevolence ſtill ſhone divine.
Thy patriot-zeal, amidſt the war's alarms,
Rous'd thee a hero and a chief in arms.
When battle's broils at length were found to ceaſe,
Improv'd by thee aroſe the arts of peace.

Where naked rocks and pathleſs deſarts frown'd,
Mantled by thee the mountains ſmil'd around.
Full many a mile, the valleys bleak and bare,
With fragrance ſtrange perfum'd the northern air.
The vaſſal-peaſantry, all grateful, gay,
No longer groan'd in chains of feudal ſway;
But carol'd round, and ſhew'd with one accord,
That plenty reign'd—that Farquharſon was Lord.

To thee, bright ſhade, now ſhrin'd amidſt the ſkies,
An altar crown'd with incenſe pure ſhall riſe,
With flowers and fruitage of thy native plains,
A willing tribute from the happy ſwains.
Hygeia's votaries ſhall early bring*
Cryſtal libations from her fav'rite ſpring.

When pride and luxury deſpis'd ſhall fade,
And all their bloated pomp in duſt be laid;
When Dee's proud ſurges ſhall have ceas'd to ſound,
Whoſe foaming rage thy lofty arches bound;
And when no more thy healing founts ſhall flow,

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* Pananich Wells—a fountain diſcovered and rendered extenſively uſeful, by the buildings and other improvements of this Gentleman, who was proprietor of the place, in the Highlands of Aberdeenſhire.

To ſtill the heavy wail of human woe;
Thy laurel blooming fair by Pindus' ſtream,
Shall ſpread, ſtill nouriſh'd by the Muſe's beam,
Who bids the fame of Farquharſon endure,
The friend of man, the patron of the poor.

K——n, June 26, 1790. C.

Chronicle of Home Occurrences.

EDINBURGH.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

MONDAY, *May* 24.

THE Aſſembly proceeded to conſider a reference from the Synod of Glaſgow and Ayr, reſpecting the ſettlement of Mr Thomas Burns in the pariſh of Renfrew.

The Revd Mr Thomas Burns, miniſter of Inchinnan, had received his Majeſty's preſentation to the pariſh of Renfrew. Several of the heritors and pariſhioners objected to the call as inſufficient, and brought the cauſe before the Preſbytery, who referred it *ſimpliciter* to the Synod of Glaſgow and Ayr. The Synod, without giving judgment, referred it *ſimpliciter* to the General Aſſembly. A proteſt was taken againſt the Synod, for not ſuſtaining the call, and an appeal taken to the Aſſembly. After hearing counſel and parties, and the opinions of ſeveral members, which continued till near nine o'clock at night, the vote was put, to *Suſtain* the call, or *Remit* the cauſe, with inſtructions, to the Preſbytery of Paiſley. It carried Suſtain, by 82 againſt 46—Majority 36; and the Preſbytery of Paiſley were ordered to meet on the 16th of June, and take the neceſſary ſteps for looſing Mr Burns from Inchinnan, and ſettling him at Renfrew, with all convenient ſpeed, according to the Rules of the Church.

TUESDAY, *May* 25.

Heard a petition from the Moderator and Members of the Preſbytery of Fordyce, reſpecting the ſettlement of the pariſh of Rathven. This petition ſtated, that Mr Hugh Hay, preacher, had been preſented to the above pariſh by the patron: that the preſentation had been laid before them to moderate a call upon it; but that, in the mean time, a *fama* had gone abroad in the country, that a bill for 400l. had been given to thoſe acting for the patron by ſome of the friends of the preſentee; and that a proceſs of reduction had actually been commenced before the Court of Seſſion, for ſetting aſide this illegal compact. The Preſbytery therefore delayed proceeding in the ſettlement, as did likewiſe the Synod of Aberdeen, and craved advice from the General Aſſembly.— The Procurator pointed out act 8th of Aſſembly 1753, and act 5th 1759, againſt Simony, which were read; after which he ſtated, that from the beſt information he could procure, and the general good character of the young gentleman, he had reaſon to believe he was not in the knowledge of the tranſaction; but, as the judgment of the Civil Court, if they decerned in the reduction, would, by the laws of the church, invalidate his preſentation, he moved, that the Aſſembly ſhould inſtruct the Preſbytery not to proceed in the ſettlement till ſome diſtant day, to be ſpecified by them. The Aſſembly, after ſome argument, pronounced the following judgment:—"The Aſſembly, upon a motion, do unanimouſly highly approve of the conduct both of the Preſbytery of Fordyce and of the Synod of Aberdeen; inſtruct the Procurator for the Church to attend to the progreſs of the proceſs of reduction before the Civil Court; to concur with the purſuer; and to report the ſtate of the proceſs to the next General Aſſembly: and inſtruct the

the Preſbytery of Fordyce not to take any ſteps in the ſettlement of Mr Hay, till they receive directions from the General Aſſembly."

A petition was tranſmitted by the committee of bills, for Mr James Lawſon, preacher of the goſpel, which was read by Mr Lawſon at the bar.—It was very long; and after ſtating that he had been refuſed a licence in Scotland, and had gone to London, where he had been licenſed by the Scotch Preſbytery there, concluded with praying, That the Aſſembly would allow him to preach in the eſtabliſhed churches, and to accept a benefice if it ſhould be offered to him. The Aſſembly unanimouſly diſmiſſed the petition, as contrary to the ſtanding law of the church.

The Preſbytery of Arbroath by a deputation appeared at the bar of the Aſſembly, to anſwer for their conduct in ſettling Mr Glegg as Miniſter at Arbroath, in the face of an appeal, and for other irregularities. The Aſſembly found, "That the conduct of the Preſbytery was unjuſtifiable, and deſerved cenſure of the Aſſembly; therefore, admoniſhed and enjoined the Preſbytery of Arbroath, to be careful to guard againſt ſuch irregularities for the future; and appointed the Clerk of the General Aſſembly to tranſmit to the Clerk of the Preſbytery of Arbroath, an extract of this minute, which is ordained to be entered into the record of the Preſbytery at their firſt meeting."

WEDNESDAY, *May* 26.

The Aſſembly took into conſideration the ſettlement of the pariſh of Newlands. Mr Findlater, miniſter at Linton, in the Preſbytery of Peebles, had obtained a preſentation to the Church of Newlands, in the ſame Preſbytery, from the Duke of Queenſberry, the undoubted patron; and his call was ſubſcribed by twelve out of thirteen heritors, and two elders out of three, (there being no more than three elders in the pariſh) and about twenty four heads of families; but the great body of the people oppoſed the ſettlement. The Preſbytery ſuſtained the call; againſt which judgement the oppoſers entered an appeal to the Synod of Lothian and Tweedale.

The Preſbytery afterwards refuſed to tranſlate Mr Findlater on account of the oppoſition againſt him, and the omiſſion of ſome forms. Againſt this judgment an appeal was taken to the Synod by the agent for the patron and heritors. Theſe appeals came to be diſcuſſed before the Synod on the 4th inſtant, when they affirmed the ſentence of the Preſbytery, ſuſtaining the call; but reverſed their ſentence, refuſing to tranſlate Mr Findlater; and appointed them to proceed in the tranſlation with all convenient ſpeed.

Againſt both theſe ſentences appeals were taken to the Aſſembly: and ſeveral members of Synod proteſted for leave to complain.

After a long debate, a motion was made by Mr Lapſlie at Campſie, to *reverſe* the ſentence of the Synod of Lothian, and remit to the Preſbytery of Peebles, &c.

Another motion was made, by Mr Douglas at Galaſhiels, to *affirm* the ſentence of the Synod, and appoint the Preſbytery of Peebles to proceed in the tranſlation of Mr Findlater with all convenient ſpeed, according to the rules of the church, &c.

The vote being put, it carried *affirm*—67 to 42.

THURSDAY, *May* 27.

The aſſembly had under conſideration, an overture from Jedburgh, reſpecting the *Teſt Act*, a ſubject which has lately ſo much engaged the attention of the Church of England, and of the Houſe of Commons.

It was contended, on the one hand, for the overture, that the members of the Church of Scotland re-

reſiding in England, had long laboured under a great grievance, by being obliged to ſubmit to the teſt law, and take the ſacrament in the Church of England, before they could hold any office or place under government; that it was directly contrary to the rights of men, the principles of liberty, and the Articles of the Union, which declared, that the ſubjects of both countries ſhould enjoy the ſame rights and privileges—and that an Engliſhman coming to Scotland, might enjoy any office without taking any teſt to the Church of Scotland. It was therefore proper to apply to the Legiſlature to have this act repealed, ſo far as it regarded members of the Church of Scotland reſiding in England.

It was anſwered, on the other hand, that it was highly inexpedient to apply to government, who had beſtowed many favours on the Church of Scotland, and who might beſtow more, at a time when the Legiſlature had juſt given a ſolemn determination againſt any alteration of the teſt law—that this claim had been ſolemnly agitated in the Union Parliament, and rejected; therefore, to infringe upon the Articles of Union, would be attended with very dangerous conſequences, as the whole articles might be in this manner broke through and explained away. It was alſo debated in the Scotch Parliament at the Union, whether a teſt or *formula* ſhould be impoſed as in England, which was rejected; if Scotland had impoſed a teſt, no Engliſhman coming to hold an office in Scotland, would have had a right to object to it; that the grievance was merely ideal, there having been no inſtance of a member of the Church of Scotland refuſing an office an office on account of the teſt act; indeed, an act of Parliament was paſſed every year, to ind mnify perſons refuſing to qualify for offices, and that the ſhades of difference in receiving the ſacrament in the Church of England, and the Church of Scotland, were very imperceptible. The overture for theſe reaſons ought to be rejected.

The debate laſted from twelve o'clock mid-day till near ten at night, when the following reſolutions were propoſed by Sir Harry Moncrieffe, and ſupported by

Dr Charteris	Mr Lapſley
Dr Somerville	Dean of Faculty
Mr Walker	Mr M'Intoſh
Mr Dun	Profeſſor Hamilton, Aberdeen
Mr Mitchell	
The Procurator	And Mr Sommerville.
Dr Johnſtone	
Mr Ferguſon	

And warmly oppoſed by

Mr Martin	Lord Advocate
Mr Welſh	Dr Macknight
Dr Dalgleiſh	And Profeſſor Hill.
Mr Ruſſell	
Lord Preſident	

Firſt, "That by a fundamental article in the treaty of Union, the Proteſtant Religion and Preſbyterian Church Government, are unalterably ſecured as the only eſtabliſhed Religion and Church government, within this part of the united kingdom—and are inſeparable from the conſtitution of the Britiſh empire.

Second, "That by the 4th article of the treaty of Union, it is provided, that there ſhall be an equal communication of all rights, privileges, and advantages, which belong to the ſubjects, whether of Scotland or England, except where it is otherways expreſsly agreed by the ſaid treaty.

Third, "That by an act of Parliament of England, paſſed in the 25th year of the reign of Charles II. all perſons within the realm of England, Wales, or Berwick-upon-Tweed, holding any office or offices, civil or military, or receiving any pay, ſalary, fee or wages, or having com-

command or place of truſt, from or under his Majeſty, or by authority derived from him, are liable to ſevere penalties and forfeitures, unleſs they ſhall, within a limited time, after receiving or being admitted into ſuch office, pay, ſalary, or wages, receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the uſage of the Church of England; and that in conſequence of the ſaid act, the members of the Church of Scotland holding Britiſh offices, civil or military, or receiving as Britiſh ſubjects, any ſalary, fee or wages, from, or under his Majeſty, or by authority derived from him, have been ſuppoſed liable to the penalties and forfeitures contained in the ſaid ſtatute, unleſs they take the Sacrament according to the uſage of the Church of England.

Fourth, "That as this conſtruction of the act conſtitutes a manifeſt inequality between the members of the two eſtabliſhed Churches of Great Britain, is injurious to the morals of the people of Scotland, and has a tendency to weaken and undermine the Church of Scotland, it is the duty of the General Aſſembly, as the guardians of the religious eſtabliſhment of Scotland, to take every legal and conſtitutional mode, and to embrace the earlieſt proper opportunity to obtain effectual relief from the ſaid act of the Parliament of England, commonly called the Teſt Act, as affecting the Members of the National Church."

It was then moved, and *unanimouſly* agreed to,

"That a Committee of Aſſembly ſhall now be appointed, with inſtructions to take the earlieſt proper opportunity to obtain redreſs of the grievances ſtated in the reſolutions which the Aſſembly have adopted, by every legal and conſtitutional mode which they ſhall judge to be moſt effectual."

A Committee was appointed accordingly.

FRIDAY, *May* 28.

The Aſſembly ordered the report about the improvement of glebes. to be tranſmitted to Preſbyteries for their conſideration. The Aſſembly alſo ordered the plan for the augmentation of the ſtipends of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland to be recommitted, with inſtructions to the committee to prepare a plan of augmentation of the parochial ſtipends, and to uſe all proper means to learn the ſentiments of the members of the church and of the landed proprietors in Scotland, and report to next Aſſembly. It is generally allowed that in many inſtances the ſtipends of the clergy are too ſmall, and inadequate to the fall in the value of money, and it is hoped, in this age of liberality, that a proper augmentation will be given.

SATURDAY, *May* 29.

The Aſſembly unanimouſly voted their thanks to Lord Frederick Campbell, and the Truſtees of the Regiſter Office, for having granted a room for keeping the records of the Church; likewiſe to Sir Harry Moncrieffe Welwood, Bart.

MONDAY, *May* 31.

The Aſſembly had under conſideration, an appeal from the Synod of Dumfries, reverſing two ſentences of the Preſbytery of Langholme, finding Mr John Telfer, maſter of the grammar ſchool, diſqualified from that office, for immoral conduct and want of attention. The Aſſembly referred this cauſe to the Commiſſion, as alſo all other cauſes they had not overtaken. After the uſual forms were gone through, the Aſſembly was diſſolved, and the next General Aſſembly appointed to be held on Thurſday the 19th of May, 1791.

A B E R D E E N.

On Wedneſday May 5th died at Balnacraig, in the 85th year of her age, Mrs Innes of Balnacraig.

On Thurſday May 22d. died, after

a few days illneſs, (occaſioned in part by a fall he had from his horſe) Mr William Forbes, merchant in Peterhead; a gentleman much reſpected, not only on account of his regularity in buſineſs, which he carried on for many years to a conſiderable extent, but alſo on account of his well known benevolence and hoſpitality, eſpecially to ſtrangers, many of whom, from every corner of the iſland, have ſhared of his civilities, and will now ſincerely regret the loſs of ſo valuable a member of ſociety.

Monday the 3d of May, being the day appointed for the annual election of Rector and Aſſeſſors for the Univerſity and King's College of Aberdeen, the following gentlemen were unanimouſly elected; ALEXANDER BURNETT, Eſq; of Kemnay, RECTOR. Alexander Moir, Eſq; of Scotſtown, James Ligertwood, Eſq; John Paton, Eſq; of Grandhome, and Dr John Brown, miniſter at Newhills, Aſſeſſors to the Rector.

On the 12th of April died, at Elgin, the Rev. Mr John Tod, preacher of the goſpel at Coxtown.

The Mariſchal College and Univerſity of Aberdeen have conferred the Degree of Doctor of Medicine on Mr Thomas Cruden, of Fenchurch-ſtreet, London.

On Monday May 24th died, at Old Aberdeen, in the 69th year of his age, Mr John Leſlie, Profeſſor of Greek in King's College and Univerſity of Aberdeen.

On May 26th died here, Mrs Margaret Burnett, widow of the late George Lauder of Pitſcanley.

A fiſhing boat belonging to the Cove has been amiſſing ſince May 17. and there is every reaſon to fear ſhe has been loſt. The crew conſiſted of ſix men, five of whom were married, and have left numerous families to deplore their loſs.

On Thurſday June 3d died at Auchanacie, Sir James Innes of Coxtown, Bart. aged 75.

On the 9th of January laſt, died at Canton, Mr Thomas Bannerman, eldeſt ſon of Doctor Bannerman, phyſician in Aberdeen.

Births—June 11th, at Elrick, Mrs Burnett of Elrick, of a ſon.——At Fetternear, 5th June, Mrs Leſlie of Balquhain, of a Daughter.

On Monday June 7th, died at his houſe in Banff, John Innes Eſq; of Edingight, Lord Provoſt of Banff.

Died, on board the General Goddard India ſhip, in the voyage from Madras to Britain, Lieutenant Colonel John Elphinſton, of the 71ſt regiment. Thoſe that ſerved with him are acquainted with his merit as an officer—his private worth is known to his friends, who are requeſted to accept of this notification of his death.

On Monday June 21ſt, Mr Alexr. Bell was admitted Profeſſor of Oriental Languages, in the Univerſity and King's College of Aberdeen, in conſequence of his Majeſty's preſentation, on the reſignation of Mr John Roſs.

The ſame day, the Principal and Profeſſors of the ſaid Univerſity, unanimouſly elected the Reverend Dr Gilbert Gerard, Miniſter of the Engliſh Church in Amſterdam, Profeſſor of Greek, in the room of the deceaſed Mr John Leſlie.

On Thurſday June 24th a party of ladies and gentlemen, friends of Lord Gardenſton, partook in a little rural fete, in honour of his Lordſhip's birthday, in a Garden on the banks of the Dee, where an obeliſk is inſcribed to this worthy Perſonage. His Lordſhip's health, and that of the relations of the family were drank with great cordiality, during which ſeveral ſongs in parts were given with good effect. In the evening the company retired to ſupper, and concluded the day with that mirth and good humour ſo ſuitable to the purpoſe of their meeting.

Regulus in our next.

THE

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LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXVII.] Thurſday July 29, 1790. [Price 3d.

Memoirs of the Life of the late Right Honourable Robert Dundas of Arniſton, Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion. By Alexander Fraſer Tytler, Eſq.

[From the Second Volume of the Edinburgh Philoſophical Tranſactions.]

ROBERT DUNDAS of Arniſton, late Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion, was born on the 18th of July 1713. He received the earlier parts of his education under a domeſtic tutor, and afterwards purſued the uſual courſe of academical ſtudies in the Univerſity of Edinburgh. In the end of the year 1733, he went to Utrecht, where the lectures on the Roman Law were at that time in conſiderable reputation. He remained abroad for four years; and, during the receſs of ſtudy at the Univerſity, he ſpent a conſiderable time at Paris, and in viſiting ſeveral of the principal towns of France and the Low Countries.

Returning to Scotland in 1737, he was called to the bar in the beginning of the following year; and, in his earlieſt public appearances, gave ample proof of his inheriting, in their utmoſt extent, the abilities and genius of his family. His eloquence was copious and animated; in argument, he diſplayed a wonderful fertility of invention, tempered by a diſcriminating judgment, which gave even to his unpremeditated harangues, a methodical arrangement: in conſultation he poſſeſſed a quickneſs of apprehenſion beyond all example; and his memory, which was moſt ſingularly tenacious, enabled him to treaſure up, and to produce inſtantaneouſly, every caſe or precedent which was applicable to the matter before him.

Thus liberally endowed by nature with every requiſite to eminence in his profeſſion, he had the honour of being appointed Solicitor-general for Scotland in September 1742, at the early age of twenty-nine. This important office he had held only for four years. He had obtained it through favour of the Carteret adminiſtration, which was then in power; but, on the change of Miniſtry,

ſiry, which took place in 1746, when the Pelham party regained its influence in the Cabinet, he, together with the other friends of the former Miniſtry, reſigned their offices.

But the high conſideration in which he then ſtood with his brethren at the bar, was not diminiſhed by the loſs of an office dependent on miniſterial favour. In the ſame year, 1746, he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and continued to preſide over that reſpectable body till his elevation to the Bench in 1760.

In the beginning of the year 1754, Mr Dundas was elected Member of Parliament for the county of Edinburgh; and in the following ſummer, he was appointed his Majeſty's Advocate for Scotland.

In Parliament, the ſhare which Mr Dundas took in public buſineſs, and his appearances on many intereſting ſubjects of diſcuſſion, which occurred in that important period during which he ſat in the Houſe of Commons, were ſuch as fully to juſtify the character he had already attained for talents and ability. Such was the complexion of the times, and ſo high the tide of party, that it was perhaps impoſſible for human wiſdom to have pointed out a line of political conduct which could entirely exempt from cenſure. The Lord Advocate ſhared with the reſt of his party in the cenſure of thoſe who followed an oppoſite plan of politics; but of him it may certainly with truth be affirmed, that in no inſtance was he ever known to ſwerve from his principles, or to act a part in which he had not the countenance of many of the firmeſt friends to the intereſt of their country.

The oppoſition which the Lord Advocate gave to the eſtabliſhment of a *Militia* in Scotland, afforded a topic of blame to a great party of this country, who warmly ſupported that meaſure. But when the queſtion is diſpaſſionately viewed, it will appear to be one of thoſe doubtful points, on which the wiſeſt men and the beſt patriots may entertain oppoſite opinions.

The apprehenſion of an invaſion from France, which, from the commencement of the war in 1756, had been repeatedly threatened upon the ſouthern coaſts of the iſland, occaſioned the paſſing of various acts of Legiſlature, for the eſtabliſhment and regulation of the militia forces thro' the ſeveral counties of England. In the beginning of the year 1760, the ſame apprehenſion had extended to Scotland. The ſmall armament under Thurot committing acts of depredation on the weſtern coaſts with perfect impunity, began to excite a very alarming ſenſe of the defenceleſs ſituation of the country. Meetings were held in many of the counties, and reſolutions paſſed for applying to Parliament to procure the eſtabliſhment of a militia in Scotland upon a ſimilar plan with that which now ſubſiſted in England. The political emergency appeared the ſame through the whole kingdom. The Scots were alike ſenſible to the danger of their lives and properties as their neighbours of the ſouth. They juſtly conſidered themſelves as ſtanding, by the *Treaty of Union*, on an equal footing with the Engliſh, with regard to all the privileges of Britiſh ſubjects; and while the inhabitants of one part of the iſland were furniſhed with arms for their own defence, it ſeemed but juſtice to allow the other the ſame means of ſecurity and protection.

Theſe arguments, which are of a general nature, or at beſt applicable only to a temporary emergency, and to an apprehenſion rather of eventual than of immediate danger, were anſwered by reaſons drawn from the ſtate of the country, from the character

racter of the people, and from a view of those consequences which must have been the certain result of the proposed establishment. Scotland, it was argued, is far behind her sister-kingdom in the œconomical arts of industry. The genius of the people, particularly in the northern parts, is averse to labour and to all the arts of peace. But the Scots are warlike from constitution, and the military character of the nation has been high in all ages. The artificial habits of discipline and regular exercise, are little necessary in a country, where men are by nature soldiers, attached with enthusiasm to their native land, and prompt to defend themselves with spirit upon the slightest alarm of danger. But they need excitement to the arts of industry. Agriculture is, in many districts, shamefully neglected. Manufactures, through the whole country, are yet in their infancy. The employment of our labourers can neither be spared from their fields, nor of our mechanics from their looms, their forges, or their anvils. To offer to those who are naturally little disposed to industry, such allurements to idleness as a national militia would present, would be, in the highest degree, impolitic and ruinous to the country.

Thus, it appears, that the scheme for the establishment of a militia in Scotland, admits of very opposite views; and men of candour, equally endowed with good sense, and equally patriotic, may be supposed, as was certainly the case, to have formed different opinions on the subject. What part the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who, by his office, is one of the chief guardians of the state, and bound by duty to a watchful attention in all matters which regard the interest of his country, ought to have taken in that measure, it would be presumption in any man to pronounce with confidence, while he must admit, that opinions equally weighty and respectable, are found on either side of the question.

It is not to be denied, that arguments of a very illiberal nature were urged in Parliament by a few Members, who, with a mean and narrow spirit, reproached this country with disaffection to Government, and inculcated the danger of allowing the use of arms to those who had recently employed them in rebellion. It was no wonder that aspersions of this nature called forth the most animated, noble, and spirited defence of their country's honour from several of the Scottish Members, who perhaps contended the more keenly in behalf of that measure, that they saw it opposed from such unworthy motives. But the question, viewed without prejudice, remains still disputable; and the arguments of the Lord Advocate against the establishment of a militia in Scotland, were founded on the great principles of national expediency, and a regard for what appeared to him the real and substantial interests of the country.

On the 14th of June, 1760, Mr Dundas was appointed President of the Court of Session. This was the æra of the splendour of his public character. Invested with one of the most important trusts that can be committed to a subject, the superintendence and regulation of the highest judicature of his country, he acquitted himself of that trust, during the twenty-seven years in which he held it, with such consummate ability, wisdom and rectitude, as must found a reputation as durable as the national annals, and transmit his memory with honour to all future times.

At his first entry upon office, the public, though well assured of his abilities, was doubtful whether he possessed that power of application and measure of assiduity, which is the first

duty of the ſtation that he now filled. Fond of ſocial intercourſe, and of late engaged in a ſphere of life where natural talents are the chief requiſite to eminence, he had hitherto ſubmitted but reluctantly to the habits of profeſſional induſtry. But it was ſoon ſeen, that accidental circumſtances alone had prevented the developement of one great feature of his character, a capacity of profound application to buſineſs. He had no ſooner taken his ſeat as Preſident of the Seſſion, than he devoted himſelf to the duties of his office, with an ardour, of which that Court, even under the ableſt of his predeceſſors, had ſeen no example, and a perſeverance of attention which ſuffered no remiſſion to the lateſt hour of his life.

Of all the grievances to which a free people can be ſubjected, one of the heavieſt and moſt ſevere is the tediouſneſs of judicial procedure, that delay of juſtice which makes often oppreſſion itſelf more tolerable than the means to be purſued for obtaining its redreſs. Senſible of this truth, and determined to remedy (in as far as material juſtice would permit) ſo great an evil, the Preſident applied himſelf immediately to the determination of a long arrear of law-ſuits, which, though in their laſt ſtage, and ripe for judgment, had hung upon the rolls of the Court during the period of five preceding ſeſſions. Theſe, in the courſe of the ſummer-ſeſſion 1760, and in the firſt month of the next ſeſſion, were all decided while the current buſineſs of the term was likewiſe diſpatched; and thus a load, which had been accumulating during two years and a half, was cleared away in the ſpace of three months. The *Long Roll*, which had never been purged ſince the inſtitution of the Court, and of which the very name was of evil augury, was thus annihilated at once; nor was it ever revived while Mr Dundas ſat in the Preſident's chair.

The primary cauſe of this great reform in the diſpatch of buſineſs, is certainly to be found in the uncommon power of his own mental abilities. Amidſt that multiplicity of ſuits with which the Court of Seſſion is at times overwhelmed, no party was ever heard to complain that the Preſident had treated his cauſe ſuperficially, or with an imperfect intelligence of the arguments which ſupported it. But the truth was, he often drew his knowledge of thoſe arguments, leſs from the information of the counſel, than from the ſtore-houſe of his own mind; for it was peculiar to him, that he could make himſelf thoroughly maſter of a cauſe, and form the ſoundeſt judgment of its merits, from the ſimple peruſal of the ſtate of facts. His memory enabling him to retain theſe facts with the utmoſt eaſe, he could in the courſe of a few hours, dedicated to the peruſal of the caſes, prepare himſelf upon the daily buſineſs of the Court. Stimulated by his example, the other Judges exerted all their powers of application; and thus the machine of juſtice moved with a conſtant and equal celerity, while his regulating influence operated on all its parts.

But if the aſſiduity and diligence of Judges in ſtudying the cauſes that come before them, is the firſt requiſite towards the diſpatch of buſineſs, the next eſſential concern is, that theſe cauſes ſhall be decided with brevity, and that the time which is appropriated to giving judgment be not conſumed in ſuperfluous reaſonings, or that ſpecies of wavering debate, which equally retards procedure, and diminiſhes the reſpect and dignity of the Court. There is no doubt that the reaſoning of Judges upon the Bench, is of excellent effect, when ſeaſoned by that diſcretion which is fitted to impreſs an audience with reverence for the wiſdom and ſolemnity of the tribunal. And of this we have

have daily examples in the Supreme Court of this country. The arguments of the Judges are often replete with inſtruction to the bar. In many caſes, to which, from their circumſtantiate nature, neither the written nor the conſuetudinary law is directly applicable, theſe are the *Reſponſa Prudentum* which ſupply that unavoidable deficiency. They are, moreover, a criterion to the public, both of the abilities of Judges, and of their attention to the duties of their office. But, ſtill, it muſt be admitted, that there is much danger in allowing too great latitude to judicial reaſonings. Beſides the delay of buſineſs, there is a hazard that that warmth of argument, againſt which even the wiſeſt and moſt diſpaſſionate of men cannot at all times guard themſelves, ſhould diminiſh the reverence due to the Court, and even the authority of its deciſions; for thoſe judgments can aſſuredly have but little weight which are known to be the reſult of a war of contradictory ideas. In a tribunal compoſed of many Judges, there muſt of courſe be a frequent diverſity of opinion; but it is not always deſirable that the grounds of thoſe different opinions ſhould be publicly canvaſſed. It is with the wiſdom of a Court, as it is with perſonal beauty, (the obſervation of one of the ableſt judges of human nature) the form upon the whole, when ſurveyed at its proper diſtance, may be conſummately graceful: but it is not expedient to examine it by too near an approach, or to analyſe too minutely its particular features.

Such were known to be the ſentiments of that great Judge, whoſe character we are now attempting to delineate; and correſponding to theſe ſentiments was his own conduct upon the Bench. He very rarely entered into a laboured argument on the whole grounds of a cauſe; much leſs into an examination or confutation of the opinions delivered by his brethren. He limited himſelf to a ſhort and ſolemn enunciation of his own opinion, which he generally ſupported by a very few reaſons, on which he apprehended the deciſion ought to reſt. His manner of ſpeaking was firm and authoritative; his language forcible, tho' unadorned in its ſtructure; and ſeeking not to pleaſe, but to convince, he diſregarded thoſe graces of elocution which the orator may frequently find of uſe to palliate error, but which the Judge needs ſeldom to employ, who is deſirous only of inculcating truth.

He maintained, with great ſtrictneſs, all the forms of the Court in the conduct of buſineſs. Theſe he wiſely conſidered as eſſential, both to the equal adminiſtration of juſtice, and as the outworks which guard the law againſt thoſe too common, but moſt unworthy artifices which are employed to proſtitute and abuſe it.

To the bar, he conducted himſelf with uniform attention and reſpect. He liſtened with patience to the reaſonings of the Counſel. He never anticipated the arguments of the pleader, nor interrupted him with queſtions to ſhew his own acuteneſs; but left every man to ſtate his cauſe in his own way: nor did he ever interfere, unleſs to reſtrain what was either manifeſtly foreign to the ſubject, or what wounded, in his apprehenſion, the dignity of the Court. In this laſt reſpect he was moſt laudably punctilious. He never ſuffered an improper word to eſcape, either from the tongue or pen of a counſel, without the ſevereſt animadverſion: and ſo acute was that feeling which he was known to poſſeſs of the reſpect that was due to the Bench, that there were but few occaſions when it became neceſſary for him to expreſs it.

There were indeed other occaſions, on which his feelings were moſt keenly

ly awakened, and on which he gave vent to a becoming ſpirit of indignation. He treated with the greateſt ſeverity every inſtance, either of malverſation in the officers of the law, or of chicanery in the inferior practitioners of the Court. No calumnious or iniquitous proſecution, no attempt to pervert the forms of law to the purpoſes of oppreſſion, ever eluded his penetration, or eſcaped his juſt reſentment.

Thus, perpetually watchful, and earneſtly ſolicitous to maintain both the dignity and the rectitude of that Supreme Tribunal over which he preſided, the influence of theſe endeavours extended itſelf to every inferior court of judicature; as the motion of the heart is felt in the remoteſt artery. In reviewing the ſentences of inferior judges, he conſtantly expreſſed his deſire of ſupporting the juſt authority of every rank and order of Magiſtrates; but theſe were taught, at the ſame time, to walk with circumſpection, to guard their conduct with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, and to dread the ſlighteſt deviation from the narrow path of their duty.

With theſe endowments of mind, and high ſenſe of the duties of his office, it is not ſurpriſing, that amidſt all the differences of ſentiment which the jarring intereſts of individuals or the more powerful influence of political faction, gave riſe to, there ſhould be but one opinion of the character of this eminent man, which is, That from the period of the inſtitution of that Court over which he preſided, however conſpicuous in particular departments might have been the merit of ſome of his predeceſſors, no man ever occupied the Preſident's chair, who combined in himſelf ſo many of the eſſential requiſites for the diſcharge of that important office.

But it is not the intention of the writer of this account to preſent a faultleſs picture. Nothing, in fact, is of ſo little value as indiſcriminate panegyric; nothing ſo empty and inſignificant as *his* praiſe who ſhews that he is blind to imperfections. If we allow the merits of this great man, in poſſeſſing, in their utmoſt extent, the moſt eſſential requiſites for the ſtation which he filled, it is but a ſmall derogation from the confeſſed eminence of his character, when we acknowledge a deficiency in ſome ſubordinate qualities.

Of theſe, what was chiefly to be regretted, and was alone wanting to the perfection of his mental accompliſhments, was, that he appeared to give too little weight or value to thoſe ſtudies which are properly termed literary. This was the more remarkable in him, that in the early period of his life he had proſecuted himſelf thoſe ſtudies with advantage and ſucceſs. In his youth, he had made great proficiency in claſſical learning; and his memory retaining faithfully whatever he had once acquired, it was not unuſual with him, even in his ſpeeches on the Bench, to cite, and to apply with much propriety the moſt ſtriking paſſages of the ancient authors. But for theſe ſtudies, though qualified to ſucceed in them, it does not appear that he ever poſſeſſed a ſtrong bent or inclination. If he ever felt it, the weightier duties of active life, which he was early called to exerciſe, precluded the opportunity of frequently indulging it; and perhaps even a knowledge of the faſcinating power of thoſe purſuits, in alienating the mind from the ſeverer, but more neceſſary occupations, might have inclined him at laſt to diſreliſh from habit, what it had taught him at firſt to reſiſt from principle.

That this principle was erroneous, it is unneceſſary to conſume time in proving. It is ſufficient to ſay, that as juriſprudence can never hope for any

any material advancement as a ſcience, if ſeparated from the ſpirit of philoſophy, ſo that ſpirit cannot exiſt, independent of the cultivation of literature.

That the ſtudies of polite literature, and an acquaintance with the principles of general erudition, while they improve the *ſcience*, add luſtre and dignity to the *profeſſion* of the law, cannot be denied. So thought all the greateſt lawyers of antiquity. So thought, among the moderns, that able Judge and moſt accompliſhed man, Lord Arniſton, the Father of the late Lord Preſident; of which his inaugural oration, as it ſtands upon the records of the Faculty of Advocates, bears ample teſtimony.

His ſon, it is true, afforded a ſtrong proof, that the force of natural talents alone may conduct to eminence and celebrity. He was rich in native genius, and therefore felt not the want of acquired endowments. But in this he left an example to be admired, not imitated. Few inherit from nature equal powers with his; and even of himſelf it muſt be allowed, that if he was a Great Man without the aids of general literature, or of cultivated taſte, he muſt have been ſtill a greater, had he availed himſelf of thoſe lights which they furniſh, and that improvement which they beſtow.

This moſt uſeful and valuable life was terminated on the 13th of December 1787. His laſt illneſs, which though of ſhort continuance was violent in its nature, he bore with the greateſt magnanimity. He died in the 75th year of his age, in the perfect enjoyment of all his faculties; at a time, when his long ſervices might have juſtly entitled him to eaſe and repoſe, but which the ſtrong ſenſe of his duty would not permit him to ſeek while his power of uſefulneſs continued; at that period, in ſhort, when a wiſe man would wiſh to finiſh his courſe; too ſoon indeed for the public good, but not too late for his own reputation.

He left by his firſt wife, Henrietta Baillie, the daughter of Sir James Carmichael Baillie of Lamington, four daughters. By his ſecond wife, Jane, the daughter of William Grant, Eſq; of Preſtongrange, one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice, he left four ſons and two daughters. Of theſe, the eldeſt ſon is Robert Dundas, Eſq; now of Arniſton, his Majeſty's Solicitor-general for Scotland; whom his country ſees with pleaſure the heir of the abilities of his family, already high in the eſteem of all his cotemporaries, and purſuing with ardour the honourable path which is marked by the footſteps of his anceſtors.

Select Anecdotes—from Scarce Authorities.

A GOOD reply of M. de Chateauneuf, when he was only nine years of age, to a Biſhop, who aſked him, "Tell me, my good boy, "where God is, and I will give you "an orange."——"Tell me, my "Lord," ſays the boy, "where "God is *not*, and I will give you "two."

Some one ſaid to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who had been Miniſter at ſeveral Courts, What a happy man he muſt have been to have converſed with ſo many crowned heads! "Faith," replied he, "I could never find that out; they were, I know, the dulleſt company I ever kept."

WHAT fine lines are theſe that conclude a Tragedy of Aaron Hill's. They have the force and energy of many of Dryden's.

"Now let no one ſay,
"Thus far, no farther, ſhall my
"paſſions ſtray;

"One

" One crime indulged impells us into
" more,
" And that is *fate* that was but
" *choice* before."

Cardinal De Retz, as I remember, ſays, that going once with the Pope to view a very fine ſtatue, his Holineſs fixed his attention entirely upon the fringe at the bottom of the robe: from this the Cardinal concluded that the Pope was a poor creature. The remark was ſhrewd. When you ſee an eccleſiaſtic in an high ſtation very troubleſome about trifles, expect from him nothing great and nothing good.

A man ſeeing a king's horſe making water in a river, " This creature," ſaid he, " is like his maſter; he gives where it is not wanted."

Somebody ſaid to the learned Bignon—" Rome is the ſeat of Faith." —" It is true," replied he; " but this Faith is like thoſe people who are never to be found at home."

A lawyer and a phyſician diſputed about precedence, and appealed to Diogenes. He gave it for the lawyer; and ſaid, " Let the thief go firſt, and the executioner follow."

An old woman who had ſore eyes purchaſed an amulet, or charm, written upon a bit of parchment, and wore it about her neck, and was cured. A female neighbour, labouring under the ſame diſorder, came to beg the charm of her. She would by no means part with it, but permitted her to get it copied out. A poor ſchool-boy was hired to do it for a few pence. He looked it over very attentively, and found it to conſiſt of characters which he could not make out: but, not being willing to loſe his pay, he wrote thus:—" The Devil pick out this old woman's eyes and ſtuff up the holes."—The patient wore it about her neck and was cured alſo.

THE FARRAGO.

Under this title it is intended to throw brief obſervations upon various ſubjects, remarks upon authors and books, anecdotes, biographical ſcraps, extracts, &c. &c. without attending to any fixed regular method. It may be neceſſary, however, to premiſe, that the whole will be conducted by one perſon; but who or what he is, it is humbly preſumed, concerns nobody to know.

Essay Writing, &c.

THIS is certainly an Eſſay-writing age. There is ſcarcely a title to be found by any new adventurer in this walk of literature, which had not been made uſe of by ſome former eſſayiſt. To enumerate them all, would be a tireſome, and it would certainly be a uſeleſs taſk. May they reſt in peace!—In fact, there are but few of the very many collections of eſſays which at this time overburthen the literary world, that deſerve any attention beyond the title and firſt number. For my part, I muſt confeſs myſelf to be ſo very unfaſhionable as to take more pleaſure in turning over the leaves of a duſty old folio, printed near two centuries ago, than the flimſy jejune productions of our day. For, however antiquated may be the phraſes, and laboured the periods, there is more originality of thought, depth of judgment, and ſterling good ſenſe diſcovered in many of our old writers, than can be boaſted of by the generality of the moderns.

Lord Bacon's Eſſays would be greatly injured by comparing them with ſome of the moſt popular modern collections of *Eſſays Moral and Literary;—Eſſays Philoſophical, &c. &c. &c.*—and there is one book of nearly the ſame period with that valuable work, which, though but little known, is in my poor opinion very

very excellent, and juſtly deſerves to be reſcued from unmerited oblivion: I mean, "Owen Feltham's Reſolves," which was firſt publiſhed about 1630 The edition that I have is the fifth. in ſmall quarto, 1634; and, allowing for the age, the ſtyle is generally ſmooth and correct, and ſometimes elegant; the thoughts good, and never ſpun out to a tireſome length; the quotations appoſite, and accurately tranſlated; the metaphors ſtriking and well managed, though ſometimes, as in Ovid, played upon too much. The author appears to have been a very intelligent, witty, and pious man, though he was a Calviniſt in his religious opinions; and ſome of the peculiar dogmas of that gloomy ſyſtem leſſen the value of his book.

In his Eſſay or Reſolve upon "Curioſity in Knowledge," he obſerves well and ſmartly, that "no "thing wraps a man in ſuch a myſt "of errors, as his own curioſity in "ſearching things beyond him. How "happily doe they live that know "nothing but what is neceſſary? "Our knowledge doth but ſhew us "our ignorance. Our moſt ſtudious "ſcrutiny is but a diſcovery of what "we cannot know. We ſee the "effect, but cannot gueſs at the "cauſe. Learning is like a river, "whoſe head being farre in the land, "is at firſt riſing, little and eaſily "viewed; but ſtill as you go on, it "gapeth with a wider bank; not with-"out pleaſure, and delightful wind-"ing while it is on both ſides ſet with "trees, and the beauties of various "flowers. But ſtill, the further "you follow it, the deeper and the "broader 'tis, 'till at laſt it inwaves "in the unfathom'd ocean; there "you ſee more water, but no ſhore, "no end of that liquid fluid vaſt-"neſſe."—"When we come to me-"taphyſicks, to long-buried anti-"quity, and unto unrevealed Divi-"nity, we are in a ſea which is "deeper than the ſhort reach of the "line of man. Much may be gain-"ed by ſtudious inquiſition, but "more will ever reſt which man can-"not diſcover. I wonder at thoſe "that will aſſume a knowledge of "all; they are anxiouſly aſhamed of "an ignorance which is not diſgra-"cive; 'tis no ſhame for a man not "to know that which is not in his "poſſibility."

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I can never think that the author of this truly excellent work, in which there runs ſuch a fine vein of the pureſt morality and religion, could have been guilty of the wicked fraud alledged againſt him, that he ſhould have deprived a poor man, Alexander Selkirk, of his ſhare of the profits reſulting from a publication of his narrative. It does not appear, ſo far as I can find, that Selkirk ever made any complaints of the kind; and it rather appears to me that De Foe, the author of this beautiful romance, made no other uſe of Selkirk's hiſtory, than as a general hint to build his work upon. The author who could be guilty of ſuch a deceit, muſt indeed have been a man deſtitute of the principles of common honeſty; and he muſt alſo have been the completeſt of all hypocrites to write ſo pathetically upon the influence of religious ſentiments, and to deſcribe that influence in ſo perfect a manner as he has done in this charming performance.

Bruce's Travels.

(Continued from p. 371.)

WE overtook three travellers driving a cow before them;

they had black goat ſkins upon their ſhoulders, and lances and ſhields in their hands; in other reſpects they were but thinly cloathed; they appeared to be ſoldiers. The cow did not ſeem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had been ſtolen. This however was not our buſineſs, nor was ſuch an occurrence at all remarkable in a country ſo long engaged in war. We ſaw that our attendants attached themſelves, in a particular manner, to the three ſoldiers that were driving the cow, and held a ſhort converſation with them. Soon after, we arrived at the hithermoſt bank of the river, where, I thought, we were to pitch our tent. The drivers ſuddenly tript up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her ſufferings. One of them ſat acroſs the neck, holding down her head by the horns; the other twiſted the halter about her fore feet, while the third, who had a knife in his hand, to my very great ſurprize, in place of taking her by the throat, got aſtride upon her belly, before her hind-legs, and gave her a very deep wound in the upper part of her buttock.

"From the time I had ſeen them throw the beaſt upon the ground, I had rejoiced; thinking, that when three people were killing a cow, they muſt have agreed to ſell part of her to us; and I was much diſappointed upon hearing the Abyſſinians ſay, that we were to paſs the river to the other ſide, and to encamp where I intended. Upon my propoſing they ſhould bargain for part of the cow, my men anſwered, what they had already learned in converſation, that they were not then to kill her; that ſhe was not wholly theirs, and they could not ſell her. This awakened my curioſity: I let my people go forward, and ſtayed myſelf, till I ſaw, with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef ſteaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beaſt. How it was done I cannot poſitively ſay, becauſe, judging the cow was to be killed from the moment I ſaw the knife drawn, I was not anxious to view that cataſtrophe, which was by no means an object of curioſity; whatever way it was done, it ſurely was adroitly, and the two pieces were ſpread upon the outſide of one of their ſhields.

"One of them ſtill continued holding the head, while the other two were buſied in curing the wound. This was done not in an ordinary manner; the ſkin which had covered the fleſh that was taken away was left entire, and flapped over the wound, and was faſtened to the correſponding part by two or more ſmall ſkewers or pins. Whether they had put any thing under the ſkin, between that and the wounded fleſh, I know not; but at the river ſide where they were, they had prepared a cataplaſm of clay, with which they covered the wound; they then forced the animal to riſe, and drove it on before them, to furniſh them with a fuller meal when they ſhould meet their companions in the evening.

"I could not but admire a dinner, ſo truly ſoldier-like, nor did I ever ſee ſo commodious a manner of carrying proviſions along on the road as this was. I naturally attributed this to neceſſity, and the love of expedition. It was a liberty, to be ſure, taken with chriſtianity; but what tranſgreſſion is not warranted to a ſoldier, when diſtreſſed by his enemy in the field? I could not as yet conceive that this was the ordinary banquet of citizens, and even of prieſts, throughout all this country. In the hoſpitable humane houſe of Janni theſe living feaſts had never appeared. It is true, we had ſeen raw meat,

but

but no part of an animal torn from it with the blood. The firſt ſhocked us as uncommon, but the other as impious

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'Nothing was more oppoſite than the manners and life of the Cuſhite, and his carrier the ſhepherd. The firſt, though he had forſaken his caves, and now lived in cities which he had built, was neceſſarily confined at home by his commerce, amaſſing gold, arranging the invoices of his ſpices, hunting in the ſeaſon to provide himſelf with ivory, and food throughout the winter. His mountains, and the cities he built afterwards, were ſituated upon a loamy, black earth, ſo that as ſoon as the tropical rains began to fall, a wonderful phænomenon deprived him of his cattle. Large ſwarms of flies appeared wherever that loamy earth was, which made him abſolutely dependent in this reſpect upon the ſhepherd, but this affected the ſhepherd alſo. This inſect is called *Zimb* * ; it has not been deſcribed by any naturaliſt. It is in ſize very little larger than a bee, of a thicker proportion, and his wings, which are broader than thoſe of a bee, placed ſeparate like thoſe of a fly; they are of pure gauze, without colour or ſpot upon them; the head is large, the upper jaw or lip is ſharp, and has at the end of it a ſtrong-pointed hair of about a quarter of an inch long; the lower jaw has two of theſe pointed hairs, and this pencil of hairs, when joined together, makes a reſiſtance to the finger nearly equal to that of a ſtrong hog's briſtle. Its legs are ſerrated in the inſide, and the whole covered with brown hair or down. As ſoon as this plague appears, and their buzzing is heard, all the cattle forſake their food, and run wildly about the plain, till they die, worn out with fatigue, fright, and hunger. No remedy remains, but to leave the black earth, and haſten down to the ſands of Atbara, and there they remain while the rains laſt, this cruel enemy never daring to purſue them farther.

'What enables the ſhepherd to perform the long and toilſome journies acroſs Africa, is the camel, emphatically called by the Arabs, the *ſhip of the deſart*. He ſeems to have been created for this very trade, endued with parts and qualities adapted to the office he is employed to diſcharge. The drieſt thiſtle, and the bareſt thorn, is all the food this uſeful quadruped requires, and even theſe, to ſave time, he eats while advancing on his journey, without ſtopping, or occaſioning a moment of delay. As it is his lot to croſs immenſe deſerts, where no water is found, and countries not even moiſtened by the dew of heaven, he is endued with the power at one watering-place to lay in a ſtore, with which he ſupplies himſelf for thirty days to come. To contain this enormous quantity of fluid, Nature has formed large ciſterns within him, from which, once filled, he draws at pleaſure the quantity he wants, and pours it into his ſtomach with the ſame effect as if he then drew it from a ſpring, and with this he travels, patiently and vigorouſly, all day long, carrying a prodigious load upon him, through countries infected with poiſonous winds, and glowing with parching and never-cooling ſands. Though his ſize is immenſe, as is his ſtrength, and his body covered with a thick ſkin, defended with ſtrong hair, yet ſtill he is not capable to ſuſtain

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* Of this effect, which belongs to the Diptera, the author has given a figure in the appendix, where it is called Tſaltſalya, or the Humming Fly; the Greeks knew a ſimilar inſect by the name of Oeſtros, mentioned by Homer; the Latins called it Aſylus, deſcribed by Virgil.

the violent punctures the fly makes with his pointed proboſcis. He muſt loſe no time in removing to the ſands of Atbara; for, when once attacked by this fly, his body, head, and legs break out into large boſſes, which ſwell, break and putrify, to the certain deſtruction of the creature.

'Even the elephant and rhinoceros, who, by reaſon of their enormous bulk, and the vaſt quantity of food and water they daily need, cannot ſhift to deſert and dry places as the ſeaſon may require, are obliged to roll themſelves in mud and mire, which, when dry, coats them over like armour, and enables them to ſtand their ground againſt this winged aſſaſſin; yet I have found ſome of theſe tubercules upon almoſt every elephant and rhinoceros that I have ſeen, and attribute them to this cauſe.

'All the inhabitants of the ſea-coaſt of Melinda, down to Cape Gardefan, to Saba, and the ſouth coaſt of the Red Sea, are obliged to put themſelves in motion, and remove to the next ſand in the beginning of the rainy ſeaſon, to prevent all their ſtock of cattle from being deſtroyed. This is not a partial emigration; the inhabitants of all the countries from the mountains of Abyſſinia northward, to the confluence of the Nile and Aſtaboras, are once a-year obliged to change their abode, and ſeek protection in the ſands of Beja; nor is there any alternative, or means of avoiding this, though a hoſtile band was in their way, capable of ſpoiling them of half their ſubſtance; and this is now actually the caſe, as we ſhall ſee when we come to ſpeak of Sennaar.

'Of all thoſe that have written upon theſe countries, the prophet Iſaiah alone has given an account of this animal, and the manner of its operation. Iſa. vii. ch. 18. and 19. ver. "And it ſhall come to paſs, in that day, that the Lord ſhall *hiſs* for the fly that is in the uttermoſt part of the rivers of Egypt,"—"And they ſhall come, and ſhall reſt all of them in the deſolate vallies †, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thorns, and upon all buſhes."

'The mountains that I have already ſpoken of, as running through the country of the Shepherds, divide the ſeaſons by a line drawn along their ſummit, ſo exactly, that, while the eaſtern ſide, towards the Red Sea, is deluged with rain for the ſix months that conſtitute our *winter* in Europe, the weſtern ſide towards Atbara, enjoys a perpetual ſun, and active vegetation. Again, the ſix months, when it is our *ſummer* in Europe, Atbara, or the weſtern ſide of theſe mountains, is conſtantly covered with clouds and rain, while for the ſame time, the ſhepherd on the eaſtern ſide, towards the Red Sea, feeds his flocks in the moſt exuberant foliage and luxuriant verdure, enjoying the fair weather, free from the fly or any other moleſtation. Theſe great advantages have very naturally occaſioned theſe countries of Atbara and Beja to be the principal reſidence of the ſhepherd and his cattle, and have entailed upon him the neceſſity of a perpetual change of places. Yet ſo little is this inconvenience, ſo ſhort the peregrination, that, from the rain on the weſt ſide, a man, in the ſpace of four hours, will change to the oppoſite ſeaſon, and find himſelf in ſun-ſhine to the eaſtward.

At a time when the opinions of men differ ſo widely, though perhaps accountably enough, concerning a queſ-

† 'That is, they ſhall cut off from the cattle their uſual retreat to the deſert, by taking poſſeſſion of thoſe places, and meeting them there where ordinarily they never come, and which therefore are the refuge of the cattle.'

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tion which has intereſted the legiſlature, we mean the ſlave trade, we cannot reſiſt the temptation of ſeparately tranſcribing Mr BRUCE's opinion, we confeſs, not convincing to us, but notwithſtanding founded on principles equally diſintereſted and humane.

'When Carthage was built, the carriage of this commercial city fell into the hands of Lehabim, or Lubim, the Libyan peaſants, and became a great acceſſion to the trade, power, and number of the ſhepherds. In countries to which there was no acceſs by ſhipping, the end of navigation was nearly anſwered by the immenſe increaſe of camels; and this trade, we find, was carried on in the very earlieſt ages on the Arabian ſide, by the Iſhmaelite merchants trading to Paleſtine and Syria, from the ſouth end of the peninſula, with camels. This we learn particularly from Geneſis, they brought myrrh and ſpices, or pepper, and ſold them for ſilver; they had alſo balm, or balſam, but this it ſeems, in thoſe days, they brought from Gilead.

'We are ſorry, in reading this curious anecdote preſerved to us in ſcripture, to find, in thoſe early ages of the India trade, that another ſpecies of commerce was cloſely connected with it, which modern philanthropy has branded as the diſgrace of human nature. It is plain, from the paſſage, the commerce of ſelling men was then univerſally eſtabliſhed. Joſeph [Gen. chap. xxxvii. ver. 25. 28.] is bought readily, and ſold as currently immediately after, as any ox or camel could be at this day. Three nations, Javan, Tubal, and Meſhech [Ezek. chap. xxvii. ver. 13.] are mentioned as having their principal trade at Tyre in the ſelling of men; and, as late as St. John's time [Rev. chap. xviii. ver. 13] this is mentioned as a principal part of the trade of Babylon; notwithſtanding which, no prohibition from God, or cenſure from the prophets, have ever ſtigmatized it either as irreligious or immoral; on the contrary, it is always ſpoken of as favourably as any ſpecies of commerce whatever. For this, and many other reaſons which I could mention, I cannot think, that purchaſing ſlaves is, in itſelf, either cruel or unnatural. To purchaſe any living creature to abuſe it afterwards, is certainly both baſe and criminal; and the crime becomes ſtill of a deeper dye, when our fellow-creatures come to be the ſufferers. But, although this is an abuſe which accidentally follows the trade, it is no neceſſary part of the trade itſelf; and it is againſt this abuſe the wiſdom of the legiſlature ſhould be directed, not againſt the trade itſelf.

'On the eaſtern ſide of the peninſula of Africa, many thouſand ſlaves are ſold to Aſia, perfectly in the ſame manner as thoſe on the weſt ſide are ſent to the Weſt Indies; but no one, that ever I heard, has as yet opened his mouth againſt the ſale of Africans to the Eaſt Indies; and yet there is an aggravation in this laſt ſale of ſlaves that ſhould touch us much more than the other, where no ſuch additional grievance can be pretended. The ſlaves ſold into Aſia are moſt of them Chriſtians: they are ſold to Mahometans, and, with their liberty, they are certainly deprived of their religion likewiſe. But the treatment of the Aſiatics being much more humane than what the Africans ſold to the Weſt Indies, meet with, no clamour has yet been raiſed againſt this commerce in Aſia, becauſe its only bad conſequence is apoſtacy; a proof to me that religion has no part in the preſent diſpute, or, as I have ſaid, it is the abuſe that accidentally follows the purchaſing of ſlaves, not the trade itſelf, that ſhould be conſidered as the grievance.

'It is plain from all hiſtory, that two

two abominable practices, the one the eating of men, the other of sacrificing them to the devil, prevailed all over Africa. The India trade, as we have seen in very early ages, first established the buying and selling of slaves; since that time, the eating of men, or sacrificing them, has so greatly decreased on the eastern side of the peninsula, that now we scarcely hear of an instance of either of these that can be properly vouched. On the western part, towards the Atlantic Ocean, where the sale of slaves began a considerable time later, after the discovery of America and the West Indies, both of these horrid practices are as it were, general, though, I am told, less so to the northward since that event.

'There is still alive a man of the name of Matthews, who was present at one of those bloody banquets, on the west of Africa, to the northward of Senega. It is probable the continuation of the slave-trade would have abolished these, in time, on the west side also. Many other reasons could be alledged, did my plan permit it. But I shall content myself at present, with saying, that I very much fear that a relaxation and effeminacy of manners, rather than genuine tenderness of heart, has been the cause of this violent paroxysm of philanthropy, and of some other measures adopted of late to the discouragement of discipline, which I do not doubt will soon be felt to contribute their mite to the decay both of trade and navigation that will necessarily follow.'

THE FEMALE RUMPUS, A TALE.

NO one will deny that quarrels are among the most unpleasant circumstances of one's life, and it is equally true, that when many quarrels are traced to their source, that source appears too ridiculous for notice. But when a quarrel has arrived at a certain stage of its progress, a retrospect becomes too painful to be made, and the quarrel proceeds without it, ending either in a fixed animosity, or in a sudden reconciliation.

Many of these quarrels in which the ladies are concerned, take their rise from paying too much attention to ETIQUETTE. This Mr. Etiquette or Mrs. Etiquette, for it is of both sexes, is a personage of such a mischievous tendency, that I am surprised there has never been a combination formed to destroy *its* power. It dictates in a visit, presides in the tea room, is despotic even in a card of compliment, and is an absolute bashaw in cases of deaths, marriages, and lyings-in. It parts the best friends, occasions divisions in public assemblies, and not unfrequently makes inroads on the freedom of speech. It sometimes makes the dumb to speak, and sometimes makes the loquacious silent. Like all tyrants, it gives no reasons, and listens to no argument. Its edicts have no preamble, each beginning bluntly with "Etiquette commands this," or "Etiquette forbids t'other"—and much to the credit of our peaceable dispositions, we submit to it patiently, saying only, "I must do this for the sake of Etiquette"—or—"I would not do so and so, if it were not for Etiquette."—Its power is most visible at court, where indeed no man unacquainted with Etiquette dares to approach; but as the manners of the court soon become the manners of the city, Etiquette has of late years made wonderful progress East of Temple Bar. It has got as far as Whitechapel, and scours the country; and

and accounts from every part of the kingdom confirm the progreſs of Etiquette.

Theſe remarks on Etiquette occurred to me in conſequence of an *affair of honour* between two ladies of my acquaintance, which comes properly to be conſidered here, as taking its riſe from this villainous varlet Etiquette. The conſequences of his intruſion were firſt, *coolneſs*; ſecondly, *cold*; thirdly, *frowns*; fourthly, *diſtance*; and at laſt downright quarrel. How all this came about, I am now to relate.

Mrs. Sparkle, a very amiable lady, on the 22d of December laſt, about 11 o'clock in the morning, ſent the following card to her *intimate* friend *Mrs. Lively*.

"Mrs. Sparkle's compliments, &c. to Mrs. Lively; will be happy in the pleaſure of her company to tea and cards next Thurſday."

This card, by ſome miſtake, the ſervant had loſt; indeed he had above a ſcore of them to deliver from his miſtreſs, and thought it could be no great matter if one was loſt. In conſequence of this loſs, however, Mrs. Lively, not having received the card, did not appear at Mrs. Sparkle's—and as it unfortunately happened, went to another lady's houſe, where ſhe had an engagement.

When Mrs. Sparkle's company were nearly all come, ſhe expreſſed her ſurpriſe that Mrs. Lively was not among the number, and was ſtill more ſurpriſed that ſhe had ſent no anſwer to her card. Here that raſcal Etiquette told her, that "Mrs Lively ought to have ſent an anſwer, whether ſhe came or not,"—but Mrs. Sparkle with a great deal of good nature, ſaid, it did not ſignify, her company would be an ample excuſe.

"Mrs. Lively!" ſaid a lady in the room, "did you expect Mrs. Lively? Why, I ſaw her this morning, and ſhe told me ſhe was to ſpend the evening at ſir George B——'s, with a large company."

"Bleſs me! what do you tell me? Is it poſſible?"

"Tis true upon my word; for ſhe told me ſhe had been invited by lady B—— on the 23d; I remember the day perfectly well."

"The twenty-third! O monſtrous! I proteſt, a day after I ſent her my card! Well—I vow, was there are ever any thing like it?—She muſt mean to—to—what could ſhe mean?"

"Nay, indeed, Mrs. Sparkle, it was not very polite."

"Polite—it muſt have been done to affront me—nothing elſe I am ſure."——

Here the whole room joined in opinion, and after holding a court martial on the culprit Mrs. Lively, at which this fellow Etiquette preſided, it was agreed, *nem con.* that Mrs. Lively had been guilty of the higheſt poſſible affront, or deſign of affronting Mrs. Sparkle.—Firſt, in not anſwering her card—ſecondly, in preferring lady B—'s invitation, without aſſigning any reaſon whatever.—This ſentence being paſſed, the tables were ſet, parties formed, and cards introduced—but in every little interval, of dealing, &c. Mrs. Lively's "ſhocking behaviour" was ſeverely cenſured.

While theſe things were going on at Mrs. Sparkle's, poor Mrs. Lively was enjoying the pleaſures of the evening, unabated by the leaſt ſuſpicion of what had happened. Next morning, as ſhe had not ſeen Mrs. Sparkle for ſome time, and was altogether unconſcious of what had happened, ſhe called at her houſe, and being told ſhe was not at home, left her card, and went to perform her other morning viſits.

When Mrs. Sparkle returned and found

found Mrs. Lively's card among thoſe of other viſitors, ſhe again flew into a paſſion at "her aſſurance to call, after what had happened," and determined to take no notice of the *horrid creature!* Here that villain Etiquette comes in again for his ſhare of miſchief; for it is one of his laws that a lady ſhall return all thoſe dumb viſits that are made by cards, and empty or full carriages. After a week, Mrs. Lively wondered that Mrs. Sparkle had never returned her viſit, and hearing that ſhe had been in the ſame ſtreet more than once, immediately concluded that ſhe meant to affront her—and mentioned the circumſtance to her friends, who all, inſtigated by Etiquette, declared that it was a groſs affront.

Thus had Etiquette ſucceeded in ſeparating two friends, between whom all communication was now at an end.—But we ſhall preſently find them together, and in no very good humour—for lo! it happened that Mrs. Sparkle had occaſion to go to her mercer's on ſome particular buſineſs, and who ſhould be in the identical room into which ſhe was ſhown, but the identical Mrs. Lively! One might ſuppoſe that Mr. Etiquette would not have interfered any farther, having already done ſo much miſchief. But he is inſatiable. It is, therefore, very eaſy to do ample juſtice to a dialogue ſo ſhort as that which paſſed now. *Etiquette* whiſpered to Mrs. Sparkle, that as ſhe was the perſon affronted, ſhe ought not to ſpeak firſt—and at the ſame inſtant communicated the ſame directions to Mrs. Lively, who alſo became dumb. They ventured, however, with "O! ma'm, is it you?" and "Ma'm your moſt obedient," which was all that paſſed. Mrs. Sparkle immediately bouncing out of the room, and telling the ſhopkeeper ſhe would call another time. Mrs. Lively was more ſhocked at this than at what had happened before, but ſhe immediately concluded that Mrs. Sparkle was conſcious of her own improper conduct, and aſhamed to ſhow her face. When Mrs. Sparkle went home and conſidered this matter, ſhe entertained much the ſame ſentiments of Mrs. Lively, only wondered that ſhe had the aſſurance to remain one moment in the room after ſhe *herſelf* entered.

Thus did the tyrant Etiquette triumph barbarouſly over friendſhip, good humour, and good-nature, qualities to which neither of the ladies are ſtrangers. But, as this war could not be carried on ſo privately, but that the friends of the parties muſt hear of it, it ſoon came to my ears, and without much trouble I learned the whole matter from the beginning. I immediately viſited each of the ladies, and aſſured them that Etiquette had created a miſunderſtanding, which they could better explain to each other, by one or two plain queſtions, than any perſon beſides could do in a month, and therefore I intreated them to meet for the purpoſe.

"Meet Mrs. Lively! No, ſir, NEVER!"

"Meet Mrs. Sparkle! No, ſir, NEVER!"

This cruel word *never*, which I knew was dictated by Etiquette, they both pronounced with ſo much emphatic firmneſs, that I really thought my ſcheme of reconciliation would prove abortive. I perſiſted, however, in my entreaties, and at laſt prevailed, upon promiſing to open the buſineſs myſelf—for each of them was determined ſhe would not ſpeak firſt.

When the plaintiff and defendant, or more properly, the two plaintiffs were come into court, I aſked, "pray, Mrs. Lively, did you receive

ceive a card from Mrs. Sparkle on the 22d of December, inviting you to tea and cards on the following Thurſday ?"

"Yes, ma'm, did you not receive from me——

"O! pray, Mrs. Sparkle, one at a time, if you pleaſe—you are a party concerned, and muſt aſk no queſtions yet.—Well, Mrs. Lively, did you receive ſuch a card?"

"No, upon my honour, ſir."

"And did you not?" ſaid Mrs. Sparkle, haſtily and apparently pleaſed.

"No, indeed."

"Madam," ſaid I, "I know you never did, for here is the card which your ſervant has ſince found, but was afraid to deliver it to you—you perceive, Mrs. Sparkle, that it has never been opened"

Here ended this buſineſs. The ladies embraced affectionately, and made a thouſand mutual apologies, which I ſhall here omit—and I parted with them, in a grave, moral epilogue, nearly in theſe words.—"Ladies, I will not offend you by ſaying that the conduct of both has been ridiculous—but let me adviſe you to truſt your friendſhip to more ſafe guardians than a blundering ſervant, or a ſcrap of paper. The world will be apt to ſuſpect the ſincerity of that friendſhip which may be ſhaken by accidents ſo trifling. We are all ſo liable to miſtakes, that every ſeeming diſreſpect ſhould be immediately explained in perſon.—Let *Etiquette* therefore, be the ſervant, and not the maſter of your ſenſe and reaſon."

A queſtion may here occur, how came Etiquette into the world, and when? It is my opinion, that there was a time when men began to be tired of good health, and ſick of peace of mind, and in order to get rid of ſuch inconveniencies, they invented a great variety of pleaſures and vices which in time might reduce health to diſeaſe, and ſerenity to the gloom of deſpair. They ſucceeded ſo well in this, that the art of deſtroying health and happineſs has never ſince been loſt; on the contrary has been, like ſome other arts, improved to a degree of perfection, which the firſt inventors probably thought unattainable.

Whether it was at this time, or rather a conſiderable time after (which laſt opinion I am inclined to prefer) that it was likewiſe diſcovered that there was too much plain good humour and ſincerity in the world, cannot now be determined.—But when it was once found out that we were overwhelmed with downright ſincerity, ſocial good humour, and unaffected friendſhip, certain perſons ſet themſelves to invent ſome means to leſſen the quantity of theſe virtues; and they produced this compoſition called Etiquette, which has ſince reigned over the faſhionable world. This I take to be the origin of Etiquette.

Deſcription of an Hurricane in the Weſt Indies, by Dr Moſeley.

THE ruin and deſolation accompanying an hurricane cannot be deſcribed. Like fire, its reſiſtleſs force conſumes every thing in its track, in the moſt terrible and rapid manner. It is generally preceded by an awful ſtillneſs of the elements, and a cloſeneſs and miſtineſs in the atmoſphere, which makes the ſun appear red, and the ſtars larger. But a dreadful reverſe ſucceeding, the ſky is ſuddenly overcaſt, and wild; the ſea riſes at once, from a profound calm, into mountains; the wind rages and roars like the noiſe of cannon; the rain deſcends in deluges; a diſmal obſcurity envelopes

the earth with darkneſs; the ſuperior regions appear rent with lightning and thunder; the earth often does, and always ſeems to tremble; terror and conſternation diſtract all nature; birds are carried from the woods into the ocean; and thoſe whoſe element is the ſea ſeek for refuge on the land; the frightened animals in the fields aſſemble together, and are almoſt ſuffocated by the impetuoſity of the wind, in ſearching for ſhelter, which, when found, ſerves them only for deſtruction; the roofs of houſes are carried to vaſt diſtances from their walls, which are beat to the ground, burying their inhabitants under them: large trees are torn up by the roots, and huge branches ſhivered off, and driven through the air in every direction, with immenſe velocity; every tree and ſhrub, that withſtands the ſhock, is ſtripped of its boughs and foliage; plants and graſs are laid flat on the earth; luxuriant Spring is changed in a moment to dreary Winter.—When this direful tragedy happens in a town, the devaſtation is ſurveyed with accumulated horror. The harbour is covered with wrecks of boats and veſſels; and the ſhore has not a veſtige of its former ſtate remaining. Mounds of rubbiſh and rafters in one place; heaps of earth and trunks of trees in another; deep gullies from torrents of water; and the dead and dying bodies of men, women, and children, half buried, and ſcattered about where ſtreets but a few hours before were ſeen, preſent the miſerable ſurvivors with a ſhocking concluſion of a ſpectacle to be followed by famine, and, when accompanied with an earthquake, by mortal diſeaſes.—Such were the hurricanes that left melancholy traces in many of the Weſt India iſlands in the month of October, 1780, and particularly in Jamaica, where, on the 3d of that month, the Weſt end of the iſland was laid waſte.

Anecdotes of Meſſ. Ledyard and Lucas, Miſſionaries ſent by the African Aſſociation to make Diſcoveries in the interior parts of Africa.

[From Proceedings of the Aſſociation; printed for the uſe of the Members.]

LEDYARD was an American by birth, and ſeemed from his youth to have felt an invincible deſire to make himſelf acquainted with unknown or imperfectly diſcovered regions of the globe. For ſeveral years he had lived with the Indians of America, had ſtudied their manners, and had practiſed in their ſchool the means of obtaining their protection, and of recommending himſelf to the favour of ſavages. In the humble ſituation of a corporal of marines, to which he ſubmitted rather than relinquiſh his purſuit, he had made with Captain Cook, the voyage of the world; and, feeling, on his return, an anxious deſire of penetrating from the north weſtern coaſt, which Cook had partly explored, to the eaſtern coaſt, with which he himſelf was perfectly familiar, he determined to traverſe the vaſt continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

His firſt plan for the purpoſe, was that of embarking in a veſſel which was preparing to ſail, on a voyage of commercial adventure, to Nootka Sound, on the weſtern coaſt of America; and with this view he expended in ſea ſtores, the greateſt part of the money which his chief benefactor, Sir Joſeph Banks, (whoſe generous conduct the writer of this narrative has often heard him acknowledge), had liberally ſupplied. But the ſcheme being fruſtrated by the rapacity of a cuſtom-houſe officer, who had ſeized and detained the veſſel for reaſons which, on legal inquiry, proved to be frivolous, he determined to travel over land to Kamſchatka, from whence

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to the weſtern coaſt of America, the paſſage is extremely ſhort. With no more than ten guineas in his purſe, which was all that he had left, he croſſed the Britiſh channel to Oſtend, and by the way of Denmark and the Sound, proceeded to the capital of Sweden; from whence, as it was winter, he attempted to traverſe the gulf of Bothnia on the ice, in order to reach Kamſchatka by the ſhorteſt way; but finding, when he came to the middle of the ſea, that the water was not frozen, he returned to Stockholm, and, taking his courſe northward, walked into the arctic circle, and, paſſing round the head of the gulf, deſcended, on its eaſtern ſide, to Peterſburgh.

There he was ſoon noticed as an extraordinary man. Without ſtockings or ſhoes, and in too much poverty to provide himſelf with either, he received and accepted an invitation to dine with the Portugueſe ambaſſador. To this invitation it was probably owing that he was able to obtain the ſum of twenty guineas for a bill on Sir Joſeph Banks, which he confeſſed he had no authority to draw, but which, in conſideration of the buſineſs that he had undertaken, and of the progreſs that he had made, Sir Joſeph, he believed, would not be unwilling to pay. To the ambaſſador's intereſt it might alſo be owing that he obtained permiſſion to accompany a detachment of ſtores which the empreſs had ordered to be ſent to Yakutz, for the uſe of Mr Billings, an Engliſhman, at this time in her ſervice.

Thus accommodated, he travelled eaſtward through Siberia, ſix thouſand miles to Yakutz, where he was kindly received by Mr Billings, whom he remembered on board Captain Cook's ſhip in the ſituation of the aſtronomer's ſervant, but to whom the empreſs had now entruſted her ſchemes of northern diſcovery.

From Yakutz, he proceeded to Oczakow, on the coaſt of the Kamchatka ſea; from whence he meant to have paſſed over to that peninſula, and to have embarked on the eaſtern ſide in one of the Ruſſian veſſels that trade to the weſtern ſhores of America; but finding that the navigation was completely obſtructed by the ice, he returned again to Yakutz, in order to wait for the concluſion of the winter.

Such was his ſituation when, in conſequence of ſuſpicions not hitherto explained, or reſentments for which no reaſon is aſſigned, he was ſeized, in the empreſs's name, by two Ruſſian ſoldiers; who placed him in a ſledge, and, conveying him, in the depth of winter, through the deſarts of the northern Tartary, left him at laſt on the frontiers of the Poliſh dominions. As they parted they told him, that if he returned to Ruſſia, he would certainly he hanged; but that, if he choſe to go back to England, they wiſhed him a pleaſant journey.

In the midſt of poverty, covered with rags, infeſted with the uſual accompaniment of ſuch cloathing, worn with continued hardſhip, exhauſted by diſeaſe, without friends, without credit, unknown, and full of miſery, he found his way to Koningſberg.—There, in the hour of his utmoſt diſtreſs, he reſolved once more to have recourſe to his old benefactor; and he luckily found a perſon who was willing to take his draft for five guineas on the Preſident of the Royal Society.

With this aſſiſtance, he arrived in England, and immediately waited on Sir Joſeph Banks, who told him, knowing his temper, that he believed he could recommend him to an adventure almoſt as perilous as the one from which he had returned; and then communicated to him the wiſhes of the Aſſociation for diſcovering the inland countries of Africa.

'Mr Ledyard replied, that he had

always determined to traverſe the continent of Africa as ſoon as he had explored the interior of North America; and, as Sir Joſeph had offered him a letter of introduction, he came directly to the writer of theſe memoirs, (Mr Beauſoy.) Before I had learnt from the note the name and buſineſs of my viſitor, I was ſtruck with the manlineſs of his perſon, the breadth of his cheſt, the openneſs of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. I opened the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennaar, and from thence weſtward in the latitude and ſuppoſed direction of the Niger, I told him, that was his route, by which I was anxious that Africa might, if poſſible, be explored. He ſaid, he ſhould think himſelf ſingularly fortunate to be entruſted with the adventure. I aſked him, when he would ſet out? "To morrow morning," was his anſwer*.'

Mr. Lucas had been ſent, when a boy, to Cadiz, in Spain, for education as a merchant, and having the misfortune on his return to be captured by a Sallee rover, was brought as a ſlave to the imperial court of Morocco.

Three years of captivity preceded his reſtoration to freedom and his conſequent departure from Gibraltar, where, at the requeſt of General Cornwallis, he accepted the offices of Vice-Conſul and Chargé d'Affaires in the empire of Morocco, and had the ſatisfaction to return, as the delegate of his ſovereign, to the very kingdom in which, for a long period, he had lived as a ſlave. At the end of ſixteen years, he once more reviſited England, and was ſoon appointed Oriental Interpreter to the Britiſh Court, in which ſituation he was when he became known to the committee, and expreſſed his willingneſs, with his Majeſty's permiſſion, to undertake in the ſervice of the Aſſociation, whatever journey his knowledge of the manners, cuſtoms, and language, of the Arabs, might enable him to perform.

* Mr Ledyard died at Cairo.

Extract from Paul and Mary: An Indian Story. 2 Vols. 12mo.

THIS ſtory is tranſlated from a fourth and ſupplementary volume of a work lately publiſhed in France, called *Etudes de la Nature*. The advertiſement to the tranſlation, in acquainting us with the name of the author of the original †, gives us a favourable impreſſion of the work. All his writings breathe a ſpirit of philanthropy; and at the ſame time that they abound in flights of genius, his obſervations upon the objects of his notice are juſt, and his deſcriptions of them are accurate and intereſting. The ſelection of this beautiful tale for immediate tranſlation does credit to the taſte of the tranſlator. Thoſe who do not underſtand French muſt think themſelves obliged by the communication of ſo extraordinary an entertainment; and thoſe who have read the original may, without wearineſs, again attend to the tender tale of Paul and Mary.

We think we cannot better recommend this work than by giving our readers the following extract from it.

"The children were continually ſhewing freſh inſtances of their amiable diſpoſition. One day, whilſt their mothers were gone to maſs at the church of Pamplemouſſe, as was their cuſtom on Sunday morning, with the firſt dawn, they found a Mulatto ſlave under the bananas which

† Monſ. de St. Pierre, author of the *Voyage a l'Iſle de France*, publiſhed in 1773; a tranſlation of which, in 1775, was favourably received by the publick.

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ſurrounded their habitation. She was worn to a ſkeleton, and had nothing to cover her but a piece of ſackcloth round her waiſt. She fell on her knees at the feet of Mary, who was going to prepare breakfaſt for the family, and implored her to take compaſſion on a fugitive ſlave. 'I have wandered a month,' ſaid ſhe, 'in theſe deſarts, famiſhed with 'hunger, and often purſued by hunters and their dogs. I made my 'eſcape from my maſter, who is a 'wealthy planter upon the banks of 'the Black River. I now bear the 'marks of his cruelty to me; you 'may ſtill ſee upon my ſhoulders the 'deep ſcars and wounds which have 'been made by his ſtripes. In my 'deſpair I ſhould have deſtroyed 'myſelf; but, having heard of the 'family that lived here, I ſaid to myſelf, if there is yet any humanity 'to be found amongſt the white inhabitants of the iſland, I will reſolve to live a little longer.'—Mary, moved with her ſtory, endeavoured to comfort her, and gave her the breakfaſt ſhe had been preparing for the family, which ſhe eagerly devoured. When the cravings of hunger were ſatisfied, Mary told her that ſhe was inclined to go with her to her maſter, and try to procure her pardon, and aſked her, if ſhe would ſhew her the way to his plantation; "I am ſure," ſaid ſhe, "that your maſter "will be touched with compaſſion "for you, when he ſees you." 'I 'will go any where with you,' ſhe anſwered, 'for you ſeem an angel 'from heaven.'—Mary called her brother to go with them; and the Mulatto conducted them over rocks and mountains, thro' thick woods, and to the ſhores of broad rivers, which they were obliged to ford. At length, towards noon, they came down a ſteep hill to the banks of the Black River, where they found a large houſe, extenſive plantations, and a number of ſlaves employed in various kinds of work. Their maſter was walking about amongſt them, with a pipe in his mouth, and a rattan in his hand. He was a tall, hard-favoured man, of a dark complexion, with his eyes ſunk in his head, and large black eye-brows. Mary, trembling with fear, and holding by her brother's arm, went up to him, and intreated him, for the love of heaven, to pardon his poor ſlave, who was following them at a little diſtance. The planter did not at firſt much attend to two children meanly dreſſed; but when he had obſerved the elegant form of Mary, and, under a coarſe blue hood, ſeen her beautiful fair hair; when he had heard the ſoft ſound of her voice, which faultered when ſhe ſpoke to him, he took his pipe out of his mouth, and, liſting up his rattan in the air, he ſwore, with a horrid imprecation, that he granted a pardon to his ſlave, not for the love of heaven, but for the love of her.—Upon this encouragement, Mary made ſigns to the Mulatto to come forward to her maſter, and then ran directly away, and Paul after her. They purſued their road together, up the hill which they had come down; and when they had gained the ſummit, they ſat down under a tree, quite overcome with fatigue and thirſt, and want of food. They had been walking from ſun-riſe, and had travelled five leagues without taking nouriſhment. "You muſt be faint "with hunger, my dear ſiſter," ſaid Paul; "we ſhall find nothing to ſa-"tisfy it here; let us go back to the "planter, and deſire that he will "give us ſomething to eat." 'Oh 'no!' ſhe anſwered, 'I felt too much 'afraid of him to return; and re-'member my mother's proverb,—'The bread of the wicked does not 'proſper.' "What ſhall we do "then, my dear ſiſter? theſe trees

"bear

" bear no good fruit; there is not " even a tamarind or a citron to re- " freſh you." ' Let us truſt in the ' providence of God,' ſhe anſwered; ' the young ravens cry for food, and ' he hears them.' She had hardly pronounced theſe words when they heard the ſound of water, falling from a neighbouring rock: they went immediately to it, and, after having drank of the clear ſtream, they ate ſome creſſes which they gathered upon its banks.—They heard a dog bark. " It is the dog of ſome hun- " ter," ſaid Paul, " who comes to " lie in wait for the deer at night." ' It is impoſſible,' anſwered Mary, ' that we can be ſo near home, and ' that this can be the foot of our own ' mountain; but yet I think I know ' the tone, and that it is our own ' Tayo that barks.' In fact, it was Tayo; and, in a moment after, he was at their feet, and leaping up and fawning upon them. Before they had recovered the ſurpriſe of ſeeing the dog, they perceived Domingo running towards them. The good old Negro cried for joy that he had found them, and they only anſwered him with their tears; none of them could ſpeak.—When Domingo was a little compoſed, he told them how much their mothers had been alarmed at their abſence. " I attended them " to church," ſaid he, " and nothing " could exceed their aſtoniſhment " when they returned and did not " find you at home. We enquired " of Frances where you were gone; " but ſhe had been employed within, " and could give no account of you. " I ran firſt to one place, and then " to another, not knowing which " way to go. At length I took ſome " of your cloaths, and made Tayo " ſmell to them †. He immediately " began to queſt upon your foot- " ſteps, as if he had underſtood what " I meant; and he followed the ſcent " till he led me to the Black River; " there I heard, from one of the in- " habitants, that you had brought " back a runaway Mulatto in the " morning, and that you had obtain- " ed her pardon;—but ſuch a par- " don!—I ſaw her chained by the " leg to a block of wood, and with " a three-ſpiked collar about her " neck. From thence Tayo traced " you to the top of the hill by the " Black River, where he ſtopped and " barked as loud as he could. It was " near a ſpring; there were ſome " aſhes ſtill ſmoking, and the ſtem " of a young palmetto lying on the " ground. From the hill he at " length conducted me hither. We " are now at the foot of the Three- " beaſted Mountain, and four long " leagues from home. Take ſome " of the refreſhments I have brought, " to reſtore your ſtrength, and then " let us be gone." Whilſt they were eating, a party of Mulatoes paſſed within a few yards of them. The chief of the troop came up to Paul and Mary, and ſaid, " Be not afraid, " good little Europeans; we ſaw " you paſs this morning with one " of the Black River ſlaves; you " went to implore her hard maſter to " pardon her. In gratitude for the " humanity you ſhewed to our coun- " trywoman, we will carry you " home upon our ſhoulders." He then called to four of the ſtrongeſt of his followers; they contrived a ſort of litter, with branches of trees and withes, and, having placed Paul and Mary upon it, they took it upon their ſhoulders; and Domingo going

† " This inſtance of ſagacity in Domingo, and his dog Tayo, greatly reſembles that which is related of the ſavage Téwéniſſa, and his dog Oniah, by M. de Crevecœur, in a work written with the moſt benevolent views, intituled, *Lettres d'un Cultivateur Americain.*"

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before, with his lighted branch, they ſet out, amidſt the acclamations of all the troop. 'You ſee, my dear brother,' ſaid Mary, 'that Heaven 'leaves no good action unrewarded.' It was midnight when they arrived at the foot of their own mountain. They ſaw ſeveral fires burning at the top of it; and before they had aſcended half way, they heard voices calling out, "Is it you, my children, is "it you?" The Negroes and all anſwered, with one voice, 'Yes! 'here we are! here we are!' and they ſoon ſaw their mothers and Frances coming towards them, with firebrands in their hands.—"My "dear children!" ſaid Madame de la Tour; "what agonies of mind we "have ſuffered during your abſence! "where have you been?" ' We went 'to the Black River,' anſwered 'Mary, to ſolicit the pardon of a 'runaway Mulatto. She came this 'morning to us, almoſt famiſhed with 'hunger; I gave her our breakfaſt, 'and then went with her to her maſt-'er; and now ſome of her country-'men have brought us home on their 'ſhoulders.' Madame de la Tour took her in her arms, but could not ſpeak; and Mary, who felt her cheek wetted by her mother's tears, ſaid, 'I am amply repaid for all that I 'have endured.' Margaret, tranſported with pleaſure, preſſed Paul to her boſom, calling him her dear child, and rejoicing that he had been employed in a kind action.—As ſoon as they arrived at home, they provided ſome ſupper for the Mulattoes, who made a hearty meal; and then, wiſhing all poſſible proſperity and happineſs to the family, they took their leave, and returned again to their woods."

Account of the German Tragedy, Les Voleurs. By Henry Mackenzie, Eſq; F. R. S. Edinburgh.

[From his Account of the German Theatre, in the Second Volume of the Edinburgh Philoſophical Tranſactions.]

THE moſt remarkable, and the moſt ſtrongly impreſſive of all the pieces contained in theſe volumes, (the *Theatre Allemande*) is that by which the collection of Mr Friedel is cloſed, *Les Voleurs*, a tragedy by Mr Schiller, a young man, who, at the time of writing it, was only 23. Bred in the *Ecole Militaire* of Wirtemberg, he had little opportunity of informing his mind by letters, or of knowing mankind by obſervation. But amidſt the cloiſtered ignorance incident to his ſituation, his genius, by its own native warmth and vigour, produced this wonderful drama, which ſhews indeed, as might be expected, a certain want of acquaintance with the manners, as well as a total diſregard of dramatic regularity, but in which the author, fortunate, if we dare ſay ſo, in theſe defects, has drawn from the ſources of an ardent and creative imagination, characters and ſituations of the moſt intereſting and impreſſive kind, and has endowed thoſe characters with a language in the higheſt degree eloquent, impaſſioned, and ſublime. With a particular detail of this tragedy, I ſhall cloſe the account (I am afraid a very imperfect, tho' without the apology of being a ſhort one) which I have taken the liberty to lay before this Society, of the *Theatre Allemande*.

A young man, of high birth and expectations, Charles, eldeſt ſon of the Compte de Moor, endowed by nature with a ſoul of fire and a heart full of ſenſibility, is led away, in the prime of youth, by the love of pleaſure and diſſipation, too common at that

that age. After running a course of thoughtless and criminal extravagance, he listens to the voice of virtue, which had been stifled, not lost, in his heart, and writes to his father, whom amidst all his vice and folly he had never ceased to love, a letter full of penitence and contrition, desiring to return to his duty, and to be received to pardon and to favour. This is intercepted by the villainy of a younger brother, who manages so as to persuade his father that his son Charles (who appears to have been his great favourite) is totally abandoned to villany and vice; in consequence of which, the old man throws him utterly from his regard, and sends him a letter renouncing him for ever, and containing that paternal malediction, so dreadful to the sensibility of a son who loved his parent. On receipt of this Charles becomes desperate; and, amidst the storm of his feelings, outraged by what he thinks the inhumanity of his father, readily accepts of a proposal made by some of his dissipated companions, to leave a world in which they had nothing but contempt and poverty to expect, to fly to the forests of Bohemia, and there to establish themselves into a society of robbers and banditti, of which he was to be the chief. In the horrid duties of this new employment, he shews all that wonderful magnanimity, that persuasive eloquence, that undaunted valour, which would have graced a better station; yet amidst the elevation and activity of mind with which the exercise and the success of these qualities are accompanied, his heart is pressed down by remorse, and melted by tender recollection of that virtuous happiness which, in the days of youth and innocence, he had once enjoyed. The curse of a father whom he had revered and loved, the desertion of a mistress, a cousin of his own, of whom he was desperately enamoured, the sense of his outcast and abandoned situation, and of those violations of virtue and morality to which it necessarily leads; those rending feelings, those melting remembrances, joined to that high sense of perverted honour which links him to his band, and that ardent valour which marks their enterprises of glory; these form a character of the most energetic and interesting kind, and the author has given to his hero a loftiness and power of expression fully adequate to the terrors and the passions which his situation and his feelings produce. The intrinsic force of this dramatic character is heightened by the singular circumstances in which it is placed. Captain of a band of inexorable and sanguinary banditti, whose furious valour he wields to the most desperate purposes; living with those associates, amidst woods and deserts, terrible and savage as the wolves they have displaced; this presents to the fancy a kind of preternatural personage, wrapped in all the gloomy grandeur of visionary beings.

But to return to the narrative of the tragedy.

His younger brother *Francis* having succeeded in removing this favourite of his father, now looks to the death of the old man as the complete accomplishment of his wishes to attain the fortune and honours of his family. To effect this hellish purpose, he makes use of his father's still remaining tenderness for that very son whom the traitor's arts had driven from his love. He employs one Herman, a tool of his villany, to personate a soldier, who had been the companion of Charles, and to relate a fabricated story of the sufferings and death of that unfortunate young man, who, according to him, had been reduced, by the severity of his father, to the most extreme and pitiable indigence, from which he had at last been relieved by death, having fallen

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fighting gallantly in an action with the infidels, and in his laſt words had breathed out the name of his father and of his Amelia. The old Count feels this relation as his inhuman ſon expected; he faints at its cloſe, and is carried off lifeleſs from the ſtage. The traitor Francis reaps the fruit of his villany; he reaps, but his conſcience does not permit him to enjoy it; and he is ever after preſented as the martyr of remorſe, haunted by the terrors of inward guilt. His aſſociate Herman appears to yield to contrition; he braves the anger of his lord, and reſolves to embrace the firſt opportunity of counteracting his villany.

Though the great and the terrible be the moſt prominent features of this drama, there are ſcenes in which the pathetic and the tender prevail in a very uncommon degree; and the impreſſion they make on the reader is heightened by the contraſt of that bold unbending ſpirit which he ſees melted by their force. One of theſe, the ſecond ſcene of the third act, is ſo ſtriking, that I cannot forbear laying it before the Society in Engliſh. They will make allowance for what it muſt loſe in this form, when they conſider that it is the tranſlation of a tranſlation.

The band are encamped on a height on the banks of the Danube, after a hard fought battle with a party of Bohemian horſe, which had been ſent to take them; but which, by the unparalleled valour and exertions of Moor and his friends, they had defeated. He enters, overcome with fatigue and thirſt.

" I muſt reſt here, *(throwing himſelf on the ground)*; my limbs are " broken with fatigue, and my parched tongue cleaves to my mouth. I " would have aſked ſome of you to " fetch me a little water from that " river, but you too are weary almoſt " to death. *(One of the band goes out, unperceived by Moor, to fetch him ſome water.)*

" *Grim, (another of his band)* 'Tis " a long time ſince our flaſks were " empty of wine. How majeſti- " cally the ſun ſets there below?

" *Moor, (looking ſtedfaſtly on the ſetting ſun)* 'Tis thus that a hero dies, " and the nations admire his fall!

" *G.* It ſeems to move you.

" *M.* In my youth, it was my favourite idea to live like him, *(looking earneſtly on the ſun)* to die like " him;—Twas the fancy of a young " man.

" *G.* 'Twas even ſo.

" *M.* There was a time—*(drawing his hat over his eyes)*—leave me " alone, my friends.

" *G.* Moor, Moor! do you ail " aught? Your colour changes.

" *M* There was a time when I " could not ſleep if I had forgot my " prayers before I laid me down.

" *G.* 'Tis folly all—Would you, " like a boy, be ſchooled by the re- " membrance of your infant days?

" *M* My infant days! Oh! *(leaning his head on the boſom of Grim.)*

" *G.* Think of theſe no more. Be " not a child again, I pray you.

" *M.* A child again! Would that " I were!

" *G.* Rouſe yourſelf for ſhame! " See how the landſcape ſmiles—how " beautiful the evening looks!

" *M.* Aye, my friends, this earth " is ſo beautiful—

" *G.* Why, that is well.

" *M.* This ſcene ſo grand—

" *G.* You ſpeak it truly. I love " to hear you talk thus.

" *M.* And what am I, in this world " that is ſo beautiful! A thing ſo vile " on this magnificent work of hea- " ven!—The prodigal ſon!

" *G.* Moor! Moor!

" *M.* My innocence, give me " back my innocence! Look how " every thing in nature is cheered by " the ſmile of ſpring. Why in this " air, ſo pure to them, ſhould I " breathe the blaſting ſmoke of hell?

" When all around us are happy,
" when gentle peace has united them,
" the world one bleſſed family, and
" its Father there above, who is not
" my Father! I alone ſhut out; the
" prodigal ſon, excluded from the
" portion of his children, *(ſhrinking*
" *back with horror)* ſurrounded with
" crimes, with murder, bound to them
" with chains of iron——

" *G. (to the reſt of the band)* I ne-
" ver ſaw him thus before.

" *M. (with a voice of tenderneſs)*
" Ah! if it were poſſible for me to
" be born again; to be born a beg-
" gar, the meaneſt thing that were
" not a guilty one! With the la-
" bour of theſe hands I would pur-
" chaſe the wearineſs of peace. Oh!
" that with the ſweat of my brow,
" though that ſweat were blood, I
" could buy one guiltleſs hour, the
" luxury of one tear!

" *G.* Patience, friends; his fit is
" almoſt over.

" *M.* There was a time when my
" tears flowed freely. O peaceful
" days! that ſaw me in my father's
" houſe, in my native fields! Ye
" ſmiling fields! ye valleys made
" for enthuſiaſm to wander in!
" Scenes of my happy infancy, will
" ye never return? Will ye never
" breathe on this burning boſom your
" gales of peace and joy? Nature,
" why art thou dark around me?
" they will never, never return;
" never on this boſom will they
" breathe, they are gone, gone for
" ever!"

(To be concluded in your next.)

THE TRIFLER,

Number LXVII.

Thurſday July 29, 1790.

After the example of my predeceſſors, I dedicate this day's paper to the inſertion of the favours of my correſpondents.

To the Author *of the* Trifler.

IT is an old proverb, that idleneſs is the root of all evil; that it will bring a man to rags; and I don't know how it is, but certainly there is not ſufficient employment in this metropolis for above a third of the people in it.

My Lord, of the Weſt end of the town, he has nothing to do. He hunts all day, he drinks in the evening, and perhaps games all night; and yet he complains frequently that he has nothing to do.—He riſes early in the morning, but it is for the purpoſe of riding away the debauch of laſt night, and he amuſes himſelf in the intervals of the above pleaſures with viſits, &c. and yet, whoever obſerves his manner of living, from one end of the year to the other, will immediately conclude that he has nothing to do, and that he is an idle man;—and yet, a man who ſpends a large eſtate, viſits all the public places, games the greater part of the night, and deſtroys a good conſtitution, cannot, in any propriety of ſpeech, be ſaid to do nothing; nay, I think he does a great deal, even more than he ought to do.

Your active, buſtling, and induſtrious tradeſman, he complains, too, that he has nothing to do—on Sundays and holidays—or any day after five or ſix o'clock.—He abſolutely knows not what to do with himſelf—he might read, but that is quite out of his *line*—he might game, but money would be ſpent in that employment—he might go to public places, but then the neighbours would think he was too much the man of pleaſure—he might carry on intrigues, but he happens to be ſaddled with a wife already, and ſhe, perhaps, a deviliſh termagant, who would knock his teeth out, if ſhe but ſuſpected him.

The labourer, who works all day, de-

declares he would be the idleſt man on earth, if did not know a ſnug company where he can ſpend half the night; and although it would injure his health much to work an hour or two extraordinary (without extraordinary payment) yet he can ſit until midnight drinking, without being paid for it at all, unleſs receiving occaſionally a ſlight fever, or the gout, or ſome other recompence of a ſimilar nature.

Jack Indolent is a man whom the world calls *idle*, and yet I know not a man who labours more to be doing ſomething. He riſes with the lark, rides twenty miles on purpoſe to eat a hearty breakfaſt in the country, and rides the ſame way back again on purpoſe to devour a hearty dinner in town—with dinner, at which he diſplays ſome extraordinary feats of activity, he contrives to employ five or ſix hours—but, alas! there are more hours remaining before he can think of going to bed, and they muſt be got rid of ſomehow.—Cards are his next employment, whereat he conſumes a few hours, and contrives ſupper to be ſo late, that he really has no inclination to do any thing after it, but quietly and ſlowly moves to bed.—Yet, in ſpite of all this labour, which makes him go to bed as much fatigued as any harveſt-man in the country, they call him *idle*. Yet I have heard him declare, that he is the moſt miſerable man in the world, if he happens not to have it in his power to be doing ſomething. If you want him to ride five miles to ſerve you, he cannot poſſibly do it, for he is ſo much engaged! But he will ride fifty, provided he has no buſineſs at all on the road.

This being the caſe, Sir, that *idleneſs* proceeds from having nothing to do, I am induced to think that it would not be unworthy the attention of ſome public ſpirited Senator to employ ſome part of the ſummer receſs (which I ſuppoſe wears away quickly) in deviſing ſome means to prevent idleneſs; I am ſure that the whole Houſe would give their hearty concurrence to a bill, the title of which was, For the more effectually preventing idleneſs and indolence, and providing employment for his Majeſty's liege ſubjects in Great Britain, &c. It would, I am certain, be of infinite ſervice to the hands and feet, which I am ſorry to ſay it, are either not at all, or very partially, or very improperly employed in nineteen caſes out of twenty.

I am, Sir, your's,

OTIOSUS.

To the AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

I have often thought that many crimes might be ſufficiently puniſhed without having recourſe to new laws, and that much money might be ſaved to government without having recourſe to new taxes. By the firſt judicious regulation, the citizens would not be alarmed for their liberties, and by the latter we ſhould avoid all the grumbling about taxes, which makes the national voice, formerly ſo ſweet and harmonious, ſound like the groans of a diſeaſed perſon.

Permit me to recommend, not a new tax, although I may call it ſo, but the ſtrict enforcement of a very old one, I mean the tax on ſwearing, which amounts to *one ſhilling* per oath. This has a double advantage; it improves the morals, and raiſes the finances of the nation at once. I will be bold to ſay, Sir, that if it were properly enforced, it would bring into the treaſury a ſum of money equal to the obnoxious taxes of the laſt ten years, and enable Mr. Pitt to double the ſum with which he intends to pay off the national debt.

It has been ſaid to me, that *one ſhilling* is the ſum for the oath of a common perſon, but that a *gentleman* always pays *five ſhillings*; however, as it is rather difficult to diſtinguiſh *gentlemen* from others, we may as

well make it a general matter, and equalize the privilege of an oath. My plan is to publiſh the Act which ordains this tax, that none may pretend ignorance, and appoint certain perſons to frequent all public places, and patrole the ſtreets, ready to collect the tax the moment they hear any perſon ſwearing; and if the perſon who ſwears refuſes to pay, no more, but away with him to the Juſtice of Peace, or the jail.

The public places where I would principally ſtation the Collectors are the following; the Opera-houſe, the Playhouſes, particularly the firſt night of a new piece, the Box-lobbies, the Galleries and Pit; the Equeſtrian Theatres, where the admiration of the horſemanſhip obliges the whole audience to burſt out in a general *Good God!* the Stock Exchange, on ſettling days; the Coffee-houſes, particularly after dinner, when the wine comes on table; large companies dining together in Taverns or Halls; the Cockpit, Newmarket, the doors of gaming houſes; the Courts of Law, after the trials are over, where one ſide of the cauſe have got nothing but ſwearing left to comfort them, with all other places where buſineſs or pleaſure are carried on.

I eſtimate this tax at 10,000l. per day, (Sundays and Holidays at 20,000l. at leaſt) which would amount to ſuch a ſum per annum as would ſoon eaſe us of our national debt. I am, Sir, your's &c.

QUIDNUNC.

P. S. No exception in favour of foreigners. *De'il ha' my Sawl, By Jaſus, Diable*, and *Dyvil*, to pay the ſame as the Engliſh d—me, &c.

Poetry.

ARABELLA.

IN the grove where ſprings the roſe,
And the twining ſuckle grows;
Where the elm rears its lofty head,
Forming a ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Where the cooling breezes run,
Where the ſultry rays I ſhun;
There, 'tis there, I love to dwell,
And muſing think on Arabell.

Thro' the trees the ſun-beams play,
Sweet the muſic on the ſpray,
Sweet the murmurs of the rill,
Bright the proſpect from yon hill,
Where the nibbling lambkins feed,
Where the ſhepherd tunes his reed,
Where the bees induſtrious ſip
Honey from each flow'rets lip.

But my fair one when I eye,
With her looks of golden dye,
With her cheeks of roſy hue,
And her ſparkling eye-balls blue;
When upon the graſs green plot,
She ſmiling gives the vocal note;
Brighter ſcenes by far appear;
Sweeter muſic greets my ear.

Cupid oft before had ſtrove,
With other nymphs to fix my love,
Enrag'd he ſaw his labours fail,
And gave his arms to Arabell.
The twanging bow ſhe quickly drew,
And thro' my heart the arrow flew.

Love, which owns but beauty's ſway,
Soon muſt alter and decay;
But, founded on eſteem, will laſte
Till unnumber'd days are paſt.
When, tho' youthful pleaſures end,
Still we have a faithful friend.
Such the joys I wiſh to ſhare
With my lovely modeſt fair;
Such with rapture, let me tell,
Is my love for Arabell.

Would ſome indulgent pow'r decree
That each one's wiſh ſhould granted be,
While ſome for ſounding titles pray'd,
Some for wealth and fame decay'd,
While ſome for this, and ſome for that,
And many for they know not what,
With this fond wiſh my breaſt would ſwell,
O give me but ſweet Arabell!

NOBODY.

The

OSSIAN's LAMENT.

The Pathetic and Poetic Powers of the Writer of this Poem are well known.— He, it appears to us, has fallen upon the only Measure which conveys the Spirit or Genius of the Gaelic Muse.

THOU, Night, whose dim mantle extends o'er the Vale,
In silence unbroken, except by yon gale,
That scatters the *beard* of the *Thistle* around,
And startles the *Son of the Chase* with its sound;

Thou, NIGHT, with thy awe breath'st a sullen controul,
Which accords with the sorrow-struck state of my Soul.
Thrice welcome to ME is the darkness of Night,
Whose Orbs thus extinguish'd are *dead* to the LIGHT.

But not of the *Visions of Day* I complain;
Nor thy splendours, O, SUN, do I wish to *regain;*
For set is *my* Beam, when my HEROES *expire,*
And the Rays that *they* feel not—I CANNOT desire.

O, spare, then, thy splendours, thou *Sov'reign of Day;*
O, bind up the TRESSES *thou scatter'st away;*
THY Season, like MINE, not *for ever* shall last,
But the gleam of a moment---*it shines*---AND IS PAST.

Thus, alone, as I press the sunk Hero's *strait bound,*
His sad spirit with sympathy hovers around,
On its *vapoury Cloud,* from the Ocean afar,
Swiftly glides his *thin form* like the *Lance* of a STAR.

Thou SPEAR, at whose terrors, pale LOCHLIN has fled,
O bear my weak steps to the Halls of the dead;
Where, mournfully whistling now waves the *rank grass*——
Where the *gray* STONE still catches the MISTS as they pass.

As I press through the bushes this *tottering form,*
And my white hairs are borne on the wings of the storm;
The *lone* OWL offended abandons her seat,
And alarms the *dun* ROE from his *mossy Retreat:*

He *starts*---but he quickly represses his fear,
For he sees-- but the *steps* of the FEEBLE are near.
O Roe of the Tomb, where my OSCAR now dwells,
No footing of mine thy *lov'd ling'ring* repells——

Then banquet secure on the Moss of the HEATH,
Nor think of the HUNTER now sleeping *beneath:*
O dread not the *light-bounding* step of *thy* FOE——
Here, *still* close by his LORD, he now *slumbers* BELOW.

ARNO.

The

The Defence of Punning.

By C. Crabtree.

FROM what cauſe it proceeds, is a matter of doubt,
And to others I leave the finding it out;
But certain it is, tho' with ſorrow 'tis ſaid,
That punning no better than felony's made.
Some excuſes for it no doubt we may find,
And to thoſe who'll peruſe them a few are ſubjoin'd.
If that ſaying be true, that is ſo reputed,
Nor has it, I think, at all been confuted,
That wit's fire and ſoul in ſhortneſs conſiſts,
With others well then may this enter the liſts.
Moreover, unlike other ſpecies of wit,
No friendſhip is ever diſſolved by it,
If its common effect is the increaſe of fun,
And rage has been lull'd by a well ſeaſon'd pun,
Now, fiction apart and all idle parade,
The rebus it beats, or the empty charade.

Aberdeen, July 20th 1790.

Dibutadis, the celebrated Maid of Corinth, to her Lover Polemon.

A Lamp's dull rays that round my chamber play'd,
My fickly thoughts to wander ſtill inclin'd;
When on the wall I ſaw thy form portray'd,
And well to note it bent my curious mind.

For each reſemblance of the youth we love,
However faint, will ſoft delight impart,
Nay, e'en his ſhadow will ſufficient prove,
To ſoothe the languor of a love-ſick heart.

The ſweet illuſion ſtill my mind employs;
To fix the ſhade I feel a fond deſire;
And thus preſerv'd to my admiring eyes,
The charming form that feeds my am'rous fire.

Inſpir'd by love, my purpoſe I attain,
He guides my hand to trace the pleaſing line;
And tho' imperfect is the ſketch I gain,
My doating fancy bleſſes the deſign.

Ipſwich, April 4, 1790.

On the Death of Mr Farquharſon of Monaltry.

LET poliſh'd columns praiſe the man,
Or buſts of braſs ſupply the plan
To catch the paſſing eye,
Who rul'd the councils of the land,
Or who with ſucceſs did command,
To raiſe our trophies high.
There conqu'ring fleets and cheering fields,
There future glory merit yields,
To rouſe the latent fire.
No nation boaſts a fiercer band,
To vanquiſh foes by ſea and land.
Deſerts cannot expire.
Yet ſome with ev'ry virtue crown'd,
For valour and for worth renown'd,
Have not obtain'd their due,
Tho' petulance or power refuſe,
The daring truth inſpires the muſe
Their virtues to perſue.
To cover heath and hills with woods,
Throw bridges over rapid floods,

With

With cultivation's aim,
Make ſweet domeſtic care to glow,
Where hills peep over hills of ſnow,
Is not below our theme.
In yonder glen ſee thouſands dwell,
In labour and in arts excel,
Once a bleak, dreary waſte;
Each cottage there a ſtatue ſtands,
Enforcing his ſevere commands,
To meliorate the reſt.
Where half ſtarv'd ſheep and naked rocks
For want abandon'd by the fox,
Smile now in verdure green,
For poverty, for ſloth and woe,
He planted induſtry to flow;
Its teeming gifts are ſeen.
Domeſtic happineſs contends,
He implemented all her ends,
For glory, truth and fame,
Each liſping babe with plenty rear'd,
From age to age ſtill more rever'd,
Proclaims *Monaltrie's* name.

June 12th 1790. REGULUS.

MODESTY.

THERE is, ſo naturaliſts ſay,
A plant that cautious ſhrinks away,
And ſhuns the hand's rude touch;
Fearing the ſmalleſt ſullying ſtain
That from contaction might remain;
Sweet Modeſty is ſuch.

Contamination thus her dread,
The bluſhing maiden lifts her head,
And, tim'rous, ſmiles to-day;
Tenacious of her ſpotleſs fame,
Beneath th' oppreſſive eye of ſhame,
She droops with ſad diſmay.

The diamond, tho' of ample worth,
When firſt extracted from the earth,
Can ſcarce attract the ſight;
But when it leaves the artiſt's hands,
What admiration it commands,
Array'd in all its light!

As to the diamond is its glow,
Does Modeſty in women ſhow,
And ſtamps alike their worth;
Beauty itſelf muſt ceaſe to be,
Without the charm of Modeſty,
'Tis that which gives it birth.

Tho' drooping lies the fallen roſe,
A ſoft, mild tint it does diſcloſe,
And delicately charms;
Thus ever blooming Modeſty,
The loſs of beauty does ſupply,
And with attraction arms.

O! cheriſh then, with greateſt care,
Your greateſt ornament, ye fair,
And prize it whilſt ye've breath;
By this preſerv'd, thro' ages ſpace,
Shall beauty ſmile in ev'ry face,
And yield alone to death!

May 8, 1790. C. J. PITT.

SONNET.

BY JOHN RANNIE.

AGAIN Aurora pours her purple light
O'er all the ſcenes which Evening bath'd in dew;
The blooming landſcape brightens on the ſight,
And Nature wakes her melodies anew.

The blythe lark, mounted high on downy wing,
With ſweeteſt harmony ſalutes the morn,
And, yielding balm to all the gales of ſpring,
The wild roſe bluſhes on the dewy thorn.

The gentle tenants of the grove rejoice,
As, rich in beauty, Nature decks the plain:
But ah! the tuneful warblers raiſe their voice,
And vernal Nature ſmiles for me in vain.

I ſadly note their varied charms, and bear
Deep in my ſoul the winter of deſpair.

Extract from an Ode on the Misfortunes of MARY *Queen of* SCOTS.

By JOHN SARGENT, *Esq.*

HE comes, in beauteous pride arrav'd,
The flow'r of Lennox' ancient race,
On his beaming front display'd
High valour and majestic grace:
He comes, as when the god of day
Hears on the eastern hills his proud steeds neigh,
And chides the lagging hours—thine eye
Avert, nor trust, fond Queen, the treacherous sympathy:
Thy heart, that swells with love's voluptuous tide,
Shall mourn the coldness of thine alter'd mate;
The storm of boisterous passion shall subside,
And ardent throbs expire in jealous hate:
Scar'd pleasure flies from thy unhallow'd bed,
While vengeance stalks around, and beckons to the dead.

'What sadly-soothing strain,
What mournful melody hath caught mine ear?
Ah! no more the notes I hear—
The lessening cadence dies along the plain;
Sweet minstrel, whose enchanting art
In ecstasy can lap the heart;
Why hath thy muse advent'rous stray'd
From Doria's stream and Susa's warbling shade?
In clattering hawberk clad, thro' night's still gloom,
Stern Ruthven fiercely stalks with haggard mien;
With thundring tone proclaims the victim's doom,
And tears her minion from a doating Queen;
Thro' the arch'd courts, and storied chambers high,
Loud shrieks of terror ring, and death's expiring cry.

'Bid the deep tempest roar,
And whelm a baleful crew;
Proud lord of Inistore!
Be thine, thy guilt to rue---
Pent in the dungeon's dark and stony womb,
O'er thee be rais'd a living tomb;
Grim fiends and spectres dire
Hover round thy coward head,
And swart melancholy shed
Her chilling dews that quench th' ethereal fire;
For lo! yon form, that rides the storm,
Traitor, 'tis thy murder'd king!
He joins the hosts of monarchs ghosts;
Of the days of old they sing——
With sounds of loud lament they hail
His sanguine shade, that fires the misty air;
Sublime they float, and o'er the mountains bare
In majesty of midnight sail:
Down heav'n's broad steep descend in dread array,
And in the shadowy moon's pale confine melt away.

Ill fated Queen! thy star, that stood
On the pure zenith's blazing height,
Now reddening meets the troubled flood,
And streams with melancholy light:
In yonder cloud, the book of Fate,
Read the long sufferings of thy captive state;
There count the groans whose nightly sound
Thrills the wide-water'd moat, and castle's lonesome round.
Tho' in thy veins rich streams of honour flow,
Tho' thy proud hand a double sceptre prest;
No genial ties suspend the ruthless blow,
Nor love, nor pity melt a rival's breast:
"Perish the traitor! perish!" Shrewsbury cries,
While gentle Melvil veils his sorrow-streaming eyes.'

THE

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THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER LXVIII.

Thurſday Auguſt 12, 1790.

ON THE STAGE—USES OF IT—IMMORALITY OF THE LAST TWO CENTURIES——HOW REFORMED—COLLIER'S CHARACTER—AND ATTACK ON THE DRAMATIC WRITERS.

AMONG the various amuſements of the preſent day, the ſtage may be conſidered as holding a very important rank, on account of its extenſive influence, and the general partiality entertained for it. Many books have been written to prove that it is attended with beneficial conſequences to the morals as well as the manners of the age, and ſome have connected the ſervices of the ſtage and the pulpit by an union which many divines will probably think too cloſe. Authors of plays generally rank themſelves among the Moraliſts of the age, and from a natural fondneſs for the productions of their genius, attribute to them a merit which frequently admits of a diſpute. But whatever may be affirmed by writers of plays, who are bound in duty to perſuade themſelves, at leaſt, that they have been well employed, the queſtion ſeldom will be agitated in an age addicted like ours to amuſement. Men go to the theatre to be diverted. In this the farce has as much ſhare as the regular Drama, the Harlequin as the Tragedian. If they find inſtruction, it is more than they expected. If they find entertainment, it is all they wanted.

The greater part of the plays written in the two laſt centuries were groſsly licentious both in language and ſentiment. The authors perhaps, however *then* thought that they improved their hearers, ſtrange as ſuch an opinion may appear. Of what complection the audience then conſiſted, we cannot at this diſtance aſcertain. All we know is that the ſtage enjoyed the patronage of Kings and Courts, and we may fairly ſuppoſe that the people were not deficient in rewarding the endeavours of managers and the genius of writers. We are likewiſe certain that the immorality of ſtage plays was not without its cenſure, for the divines of the laſt

laſt age condemned the ſtage *in toto*. They never conſidered whether it was poſſible to purify the ſtage, to introduce delicacy of language and ſentiment, and give a moral tendency to the fable. They conſidered the ſtage as it was, and they condemned it as they found it. In this cenſure, the moſt zealous theatrical advocate of our own times will join; for no words are yet invented to juſtify indecent language, and no man will deliberately argue in defence of what is poſitively prophane.

The endeavours of the clergy, however, although ſtrong in appearance, were but feeble in effect. The ſtage continued to be the favourite amuſement of the Court and the people, and thoſe who were its friends either wholly diſregarded the admonitions of the clergy, or branded them with the names of fanaticiſm and bigotry.

In peruſing the plays of thoſe times, we are ſtruck with their general and peculiar indecency of language, a language often ſo groſs and unqualified, as to make us doubt whether ever it was actually uſed upon an Engliſh ſtage. The theatres were no doubt reſorted to by modeſt women, and baſhful virgins, by men who trembled for the fidelity of their wives, and parents who were anxious to preſerve the chaſtity of their daughters. But how men of this character could reconcile the obſcenities of Dryden, Durfey, Vanbrugh, Congreve, &c. to their ideas of education and propriety, is a queſtion which cannot now be determined. It is ſufficient that the plays of theſe authors were acted as written, and as we find them in our libraries, and that this method of writing was general and ſucceſsful. A revolution, however, took place in ſtage writing, curious in its riſe and progreſs, and remarkable in its effects. By this plays were purified from their indelicacies, and every alluſion to ſacred ſubjects was baniſhed. The ſame audiences that encouraged the immorality and profaneneſs of the theatre, ſoon were convinced of the propriety of reformation, and promoted it with a zeal which has not yet entirely, nor, indeed, even in a great meaſure ſubſided.

To work a change ſo great and important as this, would ſeem to require all the aſſiſtance which ſhining abilities, popular character, and even the hand of power could contribute. To contend with all the living poets from Dryden to D'Urfey, to oblige the greateſt wits of the time to ſubmit to the labour of correcting what had actually ſucceeded without any correction, and reviſe their own works with the zeal and pen of a reformer, to dictate to the world leſſons of propriety for which they had never ſeen occaſion, was an attempt that promiſed great danger, and held forth feeble hopes of ſucceſs. To rouſe the envy of the moſt favoured writers, to leſſen their reputation, and to prove victorious againſt all their powers united, was hardly to be expected from one man, and that man proſcribed by the laws of his country on account of his political principles, juſt diſmiſſed from a priſon, and permitted to be at reſt from farther puniſhment under the protection of his ſuppoſed inſignificance.

Such a man and hero was Jeremy Collier, whom Dr Johnſon calls "a fierce and implacable Nonjuror." He appears to have ſtudied the hiſtory of ancient ſtages, and by comparing them with the modern was inclined to give the preference to the former, on account of their decency, and the moral tendency of their plays. Not ſatisfied with this conſequence of his reſearches, which would have left the matter where he found it, he began to examine the plays of Dryden, Congreve, Vanburgh

burgh and D'Urfey, with an attention which he had not before beſtowed, and ſelecting thoſe parts which were objectionable on the ſcore of delicacy, impiety and blaſphemy, he put them together, intermixed with a ſeries of ſhrewd and ſarcaſtic remarks. Theſe he publiſhed in a volume, entitled, "A ſhort View of the Prophaneneſs and Immorality of the Engliſh ſtage," printed 1698.

The firſt chapter is entitled, "The Immodeſty of the Stage," proved by various examples from the authors of the time. To theſe he adds a variety of examples from Plautus, Terence, Seneca, Æſchylus, Sophocles, Euripedes, &c. to prove that the Roman and Greek ſtages were more inoffenſive than the Engliſh; and concludes with quoting authorities from Ben Johnſon, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Corneille, againſt the preſent ſtage. To prove all this was certainly not difficult, perhaps not neceſſary; but Collier wiſely thought that if he did not ſhow himſelf to be maſter of the ancients as well as the moderns, he would not appear in a light ſo formidable to his antagoniſts. He wiſhed by a diſplay of learned reading to avert the contempt of his enemies, and convince them that he was no declaimer.

In his *ſecond Chapter*, he takes a view of the prophaneneſs of the ſtage, under the heads of curſing, ſwearing, improper alluſions to Holy Scripture, and abuſe of religion. The inſtances he brings in proof are from the Orphan, Old Batchelor, Double Dealer, Don Sebaſtian, Love Triumphant, Love for Love, Provoked Wife, &c. and are in general ſo convincing as to require only to be pointed out. If they were cenſured upon the ſtage, why were they ſtill retained? If not, their direct tendency is, beyond a doubt, unfriendly to piety and morality, and an inſult to Chriſtianity. He concludes this chapter with the Comparative Regularity of the Heathen ſtage in this reſpect, but this was not wanted; and as he has made the compariſon, it amounts to nothing, ſince our knowledge of the religion of the heathens is as imperfect as ſome may deem it uſeleſs; and had this compariſon ended very differently, his arguments would not have ſuffered. Collier, however, thought it neceſſary to grace his approaching triumph with every poſſible decoration. How this was finally effected, ſhall be the ſubject of my next paper.

CURIOUS LETTER.

The following anſwer was given to a gentleman who lately aavertiſed for a wife, which, from its ſingularity we inſert, under the aſſurance of its being real.

"Dear Sir,

I FIND by the newſpapers of Tueſday, that you want a wife; now I want a huſband very much; and as you elegantly expreſs it, my heart has been "panting" for one ever ſince I was fifteen, and I am now twenty.

As for the qualifications you deſire in the happy ſhe who is to be your partner for life, I do not poſſeſs them all; but perhaps you will overlook the few I do not, in conſideration of the many I do poſſeſs in a great degree, which you have not mentioned, ſuch as baking, waſhing, clear-ſtarching, &c. &c.

But let me ſee, I'll anſwer theſe you ſpeak of one by one.

In the firſt place, I neither ſpeak Dutch, French, nor any other outlandiſh tongue; for, as my father always ſays, "one tongue is enough "for any woman;" but for Engliſh, I would not turn my back on e'er a woman in the city of London.

For my perſon, I am exactly what you term "a buxom girl;" and I can aſſure you am not a little admired on a Sunday at Bagnigge Wells, by all the ſpruce linen drapers, haberdaſhers, hair-dreſſers, and common councilmen that reſort to that polite place of amuſement, and exclaim as I paſs them, "Faith ſhe is a bouncer!" By this you will find I am none of your little ſkinny dabs, but a hale, ſtout, fat, good-looking wench. I hope you are not ſo unfaſhionable as to like thin women?—they are quite out,—no ſuch thing worn by men of faſhion! I was once as thin as the beſt of 'em; but no ſooner did I learn that fat women were the *ton*, than I drank warm porter from morning till night; by ſo doing, I have made myſelf of as comfortable a ſize as you would wiſh to ſee, being, I dare ſay, not leſs than a yard round the bottom of the waiſt, the reſt in proportion, for I am ſymmetry itſelf.

My hand and arm (by which you ſay you are to judge of my *other limbs*) are very well made, though rather upon the reddiſh hue, owing to my having a good deal of hard work to do, for we keep no ſervants; my father ſays, there is no occaſion, being ſo many idle women in the houſe, that is, Bett, Nan, Peg, and I; ſo we do the work of the houſe week about, by which means, as I ſaid before, my hand is not ſo white as might be; but when I come to have nothing to do but ride in a carriage, and go to the tour of Europe, I doubt not in a little time it will get white as a lilly.

I don't know what like Mrs. Hebe's cheeks may be, for, to my knowledge, I never ſaw her, perhaps ſhe is an Eaſt Indian lady? Be that as it may, this I will make bold to ſay, I have got as red a face as any woman in the county of Middleſex, and I never uſed any paint in my life.

My eyes are very good, and when I am in a paſſion (which happens very often) they ſparkle like diamonds! At other times they are as harmleſs a pair of eyes as ever were ſtuck in a head.

My teeth are not naturally white, on the contrary, they are naturally black; but nevertheleſs my breath is as ſweet as a cowſlip; and when I have as much money to ſpend as I like, (which I ſuppoſe will be the caſe when I come to be Mrs Quild——) I can buy Olympian dew, the balm of lillies, animal magnetiſm, and a thouſand other fine things, which will ſoon make them as white as a curd, I warrant you.

You ſay you don't expect a ſhilling with the lady—That quite ſuits me! for I can tell you I have not a ſhilling in the world, except a bent ſixpence with a hole through it, which was given me by my only brother as a keep-ſake, when he went into Eſſex to ſet up for a ſchoolmaſter. I always wear it round my neck, tied to a black ribbon, and as it hangs down within-ſide my ſtays, I dare ſay is often taken for the picture of ſome favourite ſwain. Let 'em think ſo if they will, ſo much the better, why ſhould not I hang out falſe colours as well as my betters? There is a great deal of deceit in this town; and, as ſomebody ſays, "all is not gold that glitters."

So now I have told you all; and if you have not a mind to take me, I beg you will keep this letter a great ſecret, as I have a notion Billy Nimble, the ſmart toyſhop-man, has a ſneaking kindneſs for me; and if he knew that I writ to any man, he might ſcorn me. Now if you won't have me, I ſhall lay all the irons in the fire to catch him. True I ſhall not live in ſuch brilliancy with him as with you; but nevertheleſs, he is a hard working, money getting young man, and we might live tolerably comfortable; beſides, I'd rather

ther marry our porter (who is crooked, and deformed) than die an old maid.

" So pray, dear Mr Quild—, don't ſpoil my market, and be like the dog in the manger, neither eat yourſelf nor let others eat.

" Nothing now remains to be ſaid, but that I beg you will anſwer this, and let me know in the news-paper you put your advertiſement in, how it is directed, and where to ſend for it, as that is the genteeleſt, as well as the moſt ſecret way; beſides, without you ſend it by that vehicle, it will never meet my yes; for ſhould it come by the penny-poſt, there's my father, Bett, Nan, or any of 'em, would no more mind opening it than I ſhould ſwallowing an oyſter, and mayhap, of burning it afterwards, without my ever ſeeing it; for though I'm oldeſt, they can't abide that I ſhould have a ſweet-heart before they. Therefore, you ſee it is neceſſary to anſwer it in the news-paper, if you mean to anſwer it at all; it is to be ſure an expenſive mode of conveyance; but what is four or five ſhillings to a man poſſeſſed of *one hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds!* Oh, dear! what a ſum! I queſtion if the Lord Mayor is worth as much!

If we like one another upon a longer acquaintance, I will, in my next, appoint a place to meet you.

" In the mean time,

" I remain your humble ſervant,

" To command,

Biſhopſgate-ſtreet. " POLLY B—

Proceedings of the French National Confederation; in Letters from an Engliſh Gentleman who was preſent.

PARIS, July 14, *Ten o'Clock at Night.*

I HAVE juſt time to give you the following ſketch of this day's important buſineſs:—To-morrow you ſhall have the particulars at large.

The proceſſion ſet out at eight o'clock preciſely, from the Gate of St Martin, and paſſed the Boulevards, through the ſtreets of St Dennis, &c. to the Place of Louis XV. where they were joined by the National Aſſembly and the King; whence they proceeded to the Field of Mars, (but which is henceforth to be called the Field of Confederation) through the triumphal arch, having previouſly paſſed the bridge of boats.

This extenſive train conſiſted of Citizens of all ranks and ages, of the National Aſſembly, and the KING, who had pledged himſelf to accompany his ſubjects; and was arranged in the following order:

1. A detachment of the Pariſian National Guard on horſeback, with a numerous band of muſic.

2. The Citizens of Paris, who had been appointed Electors in April 1789.

3. A detachment of the Pariſian National Guard on foot, with muſic.

4. The 240 Citizens of Paris, choſen in Auguſt 1789.

5. The City Drums.

6. One hundred and twenty Citizens of Paris, choſen by the ſixty diſtricts to conduct the feſtival, accompanied by the Preſidents of the Diſtricts.

7. Sixty Adminiſtrateurs Proviſoires of the city of Paris.

8. Monſieur the Mayor of Paris, followed by.

9. The Guards and Muſic of Paris, forming a train of 160 Deputies of the Commonalty, ſixty Preſidents, and other officers attendant on the Mayor.

10—11. THE KING:—on his right hand the Preſident of the National Aſſembly, attended by all the Members of that body; preceded by the Heralds at Arms, ſurrounded with the colours of ſixty battalions of the Pariſian National Guard, and followed by his Majeſty's body guard.

12. One hundred infants, in their mother's arms, decorated with national cockades. The women took the civic oath in behalf of their children, and alſo pledged themſelves to train up their offſpring to good order, and in the moſt inviolable and boundleſs attachment to their *Country*, their *Conſtitution*, and *King*.

13. This affecting group was ſucceeded by a body of 400 children, from eight to ten years of age, dreſſed uniformly

formly, attended by muſic, and carrying banners, inſcribed, "*The Hope of the People.*"

After theſe followed an innumerable train of Citizens, of various profeſſions, preceded by bands of muſic. The train was cloſed by a detachment of the National Troops on horſeback, and two regiments of foot.

All the Deputies and Members of this Feſtival were preſented with a Medal, deſigned and executed by M. Gatteau, repreſenting, on one ſide, the *Genius of France* ſtanding before the Patriotic Altar—her right hand on the Book of the Conſtitution, and in her left a bundle of hoſtile weapons; at the foot of the altar ſtands *Public Tranquility*, with her attributes; and behind her, a flag, on the point of which is elevated the *Cap of Liberty*; on the upper part, Truth appears deſcending from Heaven. The reverſe contains, as an exergue, "*Confederation des Francois, Paris* XIV. *Juillet* M,DCC XC.

At eleven o'clock a ſolemn high maſs was performed; after which his Majeſty took the Federal Oath to the new Conſtitution. In the courſe of ſix minutes the whole of this multitudinous aſſembly joined in the ſame ſolemn ſanction; and the ceremony concluded with a grand Te Deum.

The feſtivities of the day then commenced—but of theſe it is impoſſible to give any adequate idea.

JULY 15.

The great day is over, having in all reſpects exceeded the moſt extravagant expectations, and being rendered, by the good management of the conductors, and the good diſpoſition of the people, as regular, as orderly, and as peaceable in the aſſemblage of the immenſe concourſe—in their behaviour when collected—in their retiring from it, and walking home after the ceremony was finiſhed, as you ever experienced at a Theatre; or the compariſon would be much more appropriate if I were to ſay a *Church!*

The people began to aſſemble and ſeat themſelves in the Champ de Mars between ten and eleven o'clock the night before, and were coming in ſmall parties till day break, when they began to increaſe, and from three till nine o'clock they poured in at all the great avenues, where parties of cavalry compoſed of the Paris National Guards cautioned them as they entered, not to hurry, but take time, for there was room for all. I muſt obſerve, that 4000 of the Paris Guards were ſtationed without the circle, and 2000 within, at ten o'clock the preceding night, to preſerve order.

Tickets of two deſcriptions had been prepared; one to admit to ſeats immediately connected with thoſe of the National Aſſembly, the King, the Commons or Electors, &c. and the other to admit to the common places round the circle; but great as the number prepared was, the diſtribution was found unlikely to give ſatisfaction, and it was therefore reſolved to declare the common tickets altogether uſeleſs, and that every body would be admitted without.

I was ſo fortunate as to get one of the tickets that admitted to the firſt deſcription of ſeats, and it obtained for me a place in the very beſt poſſible ſituation, where I had an immediate and cloſe obſervation of all that paſſed under and near the Grand Pavilion, which contained all that was intereſting of character; and with the altar, which was erected in the centre of the immenſe circle, formed the great ſcene of action. By the aſſiſtance of an excellent glaſs, I commanded all that was done at the Altar, and felt no ſmall pleaſure in reflecting, that ſeparate as the objects were, I was thus enabled to obſerve all their progreſs in the compleateſt manner poſſible. When I arrived, which was about ſix o'clock, thouſands, and tens of thouſands were collected; and about ten all the ſeats were completely occupied.

Such of the Pariſian and other of the National Guards as were not neceſſary to the proceſſion, were aſſembled in the great circle; and all the early part of the morning, and during every ſuſpence of the proceedings, they afforded infinite gratification to the ſpectators, by forming vaſt dancing circles, marching triumphantly to the beat of drums, in immenſe parties, with their caps and hats on the points of their ſwords, forming adverſe battalions and making ſham fights, &c. ſometimes almoſt frantic with joy, running in looſe numbers and

in

in all directions, flouriſhing their ſwords and exclaiming, *Vive la Liberte! Vive la Loi! Vive le Roi! Vive la Confederation Nationale! Vive mon Frere!* embracing each other, and the ſpectators alſo, who ſat in the front rows.

One of them perſonating a *Victim* to *Tyranny*, was carried with great ſolemnity to a marked ſpot, where the body was laid, and made the occaſion for their more firmly uniting, which was teſtified by a variety of actions.

Having got an Abbe within the circle, they put a grenadier's cap on him, and a muſket in his hand, and marched him all round it; and in like manner alſo, they entertained us with a Capuchin Friar;——thus, in various ways, filling up the time, and amuſing the ſpectators as well as themſelves.

At ſeven o'clock in the morning, the Crucifix was placed on the Great Altar.

A little before nine, an advanced body of the Prieſts appeared upon the altar, and immediately began to attire, each tying round his waiſt a ſaſh of the National Colours, and decorating the Crucifix, and various parts of the altar, with ribbons of the ſame.

At half paſt ten, a very grand proceſſion of more than 100 Prieſts, among whom the Biſhop of Autun officiated as principal, proceeded in a double line, ſupported by a ſtrong body of the National Troops, from the Grand Pavilion to the Altar, carrying with them the Tables with the Commandments, and the ſacred Books: as ſoon as they aſcended the altar, they began the ceremony of conſecrating it.

A few minutes before twelve, a grand *feu de joye* announced the near approach of the proceſſion to the Triumphal Arch; and the Guards, hitherto giving a looſe to their liberty, prepared to form into ranks for their reception. The file appointed to line the paſſage from the great circle up to the Pavilion, tending by their ſtanding ſo much nearer the upper part than was neceſſary, to intercept the view of the people, they called out vociferouſly for them to retire, ſaying, "Whom d'ye want to guard there? the King? we'll guard him!"—They ſoon drew lower down, and all was peace.

At half paſt twelve, the leading party of the proceſſion, (excluſive of the National Guards, who preceded, and who fell back as they entered the circle) conſiſting of the Citizens of Paris, who were nominated Electors in April 1789, advanced and took their ſeats, while another *feu de joye* was firing; and ſoon after, the Citizens choſen Electors in Auguſt 1789.

Theſe were followed by the 120 Citizens, choſen by the Sixty Diſtricts, to do the honours of the Fete, accompanied alſo by the Preſidents of the Sixty Diſtricts.

Then came the Sixty Proviſionary Adminiſtrators of the city of Paridiates, whoſe party was immediately accompanied by the Mayor.

At one o'clock, Monſieur la FAYETTE, heading a body of cavalry, and himſelf mounted on a beautiful *milkwhite charger*, rode up to the upper part of the circle, amidſt the united acclamations of the people, and the cry of *Vive la Fayette!*

A conſiderable ſpace of time was now occupied in bringing up and forming the remainder of the proceſſion; during which Monſieur la Fayette was exceedingly attentive in his directions to the preſervation of that order and propriety, which it ſeemed to be every one's wiſh to render perfect.

At three o'clock, the ſignal was made for conducting the Eighty Three Confederation Banners to the Altar, for the purpoſe of being conſecrated, which was done with all imaginable ſolemnity.

Upon the ſame ſignal, the QUEEN (with her attendants) alſo made her appearance, in a partitioned place immediately behind the King's chair, having the Dauphin with her, whom ſhe placed on her knee: ſhe was tolerably well received, and the Dauphin much applauded. The Queen looked divinely: was moſt becomingly dreſſed; her cap decorated with pearls, a pearl necklace, and pearl ear-rings.—No *diamonds!*

As ſoon as ſhe was ſeated, the KING entered, and took his Chair of State, which was fixed upon a line with a leſſer chair, upon which the Preſident of the National Aſſembly ſat; from the top of the King's State Chair, the Crown had been removed, and the Cap of Liberty ſubſtituted in its place! He was ſuperbly dreſſed, in an uncommonly rich ſuit of gold tiſſue, and appeared to be in good ſpirits. He with great familiarity, directed his converſation to the Pre-

Preſident, and it drew forth continual burſts of applauſe.

At forty minutes after three, the concluſion of the ceremony of conſecrating the Banners was announced, by a heavy diſcharge of artillery. Theſe Banners are a preſent from the city of Paris to the 83 Provincial Diſtricts, and conſiſt of two branches, forming an oak wreath, tied together with the national colour ribbon, inſcribed within the wreath, "CONFEDERATION NATIONALE;" and under it the number of the department to which belongs, and the date of that day, "July 14, 1790."

The Banners having rejoined their ſeveral ſtations, the great body of the National Guards, who hitherto had lined the extreme of the inner circle, now formed on each ſide a half circle, from the foot of the pavilion ſteps to the altar; the enſigns of each of the Sixty Paris Diſtricts, all of which are extremely beautiful, and various in their devices, being firſt marched up to the front of the pavilion, and ſaluting as they paſſed it.

At half paſt four, the Confederation Oath was read at the altar, and all the Deputies holding out their hands in an horizontal direction, cried out, "*Je le jure*—I ſwear it."

M. de la Fayette then diſmounted from his charger, and walked uncovered up to the King's Chair, where the oath being read, he, in the name of the National Guards, and with his right hand extended, as before deſcribed, and looking ſtedfaſtly at the altar, repeated the words, "*Je le jure*," the Guards all repeating it after him.

At forty-three minutes paſt four, the Preſident of the National Aſſembly, riſing from his ſeat, and advancing to the front of the level on which the National Aſſembly were ſeated, fixing his eyes on the altar, heard the oath; and, with great dignity, extended his arm, and pronounced the words, "*Je le jure*," which were repeated alſo by the Aſſembly.

At forty-five minutes paſt four, the KING aroſe, and waiting till every thing was ſilent, read very audibly, and with infinite majeſty of manner, the oath aſſigned to him, which tranſlates as follows:

"I the KING of the FRENCH,
"ſwear to the Nation, to make uſe
"of all the powe that is delegated
"to me by the conſtitutional Law
"of the State, in maintaining the
"Conſtitution, and cauſing the
"Laws to be put in execution."

And as ſoon as he had read it, he, as the reſt had done, extended his arm, looked ſtedfaſtly at the altar, and pronounced, "*Je le jure;*" and immediately the ſhouts of near half a million of people, the clattering of 50,000 ſwords, the waving of 143 banners and enſigns, and the diſcharge of an immenſe line of artillery, excited feelings which words cannot expreſs, and of which the human imagination, unaided by a view of the grand and glorious ſcene, can form no adequate conception. The awful and unbroken ſtillneſs maintained during the adminiſtration of each oath, no doubt, rendered the aſtoniſhing acclamation, which followed, more forcible than they otherwiſe would have been in their effects; but it altogether made an impreſſion upon the mind, which though the human faculties are utterly unable to convey a ſenſe of, will retain its wonderful force, till recollection is no more.

The King almoſt immediately went away; the people followed; and every body walked home in the ſame manner they walked there, without crouding or inconvenience of any kind. In an hour the place was cleared.

At night, a very peaceable illumination took place, with a fire-work at the Town Hall; and to-day this city is as tranquil as your own.

The weather was gloomy, and ſome very heavy ſhowers fell; but the place was covered with umbrellas, and very few were inconvenienced by it. During all the more important parts of the ceremony, the weather was uncommonly ſerene.

The order which forbid any carriages, except the King's, from appearing in the ſtreets, contributed more than any thing to the orderly approach and return of the company.

JULY 16.

The early hour of the poſt's departure hence in the morning, prevented my reviſing the laſt account I ſent you; or, by rendering it a little more correct and more

more ample, I ſhould have made it unneceſſary to trouble you with this ſupplement.

I am not ſure that I deſcribed the *conſecration* of the Confederation Banners to have been performed during the *grand maſs*, of which ceremony it formed a part; and as ſoon as that was finiſhed, a grand *Te Deum* was performed, accompanied by upwards of 2000 muſicians, including 300 drums, and the muſic of the ſeveral regiments who were placed on the large platform which compoſed the firſt elevation of ground ſurrounding the altar.—There were four double drums and a great number of ſerpents, to ſtrengthen the baſs. The muſic was by GOSSEC, and extremely grand in its effect. It was immediately preceding the Conſecration of the Banners that a ſignal was given, which led to the entrance of the King, the Queen, &c. and the adminiſtration of the oaths.

The proceſſion through the city, and to the Champ de Mars was moſt magnificent, both in its appearance and effect. The houſes, which are moſtly ſix, ſeven, and eight ſtory high, were crouded at every window and covered upon every roof. The acclamations and the appropriate expreſſions with which each ſeparate body was received, and greeted as they paſſed, excited an abundance of feelings; and in the flow of joy, its ecſtacy was frequently manifeſted by involuntary *burſts of tears!* All the ſtreets through which it paſſed, and all the way to the Champ de Mars, were lined on each ſide with three rows of the National Guards, between whom and the houſes, &c. there were five, ſix, and ſeven rows of citizens, arranged in the greateſt order.

The number of ſpectators in the city of Paris and the Champ de Mars, added to thoſe who compoſed the proceſſion, is eſtimated at a million and a half!

As ſoon as the company was diſperſed from the Champ de Mars, the Provincial Deputies retired to an entertainment prepared for them by the National Guards of the ſixty Paris diſtricts, at LA MUETTE, where they found 15,000 covers laid, and an ample ſupply of wine, which many others partook of, and amongſt them ſome of our own countrymen, whoſe example, as the ſenior ſons of liberty, was readily followed up by her younger children, and ſome of them ſacrificed ſo copiouſly to the jolly god, as to be ſcarcely able to join in the general cry of *Vive la Liberte.*

Though the number of Deputies from the ſeveral Provincial Guards was limited, there was not a ſingle place that did not afford alſo a liberal ſupply of viſitors; from Nantz, for inſtance, the number of Deputies were 50, but they were accompanied by upwards of 400 viſitors; and ſo it was from every other province, which contributed greatly to the increaſe of numbers.

Scaffolds and immenſe crouds covered alſo the villas and the gardens upon the high grounds of the elegant villages of Chaillot and Paſſy, and all the country round that quarter, which is oppoſite to, and commands a complete view of the Champ de Mars, riſing gradually from the oppoſite bank of the Seine to a conſiderable height, and of great extent.

In my yeſterday's account, I mentioned that ſeveral heavy ſhowers fell in the courſe of the day; but I believe it eſcaped me to particularize, that one of the moſt tremendous I ever witneſſed, poured down in torrents a few minutes after the Biſhops, the Almoners, and the Clerical Hoſt, had taken their ſtations upon the altar; where, expoſed on an eminence, they had to ſuſtain its fury, and muſt have been drenched to the ſkin; but this, which laſted about a quarter of an hour, and another as ſevere, which fell almoſt half an hour after, and laſted about twenty minutes, they ſtood with the utmoſt fortitude, and kept their ſtations near ſix hours after. The ſpectators had their umbrellas, and the Guardes Nationale, in the great circle, danced away the effects of theſe ſhowers; the poor Prieſts alone had to bear its force, without any means of ſhelter or relief.

On Sunday morning next, the KING is to review all the troops of the line, and the National Guards, in the Champ de Mars, which is unqueſtionably the fineſt theatre in the world for ſuch a ſpectacle, affording raiſed ſeats for near three hundred and fifty thouſand ſpectators, where they ſit as conveniently as in the boxes of a playhouſe.

All the theatres and places of amuſement are this day opened *gratis*,

and all admitted free who chuſe to go to them!

On the ſide of the bridge of boats, along which the proceſſion paſſed, were the following inſcriptions:

"Under our preſent defender, the poor ſhall no longer tremble for the ſafety of their inheritance. The ſtrength of the great—the power of the wealthy—ſhall not tear it from them."

"Our country now, and its law, are the ſole authority that can call us to arms, and we will die in its defence, for we only live to preſerve it."

On the triumphal arch were the following:

"Devoted to the grand work of the conſtitution, we ſhall perfect it."

"We will no longer dread you, petty tyrants! you, who oppreſſed us under an hundred different names."

"The Rights of Man were deſpiſed for ages—they have been re-eſtabliſhed for all men—the King of free people is alone powerful."

"You cheriſh that liberty—you poſſeſs it—ſhew yourſelves worthy of preſerving it!"

The grand Altar of Liberty was erected in the middle of the field. The approach to it was up a lofty flight of ſteps, compoſed of four different ſtair-caſes. The ſteps were formed from the ſtone of the Baſtile, and ſupported by large pillars.

About the altar were painted ſeveral allegorical deſigns on the ſubject of the day. Four grand paintings were hung, one on each front of it:

The firſt repreſented the Genius of France, pointing to the word Conſtitution, with a picture of Plenty, holding two *cornucopias*.

The ſecond painting deſcribed ſome of the glorious deſcendants of France, blowing the trumpet of Fame, and bearing this inſcription:

"Hold in your remembrance theſe three ſacred words, which are the guarantee of your decrees—the NATION, the LAW, and the KING. The Nation is yourſelves—the Law is your own, for it is your will—and the King is the Guardian of the Law."

The third painting repreſented the National Deputies taking the Civic Oath; and the fourth deſcribed the Arts and Sciences, with the following underneath:

"Men are equal—It is their virtue, and not their birth, which diſtinguiſhes them."

"The Law ought to form the baſis of every State; in its preſence all men are equal."

Myrrh and frankincenſe were burnt in large urns about the altar: the form of it was round, the cieling painted of ſky blue, and was ornamented with large chandeliers. At the end of it was placed the Sword of Juſtice.

ANSWER OF THE KING OF THE FRENCH,

To the Federative Deputies of the Eighty Three Departments of the National Guards, at the Thuilleries, on the 13th inſtant, the Day before the Feſtival.

"I receive, with much ſenſibility, the teſtimonies of love and attachment which you give me, in the name of the National Guards, united in all parts of France. May the ſolemn day, on which you are to renew in common your oath to the Nation, paſs over without diſſenſion, and may it ſerve to ſtrengthen the calm, and eſtabliſh the reign of the laws, and of liberty, throughout the realm!

"Defenders of the public peace, of the laws and of liberty! conſider that your firſt duty is the maintenance of order, and obedience to the laws; that the benefits of a free conſtitution ought to be equal to all; that the more free we are, the more ſerious become offences againſt the liberty and property of others—the more criminal become acts of violence and outrage, when they are not ommitted by command.

"Report to your fellow-citizens, that I wiſh I could ſpeak to them all as I ſpeak to you here. Tell them that their KING is their Father, their Brother, their Friend—that he cannot be happy but in their welfare—great but in their glory—powerful but in their liberty—rich but in their proſperity—and that he can only ſuffer in their afflictions. Above all, make known the words, or rather the ſentiments of my heart, in the humble COTTAGES, and in the RETREATS of the unfortunate. Tell them, that though I cannot go along with you to their aſylums, I wiſh to do ſo; and that both in my affection, and by the laws which

are

are the protection of the feeble, *I will watch over them.* Say, in fine, to the different provinces of my kingdom, that the more that circumſtances will permit me to fulfil the wiſh I have formed of viſiting them with my family, the happier will it make my heart."

Account of the German Tragedy, Les Voleurs. By Henry Mackenzie, Eſq; F R. S. Edinburgh.

(Concluded from page 460.)

SUbdued by the tenderneſs of the recollection which this ſcene expreſſes, Charles viſits his native caſtle in diſguiſe; he finds his father dead, his brother Francis in poſſeſſion of his inheritance, and his miſtreſs ready to take the veil. After yielding for a while to thoſe ſofter feelings which the ſcenes of his infancy recal, he recollects the outcaſt abandonment of his own ſituation, makes himſelf known, at the inſtant of parting, to his Amelia, and flies to rejoin his deſperate aſſociates.

In this ſituation of things, the fourth act commences. The ſcene is of that ſavage kind, which prepares the imagination for the horrors to enſue. 'Tis night; and the remains of the band are aſſembled on a deſert heath, near to the ruins of an ancient tower, round which the winds whiſtle, and the owl ſhrieks. They had watched three days and nights of danger and alarm, and all, except their unhappy chief, whom remorſe and anguiſh keep awake, yield to their fatigue, and lay themſelves on the ground to ſleep. Moor remains alone, and walks to and fro, like the ſovereign ſpirit of the night, revolving in his troubled, but daring ſoul, this world and the next. In this world, he has now nothing left to hope, and he looks, with deſperate calmneſs, on the dark and unknown gulph of that to come. His ſoliloquy is of that ſublime and broken ſort which expreſſes the agitation of a great but erring mind, yielding to remorſe for crimes which have ſtained his life, but not corrupted his ſoul, and left him, amidſt the outrages of violence and vice, the ſentiments and the ſufferings of virtue and of feeling. After a pauſe of gloomy meditation, he breaks out in the following words, (to my tranſlation of which the Society will afford the indulgence I formerly ſolicited.)

——" A long long night! on " which no morning will ever dawn! " Think ye that Moor will tremble? " Shades of the victims of this aſſaſ- " ſinating ſword! I ſee your bleed- " ing wounds, I look on your livid " lips, and hear the laſt agonizing " groans they breathe, but I tremble " not. Theſe are but links of that " eternal chain, which he who ſits in " yonder heaven holds in his hand. " He ſtamped theſe horrors on my " deſtiny. Even amidſt the inno- " cent, the happy days of my unful- " lied infancy, his eye ſaw them, and " ſealed them on my fate! *(he draws " a piſtol).* The barrier betwixt e- " ternity and time, this little inſtru- " ment can burſt, and then—Thou " dread unknown! whither wilt thou " lead? where wilt thou place me? " If thou leav'ſt me this conſcious " ſelf, 'tis that muſt create my heaven " or my hell. Amidſt the waſte of " a world which thine anger hath de- " ſtroyed, I can people the ſilent void " with thought. Or wilt thou, in " new and untried ſtates, lead me " through various miſery to nothing? " Thou mayeſt annihilate my being; " but while this ſoul is left, will not " its freedom and its force remain? " 'Tis equal where, *(putting up his " piſtol)* I will not now ſhrink from " the ſufferings of the preſent, the " deſtiny of Moor ſhall be fulfil- " led."

He is ſilent, he hears the tread of approaching feet, and preſently a figure glides before him, and knocks at the grated wicket of the tower. The figure ſpeaks, "Riſe, man of ſorrow, "inhabitant of the tower, thy re-"paſt is here." A feeble voice anſwers from the dungeon within, "Herman, is it thou? Bring'ſt thou, "like the prophet's raven, his food "to a lingering wretch, that lives by "the crumbs which thy pity affords "him?" Moor, who had ſhrunk back in amazement, now advances, and deſires the man to ſtop. That man is Herman. He draws his ſword; but is almoſt inſtantly diſarmed. "What art thou, ſays the aſtoniſh-"ed Herman, whoſe touch withers "like that of death? Art thou the "demon of this horrid place; the "ſpirit of this murderous tower?" "I am, ſays Moor; the exterminа-"ting angel is my name; and yet "I have fleſh and bones like thee. "But what wretch is in that tower? "I will burſt his chains." He draws from his pocket the paſs-keys which his profeſſion employs; he opens the tower; the ſkeleton figure of a famiſhed wretch creeps from the dungeon—"Horrible phantom?" ſays the aſtoniſhed Moor, in a low and ſtilled voice, "my father!"

It is his father whom the inhuman Francis (taking advantage of the long faint into which the account of his ſon's death had thrown him) had buried alive in the dungeon of the tower. When Charles is informed of this, and his other treacheries, by Herman, the penitent aſſociate of his villiany, he wakes the band, and in the rage of filial revenge, diſpatches one of the boldeſt of his troop to force the caſtle of his brother, and bring him alive before him. The old man is ſtill ignorant of his deliverer's being his ſon, and waits, terrified and weak, the diſcloſing of this myſtery of juſtice and of vengeance.

The laſt act opens with a ſcene in the caſtle of the guilty *Francis*, who is now in poſſeſſion of the county of *Moor*. He is exhibited in all the diſmay and diſtraction of awakened remorſe. After ſome incoherent dialogue (wrought up with the liveleſt circumſtances of guilty terror) with a ſervant, who had watched his ſleep, and followed him, when he had ſtarted from his bed, into the ſaloon of the caſtle, they are told by a frightened domeſtic, that a troop of horſemen are approaching at a gallop with terrifying ſhouts. The Count is petrified by his guilty fears, and cannot give orders for defence. His followers, however, for a while diſpute the paſſage of the band, till the caſtle is ſet on fire. Its maſter is ſtill more loſt in the horrors of his ſituation: and, after an unavailing requeſt to his ſervants, to ſave him from the vengeance of his enemies, by putting him to death, is left alone amidſt the approaching flames, wiſhing to die, yet dreading death, till he hears the thunder of the band at the gate, which ſhakes, burſts, and the entering foe ſeizes him alive, and carries him off, according to the command of his captain.

The ſcene changes to the heath, where *Moor* and his old father are diſcovered amidſt the war of contending feelings with which the ſon is torn. He often reſolves to diſcloſe himſelf to his father; but the conſciouſneſs of his fallen and abandoned ſtate withholds him. The poet has contrived, by placing the father and ſon in this particular ſituation, to infuſe into this ſcene a degree of tenderneſs which melts the heart, mixed with a horror that chills the imagination. When the old man complains that he has now no ſon to cloſe his eyes, his ſon throws himſelf on the neck of his father, yet is unable to diſcover that this wretch

wretch, this robber, this aſſaſſin, is his *Charles*. At that moment, a diſtant noiſe is heard, and preſently the dim gleam of torches begins to illumine the ſcene around them, the glare of the ſight increaſes; the voices are heard more near; the accaſtomed muſic of their ſavage triumph ſounds; and the faithful band of *Moor*, true to their commiſſion of vengeance, bring the criminal *Francis* chained before his father and his brother. It is impoſſible to convey by narrative the horrid ſublimity of the ſituation which this ſcene preſents, or of thoſe expreſſions to which the wounded ſenſibility of *Moor*, wrought up to the moſt inſatiable revenge againſt the author of his father's miſery, and his own, gives birth. The reader could hardly conceive any modern imagination, how pregnant ſoever with tragic terrors, to produce a ſcene that could vie with the dread picture of the fourth act; when he has read the fifth, he will find the horror equalled, and the intereſt ſurpaſſed.

Moor leads the wretched *Francis* before his father. The old man is willing to forgive him; but his brother has devoted him to vengeance. He deſires the band to lead his father to a remote part of the wood; and then, ſettling the fury of his revenge into the terrible ſolemnity of diſpaſſionate juſtice, he places his brother in the midſt of his fierce aſſociates, and deſires them to pronounce ſentence on his crimes. They conſult ſome time together on an adequate puniſhment; and then, felicitating themſelves on the thought, they throw him into the dungeon in which this barbarous parricide had buried his father. The old man is brought in. He feels the yearnings of paternal affection for his guilty ſon, and exclaims againſt the cruelty of his avengers. *Moor* throws himſelf into his arms, and diſcovers to him his favourite, his *Charles*. Juſt then, *Amelia*, who had eſcaped from the caſtle of his brother, enters, and runs to embrace her lover and his father. The father feels all the pleaſure of his ſon and his niece reſtored, and fondly anticipates the felicity they are to enjoy. But *Moor* bids them check the expectation of happineſs, and look only for deſperation and horror. "Your paternal curſe, ſays he, conſigned me "to perdition. Theſe men you ſee "are robbers—your ſon is their "chief." The exhauſted ſtrength of the old man cannot ſtand the ſhock; he expires, in the arms of his ſon. His miſtreſs ſtill ſurvives; and though dumb with terror and grief, folds him in her arms, and ſhew the moſt ardent affection for her *Charles*. Warm in his love, as in every other feeling, *Moor* had doated on her to diſtraction; he forgets himſelf in her embraces, and for a moment thinks he will live and be happy with his *Amelia*. "Come from her arms, cries one of "the boldeſt of his troop, or I will "ſpeak what ſhall freeze your blood." "Think, exclaims another, (while "they level their pieces at his head) "of your vow to be ours for ever. "Ours you are, and heaven nor hell "can win you from us." Their voices rouſe the remembrance of his ſituation. But his ſoul is too proud to yield to threats. "You are murderers, ſays he, and I am your "chief. Down with theſe arms, "and know your maſter." Awed by the ſounds they are accuſtomed to obey, the banditti lower their arms. "To be great, *Moor* muſt be "free. I would not give this triumph for all the elyſium of love. "*(He draws his ſword)*. Call not "that madneſs of which your ſouls "want ſtrength to ſee the grandeur. "The greatneſs of deſpair is above "the ken of wiſdom. On actions "ſuch as this, reflection muſt follow, "not wiſdom pauſe."

He plunges his ſword into the boſom

ſom of *Amelia*. Struck with the barbarous heroiſm of the deed, his aſſociates fall at his feet, acknowledge his unparalleled fidelity, and vow to be his ſlaves for ever. "No, ſays "he, with a determined and petrify-"ing calmneſs; the deſtiny of *Moor* "is accompliſhed. Thus far it was "in human power to go, and thus "far he has gone; but here his "courſe is cloſed, and his genius "cries out, *All is conſummated.*" He diſmiſſes his band, except two favourite officers, with an exhortation to uſe their invincible courage in the ſervice of their country. To theſe two favourites, whoſe ſouls are not ſo deeply tinctured in blood, he bequeaths his paternal domain, and deſires them to leave him, and to devote their future lives to virtue and obedience to the laws. "And I too, he "concludes, will obey the laws; I "will bear the ſterneſt puniſhment "of their decree." And he goes to deliver himſelf up to juſtice.

I have ventured this long and particular account of the tragedy in queſtion, becauſe it appears to me one of the moſt uncommon productions of untutored genius that modern times can boaſt. Confeſſedly irregular and faulty, both in plan and conduct, it were needleſs, and perhaps unfair, to offer any remarks on its defects. But its power over the heart and the imagination muſt be acknowledged. Every body has heard the anecdote of its effects on the ſcholars at the ſchool of *Fribourg*, where it was repreſented ſoon after its firſt appearance. They were ſo ſtruck and captivated with the grandeur of the character of its hero *Moor*, that they agreed to form a band like his in the foreſts of Bohemia, had elected a young nobleman for their chief, and had pitched on a beautiful young lady for his *Amelia*, whom they were to carry off from her parents houſe, to accompany their flight. To the accompliſhment of this deſign, they had bound themſelves by the moſt ſolemn and tremendous oaths; but the conſpiracy was diſcovered by an accident, and its execution prevented.

The energy of this tragedy's effect is not to be wondered at, eſpecially on young minds, whoſe imaginations are readily inflamed by the enthuſiaſm of gigantic enterpriſe and deſperate valour, whoſe ſenſibility is eaſily excited by the ſufferings of a great unhappy mind, and who feel a ſort of dignity and pride in leaving the beaten road of worldly prudence, though the path by which they leave it may ſometimes deviate from moral rectitude. But hence, to ſome parts of an audience, the danger of a drama ſuch as this. It covers the natural deformity of criminal actions with the veil of high ſentiment and virtuous feeling, and thus ſeparates (if I may be pardoned the expreſſion) the *moral ſenſe* from that morality which it ought to produce. This the author has, ſince its firſt publication, been candid enough to acknowledge, and reprobates, in terms perhaps more ſtrong than it deſerves, his own production as of a very pernicious tendency. He has left his native country *Wirtemberg*, from which I believe indeed ſome conſequences of the publication of this tragedy had driven him, and now lives at *Manheim*, where he publiſhes a periodical work, and has written one or two other tragedies, which have a high reputation. If his genius can accommodate itſelf to better ſubjects, and to a more regular conduct of the drama, no modern poet ſeems to poſſeſs powers ſo capable of bending the mind before him, of rouſing its feelings by the elevation of his ſentiments, or of thrilling them with the terrors of his imagination.

In-

Interesting Extracts from *Bruce's Travels.*

(Continued from page 446)

MANY have thought the Queen of Sheba was an Arab. But Saba was a separate state, and the Sabeans a distinct people from the Ethiopians and the Arabs, and have continued so till very lately. We know, from history, that it is a custom among these Sabeans, to have women for their sovereigns in preference to men, a custom which still subsists among their descendents.

——— *Medis levibusque Sabæis,*
Imperat hic sexus Reginarumque sub armis,
Barbariæ pars magna jacet.

CLAUDIAN.

'Her name, the Arabs say, was *Belkis;* the Abyssinians, *Maqueda.* Our Saviour calls her *Queen of the South,* without mentioning any other name, but gives his sanction to the truth of the voyage. "The Queen of the South (or Saba, or Azab) shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here." No other particulars, however, are mentioned about her in scripture; and it is not probable our Saviour would say she came from the uttermost parts of the earth, if she had been an Arab, and had near 50° of the Continent behind her. The gold, the myrrh, cassia, and frankincense, were all the produce of her own country; and the many reasons Pineda gives to shew she was an Arab, more than convince me that she was an Ethiopian or Cushite shepherd.

'A strong objection to her being an Arab, is, that the Sabean Arabs, or Homerites, the people that lived opposite to Azab on the Arabian shore, had kings instead of queens, which latter the shepherds had, and still have. Moreover, the kings of the Homerites were never seen abroad, and were stoned to death if they appeared in public; subjects of this stamp would not very readily suffer their queen to go to Jerusalem, even supposing they had a queen, which they had not.

'Whether she was a Jewess or a Pagan is uncertain: Sabaism was the religion of all the East. It was the constant attendant and stumbling block of the Jews; but considering the multitude of that people then trading from Jerusalem, and the long time it continued, it is not improbable she was a Jewess. "And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions." Our Saviour, moreover, speaks of her with praise, pointing her out as an example to the Jews. And, in her thanksgiving before Solomon, she alludes to *God's blessing* on the *seed* of Israel for ever, which is by no means the language of a Pagan, but of a person skilled in the ancient history of the Jews.

'She likewise appears to have been a person of learning, and that sort of learning which was then almost peculiar to Palestine, not to Ethiopia. For we see that one of the reasons of her coming, was to examine whether Solomon was really the learned man he was said to be. She came to try him in allegories, or parables, in which Nathan had instructed Solomon.

'The learning of the East, and of the neighbouring kings that corresponded with each other, in Palestine and Syria, consisted chiefly in these: "And Joash king of Israel sent to Amaziah king of Judah, saying, The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the

the Cedar that was in Lebanon, ſaying, Give thy daughter to my ſon to wife: and there paſſed by a wild beaſt that was in Lebanon, and trode down the thiſtle."—"Thou ſayeſt, Lo, thou haſt ſmitten the Edomites, and thine heart lifteth thee up to boaſt: abide now at home, why ſhouldeſt thou meddle to thine hurt, that thou ſhouldeſt fall, even thou, and Judah with thee?"

"The annals of Abyſſinia, being very full upon this point, have taken a middle opinion, and by no means an improbable one. They ſay ſhe was a Pagan when ſhe left Azab, but being full of admiration at the ſight of Solomon's works, ſhe was converted to Judaiſm in Jeruſalem, and bore him a ſon, whom ſhe called Menilek, and who was their firſt king. However ſtrongly they aſſert this, and however dangerous it would be to doubt it in Abyſſinia, I will not here aver it for truth, nor much leſs ſtill will I poſitively contradict it, as ſcripture has ſaid nothing about it. I ſuppoſe, whether true or not, in the circumſtances ſhe was, whilſt Solomon alſo, ſo far from being very nice in his choice, was particularly addicted to Idumeans, and other ſtrange women, he could not more naturally engage himſelf in any amour than in one with the queen of Saba, with whom he had ſo long entertained the moſt lucrative connections, and moſt perfect friendſhip, and who, on her part, by ſo long a journey, had ſurely made ſufficient advances.

'The Abyſſinians, both Jews and Chriſtians, believe the xlvth pſalm to be a prophecy of this queen's voyage to Jeruſalem: that ſhe was attended by a daughter of Hiram's from Tyre to Jeruſalem, and that the laſt part contains a declaration of her having a ſon by Solomon, who was to be king over a nation of Gentiles.

'To Saba, or Azab, then ſhe returned with her ſon Menilek, whom, after keeping him ſome years, ſhe ſent back to his father to be inſtructed. Solomon did not neglect his charge, and he was anointed and crowned king of Ethiopia, in the temple of Jeruſalem, and at his inauguration took the name of David. After this he returned to Azab, and brought with him a colony of Jews, among whom were many doctors of the law of Moſes, particularly one of each tribe, to make judges in his kingdom, from whom the preſent Umbares (or ſupreme judges, three of whom always attend the king) are ſaid and believed to be deſcended. With theſe came alſo Azarias, the ſon of Zadok the prieſt, and brought with him a Hebrew tranſcript of the law, which was delivered into his cuſtody, as he bore the title of Nebrit, or high-prieſt; and this charge, though the book itſelf was burnt with the church of Axum in the Mooriſh war of Adel, is ſtill continued, as it is ſaid, in the lineage of Azarias, who are Nebrits, or keepers of the church of Axum, at this day. All Abyſſinia was thereupon converted, and the government of the church and ſtate modelled according to what was then in uſe at Jeruſalem.

'By the laſt act of the queen of Saba's reign, ſhe ſettled the mode of ſucceſſion in her country for the future. Firſt, ſhe enacted, that the crown ſhould be hereditary in the family of Solomon for ever. Secondly, that, after her, no woman ſhould be capable of wearing that crown or being queen, but that it ſhould deſcend to the heir male, however diſtant, in excluſion of all heirs female whatever, however near; and that theſe two articles ſhould be conſidered as the fundamental laws of the kindom, never to be altered or aboliſhed. And, laſtly, That the heirs male of the royal houſe, ſhould always be ſent priſoners to a high mountain, where they were to continue till their death, or till

till the ſucceſſion ſhould open to them.'

'The Abyſſinians,' ſays our author, 'have the ſcriptures entire as we have, and count the ſame number of books; but they divide them in another manner; and both the Old and New Teſtament are but in few hands.

'Many books of the Old Teſtament are forgot. The Revelation of St. John is a piece of favourite reading amongſt them: ſo is the Song of Solomon with their old prieſts, but forbidden to the young ones, to the deacons, laymen, and women. They aſcribe no myſtic meaning to it.

'After the New Teſtament, they place the Conſtitutions of the Apoſtles, which they call *Synnodos*, which, as far as the caſes or doctrines apply, we may ſay, is the written law of the country. Theſe were tranſlated out of the Arabic. They have next a general liturgy, or book of common prayer, beſides ſeveral others peculiar to certain feſtivals, under whoſe names they go. The next is a very large voluminous book, called *Haimanout Abou*, chiefly a collection from the works of different Greek fathers, treating of, or explaining ſeveral hereſies, or diſputed points of faith, in the ancient Greek church. Tranſlations of the works of St. Athanaſius, St. Bazil, St. Chryſoſtome, and St. Cyril, are likewiſe current among them. The two laſt I never ſaw; and only fragments of St. Athanaſius, but they are certainly extant.

'The next is the Synaxar, or the Flos Sanctorum, in which the miracles and lives, or lies of their ſaints, are at large recorded, in four monſtrous volumes in folio, ſtuffed full of fables of the moſt incredible kind. They have a ſaint that wreſtled with the devil in ſhape of a ſerpent nine miles long, threw him from a mountain, and killed him. Another ſaint who converted the devil, who turned monk, and lived in great holineſs for forty years after his converſion, doing penance for having tempted our Saviour upon the mountain: what became of him after they do not ſay. Again, another ſaint, that never ate nor drank from his mother's womb, went to Jeruſalem, and ſaid maſs every day at the holy ſepulchre, and came home at night in the ſhape of a ſtork. The laſt I ſhall mention, was a ſaint, who, being very ſick, and his ſtomach in diſorder, took a longing for partridges; he called upon a brace of them to come to him, and immediately two roaſted partridges came *flying*, and reſted upon his plate, to be devoured. Theſe ſtories are circumſtantially told and vouched by unexceptionable people, and were a grievous ſtumbling-block to the Jeſuits, who could not pretend their own miracles were either better eſtabliſhed, or more worthy of belief.

'There are other books of leſs ſize and conſequence, particularly the Organon Denghel, or the Virgin Mary's Muſical Inſtrument, compoſed by Abba George about the year 1440, much valued for the purity of its language, though he himſelf was an Armenian. The laſt of this Ethiopic library is the book of Enoch. Upon hearing this book firſt mentioned, many literati in Europe had a wonderful deſire to ſee it, thinking that, no doubt, many ſecrets and unknown hiſtories might be drawn from it. Upon this ſome impoſtor, getting an Ethiopic book into his hands, wrote for the title, *The Prophecies of Enoch*, upon the front page of it. M. Pieriſc no ſooner heard of it than he purchaſed it of the impoſtor, for a conſiderable ſum of money: being placed afterwards in Cardinal Mazarine's library, where Mr. Ludolf had acceſs to it, he found it was a Gnoſtic book upon myſteries in heaven and earth, but which mentioned not a word of Enoch or his prophe-

cy, from beginning to end; and from this diſappointment, he takes upon him to deny the exiſtence of any ſuch book any where elſe. This however, is a miſtake; for as a public return for the many obligations I had received from every rank of that moſt humane, polite, and ſcientific nation, and more eſpecially from the ſovereign Louis XVI. I gave to his cabinet a part of every thing curious I had collected abroad; which was received with that degree of conſideration and attention that cannot fail to determine every traveller of a liberal mind to follow my example.

'Amongſt the articles I conſigned to the library at Paris, was a very beautiful and magnificent copy of the prophecies of Enoch, in large quarto; another is amongſt the books of ſcripture which I brought home, ſtanding immediately before the book of Job, which is its proper place in the Abyſſinian canon; and a third copy I have preſented to the Bodleian library at Oxford, by the hands of Dr. Douglas the biſhop of Carliſle. The more ancient hiſtory of that book is well known. The church at firſt looked upon it as apocryphal; and as it was quoted in the book of Jude, the ſame ſuſpicion fell upon that book alſo. For this reaſon, the council of Nice threw the epiſtle of Jude out of the canon, but the council of Trent arguing better, replaced the apoſtle in the canon as before.

'Here we may obſerve the way, that Jude's appealing to the apocryphal books did by no means import, that either he believed or warranted the truth of them. But it was an argument, *a fortiori*, which our Saviour himſelf often makes uſe of, and amounts to no more than this, You, ſays he to the Jews, deny certain facts, which muſt be from prejudice, becauſe you have them allowed in your own books, and believe them there. And a very ſtrong and fair way of arguing it is; but this is by no means any allowance that they are true. In the ſame manner, You, ſays Jude, do not believe the coming of Chriſt and a latter judgment; yet your ancient Enoch, whom you ſuppoſe was the ſeventh from Adam, tells you this plainly, and in ſo many words, long ago. And indeed the quotation is, word for word, the ſame, in the ſecond chapter of the book.

'All that is material to ſay further concerning the book of Enoch is, that it is a Gnoſtic book, containing the age of the Emims, Anakims, and Egregores, ſuppoſed deſcendants of the ſons of God, when they fell in love with the daughters of men, and had ſons who were giants. Theſe giants do not ſeem to have been ſo charitable to the ſons and daughters of men, as their fathers had been. For, firſt, they began to eat all the beaſts of the earth, they then fell upon the birds and fiſhes, and ate them alſo; their hunger being not yet ſatisfied, they ate all the corn, all mens labour, all the trees and buſhes, and, not content yet, they fell to eating the men themſelves. The men (like our modern ſailors with the ſavages) were not afraid of dying, but very much ſo of being eaten after death. At length they cry to God againſt the wrongs the giants had done them, and God ſends a flood which drowns both them and the giants.

'Such is the reparation which this ingenious author has thought proper to attribute to Providence, in anſwer to the firſt, and the beſt founded complaints that were made to him by man. I think this exhauſts about four or five of the firſt chapters. It is not the fourth part of the book; but my curioſity led me no further. The cataſtrophe of the giants, and the juſtice of the cataſtrophe

trophe had full ſatisfied me.

'I cannot but recollect, that when it was known in England that I had preſented this book to the library of the king of France, without ſtaying a few days, to give me time to reach London, when our learned countrymen might have had an opportunity of peruſing at leiſure another copy of this book, Doctor Woide ſet out for Paris, with letters from the ſecretary of ſtate to Lord Stormont, ambaſſador at that court, deſiring him to aſſiſt the doctor in procuring acceſs to my preſent, by permiſſion from his Moſt Chriſtian majeſty. This he accordingly obtained, and a tranſlation of the work was brought over; but, I know not why, it has no where appeared. I fancy Dr. Woide was not much more pleaſed with the conduct of the giants than I was.'

A Narrative of the Mutiny on board his Majeſty's Ship Bounty. Written by Lieut. William Bligh.

IN Auguſt 1787, Lieut. Bligh was appointed to command the Bounty, a ſhip of 215 tons burthen, carrying 4 ſix pounders, 4 ſwivels, and 46 men, Captain included. He ſailed from England in December 1787, and arrived at Otaheite the 26th October 1788 On the 4th of April 1789 he left Otaheite, at which period the following Narrative commences.

I ſailed from Otaheite on the 4th of April 1789, having on board 1015 fine bread-fruit plants, beſides many other valuable fruits of that country, which, with unremitting attention, we had been collecting for three and twenty weeks, and which were now in the higheſt ſtate of perfection.

On the 11th of April I diſcovered an iſland in latitude 18° 52, S. and longitude 20° 19, E. by the natives called Whytootackee. On the 24th, we anchored at Annantooka one of the Friendly Iſlands; from which, after completing our wood and water, I ſailed on the 27th, having every reaſon to expect, from the fine condition of the plants, that they would continue healthy.

On the evening of the 28th, owing to light winds, we not clear of the iſlands, and at night I directed my courſe towards Tofoa. The maſter had the firſt watch; the gunner the middle watch; and Mr Chriſtian, one of the mates, the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

Juſt before ſun-riſing, Mr Chriſtian, with the maſter at arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burket, ſeaman, came into my cabin while I was aſleep, and ſeizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, and threatened me with inſtant death, if I ſpoke or made the leaſt noiſe: I, however, called ſo loud as to alarm every one; but they had already ſecured the officers who were not of their party, by placing centinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, beſides the four within; Chriſtian had only a cutlaſs in his hand, the others had muſkets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my ſhirt, ſuffering great pain from the tightneſs with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reaſon of ſuch violence, but received no other anſwer than threats of inſtant death, if I did not hold my tongue. Mr Elphinſton, the maſter's mate, was kept in his birth; Mr Nelſon, botaniſt, Mr Peckover, gunner, Mr Ledward, ſurgeon, and the maſter, were confined to their cabins; and alſo the clerk, Mr Samuel, but he ſoon obtained leave to come on deck. The fore hatchway was guarded by centinels; the boatſwain and carpenter were, however, allowed to come on deck, where they ſaw me ſtanding abaft the mizen-maſt,

with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Chriſtian at their head.

The boatſwain was now ordered to hoiſt the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it inſtantly, to take care of himſelf.

The boat being out, Mr Hayward and Mr Hallet, midſhipmen, and Mr Samuel, were ordered into it; upon which I demanded the cauſe of ſuch an order, and endeavoured to perſuade ſome one to a ſenſe of duty; but it was to no effect: "Hold your "tongue, Sir, or you are dead this "inſtant," was conſtantly repeated to me.

The maſter, by this time, had ſent to be allowed to come on deck, which was permitted; but he was ſoon ordered back again to his cabin.

I continued my endeavours to turn the tide of affairs, when Chriſtian changed the cutlaſs he had in his hand for a bayonet, that was brought to him, and, holding me with a ſtrong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he with many oaths threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet: the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were now called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the ſide: whence I concluded that with theſe people I was to be ſet adrift.

I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

The boatſwain and ſeamen, who were to go in the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, ſails, cordage, an eight and twenty gallon caſk of water, and the carpenter to take his tool cheſt. Mr Samuel got 150lbs of bread, with a ſmall quantity of rum and wine. He alſo got a quadrant and compaſs into the boat; but was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of aſtronomical obſervations, ſextant, time-keeper, or any of my ſurveys or drawings.

The mutineers now hurried thoſe they meant to get rid of into the boat. When moſt of them were in, Chriſtian directed a dram to be ſerved to each of his own crew. I now unhappily ſaw that nothing could be done to effect the recovery of the ſhip; there was no one to aſſiſt me, and every endeavour on my part was anſwered with threats of death.

The officers were called, and forced over the ſide into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one, abaft the mizen-maſt; Chriſtian, armed with a bayonet, holding me by the bandage that ſecured my hands. The guard round me had their pieces cocked, but, on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them.

Iſaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I ſaw, had an inclination to aſſiſt me, and as he fed me with ſhaddock, (my lips being quite parched with my endeavours to bring about a change) we explained our wiſhes to each other by our looks; but this being obſerved, Martin was inſtantly removed from me; his inclination then was to leave the ſhip, for which purpoſe he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return.

The armourer, Joſeph Coleman, and the two carpenters, M'Intoſh and Norman, were alſo kept contrary to their inclination, and they begged of me, after I was aſtern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the tranſaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewiſe wanted to leave the ſhip.

It is of no moment for me to recount my endeavours to bring back the offenders to a ſenſe of their duty; all I could do was by ſpeaking to them in general; but my endeavours were of no avail, for I was kept ſecurely

curely bound, and no one but the guard ſuffered to come near me.

To Mr Samuel I am indebted for ſecuring my journals and commiſſion, with ſome material ſhip papers. Without theſe I had nothing to certify what I had done, and my honour and character might have been ſuſpected, without my poſſeſſing a proper document to have defended them. All this he did with great reſolution, though guarded and ſtrictly watched. He attempted to ſave the time-keeper, and a box with all my ſurveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years paſt, which were numerous; when he was hurried away, with "Damn "your eyes, you are well off to get "what you have."

It appeared to me, that Chriſtian was ſome time in doubt whether he ſhould keep the carpenter, or his mates; at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without ſome oppoſition, to take his tool cheſt.

Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the whole buſineſs; ſome ſwore "I'll be damn-"ed if he does not find his way "home, if he gets any thing with "him," (meaning me); others when the carpenter's cheſt was carrying away, "Damn my eyes, he will have "a veſſel built in a month," while others laughed at the helpleſs ſituation of the boat, being very deep, and ſo little room for thoſe who were in her. As for Chriſtian, he ſeemed meditating inſtant deſtruction on himſelf and every one.

I aſked for arms, but they laughed at me, and ſaid I was well acquainted with the people where I was going, and therefore did not want them; four cutlaſſes, however, were thrown into the boat, after we were veered aſtern.

When the officers and men, with whom I was ſuffered to have no communication, were put into the boat, they only waited for me, and the maſter at arms informed Chriſtian of it; who then ſaid—"Come, captain "Bligh, your officers and men are "now in the boat, and you muſt go "with them; if you attempt to make "the leaſt reſiſtance you will inſtant-"ly be put to death:" and, without any farther ceremony, holding me by the cord that tied my hands, with a tribe of around ruffians about me, I was forced over the ſide, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat we were veered aſtern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were then thrown to us, and ſome cloaths, alſo the cutlaſſes I have already mentioned; and it was now that the armourer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the tranſaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept ſome time to make ſport for theſe unfeeling wretches, we were at length caſt adrift in the open ocean.

I had with me in the boat 18 perſons.

There remained on board the bounty, as pirates, in all 25 hands, and the moſt able men of the ſhip's company.

Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty faſt towards Tofoa, which bore N E about 10 leagues from us. While the ſhip was in ſight ſhe ſteered to the W N W, but I conſidered this only as a feint; for when we were ſent away—"Huzza for Otaheite," was frequently heard among the mutineers.

Chriſtian, the captain of the gang, is of a reſpectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me; and, as I found it neceſſary to keep my ſhip's company at three watches, I gave him an order to take charge of the third, his abilities being thoroughly equal to the taſk; and by this means my maſter and gunner were not at watch and watch.

Hay-

Haywood is alſo of a reſpectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities, as well as Chriſtian. Theſe two were objects of my particular regard and attention, and I took great pains to inſtruct them, for they really promiſed, as profeſſional men, to be a credit to their country.

Young was well recommended, and appeared to me an able ſtout ſeaman; therefore I was glad to take him: he, however, fell ſhort of what his appearance promiſed.

Stewart was a young man of creditable parents, in the Orkneys; at which place, on the return of the Reſolution from the South Seas, in 1780, we received ſo many civilities, that, on that account only, I ſhould gladly have taken him with me; but, independent of this recommendation, he was a ſeaman, and had always borne a good character.

Notwithſtanding the roughneſs with which I was treated, the remembrance of paſt kindneſſes produced ſome ſigns of remorſe in Chriſtian. When they were forcing me out of the ſhip, I aſked him, if this treatment was a proper return for the many inſtances he had received of my friendſhip? he appeared diſturbed at my queſtion, and anſwered, with much emotion, "That,—captain "Bligh,—that is the thing;——I "am in hell—I am in hell"

As ſoon as I had time to reflect, I felt an inward ſatisfaction, which prevented any depreſſion of my ſpirits: conſcious of my integrity, and anxious ſolicitude for the good of the ſervice in which I was engaged, I found my mind wonderfully ſupported, and I began to conceive hopes, notwithſtanding ſo heavy a calamity, that I ſhould one day be able to account to my King and country for the misfortune. A few hours before my ſituation had been peculiarly flattering. I had a ſhip in the moſt perfect order, and well ſtored with every neceſſary both for ſervice and health. By early attention to thoſe particulars I had, as much as lay in my power, provided againſt any accident, in caſe I could not get through Endeavour Straits, as well as againſt what might befal me in them; add to this, the plants had been ſucceſsfully preſerved in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate: ſo that, upon the whole, the voyage was two thirds completed, and the remaining part in a very promiſing way; every perſon on board being in perfect health, to eſtabliſh which was ever amongſt the principal objects of my attention.

It will very naturally be aſked, what could be the reaſon for ſuch a revolt? in anſwer to which, I can only conjecture that the mutineers had aſſured themſelves of a more happy life among the Otaheitans, than they could poſſibly have in England; which, joined to ſome female connections, have moſt probably been the principal cauſe of the whole tranſaction.

The woman at Otaheite are handſome, mild, and chearful in their manners and converſation, poſſeſſed of great ſenſibility, and have ſufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were ſo much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their ſtay among them than otherwiſe, and even made them promiſes of large poſſeſſions. Under theſe, and many other attendant circumſtances, equally deſirable, it is now perhaps not ſo much to be wondered at, though ſcarcely poſſible to have been foreſeen, that a ſet of ſailors, moſt of them void of connections, ſhould be led away; eſpecially when, in addition to ſuch powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themſelves in the midſt of plenty, on the fineſt iſland in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of diſſipa-

tion

tion are beyond any thing that can be conceived. The utmoſt, however, that any commander could have ſuppoſed to have happened is, that ſome of the people would have been tempted to deſert. But if it ſhould be aſſerted, that a commander is to guard againſt an act of mutiny and piracy in his own ſhip, more than by the common rules of ſervice, it is as much as to ſay that he muſt ſleep locked up, and when awake, be girded with piſtols.

(To be continued.)

The following maſterly eſſay deſerves to be reſcued from the oblivion of a news-paper; and its importance well entitles it to a place in our Miſcellany.

BEFORE the late Revolution in France, the ambition or caprice of the Monarch excited eternal wars, in which the people had no intereſt: the ſoldier, forcibly impreſſed into the ſervice, left a family in diſtreſs to fight he knew not why; he had no liberty to loſe, no country to defend, no public proſperity that he could promote or partake in; certain to be oppreſſed at his return, whether vanquiſhed or victorious, his efforts might extend the glory of his Monarch, but not alleviate his own hard condition. The Engliſh on the contrary have always conſidered themſelves as perſonally intereſted in their conteſts with the French; becauſe each man knew that he defended a community, in whoſe welfare he ſhared, and a liberty dearer to him than his life. The advantages we have at times obtained over our rivals are by the moſt intelligent writers attributed to the energy of theſe ſentiments. Since the Revolution, the French have the ſame motives to ſtimulate their martial ardour, that are ſuppoſed to have animated us at Creſſy, Agincourt, and at Minden. The love of liberty glows with them as a flame that is newly lighted; with us it is, perhaps, as a remaining ſpark that is imperceptibly extinguiſhing. Their public ſpirit, their patriotic gifts, their zeal and enthuſiaſm in the cauſe of freedom, ſeem deſtined to grace this latter age, too juſtly charged with ſelfiſh principles and corruption of manners. The population of France more than doubles ours, and the little encouragement hitherto given to national induſtry ſtill increaſing their ſpare hands, they have generally been able to ſend three men into the field with equal eaſe to our one; but as the Sovereign could make, if he pleaſed, as many ſoldiers as he had ſubjects, they have often exceeded that proportion. The lowneſs of the pay, and the ſmall appointments of the officers compared with ours, enable them to keep an army of 100,000 men in the field for much about the ſame ſum that one of 60,000 will coſt us. In ſhort, Great Britain never could have reſiſted the force of this powerful monarchy, if that force had been animated by a ſpirit of freedom; if the abuſes of the government, at the ſame time that they had depreſſed the nation, had not waſted or miſapplied its natural ſtrength.

Before the late Revolution in France, the Clergy and Nobleſſe, or Gentry, paid no taxes, though they poſſeſſed two-thirds of the landed property of the kingdom; the whole public burthen therefore fell upon the commonalty; or, as they term it, *la Roture*. The demands of government knew no other bounds than the will of the deſpôt, or the means of the people; the opinion that the kingdom was a property devolving on the Sovereign, or, as the common expreſſion was, "*the inheritance of Clovis*," and that conſequently the King was "*Co-proprietor in eve-*

every man's eſtate," ſave ſuch claſſes as he had been graciouſly pleaſed to exempt from public contributions, was a doctrine of thorough political orthodoxy at Court. Though the French taxes are quite trifling in compariſon with ours, yet the exemption of all thoſe beſt enabled to pay them, made them fall ſo heavy on ſome of the poorer claſſes, that their collection was often obliged to be enforced by the help of the military. As the Kings of France have ſometimes thought they could dragoon their ſubjects into a conformity of religious ſentiment with themſelves, ſo in like manner ſome Miniſters have aſſerted, that this expedient was no more than *wholeſome ſeverity*, and afforded the beſt criterion whereby to judge when the nation was ſufficiently loaded. At preſent, the *Nobleſſe* are not only taxed, but they have alſo loſt thoſe feudal rights which diſtinguiſhed them from the *Roture*; and the immenſe wealth of the Clergy is entirely confiſcated towards the liquidation of the national debt. It is a fact not to be queſtioned, that the finances of that kingdom muſt in a few years take a wonderful change, and receive aſtoniſhing proſperity from thoſe reſources, as ſoon as their full effect ſhall be felt.

Before the late Revolution, the Nobleſſe not only enjoyed theſe pecuniary exemptions, but likewiſe other privileges and honours which held both the peaſantry and trading part of the nation in a comparatively abject ſtate. This prevented men of property from entering into trade, and alſo took every little fortune out of it as faſt as acquired; as the purchaſe of Letters of Nobleſſe, the Robe, or the Sword, afforded the means of emerging from the baſeneſs falſely imputed to that condition: at preſent theſe rights are all at an end; the merchant is placed on a footing with the noble; he is even conſidered more valuable to the State, and a freſh field lies open to his enterprizes: the encouragement given to the new ſettlers from Holland, the extenſion of the rights of citizens to all ſtrangers whatever, the reſolution of the clubs and other meetings to wear only home manufactures, the uniformity of duties eſtabliſhed throughout all the provinces, the abolition of numberleſs tolls on paſſing towns, rivers, &c. which impeded commercial tranſports, all theſe circumſtances ſpeak ſtronger than any argument, the zeal which at preſent animates the whole nation to cultivate a commerce formerly neglected, deſpiſed and degraded.

Before the Revolution, the Judge who decided on the life and property of the citizen, (or to ſpeak more properly for this time, on that of the ſubject,) was a man often ignorant in juriſ-prudence, who bought his place, and conſequently made the moſt of it. The nation now puts itſelf to a conſiderable expence in refunding to theſe perſons the purchaſe of their offices, with the intention that Judges ſhall in future be elected by the people, and juſtice adminiſtered at a trifling coſt; for certainly the cottages of the poor are as valuable to them, as palaces to the great, and the law cannot afford equal protection, but by allowing each an equal facility of redreſs. This circumſtance alone muſt greatly encourage the eſtabliſhment of foreigners, for the Government itſelf will be as attractive to them now, as the country has ever proved to be; being, as every one knows, highly favoured by nature. The cheapneſs of living, and of labour, is alſo another great inducement, eſpecially to the artiſt and manufacturer; every thing that is done by manual labour may be effected at about half the expence in France, that it can in England. In ſhort, that kingdom is likely to acquire in a few years all the

Britiſh manufactures, thoſe of Manchester, Staffordſhire, Sheffield; the glazing of ſtuffs, and the making of chryſtal glaſs are already eſtabliſhed by *Engliſhmen* at Rouen, Douay, Tours, Amiens, and near Sedan. From theſe facts which are not to be queſtioned, one may I think very fairly draw the following concluſions: 1ſt, That France will become more potent in arms by the ſpirit of liberty. 2dly, That her finances will in courſe of time acquire a very flouriſhing ſtate. 3dly, That her commerce will give her a freſh ſource of wealth and greatneſs.

This picture, though juſt, does not afford to us the moſt pleaſing perſpective; I am afraid that if we ſhift the ſcene, and take a view at home, it will not be much more agreeable.

France is ſaid to owe about five times the value of its yearly produce; Great Britain (it is aſſerted) owes nearly the value of its ſoil. I will readily admit that all calculations of this kind are very uncertain, but ſuppoſe only that we owe half the value of our ſoil, even that (it ſhould ſeem) would be ſufficient to alarm us: no ſmall part of this debt is due to foreigners, there is conſequently an annual drain out of the kingdom for intereſt: as our landed property alone never can pay the debt or intereſt, we muſt depend upon our trade to do it: our exiſtence then is uncertain, becauſe trade never has been long fixed with any nation. Our trade and manufactures are (it muſt be allowed) at preſent in a flouriſhing ſtate, but it is equally certain that the latter are inſenſibly migrating into foreign countries, and the Revolution in France is certainly of a nature to increaſe this evil. Mr. Pitt, in his ſpeech upon the commercial treaty with France, aſſerted, that out of every ſhilling expended for labour in manufactures, fourpence entered in taxes into the Exchequr. Mr. Pitt is either greatly miſtaken in the receipts of that Board at which he preſides, or elſe the manufacturers of our ſtaple commodity pay 25 per cent. in taxes to Government; for in woollens, labour is ſuppoſed to compoſe three-fourths of the value of the article when fit for market. Is not this an enormous burden, as well as a very dangerous inducement to our manufacturers to paſs the Channel? In ſhort, what man can reſiſt the temptations of ſuperior profit in a country more free than his own, where at ſame time his property is better protected, his calling even more reſpectable, the people more ſocial, the climate more ſalubrious, and all the enjoyments of life more eaſily obtained? I ſaid in a country more free, where property is better protected; harſh as the expreſſion may appear, the fact is eaſily to be proved. It will readily be granted, that the nation at large is repreſented by the new plan of the French conſtitution, and that the Crown or its Miniſters have not the leaſt influence on the National Aſſembly.—Can we ſay in England that the nation at large is repreſented? or what is more, can we ſee that it has ever been ſo? That perſon muſt be greatly ignorant of the hiſtory of his own country, who does not know, that the Commons were firſt called to Parliament, not as a repreſentation of a whole people equally enjoying the rights of freedom, but as the adherents of the Crown, with intent to counterpoiſe the power of the Barons. Who did the Members of the firſt Parliaments repreſent? the Commons of England! By no means; three-fourths of the Engliſh Commons were at that time in a ſtate of abſolute ſlavery to their feudal lords. It is well known that an arriere vaſſal durſt not acknowledge any other authority than that of his immediate lord; to him he ſwore allegiance; to have acknowledged or ſworn it to the King,

would have been an infraction of the feudal rights, and would have rendered the baron incapable of making war upon his ſovereign, ſo common at that day. The Commons repreſented were of two kinds, the holders of allodial lands, who being uſually the lower claſs of perſons attached to the King, or men who had bought their liberty, or been ſubſtracted from the power of their barons or vavaſſours, acknowledged no inferior lord; and the inhabitants of cities and burghs which the ſovereign had freed by charter, and where, if any man remained a twelvemonth and a day, he became enfranchiſed from the power of his lord; in ſhort, though theſe people bore the names of freeholders and free burghers, to diſtinguiſh them from other landholders and burgeſſes that were profeſſedly ſlaves, yet they were no more than dependants on the Crown, and ſometimes made ſo at the expence of the barons.

This is the origin of our Houſe of Commons, and thus our plan of repreſentation having been at firſt conſtructed on a falſe foundation, has remained ever ſince defective; it would therefore be the height of folly to aſſert that the people in England are repreſented in that free and impartial manner in England that they are in France. Theſe burghs condemned by fate to everlaſting dependance, have paſſed from a ſubjection to the Crown, to another, which Lord Bolingbroke has declared infinitely more dangerous to our liberties; the greateſt part of them are at preſent devoted to the ariſtocrate part of our conſtitution, a circumſtance that gives that party ſuch a predominance, that the reins of government may be ſaid really to repoſe in their hands; this preponderance will be eaſily accounted for, when we reflect, that England ſends only 80 knights, and 54 citizens, whereas ſhe ſends 355 burgeſſes to Parliament: thus that part of our conſtitution which ought to be the democratic has become ariſtocratic; the members of the Houſe of Commons owe their ſeats to members of the Houſe of Lords; and the repreſentatives of the people are the partizans of peers: few, very few indeed, can lay their hand upon their heart, and ſay, "*I am not placed here by a party to ſupport its cauſe, and ſhare its ſpoils; I am really a repreſentative, as my name and office import, for I ſpeak and vote conformably to the ſentiments of my electors.*

The party to which I allude, is not compoſed of peers alone; rich commoners, and men who make elocution their ſtudy, and politics their trade, are alſo leagued with it; their principles, however, are all the ſame; though ſubdivided into various factions, and always at war within themſelves, they are all directed by the ſame motives, the thirſt of power, and of gain; they beſiege and ſeize the government by turns, and make the public buſineſs the ſtalking horſe of their perſonal oppoſition; in ſhort, they have ſo long duped the people, by drawing forth every ſubject in ſuch colours, as ſuited the ends of their party, that they have at laſt driven us into a dangerous *nonchalance*, that threatens totally to extinguiſh our public virtue. It is to be hoped, however, that the cry of liberty, which now animates the Continent, will have ſome effect in rouſing us from this political lethargy. The French have decreed, that when any perſon ſhall be guilty of crimes of a leſſer magnitude againſt the public liberty, they ſhall ſuffer what that nation conſiders as an extreme diſhonour to a member of a free State; they ſhall loſe the right of active citizens, and conſequently can no longer vote for the members of the National Aſſembly, the judges, and other magiſtrates. Can an Engliſhman hear this without emo-

emotion? How many thouſands, nay millions of Britons are in that ſtate of civil degradation that is conſidered as a puniſhment to a Frenchman! Does he who is neither a free burgeſs, or free ſoldier, exerciſe the ſacred rights of an active citizen; nay, what is ten times worſe, how many are there of the former whoſe civil rights are abſolutely exerciſed by others! Boroughs are publicly bought and ſold, and a man may purchaſe the liberties of a thouſand burgeſſes as eaſily as a flock of ſheep. Does not he who claims a property in another man's civil liberty, uſurp a right more ſlaviſh, and abhorrent to nature, than any known in the Plantations! he who feeds and clothes a fellow-creature may have ſome title to his labour, though none to a command over his perſon: the *perſonal ſlavery* then of the Blacks is leſs repugnant to reaſon than the *civil ſlavery* of the Engliſh.

If we extend our reflections a little further on this ſubject, and conſider that every Member of Parliament is ſaid to ſerve not merely for the place where he is choſen, but for the whole realm; that his duty is at once *general* and *particular*, not only for the advantage of his conſtituents in the firſt inſtance, but likewiſe in behalf of all the commons of Great Britain, who are collectively affected by his conduct; we muſt be obliged to confeſs, that this ſhameful traffic does not only attack the liberty of thoſe who appear moſt immediately intereſted, but likewiſe reaches in its conſequences to a violation of the rights of every citizen in the State. Shall we conſider ourſelves as a poliſhed and informed nation, as a people famed for freedom and ſentiment, and yet have no feeling of ſuch things? We have run over the whole globe in ſearch of barren land, and left immenſe waſtes at home uncultivated. We have ſuccoured every nation in Europe that ſtruggled for liberty, and proſecuted a ruinous war to enforce *taxation* without *repreſentation* on our *late brethren* in America. We have ſpent many millions in aſſuring to the Houſe of Auſtria the indiviſibility of its poſſeſſion, and in leſs than 20 years afterwards expended three times as many more to ſupport the late King of Pruſſia in deſpoiling that Houſe. We have aſſiſted the Ruſſians to conquer the Turks, and we are now putting ourſelves at a prodigious expence to aſſiſt the Turks to gain back what they have loſt to the Ruſſians; in ſhort, to finiſh the liſt of abſurdities, we are aſſociating to ſet free the ſavages of Africa, whilſt we remain in a ſtate of civil ſlavery at home. "Oh, John Bull! John Bull! (would Gulliver cry, were he alive), what a pity that ſuch a worthy fellow as you, John, ſhould be ſuch an abominable dupe! what a misfortune, that whilſt you are over head and ears in debt, you ſhould ſtill be as prodigal as a Prince! what a plagued luck that you ſhould always get yourſelf bemauled in ſetting to rights other people's concerns, whilſt your own are running to ruin! You may remember I told you long ago, honeſt John, to let them ſettle their own affairs by themſelves; had you done ſo, you would have been e'er this a pretty penny into pocket: you live in a ſnug farm, where none of them can come at you, then why ſhould you go over to them! As to Lewis Baboon, you always conſidered him as a very ſhallow fellow, but you have been deviliſhly bit there too; it now appears that he made a virtue of neceſſity, and did only grind becauſe he could not bite; he danced in his chains till he found the means of breaking them, you ſleep in yours." To conclude in a tone more ſuited to the ſerioufneſs of the ſubject, the political ſituation of Great Britain never was ſo critical as at the preſent inſtant: if the next Parliament prove as

ariſtocratic in its principles as the laſt, our chains are rivetted; for ſuch a Parliament never will admit an impartial repreſentation of the people, and without ſuch a repreſentation it is abſurd *to call ourſelves free.* To doze the nation during this criſis, the miniſtry have adminiſtered a Narcotic, whoſe uſe is very ancient upon ſuch occaſions; it is the ſame which that cunning politician Henry IV. recommended to the Prince of Wales, when he told him, "*to buſy giddy minds with foreign quarrels, leſt they ſhould look too near into the State.*" We are made to believe that an enemy who has never been a match for us by himſelf, has picked out the preſent inſtant, when his marine is in ruins, his coffers empty, and his own ſubjects ripe for revolt, to do that ſingly, which with the help of the firſt power in Europe he found (a few years paſt) impracticable, but what is it that the people will not give credit to? It is to be hoped however that we ſhall addreſs our attention to objects that more nearly concern us, and particularly that we elect no members who do not engage to vote for a FREE REPRESENTATION: let the holders of rotten boroughs be indemnified. Whilſt the French refund ſo much to have an impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, ſhall we grudge to enfranchiſe our fellow-citizens; if that term may be applied to men whoſe civil rights are the property of another?

Liege, June 23. J—N J—SN—N.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir John Lockhart Roſs, Bart.

WAS a native of Scotland, deſcended from a very antient and honourable family in Lanarkſhire, he being the fifth ſon of Sir James Lockhart, Bart. of Carſtairs. He was born on the 11th of November, 1721. From his earlieſt years he diſcovered a predilection for a ſea-life, and in conſequence, in the year 1735, he embarked as a midſhipman in the navy. In this capacity, he evinced qualities which particularly fitted him for the active and enterprizing duties of a naval officer, and gave dawnings of that diſtinction which he afterwards attained. As firſt lieutenant to Sir Peter Warren, and Lord Anſon, having ſhewn proofs of uncommon ability, diligence, and valour, he was, in the year 1747, appointed to the command of the Vulcan fire-ſhip. In October of the ſame year, he ſerved in the fleet under Admiral Hawke, who, cruizing off Cape Finiſterre, with ſixteen ſhips, captured ſix ſhips of the French line.

In 1755, upon the appearance of a rupture with France, Capt. Lockhart was appointed to the command of the Savage ſloop of war, when he cruized under the Admirals Hawke, Byng, and Weſt, for the purpoſe of making repriſals upon the enemy, in which ſervice he was ever ſingularly zealous and ſucceſsful.

In March, 1756, he was made poſt into the Tartar frigate of 28 guns (24 nine-pounders, and 4 four-pounders), and 200 men. The eminent ſervices which he performed in this little ſhip are ſtill proverbial in the navy. His name was the terror of every French frigate or privateer that iſſued from their ports, he having, in a very ſhort ſpace of time, captured no leſs than nine veſſels of force, carrying collectively 2048 men, and 224 guns. Of theſe, the laſt, called the Melampe, fitted out at Bayonne for the expreſs purpoſe of taking the Tartar, gave him the opportunity of atchieving a victory, that, for comparative brilliancy, was ſcarcely ſurpaſſed during a war fatal to the naval power of our enemies. The Melampe was of force very ſuperior to the Tartar, mounting 36 guns,

guns, 12 pounders, and having on board 320 choſen men. They ſoon met; for, when two hoſtile commanders are actuated by the ſame deſire, to meet even on the wide expanſe of ocean, is no very difficult point. A very hot and obſtinate engagement immediately enſued; but the enemy's colours were at length ſtruck to the ſuperior courage and diſcipline of the Britiſh commander and his gallant crew. The perfidious Frenchman, ſtung with the diſgraceful event of a conteſt ſo unequal on the part of the Britiſh ſhip, after having hailed the Tartar, acknowledged his ſurrender, and ſubmiſſively ſued for quarter, made a deſperate attempt to ſurpriſe and overpower her crew, whom he vainly ſuppoſed to be thrown off their guard, elated with victory. He boarded the Tarrar; but, in penetration, vigilance, and courage, he was more than over-matched by the Britiſh commander. The Frenchmen were vigorouſly repulſed, and more than fifty of them were killed or drowned in their unwarrantable effort.

So active was Capt. Lockhart in the protection of our own trade, and ſucceſsful in the annoyance and deſtruction of that of the enemy, that the merchants of London and Briſtol, ſenſible of the important benefits more immediately derived to them from his ſervices, preſented him with valuable pieces of plate, in token of their private gratitude and public eſteem.

In November 1758, he was appointed to the Chatham, of 50 guns, under the orders of Admiral Hawke, who, with twenty-two ſail of the line, in October, 1759, then off Quiberon Bay, fell in with twenty-four ſail of French line-of-battle ſhips, which he engaged, and of which two were ſunk, two driven on ſhore and burnt, and one taken.

In the action between the Britiſh and French fleets, in July, 1778, he commanded the Shrewſbury, of 74 guns.

In 1779, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and, having hoiſted his flag on board the Royal George, he ſailed under the orders of Admiral Rodney, whoſe fleet, conſiſting of twenty-two ſhips of the line, with tranſports and ſtores for the relief of Gibraltar, fell in with eleven Spaniſh ſhips of the line, which, having chaced and engaged, they took the Spaniſh Admiral and ſix of his ſhips, beſides one blown up in the action.

In March, 1781, he again ſailed in the Royal George, under the command of Admirals Darby and Digby, with twenty-ſix ſail of the line, frigates, and tranſports, containing ſtores and proviſions for the relief of the garriſon of Gibraltar.

On the 12th of April, the fleet came off the Bay, when Sir Lockhart Roſs received orders to ſhift his flag to the Alexander, of 74 guns, and proceed with her, and five two-decked ſhips of his diviſion, the frigates, and ſixty ſail of ſtore ſhips, into the Bay, and ſuperintend and direct the unloading the ſtores, which he accompliſhed in ſix days, having landed 7000 tons of proviſions, and 2000 barrels of gunpowder, in the midſt of the heavieſt cannonade ever known; not leſs, at a moderate computation, than 200 ſhot and ſhells having been thrown every hour, whilſt the ſhips remained at anchor in the Bay. On the 20th, Admiral Roſs, with his ſquadron, regained the fleet, when he received the thanks of the commander in chief, and, having re-ſhifted his flag to the Royal George, he returned with the fleet to England.

In April, 1782, he was appointed to the command of a ſquadron, conſiſting of eight ſhips of the line and five frigates, to be employed in the north ſeas, and cruize off the Texel, in which he had blocked up fifteen ſail

in

of Dutch men of war until the end of June, when moſt of the officers and men of his ſquadron were ſeized with a very prevalent diſorder at that time, known by the name of influenza. The Admiral himſelf was not exempted from the contagion, and in this ſickly ſtate he thought it adviſeable to return with his fleet to the Downs. In the December following, his health being perfectly re eſtabliſhed, he made a tender of his ſervices to the Admiralty Board; but the concluſion of hoſtilities, in the beginning of 1783, rendered his re-appointment unneceſſary.

In eſtimating the character of the late Sir John Lockhart Roſs as an officer, when we take into the account his zeal, his activity, his uncommon ardour in the proſecution of all the ſevere and unremitting duties of his hazardous profeſſion, with the very great benefits which the commercial intereſt reaped from his exertions, it will be found that he is intitled to rank with the firſt naval characters in Britain. In coolneſs and intrepidity in the hour of battle, he could not be ſurpaſſed.—In the courſe of a long and active war, to fight and to conquer became alike habitual to him.

He was reckoned a ſtrict diſciplinarian, but in the exerciſe of his authority he never was cruel or tyrannical. To the Britiſh navy, is wholly owing its boaſted ſuperiority over that of every other State. The free, turbulent, and intrepid ſpirit of the Britiſh ſeamen, when unawed by authority, defeats its own power by diverſity and exuberance; but, brought under controul by well regulated diſcipline, it conſolidates and forms a bulwark which no human force is equal to ſubdue.

Sir John Lockhart Roſs was reſpected and beloved by all the officers and men who ever ſerved under him, for he combined the manners of a gentleman with the feelings of a man. In his temper he was chearful and convivial—in his diſpoſition benevolent and humane.

Upon ſucceeding to the eſtate of General Roſs, he added to the ſirname of Lockhart that of Roſs. To this eſtate, called Balnagowan, moſt beautifully ſituated upon the Bay of Cromarty, in Roſs-ſhire, he retired, after the concluſion of the former war in 1763, where he gave full ſcope to his benevolence and patriotiſm, in the encouragement of induſtry, and the promotion of the agricultural arts. To uſe the words of the celebrated Mr. Pennant, "he ſucceſsfully converted his ſword into a plough ſhare; and, after a ſeries of diſintereſted ſervices to his country, by clearing the ſeas of privateers, the moſt unprofitable of captures, has applied himſelf to arts not leſs deſerving of its thanks. He is the beſt farmer and the greateſt planter in the country; his wheat and his turnips ſhew the one, his plantation of a million of Pines each year, the other." Under his auſpices the peaſantry laboured, were remunerated, and were happy. The face of the country, as well as the human face, aſſumed a different aſpect. Bare mountains became clothed with trees, and barren heaths with verdure; and while he thus gratified his benevolence and natural activity of mind, he very conſiderably improved his fortune.

He married, in 1761, Miſs Elizabeth Baillie, heireſs of Lamington, eldeſt daughter of the late Robert Dundas, Eſq; of Arniſton, Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland, by whom he has left two ſons and five daughters. In 1768, he was returned to Parliament for Lanark.

In 1780, he became a Baronet of Scotland, by the death of his elder brother, from whom he likewiſe inherited the paternal eſtate of Carſtairs.
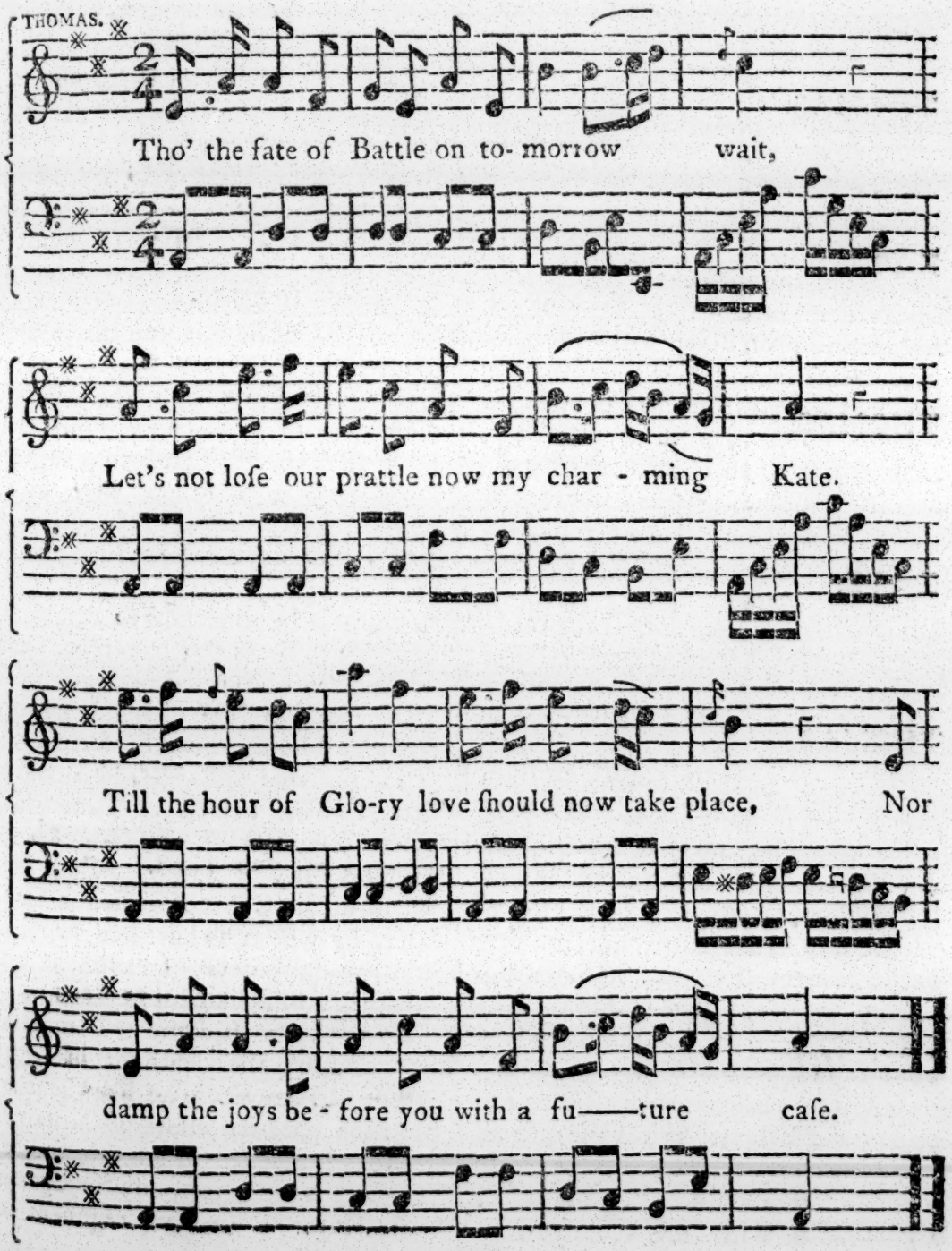
He is ſucceeded in his title and eſtates by his eldeſt ſon, now Sir Charles Roſs, Major of the 37th regiment of foot

foot, and member in the late and enſuing Parliament for Kirkwall, &c. His ſecond ſon is now on ſervice, a midſhipman in the Barfleur, who paſſed for Lieutenant ſome years ago with very diſtinguiſhed approbation.

THE TOBACCO BOX.

OR, SOLDIER'S PLEDGE OF LOVE.

A favourite DIALOGUE.



KATE. II.

Oh my Thomas, ſtill be conſtant, ſtill be true,
Be but to your Kate as Kate is ſtill to you;
Glory will attend you, ſtill will make us bleſt,
With my firmeſt love my dear you're ſtill poſſeſt.

THOMAS. III.

No new beauties taſted, I'm their arts above,
Three Campaigns are waſted, but not ſo my love;
Anxious ſtill about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never Kate without thee will I bung theſe eyes.

KATE. IV.

Conſtant to my Thomas I will ſtill remain,
Nor think I will leave thy ſide the whole campaign,
But I'll cheriſh thee and ſtrive to make thee bold,
May'ſt thou ſhare the vict'ry, may'ſt thou ſhare the gold.

THOMAS. V.

If by ſome bold action I the halbert bear,
Think what ſatisfaction, when my rank you ſhare;
Dreſt like any Lady fair from top to toe,
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE. VI.

If a Serjeant's lady I ſhou'd chance to prove,
Linen ſhall be ready always for my love;
Never more will Kate the Captain's laundreſs be,
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

THOMAS. VII.

Here Kate, take my 'bacco BOX, a Soldier's all,
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,
When my life is ended thou may'ſt boaſt and prove,
Thou'd'ſt my firſt, my laſt, my only pledge of love.

KATE. VIII.

Here take back thy 'bacco BOX, thou'rt all to me,
Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to ſee,
In the hour of danger let me always ſhare,
I'll be kept no ſtranger to my Soldier's fare.

THOMAS. IX.

Check that riſing ſigh, Kate, ſtop that falling tear,
Come my pretty Comrade, entertain no fear;
But may Heav'n befriend us, hark! the drums command,
Now I will attend you. Love, I kiſs your hand.

KATE. * X.

I can't ſtop theſe tears, tho' crying I diſdain,
But muſt own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May good Heav'ns defend thee? Conqueſt on thee wait;
One kiſs more, and then I give thee up to Fate.

* Both repeat this Verſe, only Thos. ſays ---- { Conqueſt on me wait and yield myſelf to Fate

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXIX.] Thurſday Auguſt 26, 1790. [Price 3d.

A Narrative of the Mutiny on board his Majeſty's Ship Bounty. Written by Lieut. William Bligh.

(Concluded from page 489.)

DEſertions have happened, more or leſs, from many of the ſhips that have been at the Society Iſlands; but it ever has been in the commander's power to make the chiefs return their people: the knowledge, therefore, that it was unſafe to deſert, perhaps, firſt led mine to conſider with what eaſe ſo ſmall a ſhip might be ſurprized, and that ſo favourable an opportunity would never offer to them again.

The ſecrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party, who were with me, had always lived forward among the people: yet neither they, nor the meſsmates of Chriſtian, Stewart, Hayward, and Young, had ever obſerved any circumſtance to give them ſuſpicion of what was going on. With ſuch cloſe-planned acts of villainy, and my mind free from any ſuſpicion, it is not wonderful that I have been got the better of. Perhaps, if I had had marines, a centinel at my cabin door might have prevented it; for I ſlept with the door always open, that the officer of the watch might have acceſs to me on all occaſions. The poſſibility of ſuch a conſpiracy was ever the fartheſt from my thoughts. Had their mutiny been occaſioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I muſt have diſcovered ſymptoms of their diſcontent, which would have put me on my guard; but the caſe was far otherwiſe. Chriſtian, in particular, I was on the moſt friendly terms with; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night he excuſed himſelf from ſupping with me, on pretence of being unwell; for which I felt concerned, having no ſuſpicions of his integrity and honour.

It now remained with me to conſider what was beſt to be done. My firſt determination was to ſeek a ſupply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, and afterwards to ſail for Tongataboo, and there riſk a ſolicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip my boat, and grant a ſupply of water and proviſions, ſo as to enable us to reach the Eaſt Indies.

The quantity of provisions I found in the boat was 150 lb. of bread, 16 pieces of pork, each piece weighing 2 lb. 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, with 28 gallons of water, and four empty barrecoes.

Wednesday, April 29th. Happily the afternoon kept calm, until about four o'clock, when we were so far to windward, that with a moderate easterly breeze which sprung up, we were able to sail. It was nevertheless dark when we got to Tofoa, where I expected to land; but the shore proved to be so steep and rocky, that I was obliged to give up all thoughts of it, and keep the boat under the lee of the island with two oars; for there was no anchorage. Having fixed on this mode of proceeding for the night, I served to every person half a pint of grog, and each took to his rest as well as our unhappy situation would allow.

In the morning, at dawn of day, we set off along shore in search of landing, and about ten o'clock we discovered a stony cove at the N W part of the island, where I dropt the grapnel within 20 yards of the rocks. A great deal of surf ran on the shore; but, as I was unwilling to diminish our stock of provisions, I landed Mr Samuel, and some others, who climbed the cliffs, and got into the country, to search for supplies. The rest of us remained at the cove, not discovering any way to get into the country but that by which Mr Samuel had proceeded. It was great consolation to me to find, that the spirits of my people did not sink, notwithstanding our miserable and almost hopeless situation. Towards noon Mr Samuel returned, with a few quarts of water, which he had found in holes; but he had met with no spring, or any prospect of a sufficient supply in that particular, and had only seen signs of inhabitants. As it was impossible to know how much we might be in want, I only issued a morsel of bread, and a glass of wine, to each person for dinner.

I observed the latitude of this cove to be 19° 41 S.

This is the N W part of Tofoa, the north westernmost of the Friendly Islands.

Thursday, April 30th. Fair weather, but the wind blew so violently from the E S E that I could not venture to sea. Our detention therefore made it absolutely necessary to see what we could do more for our support; for I determined, if possible, to keep my first stock entire: I therefore weighed and rowed along shore, to see if any thing could be got; and at last discovered some cocoa-nut trees, but they were on the top of high precipices, and the surf made it dangerous landing; both one and the other we, however, got the better of. Some, with much difficulty, climbed the cliffs, and got about 20 cocoa-nuts, and others slung them to ropes, by which we hauled them through the surf into the boat. This was all that could be done here; and, as I found no place so eligible as the one we had left to spend the night at, I returned to the cove, and, having served a cocoa-nut to each person, we went to rest again in the boat.

At dawn of day I attempted to get to sea; but the wind and weather proved so bad, that I was glad to return to my former station; where, after issuing a morsel of bread and a spoonful of rum to each person, we landed, and I went off with Mr Nelson, Mr Samuel, and some others, into the country, having hauled ourselves up the precipice by long vines, which were fixed there by the natives for that purpose; this being the only way into the country.

We found a few deserted huts, and a small plantain walk, but little taken care of; from which we could only collect three small bunches of plantains.

tains. After passing this place, we came to a deep gully that led towards a mountain, near a volcano; and, as I conceived that in the rainy season very great torrents of water must pass through it, we hoped to find sufficient for our use remaining in some holes of the rocks; but, after all our search, the whole that we found was only nine gallons, in the course of the day. We advanced within two miles of the foot of the highest mountain in the island, on which is the volcano that is almost constantly burning. The country near it is all covered with lava, and has a most dreary appearance. As we had not been fortunate in our discoveries, and saw but little to alleviate our distresses, we filled our cocoa-nut shells with the water we found, and returned exceedingly fatigued and faint. When I came to the precipice whence we were to descend into the cove, I was seized with such a dizziness in my head, that I thought it scarce possible to effect it: however, by the assistance of Mr Neilson and others, they at last got me down, in a weak condition.

Every person being returned by noon, I gave about an ounce of pork and two plantains to each, with half a glass of wine. I again observed the latitude of this place 19° 41. south. The people who remained by the boat I had directed to look for fish, or what they could pick up about the rocks; but nothing eatable could be found; so that, upon the whole, we considered ourselves on as a miserable a spot of land as could well be imagined.

Friday, May the 1st; stormy weather, wind E S E and S E. About two o'clock in the afternoon a party set out in search of provisions; but, after suffering much fatigue, they returned in the evening, without any kind of success.

May 1st, at dawn of day the party set out again in a different route, to see what they could find; in the course of which they suffered greatly for want of water: they, however, met with two men, a woman, and a child; the men came with them to the cove, and brought two cocoa-nut shells of water. I immediately made friends with these people, and sent them away for bread-fruit, plantains, and water. Soon after other natives came to us; and by noon I had 30 of them about me, trading with the articles we were in want of: but I could only afford one ounce of pork, and a quarter of a bread-fruit, to each man for dinner, with half a pint of water; for I was fixed in not using any of the bread or water in the boat.

No particular chief was yet among the natives: they were, notwithstanding, tractable, and behaved honestly, giving the provisions they brought for a few buttons and beads. The party who had been out, informed me of having discovered several neat plantations; so that it became no longer a doubt of there being settled inhabitants on the island; and for that reason I determined to get what I could, and sail the first moment the wind and weather would allow me to put to sea.

Saturday, May the 2d: stormy weather, wind E S E. It had hitherto been a weighty consideration with me, how I was to account to the natives for the loss of my ship: I knew they had too much sense to be amused with a story that the ship was to join me, when she was not in sight from the hills. I was at first doubtful whether I should tell the real fact, or say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that only we were saved: the latter appeared to me to be the most proper and advantageous to us, and I accordingly instructed my people, that we might all agree in one story. As I expected, enquiries were made after the ship, and they seemed

ed readily ſatisfied with our account; but there did not appear the leaſt ſymptom of joy or ſorrow in their faces, although I fancied I diſcovered ſome marks of ſurpriſe. Some of the natives were coming and going the whole afternoon, and we got enough of bread-fruit, plantains, and cocoa-nuts for another day; but water they only brought us about five pints. A canoe alſo came in with four men, and brought a few cocoa-nuts and bread fruit, which I bought as I had done the reſt. Nails were much enquired after, but I would not ſuffer one to be ſhewn, as I wanted them for the uſe of the boat.

Towards evening I had the ſatisfaction to find our ſtock of proviſions ſomewhat increaſed; but the natives did not appear to have much to ſpare. What they brought was in ſuch ſmall quantities, that I had no reaſon to hope we ſhould be able to procure from them ſufficient to ſtock us for our voyage. At ſunſet all the natives left us in quiet poſſeſſion of the cove. I thought this a good ſign, and made no doubt that they would come again the next day with a larger proportion of food and water, with which I hoped to ſail without farther delay; for if, in attemping to get to Tongataboo, we ſhould be blown away from the iſlands altogether, there would be a larger quantity of proviſions to ſupport us againſt ſuch a misfortune.

At night I ſerved a quarter of a bread-fruit and a cocoa nut to each perſon for ſupper; and, a good fire being made, all but the watch went to ſleep.

At day-break I was happy to find every ones ſpirits a little revived, and that they no longer regarded me with thoſe anxious looks, which had conſtantly been directed towards me ſince we loſt ſight of the ſhip: every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulneſs, and they all ſeemed determined to do their beſt.

As I doubted of water being brought by the natives, I ſent a party among the gullies in the mountains, with empty ſhells, to ſee what they could get. In their abſence the natives came about us, as I expected, but more numerous; alſo two canoes came in from round the north ſide of the iſland. In one of them was an elderly chief, called Maccaackavow. Soon after ſome of our foraging party returned, and with them came a good-looking chief, called Eegijeeſow, or perhaps more properly Eefow, Egij or Eghee, ſignifying a chief. To both theſe men I made a preſent of an old ſhirt and a knife, and I ſoon found they either had ſeen me, or had heard of my being at Annamooka. They knew I had been with Captain Cook, who they enquired after, and alſo captain Clerk. They were very inquiſitive to know in what manner I had loſt my ſhip. During this converſation a young man appeared, whom I remembered to have ſeen at Annamooka, called Nageete; he expreſſed much pleaſure at ſeeing me. I now enquired after Poulaho and Feenow, who, they ſaid, were at Tongatadoo; and Eefow agreed to accompany me thither, if I would wait till the weather moderated. The readineſs and affability of this man gave me much ſatisfaction.

This, however, was but of ſhort duration, for the natives began to increaſe in number, and I obſerved ſome ſymptoms of a deſign againſt us; ſoon after they attempted to haul the boat on ſhore, when I threatened Eefow with a cutlaſs, to induce him to make them deſiſt; which they did, and every thing became quiet again. My people, who had been in the Mountains, now returned with about three gallons of water. I kept buying up the little bread-fruit that was brought to us, and likewiſe ſome ſpears to arm my men with, having only

only four cutlaſſes, two of which were in the boat. As we had no means of improving our ſituation, I told our people I would wait until ſun-ſet, by which time, perhaps, ſomething might happen in our favour; that if we attempted to go at preſent, we muſt fight our way through, which we could do more advantageouſly at night; and that in the mean time we would endeavour to get off to the boat what we had bought. The beach was now lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of ſtones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the ſign of an attack. It being now noon, I ſerved a cocoa-nut and a bread-fruit to each perſon for dinner, and gave ſome to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to ſit down, but I as conſtantly refuſed; for it occurred both to Mr Nelſon and myſelf, that they intended to ſeize hold of me, if I gave them ſuch an opportunity. Keeping, therefore, conſtantly on our guard, we were ſuffered to eat our uncomfortable meal in ſome quietneſs.

Sunday, 3d May, freſh gales at S E and E S E, varying to the N E in the latter part, with a ſtorm of wind.

After dinner we began by little and little to get our things into the boat, which was a troubleſome buſineſs, on account of the ſurf. I carefully watched the motions of the natives, who ſtill increaſed in number, and found that, inſtead of their intention being to leave us, fires were made, and places fixed on for their ſtay during the night Conſultations were alſo held among them, and every thing aſſured me we ſhould be attacked. I ſent orders to the maſter, that when he ſaw us coming down, he ſhould keep the boat cloſe to the ſhore, that we might the more readily embark.

I had my journal on ſhore with me, writing the occurrences in the cave, and in ſending it down to the boat it was nearly ſnatched away, but for the timely aſſiſtance of the gunner.

The ſun was near ſetting, when I gave the word, on which every perſon, who was on ſhore with me, boldly took up his proportion of things, and carried them to the boat. The chiefs aſked me if I would not ſtay with them all night, I ſaid, "No, I never "ſleep out of my boat, but in the "morning we will again trade with "you, and I ſhall remain until the "weather is moderate, that we may "go as we have agreed, to ſee Pou-"laho, at Tongataboo." Maccaac-kavow then got up, and ſaid, "You "will not ſleep on ſhore? then Mat-"tie," (which directly ſignifies, we will kill you) and he left me. The onſet was now preparing; every one as I have deſcribed before, kept knocking ſtones together, and Eefow quitted me. We had now all but two or three things in the boat, when I took Nageete by the hand, and we walked down the beach, every one in a ſilent kind of horror.

When I came to the boat, and was ſeeing the people embark, Nageete wanted me to ſtay to ſpeak to Eefow; but I found he was encouraging them to the attack, and I determined, had it then begun, to have killed him for his treacherous behaviour. I ordered the carpenter not to quit me until the other people were in the boat. Nageete, finding I would not ſtay, looſed himſelf from my hold and went off, and we all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to caſt the ſtern faſt off, notwithſtanding the maſter and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

I was no ſooner in the boat than the attack began by about 200 men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and

and the ſtones flew like a ſhower of ſhot. Many Indians got hold of the ſtern rope, and were near hauling us on ſhore, and would certainly have done it, if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapnel, every one being more or leſs hurt. At this time I ſaw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with ſtones in their hands.

We had no time to reflect, before, to my ſurpriſe, they filled their canoes with ſtones, and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack, which they did ſo effectually as nearly to diſable all of us. Our grapnel was foul, but Providence here aſſiſted us; the fluke broke, and we got to our oars, and pulled to ſea. They, however, could paddle round us, ſo that we were obliged to ſuſtain the attack without being able to return it, except with ſuch ſtones as lodged in the boat, and in this I found we were very inferior to them. We could not cloſe, becauſe our boat was lumbered and heavy, and that they knew very well: I therefore adopted the expedient of throwing overboard ſome cloaths, which they loſt time in picking up; and, as it was now almoſt dark, they gave over the attack, and returned towards the ſhore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy ſituation.

The poor man I loſt was John Norton; this was his ſecond voyage with me as a quarter-maſter, and his worthy character made me lament his loſs very much. He has left an aged parent, I am told, whom he ſupported.

I once before ſuſtained an attack of a ſimilar nature, with a ſmaller number of Europeans, againſt a multitude of Indians; it was after the death of captain Cook, on the Morai at Owhyhee, where I was left by lieutenant King; yet, notwithſtanding I did not conceive that the power of a man's arm could throw ſtones, from two to eight pounds weight, with ſuch force and exactneſs as theſe people did. Here unhappily I was without arms, and the Indians knew it; but it was a fortunate circumſtance that they did not begin to attack us in the cave: in that caſe our deſtruction muſt have been inevitable, and we ſhould have had nothing left for it but to die as bravely as we could, fighting cloſe together; in which I found every one cheerfully diſpoſed to join me. This appearance of reſolution deterred them, ſuppoſing they could effect their purpoſe without riſk after we were in the boat.

Taking this as a ſample of the diſpoſitions of the Indians, there was little reaſon to expect much benefit if I perſevered in my intention of viſiting Poulaho; for I conſidered their good behaviour hitherto to proceed from a dread of our fire-arms, which, now knowing us deſtitute of, would ceaſe; and, even ſuppoſing our lives not in danger, the boat and every thing we had would moſt probably be taken from us, and thereby all hopes precluded of ever being able to return to our native country.

We were now ſailing along the weſt ſide of the iſland Toſoa, and my mind was employed in conſidering what was beſt to be done, when I was ſolicited by all hands to take them towards home; and, when I told them no hopes of relief for us remained, but what I might find at New Holland, until I came to Timor, a diſtance of full 1200 leagues, where was a Dutch ſettlement, but in what part of the iſland I knew not, they all agreed to live on one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, per day. Therefore, after examining our ſtock of proviſions, and recommending this as a ſacred promiſe for ever to their memory, we bore away acroſs a ſea, where the navigation is but little known, in a ſmall boat, twenty-three feet

feet long from ſtem to ſtern, deep laden with eighteen men; without a chart, and nothing but my own recollection and general knowledge of the ſituation of places, aſſiſted by a book of latitudes and longitudes, to guide us. I was happy, however, to ſee every one better ſatisfied with our ſituation in this particular than myſelf.

Our ſtock of proviſions conſiſted of about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, twenty pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum. The difference between this and the quantity we had on leaving the ſhip, was principally owing to loſs in the buſtle and confuſion of the attack. A few cocoa-nuts were in the boat, and ſome bread-fruit, but the latter was trampled to pieces.

It was about eight o'clock at night when I bore away under a reefed lug foreſail: and, having divided the people into watches, and got the boat in a little order, we returned God thanks for our miraculous preſervation, and, fully confident of his gracious ſupport, I found my mind more at eaſe than for ſome time paſt."

They accordingly proceeded thro' that immenſe ocean, diſcovering ſome new iſlands, and landing for a ſhort ſpace upon the coaſt of N. Holland, without receiving any material addition to their ſtock of proviſions, living on the 25th part of a pound of bread and an ounce of pork a-day, and ſometimes a tea ſpoonful of rum each man, till on the 14th of July they landed at Coupang in the iſland of Timor.

BIOGRAPHY.

Account of the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, Bart. Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion. and F. R. S. Edinburgh. By David Hume, Eſq.

[From Tranſ. of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.]

IT has often occurred to me, as a hard circumſtance in the lot of thoſe who follow the active employments of life, that however great their eminence, however uſeful their labours, nay, however rare and excellent their talents, the remembrance of them dies among their countrymen at large, almoſt as ſoon as they themſelves are gone; and even with thoſe of their own profeſſions ſcarcely ſurvives for more than a ſingle generation. The records of the Royal Society are therefore in this reſpect valuable, that they afford the means of reſcuing from oblivion, thoſe of our Members who, by their profeſſional eminence and ſervices, have merited the gratitude and remembrance of their country, though their line of life did not permit them to attain diſtinction of another kind, by any literary work, or diſcovery in ſcience.

I thought it would be univerſally felt and allowed, that the late Sir Thomas Miller, (at one time a Vice Preſident of this Society), moſt juſtly fell under the above deſcription of a ſingularly uſeful man, and fit to be commemorated. And in this perſuaſion, I have prepared a ſhort account of him, now to be ſubmitted to your conſideration.

Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, late Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion, was the ſecond ſon of William Miller writer to the Signet, who was himſelf the ſecond ſon of Matthew Miller of Glenlee, and ſucceeded to that eſtate, along with the lands of Barſkimming, on the death of his elder brother.

Sir Thomas was born on the 3d of November 1717. He received the

firſt rudiments of his education at Glaſgow, and afterwards went thro' the uſual courſe of academical ſtudies in the Univerſity of that place; where he acquired a reliſh for the purſuits of literature and ſcience, that never forſook him, and eſpecially a fondneſs for the Greek and Roman claſſics, which, even in the buſieſt periods of his life, he occaſionally found opportunities to indulge. Horace was almoſt his conſtant companion; and even in his laſt years, after his promotion to the moſt laborious office in the law, Homer, during a vacation, was often on his table.

Another branch of knowledge for which he there imbibed an early predilection, was that of Ethics, or Moral Philoſophy. This he had the advantage of ſtudying under the celebrated Dr Hutcheſon, of whom he was a favourite pupil. The warmth of eloquence with which this Philoſopher poured forth his lectures, attached to him extremely all thoſe of his hearers who had any liking to the ſubject he treated, or were ſuſceptible of being moved; and Mr Miller, in particular, contracted not only a high admiration of his talents, but ſuch love to him as a man, that long after his death, and when he himſelf had grown old, he could not mention his name but in terms of gratitude and veneration, equal to thoſe in which the diſciples of Socrates ſpoke of their maſter. Like Socrates too, Dr Hutcheſon taught his diſciples to value Ethics beyond all other ſciences; and with Mr Miller this preference was ſo ſtrong, that he uſed habitually in converſation, when diſtinguiſhing it from the reſt, to give it the appellation of *Philoſophy*.

Having thus, by the improvement of his taſte, and the acquiſition of a philoſophic ſpirit, made the beſt preparation for eminence in any liberal employment, he decided for the Bar, the profeſſion to which thoſe accompliſhments lend the moſt diſtinguiſhed luſtre of any, and where they moſt materially contribute to the advancement of the perſon poſſeſſed of them. For ſome time he had heſitated between this profeſſion and his father's; and it is ſaid to have been in a great meaſure owing to the ſtate of his health, that he gave up thoughts of the latter.

When he had reſolved on going to the Bar, he fixed his reſidence at Edinburgh, and devoted himſelf to the ſtudy of the law, with that zeal and earneſtneſs with which, during his whole life, he was remarkable for following every object that had at once determined his choice*. Yet with all his diligence in this neceſſary occupation, as the turn of his mind led him to no baſe or trifling purſuits, he was able to find time, and neglected not to employ it, for cultivating the humaner and more liberal ſtudies. Even, at this time, he continued to read the claſſics extenſively, particularly the better Greek authors, having for his aſſiſtant the late Mr George Muirhead, afterwards Profeſſor of Humanity at Glaſgow, whoſe reputation as a claſſical ſcholar is well known.

In the month of July 1742 he was called to the Bar; where he had not long continued, before the moſt favourable opinion came to be entertained, among the perſons beſt entitled to judge, of the proficiency he had made in the knowledge of the law, and of his excellent qualifications, both for counſel and debate. His elocution was copious and eaſy; his ſelection of argument judicious, and his mode of preſenting it, in the higheſt degree perſpicuous and plain; and he accompanied it with a manner of delivery ſo weighty and fer-

* His uſual hour of going to bed at this period was four of the morning.

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vent, as carried home to the hearer the impreſſion of his own belief in the doctrines he maintained. Men there might perhaps be in the profeſſion, more eminent for invention of topics in a deſperate cauſe, or who ſhewed more verſatility of genius in placing the ſame buſineſs in different lights, or turning it into all variety of ſhapes; but there was none who better underſtood the ſtrength of a good or a tenable cauſe, or took his ground in one of that deſcription with more judgment and diſcretion, or uſed its advantages to better purpoſe. Having found the ſoundeſt or moſt favourable part of his client's plea, *that* he attached himſelf to, and on *it* exerted all his ſtrength; throwing aſide with juſt and proper confidence, all the more doubtful points and weaker conſiderations in the cauſe. Captious and quibbling argument indeed, and all perverſion of an adverſary's words or meaning, he held to be as foreign to the lawyer's duty, as they are derogatory to the honour of the Court where they are heard; nor could he, on any occaſion, be prevailed on to attempt the aiding of his cauſe, in a manner ſo inconſiſtent with his own feelings of what was right and proper.

No wonder then, that thus qualified, and regulated by ſentiments ſo reſpectable, he quickly roſe to a high degree of employment in his profeſſion, though he had among his cotemporaries, for rivals in the public favour, men of the greateſt acuteneſs and ſplendour of parts.

Hence alſo he, at an early period of life, entered the career of public offices and honour in the department of the law.

In the year 1748, on the new arrangement of the office of Sheriff, (which has been attended with ſo many ſalutary conſequences) he was pitched upon as a fit perſon for one of thoſe appointments. The county which Government had deſtined for him, was that of Inverneſs, in thoſe times of recent diſorder and rebellion, accounted the moſt important of any, and what required the ſteadieſt and moſt able ſuperintendence. But this appointment, though more advantageous, he declined; becauſe his friend the Earl of Selkirk had recommended him to Government for the ſtewartry of Kirkcudbright, and it had been underſtood between him and the Earl that he was to accept it.

The duties of this office he performed with great punctuality, and to the entire ſatisfaction of the diſtrict entruſted to his charge; and he continued to hold it till the year 1755, when he reſigned, and was named Solicitor of Exciſe—an office in thoſe days generally held by a lawyer.

In the year 1759, on the promotion of Mr Pringle (afterwards Lord Alemore) to the Bench, he reaped the fruit of the public favour, in being appointed his Majeſty's Solicitor-General for Scotland.

In the year 1760, he ſucceeded the late Preſident Dundas as his Majeſty's Advocate for Scotland, and in the following year he was choſen to ſerve in Parliament for the burgh of Dumfries.

While in theſe ſtations, Mr Miller, whoſe modeſty and diſcretion were equal to his ability, did not think it ſo much incumbent on him to take an active ſhare in the debates of the Aſſembly, as to regulate his voice according to his opinion of the public good. The ſingle occaſion that called him up as a ſpeaker, was indeed of a very intereſting kind, and became a ſingle proof of the independence of his ſpirit, and ſincere concern for the grandeur and proſperity of the Britiſh empire. This was the repeal of the American ſtamp act; a meaſure in which Mr Miller's ſagacity foreſaw the miſerable train of conſequences that have ſince enſued from it, and

which though ſupported by all the influence of the then Miniſtry, he accordingly both voted againſt, and gave his reaſons to the Houſe for oppoſing :—A moſt reſpectable and truly patriotic piece of conduct, and of which he reaped a juſt, but unlooked-for reward, in the friendſhip and eſteem of the Marquis of Rockingham; who, however loath to have an opponent in the principal ſervant of the Crown for Scotland, yet, ſatisfied that he had taken this line from the pureſt and moſt diſintereſted motives, continued him in this public ſtation, and ever after honoured him with his particular attention.

In the year 1766, on the death of Lord Minto, he was appointed Lord Juſtice Clerk; which office both beſtows the Preſidency of the higheſt Criminal Tribunal, and a ſeat as an ordinary Judge in the ſupreme Civil Court.

In theſe high ſtations, he fully juſtified the choice that had been made of him, and ſoon, by his ſcrupulous attendance on the Court, and aſſiduous labour in the diſpatch of buſineſs, gained a high place in the eſteem and confidence of the public, as a man deeply impreſſed with the importance of his duties, and actuated by a warm and ſteady zeal conſcientiouſly to diſcharge them. And this taſk he accompliſhed, in the civil department, in ſuch a manner, as both added credit to the Court of which he was a member, and was of the moſt eſſential ſervice to the intereſts of law and juſtice. For beſides the learning and experience, acquired by long ſtudy and extenſive practice, he was poſſeſſed of many other more material qualifications, which added much to the power of thoſe attainments, and peculiarly fitted him for the important charge of deciding on the rights of theſe fellow citizens.

He was happy in a great natural temperance of diſpoſition and ſoundneſs of judgement. Whence, though he was well able to purſue an intricate and ſubtile argument, and could on proper occaſion, ſucceſsfully puſh an abſtract principle into all its conſequences, and was ever diſpoſed to beſtow the due ſhare of praiſe on this ſort of acuteneſs in others, yet few were ſo little apt to be dazzled by new or ſplendid notions, or leſs ſubject to the impoſition of falſe refinement. His natural good underſtanding, joined to his knowledge of buſineſs, readily pointed out to him the real ſources and objects of our cuſtoms and ſtatutes, and the conſequences to be dreaded, if theſe were at any time forgotten; and thus, occupying on all occaſions a ſtrong and ſure ground, he was not eaſily tempted to abandon it.

To the ſame conſtitution of mind, he was indebted for his particular eminence in that article, wherein perhaps lies the main difficulty of the Judge's taſk, the diſcovering the preciſe application, or the inapplicability of the general precepts of law to the particular caſe in hand. He was nowiſe apt to haſten to a ſentence, but patiently ſuſpended his opinion till the due inveſtigations had fully ripened the caſe for judgement; which neceſſary preparations once made, he then earneſtly applied himſelf to underſtand, and get poſſeſſion of, the peculiar circumſtances and proper complexion of that caſe. Whence it came, that in the courſe of the many years he ſat upon the Bench, the number of the judgments as an Ordinary, that were altered on review of the whole Court, was almoſt incredibly ſmall, and that, in a great proportion of the cauſes brought before him, the unſucceſsful party acquieſced in his opinion, and carried the ſuit no farther.

Hence alſo, in the deliberations of the whole Court, it often happened, (as many who now hear me remember), that, by detailing the cauſe to the

the Bench, (which he did with great force and perſpicuity), and fixing upon ſpecial circumſtances which others had overlooked, or leſs attentively conſidered, he was able to turn the tide of argument, and win his brethren over to his opinion.

Yet, though this was perhaps his peculiar excellence, he was the very reverſe of a minute or unſteady lawyer. He had, on the contrary, the firmeſt hold of the principles and ſpirit of the law in every department, and on all occaſions that gave ſcope for general reaſoning, ever drew his opinion, not from the authority of books and precedents, (which hardly any judge ever dealt leſs in quoting) but from the ſource and fountain-head of the law,—the ſtrain of our ſtatutes, and the reaſon and ſubſtance of the thing.

But in reciting his qualifications as a Judge, we muſt not forget one, which was in him amongſt the moſt eminent of any, and on no occaſion forſook or miſſed him,—the natural rectitude and pure honour of his own mind,—which, in the numerous claſs of cauſes that depend on the judgement to be formed of the character and conduct of men, directed him with certainty to whatever was faulty in either, and enabled him to ſhew, which he did with much energy and feeling, what the conduct of a truly honeſt man would there have been. Indeed upon ſuch occaſions, where the intereſts of morality, or the purity of judicial proceedings, was concerned, he was ſometimes led to expatiate at a length which juſt taſte might perhaps have been diſpoſed to blame, had it been a leſs warm and pleaſing proof of his native integrity and cordial attachment to the cauſe of virtue.

With all theſe powerful aſſiſtances, which ſo well qualified him to judge with firmneſs and deciſion for himſelf, he poſſeſſed the ſtill more rare, and in a Judge inеſtimable endowment, of the moſt perfect candour, in liſtening to and weighing the ſentiments of others; which virtue was in him ſo conſpicuous, that it might with truth be ſaid of him, that he had no predilection for any opinion, merely becauſe it had once been his own: So ready was he to reconſider his judgment, the moment he ſaw any cauſe to doubt it, and with ſuch perfect openneſs and indifference did he abandon it, however firm his former perſuaſion, upon being (from whatever quarter) convinced of an error.

Theſe were his acknowledged merits as a Civil Judge. And his zeal for the public ſervice as Preſident of the Juſticiary, was no leſs conſpicuous and ſucceſsful, as appears from more than one reformation, which the forms and practice of the Court underwent, during the period of his ſitting at the head of it. Of theſe, the moſt remarkable was the fuller eſtabliſhment of the diſtinction in our law between culpable homicide and murder; a diſtinction which ſeems to reſt upon the ſtrongeſt grounds in reaſon and humanity, and even to be ſupported by the language of our books and ſtatutes, but which, nevertheleſs, the older practice of the Court could ſcarcely be ſaid to have thoroughly recogniſed, and which now, in a great meaſure, owed its reception into libels and verdicts to the weight of Mr Miller's opinion, who loſt no proper opportunity to countenance and inculcate ſo juſt a doctrine.

We may alſo mention among the improvements by him ſuggeſted, the late ſtatutory diſpenſation with the tedious, and often unneceſſary proceſs, of reducing the teſtimony of the witneſſes into writing.

Nor muſt we paſs over his attention to the exterior decorum of this tribunal, ſo important to the maintenance of its authority, and which he, in different ways, materially contributed to

ſupport; having aboliſhed certain old, but unſeemly practices, and introduced various becoming obſervances, not before his time required; and, above all, having perſonally added to the reſpect and gravity of the Bench, by his rare and happy talent of ſuitable, and earneſt, and eloquent exhortation to the unfortunate convicts, which impreſſed upon the byſtanders, and rendered ſalutary to them, the examples of juſtice which his duty conſtrained him to make.

Mr Miller continued, thus honourably to himſelf, and profitably to the public, to diſcharge the duties of theſe ſtations, without interruption, till the year 1781; at which time, his health being ſomewhat impaired by ſo long a courſe of conſtant application to buſineſs, it was judged adviſeable for him to diſcontinue it, and make a ſhort trial of a warmer climate. He accordingly ſpent ſome months in viſiting different parts of France; and having thence paſſed into Italy, he had there the ſatisfaction of contemplating the magnificent remains of the grandeur of the people, for whoſe language and genius he entertained ſo high an admiration, and of ſurveying with his own eyes many of the pictureſque ſcenes which had ſo often delighted him in the deſcriptions of their poets. He returned in perfect health, after being abſent for about a year, and reſumed his former occupations with his wonted vigour and activity.

In the month of January 1788, on the death of Preſident Dundas, he was, to the entire ſatisfaction of his country and the Bar, called to preſide in the Civil Court. His Majeſty, at the ſame time, thought proper to requite his long ſervices, by beſtowing on him the title of Baronet of Great Britain.

It was a very difficult taſk for any man, the youngeſt and moſt vigorous, to enter on the extenſive labours of this office, after the Lord Preſident Dundas; whoſe ſingular powers for the rapid diſpatch of buſineſs will always be remembered with regret whoever be the perſon that fills his chair. Yet of his ſucceſſor, during the ſhort time he held it, we may with truth ſay that he gained an acceſſion of reputation, by his manner of conducting himſelf in this new ſtation, though advanced to the age of *Seventy* before he attained it. And if he ſometimes conſulted with his brethren upon matters which he might have ſettled without ſuch deliberation, this was almoſt unavoidable upon the firſt entry into office; at leaſt in a perſon like Sir Thomas Miller, who, with the beſt pretenſion to lead and direct, was free from all deſire to exert his influence. This mildneſs of diſpoſition ſecured to him, in an uncommon degree, the reſpect and affection of the Gentlemen at the Bar; whom he always heard with ſuch patience, and treated with ſuch attention and good breeding, as ſhould, more effectually than the ſharpeſt animadverſion, repreſs all petulance and indecorum.

Having thus then gained the ſummit of his honeſt ambition, in riſing ſucceſſively, by his own talents and uſeful labours, to all the great offices of the law;—having obtained them all without blame or envy, and held them with credit and diſtinction;—happy in retaining, at an advanced age, the full poſſeſſion of health and of his faculties, and fortunate in his family and all his domeſtic concerns;—he had little elſe to pray for, (ſince Heaven had ordered that he ſhould now be called from the ſociety of perſons ſo dear to him) but an eaſy diſſolution of his mortal ſtate. And this Divine Providence thought fit to grant him.

He died upon the 27th of September 1789, after an illneſs of two days, at his ſeat of Barſkimming in Ayrſhire, in the 72d year of his age,—leaving no good man his enemy, and attended with

with that ſincere and extenſive regret, which only thoſe can hope for, who have occupied the like important ſtations, and acquitted themſelves as well.

We have ſpoken of him in his public capacity, and noticed his great temperance and ſolidity of judgment. Now, theſe qualities were in him the more to be praiſed, that they did not proceed from any coldneſs or tardineſs of nature, but were, on the contrary, united to a very warm and feeling heart; which was manifeſt in his whole life and manners.

No man was perhaps a better citizen, or more genuine patriot, than the late Preſident; if we are to eſteem him ſuch, who not only takes an intereſt in the internal welfare and proſperity of his country, but feels an honeſt pride and warm concern in its glory and conſequence as a ſtate, and in the ſplendour of the peoples fame. Of all theſe, the Preſident had, and continued to have, even in his lateſt years, a moſt lively ſenſe; which was, at one period of his life, the ſource of much joy and ſatisfaction, and at a later period of ſincere mortification and regret, and cauſed him often to lament to the riſing generation, during the misfortunes of the late war, that they had only ſeen a glimpſe of the glory of their country. That part too of the Britiſh dominions which gave him birth, he was attached to with all the partiality which a good man naturally feels; nor was there any ſubject on which he dwelt more frequently, or with more pleaſure, than its growing ſtate of improvement in his own time.

He was, in like manner, a very ſocial and hoſpitable man; to his family and connections, and indeed to all about him, full of gentleneſs, and kindneſs, and cordiality: and this uniformly and without exception; inſomuch that no perſon whom he had reaſon to eſteem or think well of, could ever ſay of him, that he received him coldly, or treated him with reſerve. Good breeding indeed, (meaning by the term that kind and open manner which ſets a ſtranger or inferior at eaſe) was in a manner natural to him: and he had it to all ranks and conditions of men; ſo that in a humane viſit to the houſe of a ſervant or dependant, he equally pleaſed and was as ſurely directed to the very things that were fit and acceptable to be ſaid, as in his intercourſe with thoſe of his own rank. Among whom too, and indeed in all ſituations, he was diſtinguiſhed for a rare ſimplicity of manners and openneſs of ſpeech; which flowed from a purity of thought and intentions, ſo perfect that it was not to be ſurpaſſed.

He retained through life the higheſt reliſh of the beauties of nature, and every year ſpent a conſiderable part of the receſs of buſineſs, in the enjoyment and improvement of the romantic ſcenes at his place in Barſkimming. It was not, however, to the object of beauty alone, that his attention at thoſe ſeaſons was directed, but alſo to the better management and ſubſtantial melioration of his eſtate. And this purſuit engaged him in very numerous and extenſive operations, all of which he himſelf both planned, and ſuperintended the execution of, and ſucceſsfully conducted: though in the hands of moſt other men, having the ſame avocations of buſineſs, without the ſame activity, conſtancy, and love of order, they were more likely to have proved abortive, or even ruinous.

Sir Thomas Miller was twice married. By his firſt wife, Margaret Murdoch, daughter of John Murdoch, merchant in Glaſgow, he left iſſue, one daughter, and one ſon, now Sir William Miller, who follows the ſame profeſſion in which his father roſe to ſuch diſtinguiſhed honours. His ſecond marriage, of which there is no iſſue, was to Anne Lockhart, daughter

of

of Mr Lockhart of Caſtlehill, who has the misfortune to ſurvive him. His eldeſt brother John had deceaſed ſome years before him, and he ſucceeded, on that event, to the family eſtate of Glenlee, which, along with the eſtate of Barſkimming, has now devolved to his ſon.

A remarkable and extraordinary Narrative of the revivification of young Joſeph Taylor, *who was ſuppoſed to have been hanged to death, (in company with that notorious Highwayman, Pickpocket and Houſebreaker,* Archibald Taylor) *on* Boſton Neck, *on Thurſday the 8th of May,* 1788, *for a violent Aſſault and Robbery on the Highway, committed on the Perſon and Property of Mr* Nathaniel Cunningham, *Butcher, in October,* 1787—*In a Letter from the ſaid* Joſeph Taylor, *to his Friend and Countryman, Mr* Phelim Donance, *in* Boſton.

Egg-Harbour, Mouth of the Delaware, May 12, 1788.

My Dear Friend,

YOU will, no doubt, be greatly aſtoniſhed at receiving a letter from one whom you ſo lately ſaw, to all appearance, numbered with the dead, with all the ignominy of a public and ſhameful execution. But though ſtrange as it may appear, it is no leſs ſtrange than true, that, bleſſed be God for his infinite goodneſs, I am now among the living to praiſe him. It was my fervent deſire that you ſhould have been made acquainted with the ſteps which were taken to recover me to life immediately after my being hanged. But the doctor who managed the affair would not admit of more than five perſons in the ſecret, as he feared a diſcovery, and ſaid a crowd around me would be fatal, and prevent the air getting into my lungs, and O'Donnell and Tector had been told of it before I ſaw you; and they, with the doctor, his young man, and a perſon he brought with him, made the five. I therefore take this early opportunity to let you know of my being alive, and in health, bleſſed be God! as I hope theſe lines will find you; as alſo the circumſtances which attend my execution and recovery to life; as alſo my preſent frame of mind and reſolution, through the grace of God, to ſin no more, but endeavour after new obedience.

You remember that you, among other friends, had great hopes of my being pardoned on account of my youth; but when their Honours ſat, I ſoon found I muſt be made an example of, as they were determined never to pardon highwaymen. I then began to prepare for death; but muſt needs ſay, though I had many affecting conferences with the reverend parſons who viſited me in goal, I never, even after my condemnation, realized that I was ſuddenly to die in ſo awful a manner, until a gentleman, who I afterwards found was a doctor, came and talked privately with the late unhappy ſufferer, and my fellow convict, Archibald Taylor, who, when the gentleman was gone, came to me with money in his hand, and ſo ſmiling a countenance, that I thought he had received it in charity. But he ſoon undeceived me, telling me with an air of gaiety, that it was the price of his body; and then added a ſhocking ſpeech, which I ſincerely hope is blotted out of the book of God's remembrance againſt his poor ſoul.

This was the firſt time ſince my condemnation that I thought what it was to die. The ſhock was terrible, and Taylor increaſed it, ſaying that the doctor had deſired him to bargain with me for my body alſo. The

thoughts

thoughts of my bones not being permitted to remain in the grave in peace, and my body, which my poor mother had ſo often careſſed and dandled on her knee, and which had been ſo pampered by my friends in my better days, being flaſhed and mangled by the doctors, was too much for me. I had been deaf to the pious exhortations of the prieſts; but now my conſcience was awakened, and hell ſeemed indeed to yawn for me.

What a night of horror was the next night!—When the doctor came in the morning to bargain for my body, I was in a cold ſweat; my knees ſmote together, and my tongue ſeemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. He perceived the agony of my ſoul, and aſked me ſome queſtions of the ſtate of my mind. I found utterance and poured out my heart to him. He ſeemed affected with my diſtreſs, eſpecially as my conduct was ſo different from that of A. Taylor's; and after pauſing, he left me without mentioning the ſale of my body, and ſaid he would call again the next day. He came and aſked me privately whether I had two or three friends I could depend upon to aſſiſt in any thing for my benefit. He communicated his deſign of attempting to recover me to life, if my body could be carried, immediately after I was cut down, to ſome convenient place, out of the reach of the people; aſſuring me by all that was ſacred, that if he failed in his attempt, he would give my body a Chriſtian burial. I cloſed with it without heſitating. The doctor then left me, and ſoon after Tector and O'Donnel came to ſee me, to whom I communicated the plan in confidence. The doctor came back to charge me not to truſt more perſons than were ſufficient to carry my body from the gallows to the place provided. I told him who the perſons with me were; and upon O'Donnell's engaging to procure a number of his countrymen to remove my body to a private place, who were not to be let into the ſecret, but ſuppoſe it was to ſecure my body from the doctors, he ſeemed pleaſed with the plan, and made us promiſe to admit no more perſons into the ſecret, upon pain of his not having to do in the affair ſo ſoon as it leaked out. He gave them money to hire a ſmall boat to be in readineſs at the wharf neareſt to the place of execution, which was accordingly done. The two-maſt boat, in which was the doctor, his friend, and apprentice, with their doctor's inſtruments, was moored up the bay, near the gallows, the morning of the execution day, but fell down with the tide, about two hours before the execution, towards Dorcheſter-point, for fear of being grounded.

The ſtate of my mind after my converſation with the doctor, untill the day of execution, it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe This glimpſe of hope, this mere chance of eſcaping the jaws of death, and avoiding the eyes of an offended Judge, at whoſe bar I was no ways prepared to appear, ſeemed to render my mind but more diſtracted. I ſometimes indulged myſelf with the thoughts of being recovered to life; and as I had fortunately concealed my real name, that I might return, like the Prodigal, to my parents, and live a life devoted to God and their comfort. But I oftener feared the means might fail to bring me to life: and then I wiſhed that this ſcheme had never been mentioned, as the hopes of life ſeemed to prevent my converſion; and then, to be ſurpriſed into another world, totally unprepared, how terrible! Thus diſtracted, the time flew and the awful day arrived. In the morning the Reverend Parſons viſited me. I was much ſoftened by their converſation: and really, at that time, wiſhed I had never

never ſeen the doctor, but by the near and certain approach of death, had been prepared to live in theſe bliſsful manſions which are prepared in the world of glory for the truly penitent.

Soon after they left us, the doctor's young man came (under pretence of a meſſage from Mrs Ranger, who had ſhown me much kindneſs in goal, the Lord reward her for it) to renew the doctor's directions how to conduct my body ſo as not to ſuffer the leaſt ſhock, and bid me keep up my ſpirits.

My hopes were now raiſed, and my former terror did not return upon me; which I doubt not was obſerved by the reverend Parſon who attended me, by the officers of juſtice, and the multitude, who doubtleſs compared my behaviour with that of my fellow ſufferer. It is true when I mounted the ſtage, I dreaded the pain of hanging as I ſhould any other bodily pain equally ſevere; but the far greater diſtreſs of meeting an offended, inexorable Judge, and being conſigned to endleſs miſery, was done away: for the nearer the time of execution approached, the more my reliance on the doctor increaſed.

You was preſent at the ſolemn parting with, and warning which was given to the people—at the excellent prayer of the Reverend Mr Stillman, and the dropping of the traps, which to all appearance launched me and my poor unhappy fellow priſoner, Archibald Taylor, into a boundleſs eternity.

I cannot take a better opportunity than to declare here, ſolemnly (as a man who, though he has once providentially eſcaped death, knows he muſt die, and come to judgment) that neither his honour the High Sheriff, whoſe tenderneſs and humanity otherwiſe I ſhall ever acknowledge, nor Mr Otis, nor Mr Milliſh, the Deputy Sheriff, who were the three officers with us on the ſtage, or any other officer of juſtice, had any knowledge of my eſcape from death.

But to return to my particular feelings—I preſerved my preſence of mind; and when the halter was faſtened, remembered the doctor's directions, and while the prayer was making I kept gently turning my head ſo as to bring the knot to the back of my neck, nearly, as O'Donnel afterwards informed, and as you and others obſerved. When the trap fell I had all my ſenſes about me; and though I have no remembrance of hearing any ſounds among the people, yet I believe I had no loſe my ſenſes until ſome minutes after. My firſt feelings after the ſhock of falling was a violent ſtrangling and oppreſſion for want of breath: this ſoon gave way to a pain in my eyes, which ſeemed to be burned by two balls of fire which appeared before them, which ſeemed to dart on and off like lightning; ſettling ever and anon upon my ſhoulders as if they weighed ten hundred tons; and after one terrible flaſh, in which the two balls ſeemed to join in one, I ſunk away without pain, like one falling to ſleep.

What followed after I was turned off you know, as I was informed you kindly aſſiſted my other friends in taking the body down as ſoon as you were permitted, and conveying it acroſs the ſalt works to the ſmall boat: I was from thence carried on board the two-maſt boat to the doctor, to all appearance dead; for O'Donnel who was directed by the doctor to cut and looſen my cloaths and rub me, throwing water on me, could perceive no life in me, but told the doctor it was too late. But the doctor was not diſcouraged; and in one hour and twenty-two minutes after I was brought on board the boat, making two hours and forty three minutes after I was turned off, he perceived ſigns of life in me, by a ſmall mo-

motion and warmth in my boſom: in twenty minutes after I gave a violent deep groan. Here deſcription fails! I cannot deſcribe the intolerable agony of that moment. Ten thouſand ſtranglings are trifling to it! The firſt confuſed thoughts I had, were, that it was the moment of my diſſolution; for I had no knowledge of my removal from the gallows, but was quite inſenſible from the time I firſt loſt myſelf, to that in which I recovered—except ſome faint glimmerings of a ſcene, which, faint, and confuſed as they were, I ſhall never forget, but which as I feel impreſſed upon my heart I ought to communicate *to no man living.* I was, ſoon after this violent anguiſh, made ſenſible where I was; the doctor's ſtuff, and ſight of my friends, reſtored me in a great meaſure to my ſenſes. The doctor would not allow me to talk much; but feeling fatigued he permitted me to lie down, having two perſons by me to rub me with a bruſh while I ſlept. When I awoke it was dark. I felt ſomewhat light-headed and confuſed, from the dreadful ſcene I had paſſed through. All hands were now called, and a ſolemn oath was taken by all preſent, not to tell any thing that had happened untill they ſhould know that I was ſafe out of the country; and then not to diſcover the doctor, his friend, or apprentice. I was then put on ſhore, and went from thence on board the veſſel which brought me here.

I am engaged to go to Gottenburgh, in Sweden; and ſhall ſail to morrow in a ſhip which is coming down the river from Philadelphia. I ſhall take my family name, and return to my parents, *a Prodigal Son indeed.* God grant, as I have ſeverely eaten huſks, that I may ſoon eat bread in my earthly parent's houſe; and be prepared for ſuch bread as the Saints in glory love, and ſuch as Angels eat, in that houſe which is not made with hands, and is eternal in the heavens.

If O'Donnel is gone from Boſton, which, upon recollecting, I have reaſon to fear, you will pleaſe to copy ſuch parts of this letter as are new to the doctor, and incloſe them in a cover, directed to Mr Samuel Woods, of Concord, to be left untill called for: And leave the letter at Mr ....., Apothecary in the ——ſtreet, which is what O'Donnel is to do if in town. Pray do not forget to do this punctually; and inform the doctor that the numbneſs in the place he mentioned went off the third day all at once, after a violent burning, as if a thouſand pins were ſtuck in me. Pray be punctual——God knows I cannot be too grateful to the doctor; not only for his charity, by which I now ſubſiſt, but becauſe without his aſſiſtance I might not have remained as a wonderful monument of God's ſparing mercy, but probably been receiving the rewards of the impenitent in a world of ſpirits. So I remain yours, &c.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

THE PAINTER'S PANEGYRIST.

Painting is Eloquence and Poetry in mechaniſm. TATLER.

——I admire,
None more admires the Painter's magic ſkill,
Who ſhews me that which I ſhall never ſee,
Conveys a diſtant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on Britiſh walls.
COWPER.

Animum pictura paſcit inani.——VIRGIL.
HE—with the unſubſtantial picture feeds his mind.

BEing in London a few years ago, I reſided during my ſtay in a relative's houſe. There was a worthy old gentleman boarded in the family, of whom I had frequently heard; and for whoſe character, though I had ne-

ver ſeen him, I had conceived the higheſt eſteem. Immediately upon my arrival in town, I was introduced to him, and found the greateſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction in his company. He had been a ſolitary widower for ſome time, and would often talk of his Wife and Children in a ſtrain, highly characteriſtic of conjugal and parental tenderneſs.

His underſtanding had been enriched with the treaſures of knowledge by means of a liberal education, and his manners had received a delicate poliſh by an intimate acquaintance with the polite world. He was remarkably humane, courteous, and affable. He perpetually wore the graceful garb of ſoft humanity, and his generous heart was widely dilated with the milk of human kindneſs. Often did his boſom heave with ſighs for the calamities of others—often did he pour forth the warm guſh of ſympathetic tears. Providence had bleſſed him with an income far exceeding competency, and what he had to ſpare he chearfully diſtributed once a year among the induſtrious poor of the neighbourhood. Every Sabbath he regularly and devoutly attended a place of worſhip—always kept within the bounds of morality, and paid the ſtricteſt regard to the doctrines and precepts of the chriſtian religion. The ſummer months he ſpent at a ſmall country villa in the vicinity of London, where he amuſed himſelf by ſurveying the beauties of nature, and tracing the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Creator, in the formation and ſtructure of this material ſyſtem. In the winter he returned to the metropolis, but never gave any countenance to thoſe licentious and ridiculous modes of public diverſion with which at that ſeaſon of the year, the town too much abounds. Having a large collection of books, often would he beguile the tediouſneſs of a winter's evening, by the peruſal of inſtructive volumes. He attended likewiſe a ſelect company of friends who met once or twice a week for the laudable purpoſe of mutual improvement.

There was one peculiar trait in this gentleman's character, which even a ſtranger would on the ſlighteſt interview diſcover. An enthuſiaſtic love of Painting was the predominant paſſion of his ſoul. It had obtained ſo complete an aſcendency over his mind, as ſenſibly to affect the whole of his conduct. He, indeed, was far from being conſummately ſkilled in the art he ſo much extolled, yet it might be emphatically ſtiled his *favorite* ſubject. At all times and in all places he ſtrove to make it the leading topic of converſation. This immoderate predilection was ſo far indulged by the worthy gentleman, as almoſt to annihilate the love of every other art, and may therefore be well compared to Aaron's rod which ſwallowed up thoſe of the magicians. When he was in company, and his favourite ſubject neglected, he was generally ſilent. On the contrary, ſhould Painting be but ſlightly mentioned—his countenance would in a moment begin to brighten; and ſhould he be ſo fortunate as to make it the topic of converſation, he would ſtart in raptures from his ſeat, and diſplay new ſpirit, and vigor. The ſoul which ſeemed a few minutes before to have forſaken his body, would return and reanimate his earthly frame!

As I am now drawing the outlines of this ſingular, though truly amiable character, I cannot help remarking that no perſon was more diſpoſed to patronize the young and unaſſiſted. His ears were ever open to the lamentations of diſtreſſed merit. Frequently have I heard him expreſs a wiſh that ſome inſtitution might be formed for the relief of INDIGENT GENIUS. How often did he recount with an honeſt indignation the miſeries of an Otway, a Savage and a Chatterton?

terton? One day, having given me a particular and very affecting account of poor Chatterton's ſhort career, I recollect he concluded his melancholy tale of woe, with the following mournful, but beautiful, lines of the Poet.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The ſteep where fame's proud temple ſhines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a ſoul ſublime
Has felt the influence of malignant ſtar,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the ſcoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

Truly (thought I) if the liberal and generous ſpirit of this old gentleman pervaded every ſoul, and warmed every boſom in the higher ranks of life; the AMPLE FORTUNE would not be fooliſhly ſquandered away in unmeaning extravagance, ſenſeleſs diſſipation, or childiſh levity; the wealth of the affluent would flow in a far different channel. Lending its friendly aid to genuine worth and to the deſerving ſons of ſcience, it would reſemble a fine river, whoſe banks are richly adorned with verdure and fertility, and whoſe limpid ſtreams diffuſe joy and gladneſs wherever they come. O happy and illuſtrious æra! fraught with ſo many bleſſings, when ſhall we hail thy long wiſhed for arrival? Then ſhall god-like Genius ceaſe to be chilled by the clay-cold hand of haggard penury; then ſhall we rapturouſly exclaim,

"*Few* flowers are born to bluſh unſeen,
Few, waſte their ſweetneſs on the deſert air."

During my reſidence in the metropolis I happened one evening to tell the enthuſiaſtic connoiſſeur, that I was much delighted with fine Paintings, and had been juſt ſeeing the annual exhibition at Somerſet houſe; that I practiſed a little myſelf, and that when travelling I would at any time go ten miles out of my way to ſee a nobleman's houſe, the decorations of which would gratify my taſte in this noble art. The communication of theſe ſentiments, like ſparks falling upon tinder, ſet the good man all in a flame. He inſiſted that my fondneſs for well executed Paintings was a favorable if not a deciſive ſymptom of my riſing genius in that line, and wiſhed me by all means to turn the whole of my attention to the cultivation of ſo excellent an art. I ſhowed him ſome ſmall ſketches done by myſelf; he was ſo far pleaſed as to expreſs his approbation in the warmeſt terms. Ever after therefore he delivered me lecture after lecture on his favorite ſubject, and was extremely ſolicitous of inſpiring me with the moſt fervent love of it.

The very day before I left town, juſt after breakfaſt (well do I remember it, or rather ſhall I ever forget it?) he tapped me on the ſhoulder, and taking me by the hand, led me up ſtairs to his own apartment. Having made faſt the door and given me a chair, he ſtood before me, and looking ſteadily at me, with a peculiar gravity of countenance, thus began.

"At your time of life, my YOUNG FRIEND, it is of the utmoſt conſequence that you be properly directed in your future employment. Moſt undoubtedly upon this very circumſtance depends much of your happineſs, and ſucceſs. Are there not thouſands, who having no judicious and intelligent friend to adviſe them, apply to buſineſſes for which the author of their being never deſigned them? Do they not thus become unhappy in themſelves, and prove almoſt uſeleſs to the community? In me, you behold a friend, who is diſintereſtedly deſirous of promoting your real welfare, and who therefore recommends to you an employ, in which I am perſuaded you will ſome day or other make a

diſtinguiſhed figure. I *know* you have a genius for painting; cultivate it, I entreat you, with the moſt ſedulous care. It is for want of having the ſoul moulded, as it were, by the maſterly hand of nature, for this noble art, that ſo few of its profeſſors arrive at eminence. You will be certain of attracting the notice of a generous public, of riſing above the common herd of mankind, and of having your name tranſmitted with honour to an impartial poſterity. The preſent age indeed is far from being backward in patronizing merit, and the reign of George the third will be conſpicuous in the annals of Britiſh Hiſtory for the attention paid to the cultivation of the fine arts. Be reſolved then to turn the whole bent of your mind to the illuſtrious art of Painting. I will take care, that you be placed under the tuition of an accompliſhed maſter. Should your parents be unwilling to advance a ſufficient premium on the occaſion, rather than you ſhould be deprived of a valuable opportunity, for the improvement of the talent which your creator hath given you, I will produce the ſum out of my own private purſe. Reflect on theſe things. Conſider their importance. Reſt aſſured that nothing on my part ſhall be omitted, that may render you celebrated, in the liſt of Painters, and an uſeful member of ſociety."

This extemporaneous harangue was delivered with ſo much fervid eloquence, that it made a conſiderable impreſſion upon me, and like the impetuoſity of a torrent, carried every thing before it.

The old connoiſſeur (ſcarcely giving me time to thank him for his propoſal) now took up his golden headed cane, which lay acroſs the table, and pointing to the ſeveral parts of the room, deſcribed to me thoſe beautiful ornaments with which it was ſo richly decorated. Over the fire place were the buſts of RAPHAEL, TITIAN and GUIDO. Having mentioned to me the perſons they repreſented, he proceeded to tell me the place of their birth, the times in which they flouriſhed, and the chief of theſe celebrated productions which had rendered their names immortal. On this laſt ſubject he enlarged with much pathos. He not only extravagantly extolled the famous pieces of thoſe great maſters of the pencil, but reprobating in the ſtrongeſt terms thoſe daring critics who had preſumed they were defective, he poſitively aſſerted that they were perfectly faultleſs. Demoſthenes railed not more againſt Philip the Macedonian King, than this worthy ſoul did, at (what he termed) the *Inſolence* of criticiſm. The old gentleman then pointed to a ſingle buſt, which ſtood upon a remarkably elegant pedeſtal, elevated about a foot above the reſt. This he told me was the buſt of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Having given me a long biographical account of that eminent artiſt, he concluded with a bold apoſtrophe in his praiſe.

We next examined the different pictures with which the room was profuſely adorned. They were ſo numerous as nearly to occupy the whole of the wainſcot, and ſo placed as to have a ſurprizing effect on the ſpectator's imagination when he firſt entered the apartment. To whatever corner you turned your eye, you beheld a pleaſing groupe of portraits, landſcapes and hiſtoric pieces. On each of theſe my honeſt friend deſcanted with an exceſſive minuteneſs. He pointed out their diſtinct and ſeparate beauties in the moſt rapturous manner. "See," ſays he, with a peculiar glow on his viſage, and a remarkable ſprightlineſs in his eyes, "ſee, how boldly are they ſketched! how vivid the colors! how delicate the finiſhing!"

I was ſomewhat aſtoniſhed however, that he took no notice of one picture which

which struck me beyond any of the rest, and which seemed fully as worthy of praise as any of those upon which he had so liberally bestowed his encomiums. It represented a young woman about thirty years of age, sitting in an elbow chair. Graceful was her appearance, simple her attire, chearful her countenance. Her features had something in them so inexpressibly delightful and engaging, that I think I never beheld a face, the lineaments of which were so divinely expressive of female loveliness. The moment I saw her, she reminded me of the beauteous and blushing rose in all its glory. In her arms she held a sweet infant, upon whom she gazed with a maternal smile, and on her knee leaned a lovely boy, seemingly near four or five years old. He was drawn in the pleasing attitude of looking up into his mamma's face with peculiar earnestness; his little features at the same time glowing with all the warmth of filial affection. I immediately interrupted the amiable connoisseur by begging him to explain this truly beautiful Picture, and to assign his reason for passing it over as he had done, in an entire silence. "Alas!" said the old gentleman, shaking his silver locks and wiping away the round tear which started from his eye, "Alas!" said he, "It is the dear wife of my youth, and two lovely children, now no more." The three last words were scarcely articulated, no sooner had he uttered them, than he burst into a flood of tears, sat down, and wept bitterly. The melancholy idea that they were *no more*, like the sharp pointed dagger of the murderous assassin, pierced his inmost soul. Having for a few moments given vent to his anguish, his grief was somewhat abated. I then approached him, and taking hold of his hand said, "O sir, give not way to immoderate regret. These misfortunes are incident to frail mortality. A few of our best tears are certainly due to departed worth, and may be frequently shed o'er the tomb of the deceased. But you should not sorrow as those who have no hope. Though *they* shall never return to you, yet the Christian revelation assures you that *you* shall go to them, and be associated with them, *never* more to be separated." These consolatory hints, imperfect as they were, served as a rich cordial to revive his drooping spirit. The old gentleman gradually recovered. Wishing not to open those wounds in his tender heart, which it seems were far from being closed by the lenient hand of time, I enquired no further into particulars. Poor man! could I be in the least surprized at thy amiable and delicate sensibility? Did not

> Busy meddling memory,
> In barbarous succession, muster up
> The past endearments of thy softer hours,
> Tenacious of its prey?

The worthy owner, having thus attentively surveyed the whole of his apartment, rose and went to his bureau. He brought from it a paper, folded like a letter and carefully sealed. Putting it into my hands he said, "I have now, my young friend, done my utmost to inspire you with a fervent love of painting. THIS PAPER I deliver into your custody, strictly enjoining you not to open it, till you arrive at your father's house in the country. *Then* examine its contents, and give them a careful and impartial perusal. Your retired situation will be highly favorable to the exercise of reflection. Free from the tumultuous bustle of a city life, you can take a calm and dispassionate view of the arguments I have already urged, with respect to your making the noble art of painting, your employment through life. I would by no means wish you to undertake it, except it be your free choice. Be well convinced of the propriety of the measure you follow, and let your attachment to the divine art arise from

a rational and well grounded perſuaſion of its beauty and utility. In a week or two inform me by poſt, whether you are diſpoſed to accept the propoſal I have made. You may readily believe that I ſhall do every thing in my power to patronize and aſſiſt you."

As I was thanking my much eſteemed friend for his extreme kindneſs to me, the dinner bell rung and releaſed me from my temporary, though not unpleaſing confinement. The next day I bid him and my relation's family a final adieu. The carriage waited for ſome time at the door. On my ſtepping into it, I thought I heard ſomebody calling me by name. Turning round my head, I perceived my WORTHY CONNOISSEUR looking through his window. As the carriage drove off, he gently waved his hand and affectionately ſaid, "Farewell my young friend, God bleſs you." I ſoon got out of ſight, reached my father's houſe in the evening, and once more partook of all the dear charities of ſocial life.

(The remainder in our next.)

A ſhort Account of Georgia, and its Inhabitants. Tranſlated from the Dutch.

GEORGIA, which the Perſians call Gurguſtan, and the Turks Gurthi, contains the ancient Iberia; Colchis, and perhaps a part of Albania, ſince the country of Kacketi, in the ancient Georgian language, was known by the name of *Albon.*

The inhabitants are Chriſtians of the Greek church, and it is probable that they were called Georgians, on account of the great veneration which they entertained for St George, the tutelary ſaint of the country.

Georgia is divided into nine provinces, five of which are ſubject to Heraclius, and compoſe that part commonly named the kingdom of Georgia. The other four provinces are under the dominion of David, and form the kingdom, or rather principality of Immeretta.

All theſe countries are in general ſo beautiful and fertile, that ſome enthuſiaſtical travellers have imagined that the ancient garden of Eden was ſituated in the middle of them. The mountains are covered with oaks, cheſnut and walnut-trees, birches, and an immenſe number of trees, of every kind, intermixed with vines, which, though little cultivated, do not fail to produce abundance of grapes. The inhabitants make as much from them as is ſufficient for their annual conſumption, and ſuffer the reſt to periſh. Cotton grows here without any care, and great plenty of our European fruit trees may be ſeen, which thrive much better than among us. Rice, hemp and flax are eaſily cultivated. It is impoſſible to find better or more beautiful paſtures; the rivers teem with fiſh, the mountains contain rich treaſures of minerals, and the climate is pleaſant and mild; in ſhort, nature ſeems to have poured forth her richeſt gifts on this fortunate country, and to have entertained a peculiar favour for its inhabitants.

The rivers of Georgia are not proper for navigation, ſometimes on account of their rapidity, occaſioned by torrents which fall from the mountains, and often on account of their ſhallowneſs. The navigation of the Black Sea, which might have introduced commerce and European manners into theſe countries, being ſtill excluſively in the poſſeſſion of the Turks, the internal trade of Georgia is very much limited by the mountains of Caucaſus, and this inconvenience continues daily to increaſe, on account of the numerous hands of plunderers who inhabit them.

In

In the fifteenth century, the Georgians were conquered and made ſlaves, partly by the Turks and partly by the Perſians. Since that epoch, having at different times, very inconſiderately, and without ſupport, attempted to recover their liberty, they have on that account ſeen their country often ravaged and threatened with entire ruin It is ſaid, the Schah Abbas the Great, in one campaign, carried with him eighty thouſand families, and the mercileſs Nadir exerciſed againſt the inhabitants of theſe rich countries every cruelty that the moſt atrocious barbarity and a thirſt of blood could inſpire into a monſter like him. Happy would it have been for theſe wretched people, had they then got rid of their enemies; but the inteſtine wars which followed, and the great lords, ſtill added to their misfortunes

Theſe numerous bodies of idle, haughty, and cruel men, had unlimited power over the lives and poſſeſſions of their veſſels. Not being acquainted with any other exerciſe than that of arms, and no other means of aggrandiſing themſelves but by plundering, they carried on continual wars with one another; and as the fate of arms naturally inclined different ways, the multitudes of peaſants made priſoners, and ſold to the Turks and the Perſians, viſibly diminiſhed the number of the inhabitants. They carried their hatred ſo far as to form alliances with the plunderers of the mountains; and the latter, attracted by a deſire for booty, readily embraced this opportunity of indulging their inclination. Theſe formidable allies having gradually acquired a knowledge of the country, and being thoroughly acquainted with the weakneſs and puſillanimity of the inhabitants, carried every where deſolation along with them. A few unfortunate wretches, half naked, oppreſſed by the tyranny of their lords, diſperſed themſelves into ſome of the beautiful countries of Georgia. The revolutions of Perſia, and the weakneſs of the Turks, have, it is true, placed the princes of the country in a ſituation that might enable them to recover their liberty; but the ſmallneſs of their revenues, ariſing from the deſpotiſm continually exerciſed by the nobles, has hitherto prevented them from eaſing that heavy load of taxes which the poor inhabitants ſtill ſuſtain.

The capital of Georgia, and the reſidence of the Prince Heraclius, is Teflis; the inhabitants call it *Tyblis-Cahar*, or the *Warm City*, on account of the warm baths which are found in its neighbourhood. This city was built in the year 1063 by Prince Lierang, according to an inſcription ſeen on the front of the caſtle.

The city of Teflis is no more than two Engliſh miles in circumference; it contains 20,000 ſouls, the greater part of whom are Armenians, and the reſt Georgians and Tartars. There are reckoned to be in this city twenty Armenian Churches, fifteen Greek, and three Metſcheds. The wideſt ſtreets are only ſeven feet in breadth, and ſome of them are ſo narrow that a man on horſeback can ſcarcely paſs along them. It may be therefore readily imagined that they are far from being clean. The houſes are built with flat roofs, upon which the Georgian ladies walk to enjoy the freſh air when the weather is fine. Theſe houſes are all regular, the greater part of the walls are wainſcotted in the inſide, and the floors are covered with carpets. There is an iron foundery at Teflis, in which a conſiderable quantity of mortars, bullets, and cannons are caſt every year; but the cannon, which are all of the ſame calibre, are inferior to thoſe of the Turks. The powder made here is ex-

excellent. The Armenians, naturally induſtrious, have eſtabliſhed here the greater part of the manufactories eſtabliſhed by their countrymen in Perſia: the moſt flouriſhing of all is that of printed cottons. Teflis has a mint of its own; but beſides the money which is coined there, Perſian and Turkiſh pieces employed for purchaſing honey, butter, cattle, and cloth are alſo current.

The ſubjects of prince Heraclius are ſaid to amount to 60,000 families; but notwithſtanding the depopulation under which the country languiſhes, it is proved that the third of that number are omitted in collecting the taxes. The peaſants, who are vaſſals to the queen, as well as thoſe of the patriarch, pay no taxes to the prince, and are conſequently not enrolled among thoſe who pay ſubſidies. The prince has permitted his ſons in law, as well as his favourites, to free their vaſſals from every burthen whatever. It is to be obſerved that, as the peaſants are taxed by fires, and not by the head, it often happens (and this conſequently tends to diminiſh the revenues of the ſovereign) that they carry the moſt valuable effects of ſeveral huts into one, and burn the reſt; ſo that they pay no tax, and the money which they thence ſave, enables them to acquire more. The whole population of Georgia is reckoned to be about three hundred and fifty thouſand ſouls.

The government of Georgia is deſpotic; and notwithſtanding this, the prince would be very much embarraſſed to get his orders executed without the aſſiſtance of the Ruſſian troops. Corporal puniſhments here are barbarous, but fortunately executions are rare: for criminals find it extremely eaſy to eſcape, as they are ſo near foreign powers; beſides, the prince is ſenſible that it is more advantageous to confiſcate the wealth of the guilty; and on that account, he is not too ſtrict in enforcing the laws againſt them. Regular proceſſes form a part of the privileges of the nobility, and are never employed except when the caſe is very complex, or when the power and influence of the parties are equally great, or rather when the court is afraid of embroiling itſelf with one of the parties. This manner of proceeding is called the judgement of God.

The Georgian dreſs has a great reſemblance to that of the Coſſacks: people of any conſequence dreſs, however, after the Perſian manner. The greater part of them dye their hair, beard, and nails red. The Georgian woman rub over their hands with the ſame colour, and they wear a kind of bandage round their heads, from which their black hair falls over their forehead: their hair behind is formed into treſſes. They paint their eye-brows black, in the form of a ſemi-circle, and their faces are daubed over with red and white. Their tunics are open as far as the girdle; ſo that when they wiſh to conceal their breaſts, they are obliged to cover them with their hands. Their carriage is noble, their converſation eaſy and voluptuous, and the greater part of them can read and write, which are qualifications rarely to be met with, even among thoſe Georgians who are of the firſt diſtinction. The Georgian women are indebted for their inſtruction to the cloiſters in which they are educated. The greater part of the marriages here are a kind of bargains; and girls are often betrothed at the age of four or five. Women of rank never go abroad without veils, and a man would be accuſed of rudeneſs, did he accoſt them in the ſtreet; the caſe would be the ſame did he in company enquire after the wife of another.

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Though this kind of etiquette ſeems to be in ſome meaſure a prejudice, it is excuſable. The cruelties which the Perſians committed againſt the Georgians, under the reign of Nadir Shaw, are ſtill too freſh in their memory, though handed down from father to ſon, not to make us forgive them for being very ſuſpicious of ſtrangers.

Many travellers have accuſed the Georgians of cruelty, lazineſs, avarice and cowardice. Theſe vices, which generally belong to ſlaves and tyrants, are abhorred in Georgia. The vaſſals of the colonies eſtabliſhed by Shaw-Abbas at Perea, near Iſphahan, as well as the inhabitants of thoſe of the Meſendran, have gained much by their new conſtitution; and the Georgian cohorts, whom the Perſians employed to expel the Afghans, diſtinguiſh themſelves in an eminent degree by their application, good diſcipline, and bravery. The other inhabitants of Georgia are Tartars, the *Oſſi* and the Armenians, whom the Georgians call *Semaki*. The latter are diſperſed throughout the whole country, ſometimes mixed among the natives, and ſometimes living with them in ſome remote village. Among their countrymen, they ſpeak their language, but this does not prevent them from being all thoroughly acquainted with that of Georgia. They profeſs the Armenian religion; yet many of them follow that of the Roman Catholics. They are the moſt oppreſſed ſubjects of the country, but they however diſplay great zeal and activity, for which theſe laborious people are eminently diſtinguiſhed.

There are found alſo in Georgia a conſiderable number of Jews, called in the language of the country Seria. The greater part of theſe have retired to the villages, and live entirely by themſelves; the reſt are mixed among the Armenians and Tartars; but they have never been obſerved to form any connections with the *Oſſis*. The Jews pay ſome taxes from which the other inhabitants are exempted. The capital of Imerretta, where prince David reſides, is called *Curtays*. The remains of a church announce that Curtays was formerly a large city; but at preſent it can ſcarcely be accounted a village.

Solomon, the father of the preſent ſovereign, ordered the citadel to be deſtroyed as well as the ramparts of the city; for he thought, and very wiſely, that Caucaſus was the only fortification capable of being defended by an army of ſix thouſand men, undiſciplined and deſtitute of artillery.

The number of the inhabitants of Immeretta is reckoned to be twenty thouſand families; but the greater part of them live neither in towns nor villages, but are diſperſed throughout the level country, each of them poſſeſſing a ſmall hut or cottage. Theſe people have fewer ſtrangers among them, and they are more engaging in their appearance than the Georgians. They are of a milder and leſs puſillanimous character, and the principal branch of their commerce conſiſts in wines, a conſiderable quantity of which they export in ſkins as far as the confines of Georgia. They are acquainted with no other trade, for they are poor and miſerable, and greatly oppreſſed by their lords.

The ordinary revenues of Immeretta, like thoſe of Georgia, ariſe from a tythe which vaſſals are obliged to pay in wines, cattle, and corn, and ſome ſubſidies furniſhed annually by neighbouring princes. The extraordinary revenues for the moſt part ariſe from confiſcations of every kind; but notwithſtanding this, the finances of the prince are ſo limited, that he is often under the neceſſity

of going from houſe to houſe, to live at the expence of his vaſſals, never quitting their habitations untill the preſſing wants of his hoſts abſolutely compel him. It is therefore probable that the court of the ſovereign of Immeretta is as deficient in brilliancy as his table is in ſplendour when he dines at home. His principal diſhes conſiſt of a certain food called *gom*, which is a kind of millet boiled, and a piece of roaſt meat, with ſome high ſeaſoned ſauce. He never eats but with his fingers, for forks and ſpoons are unknown in Immeretta. At table, he generally gives audiences reſpecting affairs of the firſt conſequence, which he determines as he thinks proper; for in every country ſubject to his dominions, there is no other law but his will.

On Friday, which is the market day, all his new edicts are publiſhed by a kind of herald, who climbs up into ſome tree, in order to proclaim the will of his ſovereign. The Immerettans profeſs the religion of the Greek church. Their patriarch muſt be of the royal family; but it is ſeldom that he can either read or write: the prieſts who compoſe the reſt of the clergy are not much more enlightened. The greater part of their churches are pitiful edifices, which can ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed from the common huts of the inhabitants, but by a paſteboard crucifix and a few coarſe paintings of the Virgin, which are ſeen in them.

Deſcription of a General Hunting in Northern Aſia, agreeable to the Laws and Inſtitutions of the Mogul Emperors.

[From the Literary Magazine.]

THE antiquity of Hunting is almoſt as great of that of the world, it has been the amuſement at all times of the greateſt princes. The Roman emperors ſignalized themſelves greatly in this exerciſe; they made it a part of their grand public feaſts, and followed it in great magnificence. But we may aſſert that the Mogul emperors have by far ſurpaſſed them all, as will appear by the deſcription we are going to give of a general hunting, made under the reign of Genghis Khan, the firſt emperor of the Turks and Tartars, whoſe poſterity ſtill reign in China, in India, and in Tartary. This deſcription is taken from the original authors, who have written their hiſtory, and confirmed by the cuſtoms of like huntings, continued by the emperors his ſucceſſors. The oriental authors who confirm this account, are all in the library of the French king, and thoſe who are able to conſult them in the original, will find they perfectly agree with this deſcription.

Genghis Khan being at Termed, in the heart of winter, and being prevented by the rigour of the ſeaſon from continuing the war, determined to undertake a grand hunting match, to keep his ſoldiers in the exerciſe of their arms. For this purpoſe, as Prince Touſchican, grand huntſman of the empire, was abſent, he ordered the *nevian* or ſub-lieutenant general, to prepare a grand chace, and to extend it as far as he could. The *nevian*, in execution of this order, informed all the huntſmen thereof: he told them the great extent of ground they were to ſurround, and ſent them away expreſs to fix the bounds. He afterwards commanded the officers of the army, in purſuance of the power he had over it, to follow the huntſmen as faſt as they could, at the head of their troops, to occupy their reſpective quarters, and to act according to the orders they knew the emperor had

had preſcribed to regulate the chaſe. As ſoon as the officers had conducted their ſoldiers to the rendezvous, they ranged themſelves in ſingle, and in ſome places in double files, round the circle or vaſt extent marked out by the huntſmen, and which the Moguls called *Nerke*. They then cauſed it to be publiſhed, although every body before knew it, that to drive any beaſt out of that circle was a crime puniſhable with death. This ſpace thus marked out, occupied a march of four months, and incloſed a vaſt extent of country, containing foreſts, woods, &c. and all the beaſts within them. The centre of this ſpace to which all the beaſts muſt in the end be driven, was marked on a large plan.

The officers of the chace immediately diſpatched couriers to the lieutenant general of the hunt, to acquaint him with the diſpoſitions made, and to requeſt his orders for the march. Theſe the lieutenant went to receive of the great Khan, and then diſtributed them to the couriers who immediately ſet off to deliver them to the officers of the hunt, after having been acquainted with the emperors quarters, in order to find him the more readily when they returned; not that his quarters were invariably fixed, for the prince often followed the motions of his troops; but as it was always in one direction whatever movement it made, they could always readily find him.

The couriers had no ſooner brought the orders to the officers of the hunt, than they delivered them to the officers of the army. Immediately the tymbals, the trumpets, and the horns, are every where heard, ſounding a march. The march begins every where at one time and in the ſame manner, the ſoldiers marching as cloſe as their numbers will admit, every one preſſing towards the center, and driving the beaſts before them. Behind marched the officers, attentive to the conduct of their men, and armed as for a military expedition. However, though they were armed with helmets, bucklers, cimiters, bows, and a quiver full of arrows, axes and clubs, they were commanded not to ſhoot at or wound any of the beaſts, whatever violence they might commit. Severe puniſhments were denounced againſt any one who ſhould employ their arms againſt them; they were only allowed to make loud cries to frighten them, and to prevent their forcing the line.

Thus they marched every day, driving the beaſts before them towords the center, and encamped every night. The military ſervice was not however neglected; a regular command was given, advanced guards and centinels were poſted: they were duly relieved; thoſe who did not their duty regularly were puniſhed, alarms were frequently given, and in ſhort every thing was punctually obſerved as in a time of war.

The march continued for many weeks, till a large river which the troops could not ford interrupted it. They were then obliged to halt, and give notice to the others, in order always to preſerve an equality in their march; mean time thoſe who had the river to paſs, puſhed on the beaſts, who croſſed it by ſwimming. They afterwards paſſed it on large ſlight leather bags, tied by cords; many ſoldiers ſat on theſe bags, tied to the tail of a horſe, the horſe paſſed by ſwimming, and drew the bags after him, being led by a man who was a good ſwimmer

Having paſſed the river they reſumed their march; this was always regular, and the circle decreaſing as they advanced, the beaſts began to feel themſelves preſſed, and, as if they were

ſenſible of the deſign to force them on, ſome gained the mountains, others threw themſelves into the beſt covered vallies, others, quitting the ordinary routes and paths, ſaved themſelves in the thickneſſes of the foreſts or copſes, which when they perceived the approach of the hunters, they would quit, to ſeek other retreats. Dens and even burrows could not eſcape, for they had every kind of inſtrument proper to open the ground, and there was not any animal, even the rabbit, which they did not force from their hiding places. At laſt, for want of room, different ſpecies mixed with each other. There were ſome kinds of animals become furious, and gave much trouble. It was not without extraordinary exertions that the ſounds of the inſtruments and the cries of the ſoldiers forced them to fly.

As many of the animals took refuge on the mountains, as we have already obſerved, ſome troops of hunters were detached to drive them from thence, which was not effected without difficulty, for it was not permitted to wound them, and they often reſiſted. Other troops deſcended even down the precipices, which ſerved as retreats for certain animals, and theſe had not leſs trouble in driving them on. Not a beaſt was left either in foreſt or cavern.

Mean time, couriers were diſpatched from all ſides to inform the Khan of what paſſed in the hunting, and to carry him an account of the princes and hunters who joined in it, and of the diverſion it afforded, of the embarraſſments it occaſioned, and of the different movements of the animals. The emperor, who had other views in this than merely hunting, went often himſelf to obſerve the ſtate of the troops, to ſee if his orders were punctually obeyed, and that the military diſcipline was not relaxed.

The ſpace to which this immenſe number of animals was confined, becoming every day leſs, and it being impoſſible to force the wild beaſts further forward, ſome of theſe threw themſelves on the weaker animals, and deſtroyed them; but this fury could not be long exerciſed, for as the troops continued to drive them forward, and as they now began to draw within the compaſs of ground, the emperor wiſhed to have them, the lieutenant general, and the great huntſman, cauſed the trumpets, the tymbals, and all ſorts of inſtruments to ſound. This noiſe, joined to the cries of the hunters and ſoldiers, cauſed ſo great an alarm among the animals, that they loſt all their ferocity. The lyons and tygers grew tame, the bears and wild boars ſeemed like the moſt timid animals, to be as it were aſtoniſhed.

When the Khan ſaw theſe animals collected into the ſmall ſpace he had himſelf directed, he prepared to enter it, which he did to the ſound of trumpets, holding a drawn ſword in one hand, a bow in the other, and on his ſhoulder a quiver full of arrows. He was accompanied by the princes his children, and all his general officers. He began the ſlaughter himſelf, attacking ſome of the moſt ferocious beaſts; ſome of them reſumed their native courage, and defended themſelves well. He afterwards retired to an eminence, and ſeated himſelf on a throne prepared for him, from whence he obſerved the ſtrength and addreſs of the princes and his officers, who attacked the animals; the lords afterwards entered, and made a great ſlaughter.

Laſtly, the princes, grandſons of Genghis Khan, followed by many of the young nobility, preſented themſelves before the throne, and beſeeched the emperor to grant life and liberty to the beaſts then remaining in the *nerke*; this he agreed to, praiſing the courage of his troops, who were immediately diſmiſſed to their quarters.

The

The beaſts who had eſcaped the arrows or the ſword, perceiving themſelves no longer ſurrounded, eſcaped, and regained their foreſts and ancient retreats.

Such was this celebrated hunt, which laſted four months. It would have been continued longer, if they were not fearful of being engaged in it when the operations of war would commence.

THE TRIFLER,

Number LXIX.

The Subject of No. LXVIII. continued.

Thurſday Auguſt 26, 1790.

I Proceed in my review of the important change introduced by Mr Collier in our ſtage amuſements.—My readers will recollect that I left off in the middle of a ſhort analyſis of his firſt publication. This I renew.

In the third Chapter, he is particularly ſevere on the poets, for their abuſe of the Clergy. His reaſoning is in general juſt, but the haughty Prieſt ſometimes appears. It muſt be allowed, however, that the abuſe of the clergy was unprecedented, and that general reflexions on whole bodies of men of any profeſſion not diſreputable in itſelf, is always unreaſonable, and the mark of a narrow mind.

The fourth Chapter contains a review of the *immorality* of the ſtage, as proceeding from the common practice of giving *ſucceſs* to rakes, libertines, proſtitutes, &c. The moral tendency of plays being principally confined to the fable or plot, our author had here ample room for his keeneſt invective. He next reviews Amphytrion, Don Quixote, and the Relapſe more minutely, and boldly attacks their reſpective authors. All this would have been declamation, if he had not been provided with ample proofs that can admit of neither denial nor excuſe. He concludes the whole with a review of the opinions of heathen philoſophers concerning the ſtage—the opinions of the ancient Fathers, and the various laws which have been enacted againſt plays. He every-where diſplays a fund of knowledge applicable to the ſubject, and proves that he had not entered the liſts with the poets without arming himſelf at all points to repell their attacks.

It is natural to think that a work of this kind would attract attention both by the novelty of the ſubject, and the manner in which it was handled. Pulpit declamations paſſed unheeded, as fanaticiſm and bigotry. The friends of the ſtage were not likely to ſuffer by them, becauſe, perhaps, they never liſtened to them. But the alarm became general, when they were attacked on their own ground. Collier's book was much read, and ſoon paſſed through a firſt and ſecond edition. Serious men, of which the world will never be wanting, were convinced that the licentiouſneſs of the ſtage was a juſt object of cenſure, and the arguments and witticiſms of Collier were the general topics of converſation. Some of the poets, indeed, affected to deſpiſe the book, and deemed it unworthy of reply. Congreve remained ſilent for a time; he pretended to think that his plays were miſquoted, and that the public liked them too well to liſten to Collier. Some of his friends taxed him with lazineſs, "in neglecting" (to uſe his own words) "thus long to do myſelf a "neceſſary right, which might be effec-"ted with ſo little pains; ſince very "little more is requiſite to my vindica-"tion than to repreſent truly and at "length thoſe paſſages which Mr Col-"ler has ſhown imperfectly, and for "the moſt part by halves."—He begins with accuſing Collier of abſurdities, falſehoods, malice, ignorance, ſophiſtry, and

and vain aſſurance. Theſe were heavy charges, and if Congreve could have ſubſtantiated them, the conteſt would have been at end.

But that was impoſſible, and Congreve knew it. To defend thoſe paſſages which Collier quoted, was not within the compaſs of art or ingenuity. Congreve therefore flies from them to general invectives, and loads Collier with every contemptuous epithet that language can furniſh. Confident of ſucceſs, he every where attempts to laugh, but without effect. He fixes on the weak parts of his antagoniſt, and dwells with pleaſure and for a conſiderable length on the phraſeology, uncouth metaphors and other peculiarities of Collier's ſtile. But though Congreve had wit, his temper is ſo frequently ruffled that he deſcends to the meaneſt ſcurrility. "He had "his antagoniſt's coarſeneſs, but not "his ſtrength." ‡ He tries rather to parry the blow than return it. His mode of evading the charge of *prophaneneſs* may be ſeen from the following inſtance.

"In the Old Batchelor" (ſays Mr Collier) *Vainlove* aſks Belmour, "could you be content to go to Heaven?" *Bellmour*--- "Hum! Not "immediately, in my conſcience, "not heartily.——Here Mr Collier "concludes this quotation with a "daſh, as if both the ſenſe and words "of the whole ſentence were at an "end. But the remainder of it in "the play, Act third, Scene ſecond, "is in theſe words, *I would do a "little more good in my generation "firſt, in order to deſerve it!* I think "the meaning of the whole is very "different from the meaning of the "firſt half of this expreſſion. 'Tis "one thing for a man to ſay poſitively that he does not think himſelf "worthy, till he is better prepared. "But Mr Collier undoubtedly was in "the right to take juſt as much as "would ſerve his own turn. The "ſtile of this expreſſion is light, and "ſuitable to the comedy, and the "character of a wild debauchee of "the town, but there is a *moral meaning* contained in it, when it is not "repreſented by halves." †

A vindication like this could not be ſuppoſed to hurt Collier. Whoever reads the whole paſſage with attention will be convinced that it poſſeſſes not the neceſſary attribute of writing, *common ſenſe*; as to a moral meaning in a wild debauchee's refuſal of heaven untill he ſhould be fit for it, as Congreve was the firſt who ſought, he was the laſt who found any ſuch meaning in it.

In the ſame year (1698) appeared another champion for the ſtage, in a book called a "Defence of Dramatic Poetry, being a Review of Mr "Collier's View." This author principally attacks Collier on his wiſhing to deſtroy the ſtage altogether, and attempting to prove from law, and the authority of the ancients and fathers, that the good and wiſe in all ages have diſcouraged theatrical entertainments. Where this Author confines himſelf to general cuſtom, and draws the proper diſtinctions betwixt the ancient and modern ſtages, it is probable many even of Collier's friends would agree with him. But when he deſcends to particulars, he is equally weak with Congreve and Vanbrugh, for this plain reaſon, that he endeavours to defend that which in itſelf is incapable of all excuſe, namely groſs obſcenity, and impious alluſions to the phraſes of holy Writ. As a dramatic Critic, however, he is far from being deſpicable, and in reaſoning on the unities and other qualities

‡ *Dr Johnſon's Life of Congreve. vol.* 3. *p.* 51.

† *Amendments of Mr Collier's falſe and imperfect Citations, p.* 37.

ties of the Drama, is more at eaſe than Collier, who forgets the ſeveral parts of the conſtruction, and endeavours to deſtroy the whole fabric.

Vanbrugh undertook the defence of his own plays in a ſhort vindication of the *Relapſe* and *Provoked Wife*, but with no better ſucceſs than the others. The indecent paſſages remained, and the public read them with Collier's Commentary, and whatever they might think of the comment, the text was not to be denied or palliated, and it was not long before thoſe two plays underwent very important alterations. *Sir John Brute* no longer dreſſed himſelf as a clergyman, but in the habit of a lady; and no audience in our time that is not picked out from the ſtews, would ſuffer the *Relapſe* to be acted as originally written. It is this ſenſe of delicacy in our days which makes us reflect with amazement that the Poets ſhould have given Collier ſo many opportunities to ſhame them, and that the audiences were ever ſo inattentive to modeſty as to permit plays, which even a very careleſs father would never carry his family to ſee, and which cannot be read without a bluſh.

The concluſion of this controverſy ſhall form the ſubject of my next paper.

Poetry.

The firſt Ode of Anacreon, from the Greek.

TO HIS LYRE.

THE ſons of Atreus and the warrior throng,
And Theban Cadmus, claim the ſlowing ſong.
My trembling chords to thrilling rapture move,
And nought re-echoes but the ſound of love;
In vain, oh muſe, I ſweep the new ſtrung lyre,
In vain, alas! to warlike deeds aſpire;
In vain attempt Herculean toils to prove,
For nought re-echoes but the ſound of love.
From this ſoft hour, let cruel war begone,
My lyre now ſounds to ſportive love alone.

King's College, 23 April, 1790.

Ode ſecond of Anacreon, from the Greek.

TO WOMAN.

KIND nature's gifts in all are trac'd,
With horns the luſty bull is grac'd;
The harden'd hoof ſupports the ſteed,
The trembling hare's endow'd with ſpeed.
The lion, monarch of the wood,
With pointed tuſks devours his food.
Along the chryſtal ſilver tide
The little ſcaly fiſhes glide.
By feather'd pinions lifted high,
The birds amid blue ether fly.
But Man's ſuperior to the reſt,
With wiſdom and with courage bleſt.
Oh ſay, was Woman then forgot,
Or what was deſtin'd for *her* lot?
Beauty is hers, and lovely charms,
Better far than warlike arms;
Beauty's powers the ſoul inſpire,
And conquer more than ſteel or fire.

King's College, April 24 1790. } *Academicus.*

SKETCH OF A CELEBRATED MODERN CHARACTER.

I.

OF men alive, North Britain's bleſt in,
There's one, perhaps, deſerves the lead;
The poor, at leaſt, are oft inſiſting,
We hardly could ſupply his ſtead—
That HE in *Friendſhip's* walk hath ſhone,
Like Hannibal in arms, unrivalled and alone.

II.

Let ſickneſs kill his ploughmen's cattle,
Or Auguſt rot their crops with rain,
He does not flog them into battle,
Arreſt, impriſon, and diſtrain;
No grinding ſtatute is diſtorted,
But every tear wiped off,—and every nerve ſupported.

III.

While ſome whole clouds of pigeons breed,
To pick the farmer's wheat when ſown,
And ſixty pair of blood hounds lead,
To tread the ripen'd harveſt down—
And ſtrip the cows-herd's only coat,
Who ſells a partridge worth a groat*.

IV.

IV.

Ye dire diſpenſers " of the peace,"
On every humble right who trample!
From forcing our abhorrence, ceaſe;
And follow his ſublime example—
No more ſhall nations pray, and hope,
To ſee your Worſhips dangle in a rope.

V.

Ye Pharaohs of this generous age,
Who ſcourge your vaſſals to diſtraction!
Can ye, by venting fruitleſs rage,
Feel his tranſcendent ſatisfaction,
Who cloſes life as he began,
Exiſting but to aid the miſeries of man?

VI.

When Socrates ſought alms in vain,
Had ſuch a friend adorned his flock,
No care had gall'd Aſpaſia's ſwain§
About the purchaſe of a cloak—
His teacher's every wiſh have been
Supply'd that inſtant 'twas foreſeen.

VII.

Could I, in all its charms, expreſs,
How bright a ray his boſom pierces,
Genius might envy my ſucceſs,
And Candour vindicate my verſes—
The mite of Virtue, in the world,
To Lethe ought not to be hurl'd—

VIII.

A benefactor to mankind,
More frank, more tender, and more true,
Exhauſtleſs Dryden never feign'd;
His darling Shakeſpeare never drew;
Nor Chatterton had begged in vain—
Nor Butler met, from him, with thankleſs, cold diſdain.

IX.

Thus, having ſlightly ſketched his worth,
I've now the medal to reverſe;
Trump all his human frailties forth—
All which a Bozzy would rehearſe;
And ſing the ſad reſolves of Fate—
That he ſhould ne'er approach the glories of the great!

X.

Firſt then he wants (we can't deny)
All the moſt ſplendid marks of wealth—
He watches, with an Alfred's eye,
His time, his money, and his health;
T' oblige all mankind, ſeems as willing
As though he were not worth a ſhilling.

XI.

Nay, worſe—he has not rear'd a *ſtud*,
Nor gives the jockey crew protection!
Nor forces perjury to bud—
By carving votes for an election!
But rarely ſpeculates in cocks,
Or gallops eighty leagues to ſee two butchers box.

XII.

He knows, moſt dully, what he's doing;
Nor builds, and plants, and feaſts for ever;
Nor throws a farm-houſe into ruin,
To clear his proſpect to the river—
A charm in ſolitude he ſpies,
Nor from *himſelf* affrighted flies:

XIII.

And though his talents are refined,
Without a grain of affectation,
And, had their maſter ſo inclin'd,
Might long have reap'd our admiration,
And near all-matchleſs Frederick's name,
Have ranked his literary fame;

XIV.

Like him, he prints no terſe octavos,
To prove his tenderneſs and taſte;
Nor hires two hundred thouſand bravoes,
To lay a peaceful empire waſte!
Sages and Heroes—if ye can—
Make haſte to copy ſuch a man!

XV.

And when he's gone where Phocion went,
That eye compaſſion melts no more,
And crowds their *ſelfiſh* ſorrow vent,
Who never ſympathiz'd before,
Some happier right a muſe may claim,
To give poſterity his name.

* * * * *.

Laurencekirk, Dec. 19, 1789.

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* " John Jeſſop was fined at the Public " Office, Bow-ſtreet, in 5l. for being con- " cerned with Newton, who was fined in the " like ſum for ſhooting a cock pheaſant. He " could not pay, and was ſent to the Cor- " rection Houſe for three months." *Vide* London Papers, November 1789. So much for Engliſh Liberty! *Quere*—What loſs would enſue to ſociety, if all the wild fowl in Europe were exterminated?

§ Aſpaſia was a woman of the town, and Socrates frequented her houſe to learn the beauties of rhetoric from her converſation!

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXX.] Thurſday September 9, 1790. [Price 3d.

Theatrical Biography.

Mrs SIDDONS.

ESTABLISHED habits are with difficulty removed. When the human mind once uſurps the poſſeſſion of a certain train of ideas, it generally retains its bias, and they continue to flow on, in the channel of prejudice, with little interruption from the feeble efforts of liberality and candour. Mankind in general deprecate the toil of reaſoning; the portion of thoſe who think for themſelves is comparatively very ſmall. The multitude are content to adopt without diſcuſſion, and conſequently to approve without judgement, and cenſure without reaſon.

There is a certain degree of ridicule attached to the profeſſion of a Player, that the mind ſeems incapable of reſiſting; and which, all the powers even of Garrick, Mrs Jordan, or Mrs Siddons, cannot altogether remove. In darker ages they have been conſidered as the foes of religion, and condemned by the anathemas of the church; the liberality of the preſent has removed every obſtacle of this ſort, and even honoured ſome of its profeſſors with marks of diſtinction, the more honourable as they are more rare.

The mother of Mrs Siddons was the daughter of a Mr Ward, the manager of an itinerant company of players in Wales, and the adjacent Engliſh counties, who by ſucceſs and economy made a ſmall fortune. The preſent Earl of Coventry, then a youth, is ſaid to have been ſo much ſtruck with her charms, that he ſent her letters, with an offer of marriage, which ſhe gave to her father, and the father to the late Earl, by which means it was prevented.

So great it ſeems was Mr. Ward's contempt for his profeſſion, that he laid his daughter under the ſtrongeſt injunction of never marrying a man on the ſtage; but weak are parental counſels in oppoſition to the power of the *fecundating* little god.—The firſt ſight of Mr. Roger Kemble, who travelled with the company in the character of hair-dreſſer, ſo wrought upon the ſuſceptible heart of Miſs Ward, that before it was known they

loved, they were ſecretly married. Papa was outrageous, and it only remained for Mr and Mrs Kemble to enter a ſtrolling company in Cheſhire and Lancaſhire.—Here the preſent Mrs Siddons was born. Parents ſometimes relent—The pride of the mimic monarch gave way to the feelings of nature. After a few years peregrination, they were invited back by Mr Ward, who reſigned the theatric ſceptre to Mr Kemble, and died ſoon after.

When Miſs Sarah Kemble, (now Mrs Siddons) firſt attempted the ſtage, her juvenile efforts, particularly as a ſinger, were regarded with ſome hopes of ſucceſs; but ſhe very early abandoned that line, and attended in particular to tragedy.

The viciſſitudes of all human affairs are well repreſented in theatric life.—Here we ſee monarchs ſuddenly dethroned, and ſucceeded by the moſt menial officers. Miſs Kemble being refuſed the indulgence of her paſſion for Mr. Siddons, actually reſigned her ſituation, and hired herſelf as lady's maid to Mrs Greathead, of Guy's Cliffe, in Warwickſhire, at 10l. per ann.

At the end of a twelvemonth however, thoſe two powerful paſſions—love and ambition—would be reſtrained no longer. Mr Siddons eloped with her to Chamberlain, and joined Crump's company, where he married her.

This was a new eſtabliſhed company, and rather unſucceſsful: and ſuch was their poverty of their wardrobe, that Mrs Siddons was obliged during the performance of the Iriſh Widow, to borrow a coat of a gentleman in the boxes, to equip herſelf for the widow Brady, which ſhe obtained on condition that ſhe gave him her petticoat to put over his ſhoulders, and admitted him to ſtand behind the ſcenes.

Mrs Siddons' talents were even at this period, allowed to ſurpaſs mediocrity, and her application was inceſſant. From hence ſhe was engaged, with her huſband, by the late Mr. Younger, to perform at Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. where, after remaining a few years, encreaſing both her profits and reputation, ſhe was invited to Drury-lane, where ſhe performed the parts of Mrs Strickland and the Queen in Richard III. but being conſidered only as a ſecond-rate Actreſs on a London theatre, her ſtay was very ſhort. Some have imputed this to Garrick's jealouſy of all merit but his own; but the ſuppoſition does too much violence to common ſenſe, to be admitted for a moment.

From London Mrs. Siddons went to Bath, without much hope, it is preſumed, of ever reaching any very pre-eminent ſtation; but extreme parſimony enabled her to ſupport her family on a very ſmall ſalary. Here, however, ſhe evidently improved, and is ſaid to have been greatly aſſiſted by the inſtruction of Mr. Prat, who has written ſo much under the ſignature of Courtney Melmoth. About the year 1780, ſhe had attained that degree of excellence, that many *amateurs* travelled to Bath purpoſely to ſee her.

In 1781, Mrs Siddons had the honour of numbering among her patrons, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, and Mr Whaley the poet, whoſe admiration of her abilities obtained her an engagement at Drury-lane Theatre, at 10l. per week; upon which ſhe left Bath, after ſpeaking a very pretty addreſs, written by herſelf, and in which ſhe produced her three Children, as the three reaſons for her quitting ſuch generous patrons.

Her ſecond appearance at Drury-lane was on the 10th of October, 1782, in the character of Iſabella. This is her greateſt character, and ſhe certainly aſtoniſhed the houſe, by a diſplay

diſplay of powers not witneſſed ſince the days of Garrick.

Her fame was inſtantly ſounded through the metropolis with ſuperlative eulogium. The theatre overflowed every night ſhe appeared, and Melpomene, who had been puſhed behind the curtain by the ſatire of Sheridan's Critic, reſumed her former conſequence and ſtation. It became faſhionable for all the ladies to weep, and ſometimes to faint. The ſums drawn into the treaſury exceeded the receipts of any former ſeaſon, and the managers, by way of retnrn, gave her an extra benefit, and doubled her ſalary.

Anxious that her relations might participate in her good fortune, Mrs. Siddons brought her ſiſter, Miſs F. Kemble, to London, and announced her for Alicia, to her own Jane Shore. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the eagerneſs with which crowds flocked to ſee this performance. Judging of Miſs Kemble by the talents of her ſiſter, the public expected another phænomenon, and the avenues to the theatre were gorged with people by three o'clock. The ſcreams of women, and the general confuſion which enſued when the doors opened, occaſioned a very unpleaſant ſcene. Many were lamed, many had their pockets picked, and thouſands were excluded the houſe. But they had no reaſon to regret this diſappointment, as the new Alicia was even below mediocrity. Miſs Kemble remained but a few ſeaſons on the ſtage, when ſhe married Mr. Twiſs, a gentleman of fortune, and ſome literary ability, with whom ſhe retired.

The managers of Drury-lane, willing to compliment and reward a woman whoſe powers proved profitable as the philoſopher's ſtone, gave Mrs. Siddons a benefit before Chriſtmas. Venice Preſerved was ſelected for the play; and a more ſplendid or crouded audience, perhaps, never graced a theatre. Great part of the pit was laid into boxes; the preſents given for tickets by the nobility and gentry were immenſe; and counſellors Pigot and Fielding began a ſubſcription among the gentlemen of the bar, which amounted to an hundred guineas, and preſented it to Mrs Siddons, as a ſmall acknowledgement for the pleaſure and inſtruction her talents had given them: to the former of whom Mrs. Siddons ſent the following letter.

"Sir,

"I cannot ſuppreſs my deſire of wiſhing you to take upon you the charge of making my moſt grateful acknowledgements to thoſe gentlemen who have done me the honor of diſtinguiſhing my poor abilities in ſo elegant a manner. Believe me, Sir, my heart is too full, and my pen too feeble, to ſay what would become me on this moſt ſhining circumſtance of my whole life. The Gentlemen of the Bar have given me a conſequence I never felt before, and I have juſt reaſon to fear the effects of the approbation of ſo eminent a body. But in all things I will do my beſt to merit that moſt honourable diſtinction which my generous patrons have thought proper to ſhew me, and to prove myſelf at leaſt not inſenſible of the value of their countenance and protection. I have the honor to be, with great reſpect and gratitude, Sir,

"Your moſt obliged

"And obedient Servant,

"S. SIDDONS."

This was an honour unparalleled in theatrical annals; and indeed the benefit was, perhaps, the moſt lucrative ever known.

In the ſummer ſhe performed in Ireland; and her firſt appearance at Drury-lane in September 1783, was commanded by Their Majeſties. Beſides an uncommon ſhare of royal

countenance, she proved equally attractive this season as the preceding. When the vacation came round, she again went to Ireland, and from thence to Edinburgh, where she performed ten nights. Her fame having circulated throughout the kingdom, induced many to travel from the most distant parts of it to see her! and such was the effect of her representations, that innumerable presents of different kinds were sent to her from unknown hands: but the most magnificent was a silver urn, which was conveyed to her after she arrived in London, with the words "*A Reward to Merit*," engraven on it.

During all this sunshine of good fortune, however, a storm was brewing in the metropolis. The envy of a competitor may be forgiven:—but what can be said in defence of those who repine at the success of the meritorious, without the excuse of rivalship?—It is a crime of the blackest and most unpardonable nature.

A person employed in a newspaper, whose writings have been justly described to be "every line a libel, and "every word a lie," because, perhaps, Mrs. Siddons would not comply with his extortions, or sooth his viperous tongue by the hospitalities of her table, set every engine in motion against her:—He loaded her with opprobrium for not alleviating the distresses of her sister, Mrs. Curt s, a vicious woman, who would not conform to modesty, though offered a genteel annuity on that condition. This lady read lectures in Doctor Graham's Temple of Health, at which decency would have blushed: and notwithstanding she disgraced her relations in many respects, she expected their countenance and support. With a view of forcing them to accede to her commands, from the dread of public indignation, she swallowed poison in Westminster Abbey, which probably had the desired effect, as without proving mortal, it furnished a subject of detraction against her sister.

The paragraphical assassin, in addition to the preceding circumstances, represented Mrs. Siddons as extremely avaricious and uncharitable:—that she had taken a large sum from Mr. Digges, a once eminent, but then distressed comedian, for performing on his benefit night in Dublin:—that she had been guilty of a similar crime to Mr Brereton: and that her whole conduct was replete with meanness and inhumanity. To irritate his newspaper brethren, too, he reported that she never read their publications, and equally despised their panegyric or their censure; until by invidious falsehoods, industriously circulated, honest John Bull was very clamorous against his favourite actress; and many candid people credited these assertions, while they remained uncontroverted.

The house was crowded on the night of her first appearance in October 1784: but when the curtain drew up and discovered her as Mrs Beverly in the Gamester, she was saluted with violent hissing, and a cry of *off! off!* intermixed with applause. She attempted to speak, but could not be heard; and Mr. Kemble, indignant at the insults offered her, and conscious of her innocence, led her off the stage.

This exerted the vociferations of her friends for her return; and after the tumult had continued for about an hour, her enemies began to relax; and silence began obtained, she came forward;—declared her innocence of what she was accused with:—that the allegations would soon be refuted;—and that her respect for the public made her confident they would protect her from insult. The play was then suffered, with very little opposition, to go on.

Dur-

During the whole of this riot Mrs Siddons acted with great compoſure and fortitude. Her huſband, in a ſpirited manner, proved the charges reſpecting Digges and Brereton to be falſe; and ſome elegant, nervous letters, inſerted in a newſpaper, ſigned Laertes, ſuppoſed to be written by Mr Kemble, operated powerfully in her favour. But ſtill the author of the diſturbance was ſpreading his venom, and creating ſtories of her parſimony; while to his confidents he would whiſper with great joy, "You ſee what a "noiſe I've made!"

The conduct of Mrs Curtis ſufficiently juſtified Mrs Siddons' reſentment; and Mr Brereton, by not coming forward in vindication of a woman to whom he was obliged, was generally blamed. The public ſoon ſaw the infamy of the whole tranſaction, and received her with double kindneſs.

The authors of this malignant conſpiracy, however, had nearly accompliſhed their deſign. The object of their enmity, diſguſted at a public life ſo liable to be embittered by the miſtakes of the multitude, or the combinations of the miſchievous, was on the eve of retiring into Wales, on a few thouſand pounds which ſhe had ſaved during the two preceeding ſeaſons;—nor was it untill the exultations of her enemies at ſuch an event, were fully repreſented to her, that ſhe agreed to brave the ſtorm.

Thus were the admirers of the drama on the brink of loſing its brighteſt ornament by the machinations of a villain and their own credulity. Juſtice, however, triumphed over malignity;—the temporary cloud of popular deluſion ſuddenly evaporated, and our heroine ſhone again with increaſed luſtre. Theatrical amateurs, ſenſible of the injury ſhe had ſuſtained, were eager to ſhew their contrition, by the moſt frequent tokens of approbation; and ſhe had more cauſe of rejoicing than regret at the futile attempts on her fame.

Their Majeſties about this time paid her many compliments. She was frequently invited to Buckingham-houſe, and to Windſor, where ſhe ſometimes recited plays, accompanied by Mr Kemble; and for ſeveral years ſhe had to boaſt of a greater ſhare of royal patronage than any of her predeceſſors.

A great man was ſo much charmed with her, that a *carte blanche* was offered and rejected. This Mrs Siddons told to ſome friends, which coming to the knowledge of a great lady, any further intimacy was declined; nor has the decree been yet revoked.

At the concluſion of laſt ſeaſon, Mrs Siddons finding her powers of attraction on the wane, reſolved on retiring from the London ſtage, until by abſence her abilities might regain their wonted allurements. She did not, however, retire from a theatrical life, but performed in Weymouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, &c. &c. where her profits were conſiderable, but where her ſuperior talents have left an impreſſion that will for a long time cauſe the exertions of the itinerant players to be received with coldneſs; and conſequently abridge their ſmall emoluments.

In the beginning of the winter ſhe viſited her friend, Mr Whalley, at Bath, where it was her deſign to perform for a few nights, but the regulations of that theatre would not permit it. From thence ſhe went to her worthy patrons, Lord and Lady Harcourt, at Newnham, and reſided there a few weeks; but on being ſeized with a very ſerious indiſpoſition, ſhe returned to her houſe in London.

By her emoluments ariſing from the theatre, and the numerous and valuable preſents of the nobility and gentry, which ſhe has received in all the principal towns in the three kingdoms,

doms, she has realized a handsome fortune. She keeps a carriage, and an elegant house in Gower-street, Bedford-square; and it is said that she has mortgages to a very large amount on Drury-lane Theatre.

She is respected, and admitted on familiar terms by many noble families. From her infancy she has been remarkably prudent; nor has her most inveterate enemy ever suspected her continence. She is blessed with great domestic happiness; and her eldest son, Master H. Siddons, has lately shewn a pretty turn for poetry.

The theatrical talents of Mrs Siddons have so often been the subject of eulogium, and the public is so well acquainted with them, that it were superfluous to enlarge on her merits here. Nature has bestowed upon her a person a countenance, a voice, and an understanding competent to depict, in the most vivid colours, the most beautiful ideas of any tragic poet. The flexibility of her features, the expression of her eyes, and the graceful dignity of her deportment, cannot possibly be excelled; nor has any performer ever shewn more judgment in delivering the sense of the author, or in dressing characters with propriety. If the smallest fault can be discovered, it is sometimes too much violence in her action.

The tenderness of Belvidera, the pride of Calista, or the grief of Isabella, are most happily pourtrayed by Mrs Siddons. Her manner of pronouncing "*Remember twelve,*" in the first mentioned part, is most beautifully expressed, and never is heard without the warmest bursts of applause. Whatever were the powers of her predecessors, it is scarcely possible that they could be superior, if equal, to her own; and at the present time she is indisputable the first tragic actress in Britain—perhaps in the world.

Her efforts in comedy have not been successful. The gravity of her countenance, and the dignified sound of her voice, are not adapted to the playfulness of Thalia; and we must regret that she who so amazingly eclipses all her contemporaries in one line, should descend to be eclipsed in another.

Her present indisposition, we hope, will soon be removed; and that she will again gratify an admiring public with her inimitable performances; for without her aid tragedy must inevitably fall into neglect, if not ridicule.

THE FARRAGO.

No. II.

The following extraordinary ADVERTISEMENT *was brought by an* OFFICER *from* TULLAMORE *in* IRELAND, *and is asserted to be genuine.*

WHEREAS I Colonel Thomas Crowe have been truly informed, that several audacious, nefarious, pestiferous, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden robbing, immature peach-stealing rascals, all the spawn of whores and rogues, and cubs of hell, do frequently, villanously, and burglariously assemble themselves together in my boats, now on the river of Tullamore, therein piping, fighting, swearing, sabbath-breaking, whoring, roguing, duck-hunting, with many other shameless and illicit acts, which the modesty of my pen cannot express: This is therefore to give you all notice, Doharians, Delicarians, Capinourians, Tullamorians, base-born scoundrels, all rascals, of whatever nation ye be, return me my bog-sticks, or by the Gods, the immortal Gods, I swear, I will send my man Jacob to Babylon for blood hounds, fiercer than tygers, and fleeter than the wind; and with them, mounted on my Rat-tail, with my cutting sabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe,

Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, till I can center you in a cavern under a great tree in Newfoundland, where the Devil himself can never find you. Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! reptiles, tatterdemallions, thieves, vagrants, vagabonds, lank-jawed, herring gutted plebeians, that if ye, or any of ye, dare to set foot in my boats, I will send you to Charon, who will ferry you over the river Styx, and deliver you to the Arch-devil Lucifer, at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be dredged with the sulphur of Caucasus, and roasted eternally before the ever-burning cinders of Ætna.

"There are three sorts of persons in the world," said the old Greek poet Hesiod: "Those who can think for themselves; those who are contented with letting wiser persons than themselves think for them; and those who are neither wise enough to think for themselves, nor prudent enough to let others think for them."

Ligniere was a wit, and apt to be rather rough and blunt in conversation. One day a Nobleman boasted before him that he could toss up cherries in the air, and catch them as they came down in his mouth; and accordingly he began to shew his skill. Ligniere had not the patience to stay for the second cherry, but said to him, "What dog taught you that trick?"

The Lacedæmonians were remarkable for concise speeches: but after their defeat at Leuctra, their Deputies in an Assembly of the Greeks made a very long and warm invective against Epaminondas, who had beaten them. He stood up, and only replied, "Gentlemen, I am glad we have brought you to your speech."

D—— said of a stupid Preacher who was forced to hide for debt, "Six days he is *invisible*, and on Sundays he is *incomprehensible*."

Charles II. said one day to Gregorio Leti—"When shall we have your History of the Present Times?"—"I know not, Sir, said he, what to do about it. A man would find it a hard matter to tell the truth, without offending Kings and great men, though he were as wise as Solomon."—"Why then, Signior Gregorio," said Charles, "be as wise as Solomon, and write Proverbs."

Dr. S— wrote a very small hand, and crowded a great deal into his pages: he did it to save the expence of paper. He put one of his manuscripts into a friend's hands to peruse; he returned it to him with this compliment, "If you *reason* as closely as you *write*, you are invincible."

Pylades the Comedian, being reprimanded by the Emperor Augustus, because tumults and factions were raised in Rome upon his account by those who favoured him in opposition to other actors, replied, "It is *your* interest, Cæsar, that the people should busy themselves and squabble about us."

That Rhetoric, says Selden, is best, which is most seasonable and catching. We have an instance in that old blunt commander at Cadiz, who shewed himself a good orator. Being to *say* something to his soldiers (which he was not used to do), he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame will it be to let these *Spaniards* beat you, that live upon *oranges and lemons*."

Dr B. once wanted to sell a good-for-nothing horse; and mounted him, to shew him to the best advantage: but he performed his part so very sorrily, that the person with whom he was driving the bargain, said "My dear friend, when you want to impose upon me, do not get upon horseback; get up into the pulpit."

Bayle enumerating the new taxes invented by Lewis XIV. and the uncouth names by which they went, says, "Here are words admirably suit-

couth

ed to impoveriſh ſubjects, and to enrich Dictionaries."

When Charles V. (ſays a Spaniſh Hiſtorian) fled before Maurice of Saxony, and hurried from Inſpruck on foot, he walked after his retinue to teſtify his courage; and bade them double their pace, ſaying, "Haſten away, and be not afraid of a Traitor, who had wickedly rebelled againſt his Prince." If it be true, that Charles ſaid thus to hearten his men, and encourage them to run for it, he followed the maxim of Sandoval, his *Cronicador*, who puts at the head of one of his Chapters,

"The victorious Spaniards ran away."

THE

PAINTER'S PANEGYRIST.

(Concluded from page 520.)

I Was determined to employ the firſt leiſure hour, after my arrival at home, in examining the paper which the old gentleman had delivered into my cuſtody the day before I left London, and which he had ſo ſolemnly enjoined me to peruſe. For this purpoſe, being the ſummer time, I roſe very early next morning and retired to a neighbouring bower. As I tripped along the dewy mead, my heart thrilled with the livelieſt ſenſations of joy. Juſt returned from the confined metropolis, need I tell you, that I contemplated the variegated beauties of the country with additional pleaſure?

Nor palace, theatre, nor proud exchange
Here lift their heads; but fir trees, beech and pine
O'er verdant valleys and on pleaſant hills,
Lift up the thoughtful mind from earth to heaven.

The morning was remarkably tranquil, and every object with which I was ſurrounded, inſpired me with freſh delight. The riſing ſun was beginning to peep above the cheerful horizon, and his irradiating beams gilded every opening proſpect. My ears were raviſhed with the carolling of birds, warbling their ſprightlieſt notes. My eyes ſurveyed with rapture the golden grain, waving by the gentle preſſure of the gale; whilſt the playful cattle, and the friſking lambs vied with each other in a thouſand antick expreſſions of joy. My ſenſes were deliciouſly regaled with odoriferous fragrance of the ſweet ſmelling flowers. Nature throughout ſeemed unuſually revived, and the whole creation, as in gratitude to its beneficent author, was offering up its grateful incenſe to the great Father of all. Thus pleaſingly circumſtanced, how could I help ſympathetically rejoicing in the univerſal gaiety of the ſcene?

The ſequeſtered bower towards which I was tending with haſty ſtep, lay within the boſom of a cloſe thicket. Acceſſible only by one narrow path, it was of difficult entrance. Its inſide alſo was but dimly illuminated. Could it be otherwiſe? The cheering rays of light were ſo intercepted by the intervening branches with which it was thickly covered, that they afforded only a faint glimmering to diſſipate the ſurrounding gloom. There, Parnell's devout hermit might have taken up his loneſome abode. Here without controul, thick lipp'd melancholy might have indulged her ſolemn meditations. I ſoon arrived at the ſolitary ſpot. Withdrawn once more from the turbulence of ſociety, I congratulated myſelf on the tranquility of my ſituation, my penſive ſoul fearing not to be diſturbed by the giddy throng or the buſtling crowd. Having ſeated myſelf down, I immediately pulled out of my pocket the little parcel entruſted to my care by the worthy connoiſſeur, and with eager curioſity proceeded to examine its contents.

When I opened it, the firſt thing I found was a L. 50. bank no which my

my generous patron gave me to purchaſe a few of the beſt engravings of ſome of the moſt eminent artiſts. "What unparalelled generoſity," cried I, "how unexpected! how undeſerved!" The other part of the contents, and which principally made up the bulk of what was delivered to me, was an harangue in favour of his beloved art of Painting. It ſeems, that it was written and delivered by the worthy gentleman in his *younger* days, before a ſociety of youths who met once a month for mutual inſtruction and entertainment. Whether Poetry, Painting or Muſic has the greateſt effect on mankind, was a queſtion agitated with great warmth at one of their meetings. The enthuſiaſtic encomiaſt made very extraordinary exertions that night in behalf of his favorite art, and this was the ſpeech delivered on that occaſion. Upon opening the manuſcript therefore, I read as follows:

"Mr. President,

Muſic, Poetry and Painting have ever claimed no inconſiderable ſhare of eſteem, among thoſe who make any pretenſions to an improved mind or a refined taſte.

To aſcertain their comparative influence on the ſoul of man, is an employment well worthy of our attention. The time generally prefcribed to diſcourſes of this kind, will not permit me to enter into a long detail; ſuffice it then that I offer a few thoughts in as brief a manner as poſſible.

You aſk me, ſir, whether Painting, poetry or muſic has the greateſt effect on mankind in general?—I give the preference to Painting. Far be it from me, at the ſame time, Mr. Preſident, to depreciate the merits of muſic or poetry, no; they ſtand deſervedly high in the eſtimation of mankind, and I cheerfully pay them my tribute of praiſe. The muſician and the poet, as well as the Painter, ſerve by their different arts to enliven human life, thus adding to the ſtock of general happineſs. May they *all* therefore continue to the end of the world, to anſwer this happy and benevolent purpoſe!

It has been juſtly ſaid, that Painting produces a greater effect on mankind in general than poetry or muſic; for theſe two reaſons.

1ſt. It addreſſes the eye, one of the moſt powerful of the ſenſes.

2ly. It makes uſe of natural and not artificial ſigns, to affect the ſoul.

The validity of theſe reaſons will beſt appear, when we explain ourſelves by the following ſimile.

Suppoſe the miſery of a wounded man was only deſcribed to you, would you be as much affected as if you heard the cries of the poor wretch himſelf? but if this ſhuddering ſpectacle of miſery were brought to full view, you would certainly feel more ſtrongly. Behold the diſtreſſed object, ſee his limbs writhing with pain, his body twiſting with agony. Unſpeakable diſtreſs is viſible in his countenance, deſpair and anguiſh ſtare in his eye balls, and rack his inmoſt ſoul. Having ſuch a complicated ſcene of miſery brought to view, is it poſſible but that the hardeſt heart muſt feel? Now 'tis the peculiar province of the Painter to repreſent all theſe affecting circumſtances, and this taſk, however arduous, he executes with ſuperior ſucceſs. He does not uſe artificial ſigns, as the poet is obliged to do, nor does he like the muſician aſſail the ear with piteous cries and mournful lamentations. He brings nature to view, preſents the objects before your eyes in the livelieſt colours, and bids the moſt delicate of your feelings move, by the ſenſible repreſentation of his pencil. Hence the ancients are ſo profuſe in the Painter's praiſe. What ſays Ariſtotle? Paintings are as capable of making the vicious reflect within themſelves, as the fineſt precepts of morality. What ſays Horace? The eye is the moſt faithful ſervant to the heart. What ſays Quintilian? a picture is a ſilent and uniform addreſs, penetrating ſo deeply into our inmoſt affections, that it ſeems often to exceed even the powers of eloquence.

The united teſtimony of theſe three reſpectable critics, has ſurely no ſmall weight. We are told in hiſtory, that one of the walls of the theatre of Claudius Pulcher repreſented a roof covered with tiles, and being finiſhed in ſo maſterly a manner, the rooks, a bird of no ſmall ſagacity, imagined it to be real, and often attempted to alight upon it. We are alſo told that a dog was deceived to ſuch a degree by certain ſteps, in a perſpective of Dante's, that expecting to find a free paſſage, he made up to them in full ſpeed and daſhed out his brains! Have you never heard of ſome diſtreſſed Romans, who the more ſucceſſfully to excite charity, had their misfortunes delineated on tablets?

To the particulars already ſpecified, we may ſafely add, that nature ſeems evidently more intent upon adminiſtring gratification to the eye than to any other of the ſenſes. For this purpoſe has ſhe thrown the enchanting robe of beauteous coloring over all her works. The verdure of ſpring, the luxuriancy of ſummer, the fertility of autumn, nay even the chill horrors of bleak winter—yes *every* ſeaſon of the year cooperates in different degrees for this benevolent end. Animals, vegetables and foſſils are finely tinged with the richeſt and moſt delicious hues, which effectually to imitate, mocks the ſtrenuous efforts of the ingenious artiſt.

——Who can *paint*
Like NATURE? can imagination boaſt,
Amid his gay creation, hues like theſe?
And can he mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And lay them on ſo delicately fine,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry bud that blows?——

The ſky above us, the earth beneath us, all the objects around us, bear the moſt unequivocal atteſtation to the obvious truth. Surely PAINTING then ſtands high in the ſcale of excellence; and wretchedly inſenſible, ſir, muſt be the ſoul of that man, who like a marble ſtatue, can ſtand unmoved at the maſterly deſign of a Raphael, the luxuriant coloring of a Titian, and the graceful ſimplicity of a Guido!

Keeping theſe obſervations in our eye, let us now advert to the repreſentations themſelves; the chief of which may be included under Hiſtoric Pieces, Landſcapes, Caricatures, and Portraits. Our time indeed this evening is ſo limited as to permit us only to take a glance at each, but yet I hope it will appear even from thoſe few curſory reflections, to an impartial mind, that Painting rather than muſic or poetry has the greateſt effect on mankind in general.

1 HISTORIC PIECES. Hiſtory furniſhes the painter with a rich fund of materials for the diſplay of his talents. The lineaments of all characters are there minutely marked. He that is famous for the more manly and generous virtues is found there; as well as he who renders himſelf an object of hatred by being tainted with vices of a groſs and atrocious kind. The nobleſt actions that ever ſignalized an individual or a nation are recorded by the pen of the hiſtorian for the admiration of poſterity. The moſt flagrant violations of juſtice alſo are held out to view, and ſtigmatized with deſerved infamy. What an exuberance of materials then hath the painter for his divine art! undoubtedly the crucifixion is one of the beſt ſubjects for painting extant of an hiſtoric nature; and who is there that does not know what an extenſive field is opened to the artiſt's view in this ſingle piece, for the exerciſe of his genius? Rubens has immortalized his name by the maſterly repreſentation of this melancholy but moſt intereſting ſcene. Who can contemplate the exhibition of ſo awful a cataſtrophe, without being melted into compaſſion and ſorrow? I am firmly of opinion that the delineation of ſeveral of the moſt remarkable facts in ſacred hiſtory, would prove very uſeful to mankind in general. It would catch the attention of the multitude, and thus teach that large claſs of the people, who are either

either incapable of reading, or who read without any improvement. By a method of this kind the celebrated Dr. Doddridge even in his earlieſt childhood became acquainted with the whole of ſacred hiſtory, and always retained the moſt lively remembrance of it. An enumeration of the ſeveral ſubjects for painting which might be eaſily ſelected form the page of profane hiſtory, would prove an endleſs taſk; but think, gentlemen, for a moment, what would be your feelings, if by the aid of the Painter you beheld the agitated interview of Alexander and his phyſician, the affectionate parting of Hector and Andromache, or the infamous dragging of Hector's body around the walls of Troy? Homer's energetic deſcription of the Trojan war is without doubt highly affecting, but O how much more ſignificant to *ſee* before you, the embattled hoſts, the blood thirſty warrior; the colors flying, the arms glittering, the gaping wounds and ghaſtly countenances of the ſlain? The untamed fierceneſs and ſavage barbarity of ancient heroes are beſt delineated by the Painter's art. The military dreſs and accoutrements, are always glaring and ſplendid, well adapted to ſtrike the eye. The Painter's repreſentation, then, is by far the moſt eligible. He alone is the man who gives you the moſt vivid idea of the brave ſoldier, whoſe gaudy habiliments are ſo expreſſive of his hazardous office, nobly beſpeaking the manly courage of his martial ſoul. But why need I thus deſcend to particulars? Did not Alexander the conqueror of the world, tremble and grow pale when he beheld the picture of the unfortunate Palamades? Did not Portia, who bid farewell to Brutus with an unuſual equanimity of ſoul, burſt into tears, when a few hours after, ſhe ſaw the picture of the tender parting of Hector and Andromache? Let us now turn our attention from theſe diſagreeable and painful ſcenes, to thoſe of a more brilliant and enlivening caſt.

2ly. We will for a while ſurvey the diverſified beauty of the PICTURESQUE LANDSCAPE. Here we are preſented with a pleaſing variety, the preciſe limits of which it is abſolutely impoſſible to aſcertain. The animating face of nature is ever ſurveyed with the moſt exquiſite delight; but are not her cheering and romantic ſcenes beſt realized by the inimitable touches of the glowing pencil? Painting is the faſcinating region of enchantment. The pencil, like the magic wand, calls up to view, every thing both animate and inanimate. Nothing in the whole compaſs of nature can be found, which is not ſubject to its boundleſs controul. See you not yon painted canvaſs? Perceive you not there delineated, the craggy cliff, the huge precipice, the ſtupendous rock, the barren heath, the lofty mountain, the wide ocean, and the ſpacious firmament? If your eye be fatigued by beholding theſe ſublime objects, turn your attention to thoſe of a beautiful kind; ſee you not the extended lawns, the thick foreſts, the bleating flocks, the lowing herd and the ſportive lambkins? See you not the honeſt huſbandman, the ruſtic ſwain, the whiſtling plowboy, and the ruddy milk maid? nay; the ſtill lake and the meandering river, the purling rivulet and the falling cataract, the crowded city and the ſolitary deſert, the plain conventicle and the pompous cathedral, the magnificent palace, the ſolemn temple and the lowly cottage, all, all may be admirably delineated on the canvaſs; there may they be placed like the variegated rainbow in its conſummate beauty, to charm the eye, to feaſt the ſenſes, to raviſh and delight the ſoul!!

3ly. The popularity of CARICATURES is another conſiderable proof of the great effect of Painting on mankind in general. The power of wit and humour over the human mind is unbounded; hence the ſatirizing caricature poſſeſſes an authoritative influence. Every print ſhop in this populous city, witneſſeth the truth of this obſervation. Who

can refrain from loud burſts of laughter when he is preſented with a lively caricature of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza his worthy ſquire, Hudibras and his Ralpho, merry old Falſtaff, gabbling Mrs Quickly, and a thouſand other of the moſt groteſque figures which the vaſt variety of human character ſo plentifully affords? It is the profeſſed end of this remarkable ſpecies of painting to laſh the vices and expoſe the follies of mankind. An object indeed well worthy of its attention! Like comedy, I acknowledge, it may degenerate, and be made ſubſervient to the deteſtable purpoſes of licentiouſneſs and profligacy. Nevertheleſs, if the ſhafts of ridicule be judiciouſly aimed, like a well directed artillery, they may do much execution. How often with a becoming ſeverity, does the bold caricature lay open to public cenſure, the intereſted intrigue of ſubtle politicians, the mean chicanery of corrupted courts, and the ſervile flattery of cringing paraſites? Is it not in many caſes a more effectual check on the diſſolute manners of the great, than the keeneſt ſatire written for the expreſs purpoſe? Hogarth's Harlot and Rake's Progreſs will not be ſoon forgotten; his aſtoniſhing powers of ridicule demand the warmeſt praiſe.

4thly. Sir, will you not join with me in extolling the effects of Painting on the mind of man, when you conſider the ineſtimable value of a good PORTRAIT? We cannot contemplate it without the fervid glow of admiration. Is not almoſt every nobleman's houſe in the land, profuſely decorated by the ſignificant portraits of the beloved ſovereign, the pious divine, the ſage philoſopher, the ſkilful phyſician, the brave warrior, the righteous judge, the generous philanthropiſt, the conſummate ſtateſman, the wiſe law-giver, and the warm-hearted patriot? Nay, almoſt every hovel, however mean, furniſhes a picture of the dear relative, and the faithful friend. Nor ſhould it excite our ſurpriſe, that this ſpecies of painting is held in ſuch high eſteem; for in the well executed portrait, does not the intelligent ſoul ſit on the countenance, holding ſweet converſe with the attentive ſpectator? The frail originals alas! like autumnal leaves, quickly periſh. A portrait therefore is the beſt mean, that the ſagacious ingenuity of art can deviſe, to ſubſtantiate the fleeting form, to perpetuate the momentary exiſtence. The ſhort lived race of Adam, has been compared by an inſpired writer, to the delicate flowers, which in the morning open and expand their beauties to the genial and invigorating rays of the vernal ſun; at noon they flouriſh in all their boaſted vigour; in the evening they are gone, and the place that once knew them ſhall know them no more! Truly divine therefore is this imitative art, as it remedies in ſome degree ſo melancholy a circumſtance. May it be cultivated to the lateſt poſterity, ſince it is thine, O Painting, kindly to preſerve in our remembrance the beloved form that lies mouldring in the grave; to reſcue in a meaſure from the jaws of death, the prey he is wont ſo greedily to devour; to caſt a radiant ray on the houſe of mourning, thus leſſening the ſore calamity of the diſtreſſed ſurvivor!

Nor is this the only important end to which Portrait-painting is ſubſervient. It alſo teaches the moſt beneficial leſſons. It calls to mind the good example of great men, kindling within our boſoms a flame of piety, when the worthy exemplars themſelves are for ever gone beyond the reach of our obſervation. As the abſence of the ſun from our horizon, is ingeniouſly ſupplied by means of artificial lights, ſo well-finiſhed portraits may ſerve to compenſate the loſs we ſuſtain, by the removal of the amiable originals, whoſe excellent conduct when amongſt us on earth, was an honour to themſelves and a bleſſing to ſociety. You have no doubt heard of the Athenian courtezan, who, in the midſt of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally caſt her eye on the portrait of a philoſopher that hung oppo-

ſite

ſite to her ſeat; the happy character of temperance and virtue ſtruck her ſo forcibly with her own unworthineſs, that ſhe quitted the room, and returning home became ever after an example of temperance, as ſhe had been before of ſhameleſs debauchery. Nor are you I preſume unacquainted with another inſtance, of the ſingular utility of the pencil. Boleſlaus, the 4th King of Poland, had a picture of his Father, which he carried about his neck, ſet in a plate of gold. When he was about to ſpeak or do any thing of importance, he took this pleaſing monitor in his hand, and kiſſing it uſed to ſay, "My dear Father, may I do nothing remiſly or unworthy of thy name!" See then the effects of Portrait-painting on the mind; behold how it ſometimes tends to promote the important intereſts of virtue and religion.

Not wiſhing, Mr. Preſident, to detain you any longer, I ſhall only mention a ſingle circumſtance more, by way of concluſion.

Suppoſe that one of you gentlemen had become enamoured of ſome beautiful damſel. You had paid your adreſſes to her, and they were graciouſly received. Owing to ſome unforeſeen affair, you are obliged to take a long journey, and (O hapleſs fate!) thus be abſent for a few months at leaſt from your beloved fair. I ſuppoſe alſo that your ſituation is ſuch as to preclude the poſſibility of a frequent and regular correſpondence. In this ſad dilemma, what muſt the diſtreſſed lover do? Puzzled with this difficulty and bedewed with tears, methinks I ſee him retire into his own cloſet, conjecturing with himſelf what method he can beſt take, to preſerve in his mind the remembrance of the lovely form from whom he is ſo ſoon to be ſeparated. At this very critical moment in ſteps a Poet, offers the puzzled lover a few lines deſcriptive of the excellences of his beauteous Maria; the lover accepts them thankfully, and the Poet departs. On the Poet's retiring, in ſteps a Muſician with a tender plaintive love ſong ſet to muſic, preſenting he ſays, "This, dear ſir, being Maria's favorite air, will ſerve to keep up a lively image of the fair one, during your abſence:" then he retires. But in ſteps a third gentleman called a Painter, he preſents the diſtreſſed lover with a moſt beautiful *miniature portrait* of the innocent virgin. The lover gazes at it for a while in ſilent admiration, then leaping from the ground, he exclaims, "This, this is the very thing after which I ſo anxiouſly ſought. Thank heaven I've now attained it. Some guardian angel moſt certainly muſt have conducted you hither, thus to diſpel my grief, alleviate my ſorrow, and confer upon me ſubſtantial felicity; your divine art, ſir, exceeds every thing I know. You furniſh me with this incomparable portrait of the beloved original; how bright the colors! how ſtriking the lineaments! how fine the likeneſs! *here* I perceive the bloom of the virgin fair, the radiance of her eyes, the proportion of her features, and the ſoftneſs of her complexion; nay, what is ſtill more, I perceive that amiableneſs of diſpoſition, that ſweetneſs of temper and that generous flow of ſoul, for which my dear Maria is ſo much diſtinguiſhed. Yes, here they are all admirably delineated. Saying theſe words, the joyful lover claſped the miniature portrait to his boſom, and taking the painter by the hand, I ſaw them no more.

Gentlemen, the above is undoubtedly a fair repreſentation; poetry and muſic therefore muſt yield the palm; and PAINTING, PAINTING muſt reſound from every corner of this aſſembly."

Having repeatedly peruſed this harangue, according to the very earneſt requeſt of the old gentleman, its worthy author, I could not help ſmiling at that exceſſive though amiable enthuſiaſm with which it was ſo ſtrongly tinctured. I was determined however in my own mind to accept the propoſal which had been made me, and ſolaced myſelf with the pleaſing proſpect of having ſo excellent a patron. I accordingly haſtened home from my retired ſituation in the bower,

and

and diſcloſed the whole ſecret to my parents. I told them the generous propoſal which had been made me when in London, and expatiated upon the advantages of it, with all that romantic fondneſs which the ardor of a juvenile imagination naturally inſpires. I begged their advice as to the acceptance of it. They at firſt heſitated at the propriety of the ſcheme, and aſſured me they would take it into ſerious conſideration.

But ah! who can tell what lies hid in the womb of futurity? The following week, a meſſenger arrived, and preſented me with an epiſtle, which announced the mournful tidings of my patron's death. The moment I ſaw the black ſeal, my heart fluttered with timidity, and foreboded ſomething of a diſaſtrous nature. In breaking open the letter, my hands were ſeized with an involuntary trembling, and when I found that my fears were not imaginary, the tears trickled plentifully down my cheeks. "The aged but amiable connoiſſeur," ſays my correſpondent, "died very ſuddenly of a fever which he had caught by viſiting a poor family in the neighbourhood." "And is he gone?" ſaid I, laying down the letter on the table, and looking full into the meſſenger's face. "*Indeed*, ſir, he's gone," the meſſenger haſtily replied. "This morning, I left the family wherein he had ſo long reſided, all bathed in tears, all bitterly bewailing the unexpected calamity." Well thought I to myſelf, he has left few behind, worthy to be compared with him. Did he not, Howard-like, fall a ſacrifice to his own benevolence and philanthropy?

By this diſtreſſing cataſtrophe, the warmeſt wiſhes of my heart remained unrealized, and that delightful proſpect of futurity, which had for ſome time paſt enhanced my felicity, vaniſhed in an inſtant. Reader, hence learn the ſad inſtability of human affairs; hence learn the ſtrange viciſſitudes of this mortal ſtate. With how many inſtances, of a like nature, art thou preſented, in the ſhort compaſs of thy tranſitory life? Frail child of Adam! how often muſt it be told thee that thy beſt laid ſchemes can be eaſily fruſtrated, thy moſt ingenious deſigns prove of no avail. Wilt thou never grow leſs preſumptuous? beware of depending too much on an *uncertain* futurity; forget not ſteadily to rely on the exuberant kindneſs of a wiſe and indulgent Providence.

I immediately procured a ſtriking likeneſs of my deceaſed friend. I carry it about with me wherever I go. I ſhow it to the little circle of my acquaintance, and tell them the worth of the amiable original. When retired, in my penſive moments I frequently look at it, and in melancholy mood, placing my finger on it, I exclaim in theſe muttering accents, "Yes, this was the man, who had a heart to feel and a hand that gave; this was the man who generouſly concerned himſelf for my future happineſs: he is now no more in the land of the living. "'Tis meet that I ſhould mourn, flow forth afreſh my tears."

By the old gentleman's will it appeared, that he left one half of his property, for the ſupport of a ſociety lately eſtabliſhed to promote the cultivation of the fine arts, particularly that of Painting; the remaining part of his fortune was, by his expreſs appointment, either diſtributed among his poor relations, or appropriated to charitable inſtitutions.

Such was the PAINTER'S PANEGYRIST, ſuch the MAN I now lament.

"Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius—for he was your kinſman;
Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs—for he was your brother."

Thrice worthy patron! could I but bring thee back from the ſilent chambers of the tomb wherein thou art now laid? Could I but cauſe the purple ſtream of life to reſume its ſprightly dance through thy azure veins? Ah fruitleſs wiſh! ah unavailing ſorrow! "Alas! alas! thy immortal ſpirit is for ever fled to the ſtars from whence it came, and that warm heart of thine, with all its open and generous veſſels, compreſſed into

into a clod of the valley." ! ! !

"*No farther* seek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(*There* they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his father, and his God."

King's College Abdn.
September 1ſt 1790. } JUVENIS.

Among the Circumſtances that have diſtinguiſhed the great Revolution in *France*, that of the total Abolition of all Titles of Nobility is one of the moſt memorable. The Policy, or Impolicy, of this Decree, with its probable Conſequences, may afford ample Subjects of Speculation. We may recollect that turbulent Period in our own Country, when the Houſe of Lords was aboliſhed. But the two following Speeches bear ſo much Relation to to this Subject, and are ſo curious in themſelves, that they cannot but gratify our Readers. The firſt is entitled, 'A Dehortatory Speech by a well affected Tanner, to the County of *Berks*, met at *Abingdon*, *April* 2, 1640, for the Election of *Pembroke* to be Knight of the Shire'.—The ſecond is entitled, 'A godly Speech by *Philip Herbert*, late Earl of *Pembroke*, &c. as it was heard with much Content without an Oath.'—The laſt is perfectly in Character with the fourth Earl of *Pembroke*, whom Mr *Walpole*, ſtyles 'that memorable Simpleton;' who was, in Fact, a very great Humoriſt; and who ſo far conformed to the Times, as to appear, though one of the firſt Peers of the Realm, a Candidate to repreſent the County of *Berks*.

The Tanner's Speech.

HONEST friends, you that are of the free-borne people of this land, I ſpeak to none elſe, and lovers of the army, and the true Engliſh intereſt, all men elſe have forefeited their freedomes. I am full of anguiſh and trouble for your ſakes, when I behold this day. I fear you are in a way to ruine yourſelves, unleſſe the Lord be merciful to you. The thing you meet for troubles me not a little. 'Tis to chooſe a knight. Truly I hoped, and I hope we all hoped, to have done making knights by this time. The *thing* you meete to chooſe troubles me more. *This fellow that was a lord*, this Pembroke, this Montgomery, this Herbert, this what ſhall I call him? Call him what you will: we were promiſed a repreſentative to begin on June next, and this parliament to end the laſt of this month; if ſo, why ſhould we ſend this fellow thither to make mouths for three weekes, and talke of dogs and hawkes? I ſay, let us have the repreſentative, or we are cheated. But if we muſt make one knight more, let it not be Pembroke, he is no way fit for it. Conſider him as a lord; and none of the wiſeſt lords neither; and then conſider how many wiſer and fitter perſons, we have for Parliament-men then ever a lord of them all: and what a brand it will be to us and our country to chooſe a lord, ſuch a lord; and ſurely unleſſe you are fooles and madmen, you will not chooſe him. Again, conſider him as a lord, and ſo he is no free-born commoner, and ſo not capable of our election. Is there not an act againſt king and lords? If there is, then let us have no lords, unleſſe you intend to have a king too.

Let us be wiſe; we may ſee a deſigne in this lord as plain as the noſe on his face. He was always falſe, falſe to the lords that ſate eight years with him; and do you not think he will be falſe to the commons too; I warrant you. Is not Michael Oldſworth, this lord's man, a parliament man?

man? Are not his, and other lords ſonnes, parliament men? If he get in too, the time will come, when the houſe of commons will be all lords, and lords ſonnes, and lords ſervants, and then lords will be voted up againe, and king be in requeſt againe, which if we live to ſee again, we have ſpun a fair thread.

If all this which I have ſaid be true, as it is impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; why ſhould we not look on this turn-coat lord as a cheat, as one that comes to betray and undoe the free-borne people, and ſwitch him out of the country.

I have done: if we muſt chooſe a knight, let him not be a lord: we do not read in all the ſcripture of any lord was ever choſen knight of the ſhire for Barkſhire. But rather let us chooſe none at all, and unanimouſly petition the parliament to diſſolve, that the repreſentative may ſuceeed, and none but ourſelves have any ſhare in the gubernation and government of this commonwealth.

The Earl's Speech.

Gentlemen, It was not the old faſhion to make ſpeeches before you choſe your knights, but I hope you like it the better for not being old, I am ſure I doe; give us old faſhions againe, we muſt have king and lords, our old religion, and old lawes, and a hundered things older than Adam. I hate any thing that's old, unleſſe it be an old man, for Adam was an old man, and ſo am I, and I hate myſelf for being an old man, and therefore will love you, if you'le make me a new knight. The gentleman that ſpake before me, I know not where to have him, he is an *individuum vagum*. He is angry the repreſentative goes not on: he is angry the parliament goes not off; he is angry I am a lord; he is angry I would be none; he is angry I ſeek to be your knight, and he would have me of that ſort of ſeekers, who neither ſeek nor finde: and he concludes, I am not to be choſen becauſe no free-borne commoner. I fear he is a Jeſuite by his ſubtile arguments: but though I have no logick, I hope I have reaſon, to anſwer him, and ſatisfie you.

I anſwer, I am a free-borne commoner. All thoſe three words fit me. Firſt,

I am borne.

Elſe how came I hither into the world?

I am free.

My accounts for laſt year's expence come to ſix and twenty thouſand pounds, that's faire you'l ſay, and when you have choſen me your knight, I'l carry you every mothers ſon, the whole county, into Wiltſhire, and we'll be merry, and hunt and hawke, and I'll be as free as an emperor. So I am free-borne.

I am a commoner.

Have I been ſo often at common councels, and common halls, to be accounted no commoner? Are not the lords all turn'd a graſing? Was not I a common ſwearer before I went to lectures, and a common ſleeper ever ſince, and am not I a chancellour of Oxford where all are commoners! So I am a commoner.

I am no lord.

If I am, why ſhould I come hither to be knight of your ſhire? But though I am a lord, is not Fairfax ſo? And yet he is a parliament man, and is not Bradſhaw lord preſident? But I am no lord. For, I am for the parliament; I am for voting down the houſe of lords. And to tell you truth, I never loved the king ſince he was dead, and thoſe that are lords goe in black for him, but I keep my old blue ſtill, and my diamond hatband, though the crown jewels are ſold. Therefore you may chooſe me well enough.

You may chooſe me.

Why

Why came I hither elſe? Why did Cromwell bid me come hither? and I bid my ſteward come hither to lay in proviſion, and gather voyces. If my ſtewards bill be right, every throat that votes for me, coſts me twenty pound.

Chooſe me if you would have a repreſentative. I that have been lord of Pembroke and Montgomery, two counties, may well repreſent one.

Chooſe me if you would have no repreſentative. For I'le doe and vote what you liſt, and ſo chooſing me, you chooſe yourſelves. So that whether you would have a repreſentative or no, the beſt way is to chooſe me.

But let me tell you by the way, now the parliament is fallen into the happy way of making acts of parliament, let them continue. This is one of the advantages you have by loſing the king: you may have an act of parliament for what you pleaſe; and that's better than ordinance, and laſts longer, for an ordinance of parliament was good no longer than this parliament, which though it laſt for ever, an act laſts longer, becauſe that laſts for ever, whether the parliament laſt or no.

For my religion.

Who queſtions it? I never changed it; I was for biſhops when there were biſhops; and I was for viſitors when there were none. It is well known I am an independent, and had beene ſo twenty years agoe, had it not been for Michael Oldſworth, and will be ſo as long as the parliament pleaſe; I have been an old courtier, and that's an old court, and the higheſt court, and old courtiers always love to follow new faſhions. That religion is in faſhion now.

I am chancellor of Oxford, which is hard by, therefore chooſe me: ſome of you have ſonnes and cozens there: all that are a kinne to any that give their voices for me, ſhall be heads of colledges, and canons of Chriſt church, though there be a hundred of them. The reſt of you ſhall have all leaſes of all the univerſity lands amongſt you. What, am not I chancellour?

The place I ſtand for, is knight of the ſhire. None but kings can make knights; make me your knight, you are all kings: and it will be an honour to me, and my poſterity, to have it recorded, I was the firſt lord that was knighted by ſo many kings.

I know now, you cannot but chooſe me. I knew ſo before I came hither, and therefore I thank you beforehand, and invite you home.

I will conclude with that very exordium, wherewith a famous gentleman that was of this parliament, concluded his ſpeech upon the like occaſion: 'Behold your knight.'

THE TRIFLER,

Number LXX.

The Subject continued and concluded:

Thurſday September 9, 1790.

MANY anonymous authors ranged themſelves on both ſides, and the controverſy continued for above five years. It was, however, unequally carried on, and probably the ſtage was not materially amended during all that time. Some few very indecent paſſages of plays were expunged, but the greater part remained. About ſeven years after the publication of *Collier's View*, Dr Filmer, a lawyer of eminence, revived the controverſy. His book is entitled, "A Defence of Plays, or, the "ſtage vindicated from ſeveral paſ-"ſages in Mr Collier's Short View, "&c. wherein is offered, the moſt "probable method of reforming our "Plays, with a conſideration how far "vicious characters may be allowed

" on the ſtage."

Dr Filmer apprehended that the ſtage was in danger. He thought, and with reaſon, that Collier aimed at aboliſhing this entertainment. He therefore undertakes to defend what he calls a well regulated ſtage. From his *profeſſions* of candour, of which he is ſufficiently laviſh, he beſpeaks attention, but he diſappoints expectation, for he is in general as free in quibbling and abuſive language as the reſt of Collier's antagoniſts. Yet the acknowledgment he makes reſpecting Collier's quotations of *profaneneſs*, did the cauſe he eſpouſed more injury than the other parts of his book could repair.—" I come now," ſays he, " to his ſecond branch *of pro-*
" *phaneneſs of the ſtage*; which is their
" abuſe of religion and the holy ſcrip-
" tures. And here, indeed, he is
" free enough of his quotations, of
" which, though ſome perhaps might
" have eſcaped the cenſure of a leſs
" induſtrious, or a leſs ſevere inqui-
" ſitor than our author: yet many
" of them are extremely ſcandalous,
" impious and wicked. In the cen-
" ſure of all which I heartily join
" with him, as ſpoken all out of cha-
" racter, and as it were in defiance of
" that Stage Diſcipline, which alone
" can juſtify the public repreſen-
" tation of any thing lewd, ſmutty
" or prophane, &c."

A confeſſion like this from an avowed advocate of the Stage, was not adapted to protect the poets from Collier's cenſure. An important point was here given up. If Filmer's book was read, and we have reaſon to think it was, his defence of the Stage *in general* might pleaſe; but this agreement in the cenſure of the licentious parts was what the friends of decency wanted, and it no doubt accelerated the reform which ſoon afterwards took place. Collier, unwearied in the cauſe, and, as Dr. Johnſon would ſay, yet *implacable*, anſwered Filmer's book, and in this anſwer, as well as in all his writings on the ſubject, diſplays a knowledge of ancient and modern literature, as far as reſpects plays, which was neceſſary perhaps *only* as it ſhowed him to be no mean declaimer, or ignorant zealot.

Upon the whole it muſt be allowed that Collier undertook more than he was able to perform, and more than he originally intended. To correct the licentiouſneſs of the ſtage was his primary object; in his reſearches for examples he probably felt his zeal burn with additional fervour, and, thinking it impoſſible to effect a cure without deſtroying the whole, he meditated the final overthrow of the entire Drama. It cannot be ſaid that he miſſed his aim, or that the blow was trifling; but ſomething more was wanting than the pen of Collier to deſtroy the ſtage. The protection it then and always before had received, was not to be withdrawn by his remonſtrances. In this, therefore, Collier failed.

But the reformation of the ſtage, with regard to indecency and prophaneneſs, found many abettors, and Collier lived to ſee that decency promoted which has with few interruptions continued to the preſent time. With all that can be objected to Collier, it is certainly to him that we owe a reformation ſo friendly to decency, and to polite manners. No play of Dryden, Congreve, Vanburgh, Farquhar, &c. can now be performed without undergoing that purgation which he preſcribed, and new writers rarely hazard in decent expreſſions. The audience generally revolts againſt the inſult, and the beſt of Critics unite in ſupporting the decency of the ſtage language.

This diſpoſition to reject what is poſitively indecent and immoral, is the more creditable to our audiences, that there are ſome few authors who occaſionally make experiments on their patience. Whoever has attend-

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ed the theatres on the firſt appearance of new plays, will agree with me that there is frequently in them ſome attempt to introduce an indelicate expreſſion, or a groſs *doable entendre* The mob likewiſe are ſometimes pleaſed with this; they laugh immoderately, and what in ſtage-cant is called *a burſt of applauſe* is produced. The more decent part of the audience, however, are always ſufficient in number and conſequence to divide the houſe upon the queſtion, and the author is at laſt obliged to omit the favourite production of his looſe moments, for it can be only in ſuch moments that any man would write *that* which in perſon he would be aſhamed to ſpeak in a mixed company of private friends of both ſexes.

It has been ſaid that in blaming the indecencies of the authors above mentioned, we betray an affected ſqueamiſhneſs, a prudery which is unworthy of a liberal age, and that by leaving what we call indecencies out of theſe plays, we have deprived them of their ſpirit and wit. I will grant, that an indecent or a prophane expreſſion may be witty, for it may have all the characters which compoſe what is called wit. Wit is a general talent, applicable to every ſubject. But it remains to be proved that indecent or prophane wit is juſtifiable, that jeſting with ſacred ſubjects does not leſſen pious impreſſions, and that the profligacy of Congreve and Vanburgh, if reſtored, would contribute to poliſh the manners and improve the mind. What Dr Johnſon has ſaid of Congreve, may with equal juſtice be applied to all the poets with whom Collier engaged in this controverſy. "The general "tenour and tendency of his plays "muſt always be condemned. It is "acknowledged with univerſal con"viction, that the peruſal of his "works will make no man better; "and that their ultimate effect is to "repreſent pleaſure in alliance with "vice, and to relax thoſe obligations "by which life ought to be regu"lated."

RULES AND MAXIMS FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

Addreſſed to all the Widows, Wives, and Spinſters, in Great Britain.

THE likelieſt way either to obtain a good huſband, or to keep one ſo, is to be good yourſelf.

Never uſe a lover ill, whom you deſign to make your huſband, leſt he ſhould either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember theſe two lines of truth and juſtice,

Gently ſhould theſe be ruled, who gently ſway'd;
Abject ſhall thoſe obey, who haughty were obey'd.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your huſband. Never endeavour to deceive, or impoſe upon his underſtanding; nor give him uneaſineſs (as ſome do to try his temper) bnt treat him always, before hand, with ſincerity, and afterwards with affection and reſpect.

Be not over ſanguine before marriage, nor promiſe yourſelf felicity without alloy; for that is impoſſible to be attained in this preſent ſtate of things. Conſider, beforehand, that the perſon you are going to ſpend your days with is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you diſcover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether ſo agreeable as you ex-

pect, paſs it over as human frailty; ſmooth your brow, compoſe your temper, and try to amend it by chearfulneſs and good-nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life, a burthen which each has engaged to aſſiſt the other in ſupporting, and to which both parties are equally expoſed. Therefore, inſtead of murmurs, reflections, and diſagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your ſhoulder to the yoke, and make it more eaſy to both.

Reſolve every morning to be good natured and chearful that day; and if any accident ſhould happen to break your reſolution, ſuffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing elſe beſides—and eſpecially with your huſband

Diſpute not with him, be the occaſion what it will; but much rather deny yourſelf the trivial ſatisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than riſk a quarrel or create a heart burning, which it is impoſſible to know the end of.

Be aſſured a woman's power, as well as happineſs, has no other foundation but her huſband's eſteem and love; which conſequently it is her undoubted intereſt by all means to preſerve and increaſe. Do you, therefore ſtudy his temper, and command your own; enjoy his ſatisfaction with him, ſhare and ſmooth his cares, and with the utmoſt diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently with due attention, the matrimonial ſervice; and take care in doing ſo, not to overlook the word *obey*.

In your prayers be ſure to add a clauſe for grace to make a good wife, and at the ſame time reſolve to do your utmoſt endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding ring; for therein lies more virtue than is uſually imagined. If you are ruffled unawares, aſſaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind againſt your duty, caſt your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what paſſed at that ſolemn time.

Let the tenderneſs of your conjugal love be expreſſed with ſuch decency, delicacy, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly, and thoroughly diſtinct from the deſigning fondneſs of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own eaſe, or for your huſband's eſteem? Then have a due regard to his income and circumſtances in all your expences and deſires; for if neceſſity ſhould follow, you run the greateſt hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days paſs together without a ſerious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if, upon reflection, you find yourſelf guilty of any foibles or omiſſions, the beſt atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

Leſt ſome ſurly huſband, ſome imperious father, or prudiſh old maid ſhould think the above too applicable to the fair ſex, and to them only; we beg leave to inform ſuch ladies as may wiſh to have a ſet of rules adapted for huſbands, that the above, with the alteration of *huſband* to *wife*, will effectually anſwer the purpoſe, and be a valuable preſent to their male acquaintance, whether ſingle or married.

THE DISCREET WIFE.

PRUDENCE is a commendable quality in either ſex, and highly me-

meritorious in a woman, even where it concerns herſelf only; how truly valuable then muſt it be in a wife, whoſe concerns are one with thoſe of her huſband! whoſe moderation, diſcretion, and ſelf-command are eſſential to matrimonial felicity!

Mr Goodchild, an eminent Engliſh attorney, and now a man of conſiderable property, married at an early period of life, and contrary to the practice of moſt gentlemen of his profeſſion, married without any views of intereſt. His wife was his choice, equally in regard to the qualities of the mind and perſon; ſhe was at once his miſtreſs and companion. They lived happily for many years, and ſaw their children, the remembrancers of their paſt joys, and the ſource of preſent ſatisfaction, ſmiling around them, without being ſenſible of any coldneſs on either ſide.—Such a condition is of all others moſt to be envied; it unites the higheſt pleaſure with the moſt pleaſing viſions of future felicity; the rapturous feelings of virtuous love, the gladdening emotions of a parent's heart, the elevating hopes of honour and conſequence in the pledges of a tender affection. And ſuch ſeemed to be the lot of Mr Goodchild and his wife, when the bewitching charms of a chambermaid had almoſt blaſted their whole harveſt of happineſs.—This girl was aſſuredly handſome, and ſhe knew it: ſhe was alſo young, blooming, full of paſſions, and void of principle. Mr Goodchild, who was of a jocular humour, and had frequently occaſion to chat with Molly about his children, accidentally paid her a compliment upon her perſon. The manner in which ſhe took it ſurprized him. Her pride was flattered; he was tempted to repeat it, accompanied with certain liberties which did not ſeem to diſpleaſe. Her down-caſt eyes but imperfectly concealed the wiſhes of her perſon. He puſhed his advantage, and ſucceeded. She ſeemed happy to be thought worthy of the ſame favours with her miſtreſs.—From this moment of infidelity Mr Goodchild neglected his virtuous conſort; and though ſhe ſtill held the firſt place in his affection, ſhe was left to preſs her lonely pillow, while he ſat up under pretence of buſineſs, and ſtole to Molly's bed, which was in a chamber adjoining to his office. He could not diſturb Mrs. G. he ſaid, at the hours convenient for him to retire, therefore ordered a ſeparate bed to be prepared for himſelf, and if ever he viſited his wife's bed, it was always towards morning—Mrs G. bore this neglect for ſome time with great good humour; and as her huſband ſtill treated her with reſpect, the inſolence of the rival maid was the firſt thing that rouzed her jealouſy, by alarming her pride. She wiſely, however, concealed her ſuſpicions, till ſhe had full proof of their juſtice, and even then ſhe concealed them: an example of rare and exemplary prudence, and very remarkable in a woman. The night that Mrs G. received the inſult from the maid, ſhe took a candle at a late hour, and went to the girl's bedchamber, where ſhe found the lovers claſped in each other's arms, and faſt aſleep. She had almoſt fainted at the ſight, but aſhamed of her weakneſs, ſhe recalled her ſpirits, and took the bracelet which ſhe uſually wore round her arm, and tied it to her huſband's wriſt. He ſtill ſlept, and ſhe retired unobſerved. Next morning when Mr G. came to breakfaſt, he ſeemed in much agitation of mind: he wiſhed to ſpeak out, but was at a loſs what to ſay. She ſaw his embarraſſment, but did not wiſh to relieve him from it. At laſt he ſaid with as much eaſe as he could affect, "My dear, I have got ſomething of yours, though by what means I cannot tell.

If

If it came by your hand, 'twas very kind in taking ſo gentle a method of reminding me of my duty; the cauſe of your uneaſineſs ſhall be ſpeedily removed" "By no means, replied ſhe, "I have rather reaſon to beg your pardon for my intruſion; it is but reaſonable you ſhould pleaſe yourſelf in your companions; but I could not help indirectly telling you, that if my image has no longer any place in your boſom, it is improper that yours ſhould adorn my arm; love muſt be mutual or nothing."— "For heaven's ſake!" cried he, "ſpare me, and let the wanton be "diſmiſſed!" "No, ſir," replied ſhe, "I muſt keep her till I learn whether ſhe or I have the ſtrongeſt hold of that heart, after you have been acquainted with us both, and ſhould I diſcover it to be her, I will walk out. You ſhall never find me a bar to your happineſs; beſides it would be an injury to the girl to expoſe her by ſo precipitate a ſtep, and a cruel mortification to me to have it ſaid that I have been ſo bad a wife as to loſe the affections of my huſband, before I can either plead age or infirmity as an apology" Mr G. fell on his knees, and bathed his wife's hands with his tears, again begging that he might no more ſee the accomplice of his guilt. "You ſhall not, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "ſince you are ſo truly penitent. I will take the chance of your reformation. But before I remove her, which ſhall be as ſoon as prudence will admit, you muſt provide her with a maintenance for life, as we cannot give her a character that will introduce her into any other family; and I cannot bear to think that the woman who was ſhared your embraces ſhould ever want." He agreed to ſo humane and generous a propoſal; the girl was removed, and Mrs G. continues to enjoy the undivided affections of her huſband, as the reward of her moderation and prudence.

Newark, July 10. F. B.

On the Poiſon *of* Lead, *with Cautions to the Heads of Families, concerning the various unſuſpected Means by which that inſidious Enemy may find Admiſſion into the* Human Body. *By* A. Fothergill, *M. D. F. R. S.* Bath.

[From the Fifth Volume of the Bath Agriculture Society,]

TO call forth latent abilities, and to promote a generous emulation among our huſbandmen, manufacturers, and artizans, is the profeſſed object of the Bath Society. But while we thus endeavour to enlighten the minds, and to kindle the zeal of the common people, ought we not to inſtruct them moreover in the neceſſary means of preſerving their health? Without this, how ſhall we enable them to encounter with alacrity their laborious purſuits? Without health the daily taſk cannot be performed. The plough and the team lie uſeleſs—the buſy loom becomes ſilent—and all the œconomical arts languiſh! Till confined to the bed of ſickneſs, this uſeful claſs of people are of all others the moſt inattentive to their health. It is not till then that they begin to be truly ſenſible of its value, and then with heartfelt ſighs they deplore its abſence! Each rural ſcene that lately delighted the ſenſes, has on a ſudden loſt all its charms, and the gay face of nature is now beheld with an eye of indifference, or even diſguſt.

For what are fields, or flow'rs, or ſtreams to me,
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with Thee,
O Health!—

It is always much eaſier to prevent diſeaſes than to cure them. Therefore

fore to impreſs the common people with a due ſenſe of the importance of their health, and to put them on their guard againſt one of the moſt frequent, though unſuſpected cauſes of many of their chronick diſeaſes, is the buſineſs of this eſſay.

The miſchiefs ariſing from culinary poiſons preſent a wide field for diſcuſſion; but I ſhall confine myſelf at this time to the poiſon of Lead. Is it not a moving ſpectacle to ſee poor induſtrious tradeſmen, particularly the manufacturers of red and white lead, daily expoſed to the noxious fumes of this pernicious metal? Unhappy men, whoſe hard lot it is to earn, by the ſweat of their brow, a ſcanty maintenance, breathing all the while a tainted air, and inhaling a ſlow poiſon at every pore, in order to prolong a wretched exiſtence! Theſe ſurely have a peculiar claim to our compaſſionate regards, and I ſhould think myſelf happy if I could awaken the attention of this Society towards the alleviation of their ſufferings.

The London Society have not been inattentive to this great object, as appears from their late premiums, particularly concerning a ſubſtitute for white lead, or a method of diveſting it of its deleterious quality;—an object highly worthy your conſideration, as this noxious ſubſtance conſtitutes the baſis of all our common paint, the injurious effects of which are univerſally complained of.

The extenſive uſe of lead in various forms, enables it to aſſail all the avenues of life.—Sometimes it attacks the human frame by an open aſſault, but more frequently it makes inroads into the conſtitution as a ſecret unſuſpected enemy. Various cauſes conſpire to favour its introduction into the ſyſtem. The arts of chemiſtry, of medicine, and even of cookery, have all ſucceſſively lent their aid; inſomuch that no perſon of whatever rank or ſtation, from the prince to the peaſant, can, at all times, pronounce himſelf perfectly ſecure againſt its ſilent depredations. Devoutly therefore, not ludicrouſly, may we now exclaim with ſir John Falſtaff,

'Heavens, keep lead out of us!'

The jovial knight, like a bon-vivant of the preſent day, not dreaming of its admiſſion into his body by any mode but one, viz. that of a leaden-ball, continued to quaff his ſack in ſeeming ſecurity, while each draught probably contained a portion of the deteſted metal which he ſo piouſly deprecated. For our anceſtors in thoſe days were no novices in the myſtery of refining liquors with lead, though by no means ſuch able adepts as their ſucceſſors, who (to do them juſtice) appear to have carried the art to its ne plus ultra.

But to be ſerious:—Though the above apprehenſions to ſome may ſeem imaginary, or at leaſt exaggerated, yet whoever attentively conſiders the well-authenticated facts adduced by ſir George Baker, Dr. Percival, and other eminent authors, concerning this poiſon, will ſoon be convinced that they are but too well founded, and conſequently that theſe cautions are not altogether ſuperfluous. Seldom do the common people err through exceſs of caution, but often through the want of it. Few of them indeed have leiſure or inclination to trace this ſubject through a variety of medical volumes, who nevertheleſs peruſe, with eagerneſs, the Society's papers, or other ſhort eſſays in which they conſider themſelves to be materially intereſted. The following admonitions, therefore, are not addreſſed to the medical faculty, but to the heads of families, whoſe duty it is to watch over the health of thoſe who are committed to their charge.

General Effects of the Poiſon of Lead.

Lead in every form is unfriendly to animal and vegetable life. The miners

ners who dig the ore, the ſmelters who reduce it to a metallick ſtate, manufacturers of white lead, painters, plumbers, in a word, all who are much expoſed to its effluvia, bear teſtimony to its pernicious effects. Its fumes are found no leſs deſtructive to domeſtick animals, ſuch as dogs, cats, fowls, &c. nay, even vegetables in its neighbourhood ſoon loſe their verdure; nor can plants thrive in pots compoſed of this metal. Its various preparations, as litharge, red and white lead, are all poiſonous, and their activity is increaſed by their union with acids. Lead unfortunately being thus liable to be corroded, or even diſſolved by almoſt every ſpecies of acid, the dangerous conſequences are proportionably increaſed. For it not only unites with the ſtronger mineral acids, but alſo with thoſe of the weaker vegetable kind, as that of wine, beer, cyder, vinegar, verjuice, &c. to which it imparts a manifeſt ſweetneſs, forming a ſalt termed ſugar of lead. Hence the foundation of that moſt dangerous abuſe of correcting acid wines and cyder with litharge, or other preparations of this metal. Lead alſo unites with expreſſed oils, and other unctuous bodies, as butter, ſuet, lard, &c.

Hence in Holland it has been cuſtomary to correct the more offenſive expreſſed oils, ſo as to ſubſtitute them for oil of olives, or almonds, by impregnating them with lead.—Another horrible abuſe, and which merits the moſt exemplary puniſhment! Deliberately thus to adulterate the common articles of life with a ſlow poiſon, and wantonly to ſacrifice the lives of innocent perſons to unfeeling avarice, ſeems a refinement in villainy at which human nature revolts, and which could hardly be credited in a Chriſtian country! The ſavage tribes of the moſt barbarous nations, who attack their declared enemies with poiſoned arrows, are never known to diſcharge them at their unoffending neighbours and countrymen.

To ſuch an alarming pitch had the dangerous art of adulterating liquors with lead arrived in France, that at length it became neceſſary to make it a capital offence. I am unwilling to believe that any man would preſume to practiſe this inhuman fraud, were he fully apprized of the poiſonous nature of the ingredient. That none of my readers may plead ignorance, I ſhall briefly mention its principal effects.

This metallick poiſon then is powerfully ſtyptick, and highly injurious to the nerves, hence it ſuppreſſes the natural inteſtinal diſcharges, producing obſtinate coſtiveneſs, and a peculiar ſpecies of colick terminating in palſy of the extremities, which generally deprives them of motion, without deſtroying their ſenſation. Theſe ſymptoms being the genuine effects of lead, ſeem to mark its ſpecifick power, and to diſtinguiſh it from every other poiſon.

It moreover occaſions a pale ſallow countenance, contracting and waſting of the muſcles, numbneſs, tremors, languors, convulſions, epilepſy, and death.—Theſe ſymptoms vary according to the quantity of the poiſon, the ſtate of the body, the irritability of the ſyſtem, and other circumſtances. Sometimes without producing ſpaſms or other violent ſymptoms, it only occaſions a ſlow lingering indiſpoſition, which, however, laſts ſome years, and at length generally eludes the power of medicine. This well accords with what has been tranſmitted to us concerning the ſlow poiſons of the ancients, and ſeems to confirm the ſuſpicion that their baſis was no other than a ſecret calx of lead.—May this fatal calx long reſt in oblivion, and never more be revived!

Various ways in which it is admitted into the Body.

This poiſon may be received into the

the body in diet and medicine.

1. *Diet.*—Water, which conſtitutes ſo large a proportion of diet in every nation, is generally conveyed through leaden pipes, or cylinders of pumps, and is often left to ſtand in leaden ciſterns. As theſe have ſometimes been found corroded in certain places, by Newman and other chemical writers it has been ſuſpected, and not without reaſon, that the water might thus receive a ſlight impregnation from the metal.—Galen and Vitruvius loudly condemn leaden pipes for the purpoſe of conveying water, becauſe their internal ſurface contracts a covering of white lead. Dr. Heberden kept water in which lead had been immerſed twelve years: the water exhibited a whitiſh powder at the bottom, and gave a brown tinge to a ſolution of orpiment, and volatile tincture of ſulphur—proofs of the preſence of lead. Sir George Baker, however, repeated the experiment by keeping water in a leaden tube, but at the end of two months the water diſcovered no ſenſible impregnation by the above teſts. He relates however, on the teſtimony of Dr. Wall, that a family in Worceſter ſuffered a long tedious indiſpoſition, with ſome ſymptoms of this poiſon, in conſequence of daily uſing a hard aluminous water. On examining the pump, the leaden cylinder was found corroded, and even perforated by the water, although it had been repaired only three years before. On removing to another houſe ſupplied with better water, the family at length recovered their wonted health. From theſe facts it would appear that water, under certain circumſtances, is capable of corroding lead, ſo as to prove injurious to health. Some authors affirm, others poſitively deny this concluſion. Pure water, it is true, is no menſtruum for lead, but rarely do we meet with water that is pure. Pump or ſpring water is generally impregnated with a ſmall portion of vitriolick or marine ſalt, but lead is hardly capable of detaching theſe acids from an alkaline or earthy baſis, and therefore cannot communicate any poiſonous quality to the water: hence this metal, though immerſed in a ſolution of alum, remains enchanged. Nor can the aërial acid enable water to act upon lead. But ſhould the water contain any mineral or vegetable acid, uncombined with earth, a circumſtance which rarely occurs, it may then, though in a very dilute ſtate, corrode the metal ſufficiently to produce miſchievous effects. This ſeems actually to have been the caſe at Worceſter. For it certainly muſt have been an acid, not alum, that corroded the lead.—This may ſuggeſt to us the following caution:

1ſt. That whenever water betrays any ſenſible mark of acidity, by an aluminous taſte, or by changing ſyrup of violets red, ſuch water, if meant for internal uſe, ought never to come in contact with lead.

2d. Water conveyed from the leaden gutters of houſes, or ſtanding long in leaden ciſterns expoſed to falling leaves, from which it may acquire an acid quality, is alike exceptionable. To this cauſe, M. Tronchin attributed the epidemick colick which ſome years ago prevailed at Amſterdam.

SKETCH of the LIFE of Mr MACDONALD.

LAST week died at Kentiſh Town, the Rev. Mr Macdonald, author of the Tragedy of Vimonda, repreſented laſt ſeaſon at the Haymarket Theatre, and of many lively, ſatirical, and humourous compoſitions.

Mr ANDREW MACDONALD was born at Leith, and his original name was Donald, which he altered upon going to London. His father was a very worthy honeſt honeſt man, by trade a gardener,

dener, well remembered at this day by many of the inhabitants of the port, (George Donald by name).

From principle a friend to the Stuart family, the father soon introduced his son to Bishop Forbes of Leith, a gentleman whose abilities and integrity were only equalled by his warm attachment to an unfortunate family.

Young Donald discovered early to the Bishop a genius above mediocrity, and he contributed both by advice and assistance to procure him a liberal education. Retaining the prejudices of his father, Mr Donald first took charge of an unqualified Chapel at Glasgow, an appointment which he soon afterwards resigned, and with it all the predilection for the old interest.

In that city he made his maiden essay in the *Novel* stile, by the publication of the Independent Some pieces of considerable merit, written by him, are to be found in Mr Sibbald's Edinburgh Magazine. He had carefully studied the best models, and his genius was in no small degree original and inventive. For some time past he was a writer in the public papers, and seems to have hit upon that species of composition best adapted, viz. sarcastic, terse, and ludicrous poetry—something between Smollet and Peter Pindar—partaking of the biting severity of the first, with much of the high seasoned humour of the latter.

With all these qualities of the mind, it is to be regretted, that for want of connections, and proper opportunity to force his talents into notice, he struggled with great distress, and, in the 33d year of his life, fell a victim to a lingering infirmity, which may, perhaps, be more imputable to the hardships of his condition, than to any constitutional defect. He has left a wife and an infant daughter, in a state of extreme indigence.

Were some friend to collect his scattered productions, (and they are highly worthy of collecting) it might prove the means of affording some permanent relief to his distressed family.

Poetry.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

——— *Perituræ parcite chartæ.* JUV.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY.

Time, *Morning.*———Scene, *King's College.*

I.

NOW clatter-vengeance tolls the well known-hour,
And Sacrist John returns from lighting fires;
Now from their rooms the drowsy students pour,
And upright James from tinkling bell retires.

II.

The bell now ceas'd, 'tis silence all around,
And all the scene a solemn aspect wears,
Save yonder school, where *adsum* echoes round,
And grumbling murmurs at the length of pray'rs.

III.

Beneath the marble, from old ocean's bed,
In yonder chapel's ancient Gothic gloom,
Our venerable Founder rests his head,
And daily pray'rs are offer'd round his tomb.

IV.

IV.

The tinkling bell, that tolls at early morn,
The daily pray'rs, full oft devoutly ſaid,
And *adſum*, echoing louder than the horn,
No more ſhall rouſe him from his lowly bed.

V.

The late profeſſors of this ancient place,
Now number'd with the ſilent peaceful dead,
No more ſhall ſcarlet gowns *their* claſſes grace,
For them no more the booby plague his head.

VI.

Oft did their judgment intellect refine,
Their wiſdom oft made latent wit appear,
How jocund to their breakfaſt went at nine!
How grew the mind beneath their pious care!

VII.

Let not the ſlothful mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and peaceful life deſpiſe,
Nor folly hear, with wanton thoughtleſs ſmile,
The ſhort, but noble annals of the wiſe.

VIII.

The boaſt of titles, and the mitred ſtate,
All that lawn-ſleeves, or deanery ee'r gave,
Await alike inevitable fate;
The paths of grandeur lead but to the grave.

IX.

Nor ye ſevere, impute to theſe the blame,
If that their ſchools ſome thick-ſcull'd boobies raiſe;
Tis not the maſters, but the ſtudents ſhame,
And leſſens not the good profeſſors praiſe.

X.

Can florid ſpeech or animated ſtyle,
Raiſe fine ideas in the wooden pate?
Can fair philoſophy, attention 'guile,
Or Homer's fire the blockhead ſoul elate?

XI.

Within the walls of this old antique place,
Perhaps ſome heart with honeſt ardour's fraught,
Hands that the rod of grammar ſchool may grace,
Or waſte to extaſy the bagpipe's note.

XII.

Science to them has ſhown her ſacred page,
Illum'd with claſſic light, and moral truth,
The lib'ral arts, the growing mind engage,
And reaſon dictates to the riſing youth.

XIII.

Full many a youth, of noble gen'rous ſoul,
Has fate and cruel poverty confin'd,
Full many a genius born to feel controul,
And oft no flow'r, no bloſſom left behind.

XIV.

Some future poet, who with fancy's lays
May warm the heart, with ſympathy divine,
Some riſing Shakeſpear, may this manſion raiſe,
Some ſecond Newton, here diſtinguiſh'd ſhine.

XV.

The applauſe of liſt'ning ſtudents to command,
The threats of vice, and folly to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter learning o'er a patriot land,
And read their merit in the public's eyes.

XVI.

Their lot encourag'd, and their virtues bright
Improv'd, and ſtrove their follies to confine;
Forbade to wander thoughtleſs through the night——
The Sacriſt ſhuts the college gates at nine.

XVII.

The ſweets of ſacred ſcience to impart,
T' inſtruct the mind, with pious truth divine;
To ſooth the anguiſh of a broken heart,
Or ſtring the lyre to ſacred friendſhip's ſhrine.

XVIII.

Far from the ſcenes of opulence and pride.
From high-fed indolence, and wealthy care:
They through the paths of ſcience calmly glide,
And ruſtic ſweets, with ruſtic wiſdom ſhare.

XIX.

Yet e'en theſe youths are not unknown to fame;
For modeſt Thomſon claims the poet's bays,
And ſure the Bard who ſung the Minſtrel's name,
Demands the tribute of applauding praiſe.

XX.

Their names adorn'd with title, and degree,
The place of wealth and ſplendid pride ſupply:
And many a learn'd A. M. or L. L. D.
Immortal live, and yet obſcurely die.

XXI.

For who ſo dead to literary fame,
Theſe wiſdom-giving titles e'er declin'd,
Left Alma Mater, with a barren name,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind.

XXII.

On many a hide of luckleſs calf or ſheep,
In burniſh'd gold, their letter'd names appear,
Or duſty ſhelves, their well-wrote volumes ſleep,
In mould'ring damps remain from year to year.

XXIII.

For him who mindful of theſe claſſic few,
Did in theſe lines, their artleſs tale relate,
Peaceful he ſleeps, beneath the nodding yew,
Some few lament, but none enquire his fate.

King's College, 31ſt Auguſt 1790. ACADEMICUS.

SONG, *taken from the German of Mr.* Gellert.

By S. WEBBE.

PHILLIS was tender, young, and fair;
Poſſeſſing many virtues rare;
One gift ſhe had, which crown'd the reſt,
With *Contradiction* ſhe was bleſt.
I have heard ſay, that in a woman
This gift is not at all uncommon;
And thus they tarniſh Ladies' glories.
Fie upon men, to tell ſuch ſtories!
So, if my Song
Should lead me wrong,
I'm open to conviction:
For what in life
So ſweet to a wife
As a little *Contradiction!*

Many a female I have known,
Both old and young, and fair and brown;
When to the brown I ſay they're fair,
They contradict not, I declare;
When to the old I ſay they're young,
They ſtill are mute, and hold their tongue.
Then ceaſe henceforth, I pray, to blame
The lovely Creatures——'Tis a ſhame!
I think my Song
May lead me wrong,
I'm open to conviction:
I'd grant a wife
To ſweeten life,
A... little *Contradiction!*

Again to Phillis turns my ſtory,
Who was her ſpouſe's pride and glory;
As they at table ſat one day,
"My little Angel," he did ſay,
"This fiſh is hardly done enough."
"Not done," cried Phillis, in a huff!
"There's no ſuch thing as pleaſing you;
"I ſay '*tis* done, quite through and through."
Perhaps my Song
Has led me wrong.
I'm open to conviction:
No man in life
Debars a wife,
From a little *Contradiction!*

He coax'd his Phillis to be quiet,
But ſhe was bent upon a riot:
"I give it up, my dear," ſaid he.
"And I maintain 'tis done," cry'd ſhe:
Away, for fear of further ſtrife,
Sneak'd he, and left alone his wife;
But the good man was hardly gone,
When Phillis fell into a ſwoon.
Now, if my Song
Has led me wrong,
I'm open to conviction:
But what in life,
So dear to a wife,
As a little *Contradiction!*

A ſudden ſhriek! The neighbours fly!
And to reſtore her now they try.
The huſband's call'd—That's no relief.
What can be done?—He's all in grief!
"O! the damn'd half done fiſh," he cries!
At this his Phillis op'd her eyes.
"The fiſh was *quite* done"—out ſhe roar'd:
And thus poor Phillis was reſtor'd.
You find my Song
Not very wrong,
No longer 'tis a fiction;
For here a wife
Is brought to life
By a little *Contradiction!*

A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT.

By the late Matthew Bramble, Eſq.

In the blithe days of honey-moon
With Kate's allurements ſmitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her ſoon,
And call'd her deareſt kitten:

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And croſs, like other wives;
O, by my ſoul, my honeſt Mat,
I fear ſhe has nine lives!

To

To the EDITOR of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

EVERY traveller who has occaſion to go or come from Edinburgh, knows, to his comfort, that there is one of the beſt Inns at *Laurencekirk* which is to be met with in the iſland. The library room, if he chuſes to look into it, will abundantly pay him for his pains—it is a model of elegance and good taſte—the New Album, which he will find on the table, preſents nothing to offend (as heretofore) but a variety of excellent ſpecimens in good compoſition, which do honour to their authors—the following lines, written by *a Lady* from Barbadoes, were ſo tempting, for the juſt compliments they contain, and the happy manner in which theſe are expreſſed, that I could not reſiſt the inclination I felt to copy them, with a view to your obliging the public, by their inſertion, as well as your humble ſervant, VIATOR.

A WISH FOR SCOTLAND.

OH! that kind nature, with propitious grace,
Had form'd the climate equal to the race!
A brave, a generous race, whoſe friendly hearts,
Each joy of hoſpitality imparts.
And there kind GARDENSTON dries up miſery's tear,
Whoſe noble acts charm e'en the Stranger's ear.
While gentleſt manners reign throughout the whole,
A charming ſoftneſs, form'd to melt the ſoul.
Not ſo their climate—boiſterous and ſevere,
Meets the poor ſtranger with a frozen air;
In ſnowy garb hides nature's ſmiling face,
And chills our boſoms with a cold embrace.

March 12th, 1790. (Signed) *Ann Jones Clarke of Barbadoes.*

Chronicle of Home Occurrences.

ON Monday July 12th came on the election of a member of parliament for this Diſtrict of boroughs, when Alexander Callender of Crichton eſq; was by a majority of the delegates elected and returned the Member accordingly. The Candidates were Mr Callander, and Sir David Carnegie of Southeſk bart. their late repreſentative.

On Tueſday 13th, a very promiſing boy of two years old, fell into the water at Glanderſtown, in the pariſh of Kenethmont, where he lay ſo long before he was found, that tho' a Surgeon was called ſoon after, it was found impoſſible to recover him.

William Adam, lately writer in Edinburgh, was admitted an ordinary Procurator before the ſheriff, commiſſary and borough courts of this place.

Died July 11th Mrs Mary Cochran, relict of Mr George Cruikſhank, formerly merchant in St. Peterſburgh.

Died on Thurſday July 15th, the revd. Mr George Abercrombie, one of the Miniſters of this city, in the 78th year of his age and 46th of his Miniſtry.

Robert Barclay Allardyce Eſq; of Ury, i unanimouſly elected repreſentative for the county of Kincardine.

Extract of a Letter from Montroſe, July 21, 1790.

Saturday, July 17th, Mr J. Moriſon, a lad about 14 years of age, only ſon of Mr James Moriſon, merchant in Montroſe, went into the ſea near this place to bathe, and was unfortunately drowned. Two of his companions who had gone with him, as ſoon as they perceived he was in danger, attempted to give him aſſiſtance, but were unable to reach him. His body was found after lying two hours in the water, and carried to an apartment in the Lunatick Hoſpital, where every medical application was tried, but in vain.——This loſs is moſt feelingly regretted by all his connections, but it is thought will lie particularly heavy on his worthy and affectionate mother. The excellent character of the parents, and the uncommonly promiſing appearance of the boy, together with the manner of his death, have excited a more general and ſincere concern on this melancholy occaſion than is remembered ever to have been obſerved in this place. The following lines, the genuine effuſions of the heart, are dedicated to the memory of this amiable youth, by one, who though not allied to him by blood, knew his merit well, and deeply laments his death; and is conſcious that, in the ſhort character of him here introduced, there is not the ſlighteſt poetical exaggeration.

A father's hope, the tendereſt mother's joy,
How could the cruel waters thus deſtroy!
Ah! might you not have ſpared ſo ſweet a youth,
So much good-nature, modeſty, and truth,
Such gentle manners, and ſo warm a heart,
Studious to pleaſe, and quite devoid of art,
So many opening beauties all combin'd,
A comely form, but more engaging mind!
No—He who rules the waves forbade to ſave,
And mark'd our favourite for an early grave.

Whe-

Whether in pity to pluck *him* from woe,
From every care that waited him below,
And plant his virtues in a happier ſphere,
Far from the dangers that aſſault us here;
Or if to perfect thoſe, and wean from earth,
Who ſaw, with fond ſurpriſe, his growing worth,
Who, to direct and rear their precious boy,
Did many a ſerious thought and prayer employ,
We know not—and conjecture is in vain,
Who can the ſecret will of heaven explain?
Check we our curious reaſonings on a plan,
Too dark and intricate for erring man.
Wait, weeping friends, that day of ſplendour wait,
When open'd wide ſhall be the book of fate,
When God ſhall fully juſtify his ways,
And all unite in *wonder*, *love*, and *praiſe*.

G. C.

On Wedneſday July 21ſt, James Ferguſon Eſq; of Pitfour, was unanimouſly elected to repreſent the County of Aberdeen in the enſuing Parliament.

The Humane Society of London have preſented Dr Livingſton with their honorary medal, for his ſucceſsful endeavours in a caſe of ſuſpended animation.

On the 28th of July Mrs Hay of Montblairy was delivered of a daughter.

On Friday 20th of Auguſt, the Magiſtrates and Council of this city unanimouſly elected and preſented Mr Hugh Hay, preacher of the Goſpel, to be one of the miniſters of Aberdeen, in room of the deceaſed Mr George Abercrombie.

On the 6th Aug. died here, Mrs Iſabella Catharine Cheyne, wife of the Rev. Roger Aitken. It is hoped, that her friends will accept of this as a proper notification of her death.

On Thurſday Aug. 4th, died at her houſe in Banff, in an advanced age, Mrs Jean Cuming, relict of the deceaſed Mr Robert Cuming, late in Mountcoffer.

Died at Quarrywood, near Elgin, on the 31ſt July, the Revd Mr Robert Paterſon, miniſter of New Spynie. By his ſtrict attention to the duties of his office, and his pleaſant manners, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a clergyman and a gentleman.

On Thurſday the 12th Aug. being the annual meeting of the Gardener Society of Solomon's Lodge in Banff, the brethren, to the number of 160, aſſembled within their Hall; when, after conſidering the ſtate of the fund (which they found to be increaſing) and going through the other buſineſs of the day, they made choice of the following perſons to be office-bearers for the enſuing year: THOMAS REID, Maſter; Alexander Mackay, depute-maſter; Thomas Duncan, treaſurer; Alexander Dockar, ſecretary; George Weir and Wm Cook, ſtewards. After the election, the brethren, decorated with the fineſt flowers, walked in proceſſion through the town, attended with a band of muſic, dined at the Maſon Hall, accompanied by the Magiſtrates and other reſpectable inhabitants; and the evening concluded with a ball, given by the ſociety, which was attended by a very genteel company.

Extract of a letter from Monymuſk, Auguſt 5th.

"Though ſtorms of thunder, rain, and ſometimes hail are not unfrequent in this country in the Summer months, yet there happened one lately in this neighbourhood, ſo extraordinary, that the oldeſt perſons living never remembered to have ſeen or heard of any thing that bore the leaſt reſemblance to it, and ſo fatal in its conſequences, as to be ſeverely felt by many individuals. On Friday the 30th ult. after a warm morning ſomewhat hazy, about 10 o'clock the ſky was overcaſt, and a thick dark cloud ſettled in the eaſtern part of the heavens. Some flaſhes of lightning ſoon appeared, which were almoſt inſtantly followed by a moſt dreadful clap of thunder, that ſeemed at firſt to break directly over head, and then to roll along for ſome minutes in a direction from N. to S. This clap of thunder was ſucceeded by ſeveral more, when the clouds began to burſt; but, inſtead of heavy daſhes of rain (which we naturally expect to follow thunder ſtorms) there fell ſuch a quantity of hail at Kemnay and Caſtle Fraſer, and the neighbourhood of theſe places, as to lye at the ſides of houſes and in hollow places to the depth of at leaſt three feet. The hail was of the hardneſs and nature of ice, generally of the ſize of a muſket ball, with a kind of angular point. The potatoes, turnip, and greens in gardens and in the fields were ſo totally deſtroyed, as to have little appearance of recovery. The barley alſo ſuffered much; a great deal was daſhed out entirely, and the cold northerly wind and froſt that followed, on the afternoon of the 30th and the enſuing night, ſeem to affect it more materially. On the 31ſt of July (which is commonly about the hotteſt of the year,) the hills in the neighbourhood of the above places were entirely covered with ſnow and hail; and Sir Archibald Grant of Monymuſk filled his Ice-houſe on that day, although (which is perhaps as extraordinary) he could not find a quantity of ſnow ſufficient for that purpoſe in all the country during the Winter. Some ſpecks of ſnow remained on the Monday and Tueſday following.—It is not eaſy to conceive the conſternation of the country people

people during the ſtorm.—Some were afraid that their cattle in the fields would periſh: ſome, that they and their families would be buried in the ruins of their houſes; ſome dread'd a famine to follow from the deſtruction of the crop; while others looked forward to a ſtill more awful day, and imagined that this was the moment of the accompliſhment of many old propheccies. However, the fervor of this tranſient fit of devotion abated in proportion as the weather cleared up, and as the ſky began to put on a milder aſpect."

A letter from Caſtle Fraſer contains the following additional particulars: "Many people came in the evening, begging ſtraw for their cattle, who were at once deprived of their ſuſtenance: ſo totally were the vegetables deſtroyed, that we could not get in all the gardens a ſingle handful of greens, and were contented to put up with the ſhattered remains of ſome white cabbages, which the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm had not quite demoliſhed. At a gentleman's garden in the neighbourhood, the gardener going to cover his hot-beds with matting, had his hands beat black and blue with the extraordinary ſize and weight of the hailſtones."

Aug. 12. was the meeting of the True-Blue Gardeners of Aberdeen, when three Silver Medals were given as prizes to thoſe of the Society who ſhewed the beſt flowers. The firſt prize was adjudged to ANDREW WRIGHT, gardener at Culter, for a new Carnation, of very uncommon colour, called *Mrs Udny's Favourite;* the ſecond to WILLIAM REID, junr. gardener at Gilcomſton, for a very fine Pink, named *Gregory's Conceit;* and the third prize to ALEXANDER RANNIE, gardener at Seaton, for a very rich double Sweet William, called *Betſy's Choice*—

The Society then proceeded to elect their office-bearers, viz. GEORGE STEVENSON, Maſter; William Anderſon, depute-maſter; John Thom, treaſurer; James Chalmers, ſecretary; John Jeans and John Arthur, key-bearers; Nathaniel Stewart, James Anderſon, and John Cadenhead, counſellors; Jas Reith and William Nairn, ſtewards; Robert Burges, clerk. After finiſhing their ordinary buſineſs, they walked in proceſſion through the principal ſtreets of the town, Old Town, and neighbourhood, uniformly dreſſed in blue coats and aprons, and decorated with a profuſion of the fineſt flowers in ſeaſon. In the diſplay of theſe a good deal of fancy was exhibited; but what attracted the public notice moſt, was a pyramid of flowers, about 10 feet high, adorned with feſtoons of roſes, &c. made up in his uſual good taſte by John Thom, gardener to Mr William Forbes of Springhill. After the proceſſion, they returned to the Hall, and partook of a ſocial dinner, with much chearfulneſs and decorum.

Died on the 13th Aug. at Cocklarachy, Mr William Bell, Factor to his Grace the Duke of Gordon.

At Peterhead, on Saturday the 7th Aug. died, much and juſtly regretted, Mr Thomas Stewart, town-clerk of Montroſe.

On Wedneſday 18th Aug. was married at Edinburgh, Capt. Charles Irvine of the 57th regiment of foot, to Miſs Diana Gordon, ſecond daughter of the deceaſed Sir Alexander Gordon of Leſſmoir, Bart.

On Thurſday 19th Aug. was married at Glaſgow, Mr William Fyfe, junior, merchant in Banff, to Miſs Ann MacLachlan, eldeſt daughter of Mr John MacLachlan, of Kilchoan, merchant in Glaſgow.

Same week died, the revd. Mr William Mackenzie, miniſter of the united pariſhes of Glenmuick, Glengairn, and Tullich.

On Wedneſday the 18th of Aug. the Magiſtrates, Town Council, and other reſpectable burgeſſes of Banff, were elegantly entertained in the Maſon Hall by Alexander Brodie Eſq; their repreſentative in Parliament.

Tueſday Auguſt 24th, the Univerſity and King's College of Aberdeen, conferred the Degree of Doctor of Medicine on Mr Walter Hamilton Vaughan, of London, many years Surgeon in the Royal Navy.

An inſtance of extraordinary Vegetation. In ſpring laſt, a half lippie, that is an eighth of a peck of bear, was ſown in a field near North ſtreet; it was cut down laſt week, and the produce was 28 pecks, making 224 returns!

On Friday morning 27th Aug. Mrs Ramſay of Barra was ſafely delivered of a daughter at Straloch.

On Sunday Auguſt 8th, died here, Mrs Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of the late Alexander Gordon, Eſq; of Logie.

Captain William Clerk, of the 35th regt. died at Ayr, on the 17th of Auguſt laſt.

The Right Honourable Lady Banff died at Forglen, on Sunday the 29th Auguſt.

As an additional inſtance of the thriving of bees this ſeaſon, we are informed from Ellon, that a mother hive there has ſwarmed three times, and the firſt or top ſwarm has ſwarmed three times alſo, ſo that beſides the mother hive, the owner is in poſſeſſion of ſix hives more.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXXI.] Thurſday September 23, 1790. [Price 3d.

Memoirs of a celebrated French Adventurer.

JOSEPH ALEXIS PALEBOT DE SAINT LUBIN was born at Lyons in the year 1738. His family who were of that place, ſent him to the Iſland of Bourbon, where he was ſurgeon's mate. It would be too tedious to follow him in his voyages to Pondicherry and Bengal; to relate his quarrel with Mr Brayer, engineer of Calcutta; with Mr Zinguebad, a Dane, and Governor of Siranpur; with Mr Tailleſer, a Dutchman, and Governor of Sinchurat; to ſee him return to Europe, and obtain a recompence from the Eaſt-India Company; to follow him afterwards to Liſbon, to Leghorn, to Naples, to Cyprus, to Baſſora, and to Bagdad. In all his travels he aſſumed the title of Chevalier; and, if we conſider his activity, we may ſay with truth, he was a *Chevalier d'Induſtrie.*

In 1766 he repaired to Hyder Ali Khan, diſtinguiſhed with a croſs. Mr Maiſtre de la Tour, then at the head of the French troops which ſerved in the army of that Prince, received him with kindneſs, and introduced him to the Nabob, to whom the Chevalier de Saint Lubin immediately paid his court, by offering him a ſnuff-box that had belonged to the Duke de Chaulnes, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Italy. This preſent, and the good offices of Mr Maiſtre de la Tour, obtained him a command.

This readineſs to receive a foreigner who was not known, and who had given no proof of his talents, ſhows how little cultivated is the underſtanding of the Indians, how far they are ſtill behind us, and how much they conſider Europeans as ſuperior to themſelves: their life, in general, is but infancy protracted.

The Chevalier de Saint Lubin ſoon created ſuſpicions, and his office was taken from him. He was permitted to remain in the camp of the Nabob, and from a Commander he became once more ſurgeon's mate. This new office he made uſe of to prepare the defeat of Hyder Ali, his benefactor. He corrupted the majority of the French troops in the ſervice of that Prince. Being ſuſpected, he was put under arreſt; but he eſcaped from the vigilance of his guards, and repair-

paired to Madras.

The fugitive was received by the Governor of that place. He diſcovered the ſituation of Hyder Ali's forces, and the diſaffection of his artillery, and war was declared. The French, in reality, deſerted; Mr Maiſtre, who commanded the corps of artillery, was betrayed and taken priſoner; Hyder Ali was defeated in two engagements; his fleet, almoſt deſtroyed, was conducted to Bombay; and Mangalor was taken.

The revolt of the troops of Hyder Ali was not the whole of his projects. Meſſrs Laffon de Ladebat affirm, that the Chevalier de Saint Lubin had formed deſigns ſtill more criminal againſt this Prince, who was near falling a prey to the ſecret ſnares of a baſe adventurer.

The Engliſh, perceiving how fruitful Saint Lubin was in reſources, attached him to themſelves. He had ſoon a conſiderable influence in the Council of Madras, and many perſons had even formed the idea of his being the director of it. He was employed in the honourable office of corrupting the French, Daniſh, Dutch, and Indian ſoldiers. In this employment he always ſhewed ſuperior addreſs; and a large fortune was the recompence of his ſervices.

It is a gratification of vanity to diſplay opulence before the eyes of thoſe who have witneſſed our narrow circumſtances. This feeling determined Saint Lubin to return to his own country. He was ſo imprudent as embark at the Iſland of Bourbon. His paſt conduct being remembered, and the part he had acted at Madras known, he was arreſted, ſent priſoner to France, and, on his arrival, put into the Baſtile. Government knew no other way of puniſhing thoſe againſt whom it took umbrage. His vivacity acquired him friends, his fortune flatterers, and his adventures intereſted a great number of perſons in his fate. France not being at war with England, no crime could be alledged againſt him. It was ſuppoſed that the ſervices of a man well acquainted with the Peninſula of the Indies might be uſeful, and he was ſet at liberty.

The Chevalier de St. Lubin, become free, obtained by his ſuppleneſs, his ingenuity, and the recital of his adventures, the confidence of many perſons in office. He was introduced to Mr de Sartine, and ſoon became neceſſary to that Miniſter, who was unacquainted with India, with marine affairs, and with the reſpective intereſts of the Princes of the Peninſula.

The greater part of the papers and memorials on the politics and commerce of Aſia that were in the Cabinet of the Marine Department, were communicated to him. A readineſs in tranſacting buſineſs ſtill heightened the opinion that was entertained of his talents. To make himſelf uſeful, and compel the Miniſter to employ him, he pretended that he kept up a correſpondence with many Nabobs, and was fully acquainted with their characters and policy. He formed projects of commerce and alliance with the different people of Indoſtan. Mr de Sartine was infatuated with the adventurer, and reſolved to diſpatch him to India, with the title of Envoy Plenipotentiary of the King.

In the mean time, while Government was thus projecting a negociation in India, Mr Laffon de Ladebat, a merchant of Bourdeaux, fitted out a veſſel, which he intended ſhould make a voyage to that country and to China, and ſent his ſon to Paris, to collect the money neceſſary for equipping it. He conceived, that he ought to inform Mr de Sartine of his deſign; and the Chevalier de Saint Lubin, let into the ſecret, ſoon contracted an acquaintance with this ſon, and ties of intimacy and reciprocal confidence were formed between them. He

ſhewed

ſhewed to young Laffon de Ladebat the powers with which he was inveſted, giving him to underſtand, that, to keep the plan a ſecret, it was the intention of the Miniſter that he ſhould embark in a private veſſel, without Government appearing to have any concern in it.

The cargo of the veſſel was determined partly by the views of the Miniſter, ſo as to favour the miſſion of Saint Lubin. Six hundred thouſand francs (25,000l.) were laid out in muſkets, cannon, balls, cordage, powder, and all ſorts of ammunition.

Government intereſted itſelf in the equipment of the veſſel, for the War Department ordered the caſting of the cannon with which it was furniſhed.

The Chevalier de St. Lubin repaired to Bourdeaux. The veſſel was called the Sartine; Mr Couronat, a ſeaman who had long been in the ſervice of Mr Laffon, was nominated Captain of it.

Government already entertained ſuſpicions of the Chevalier, and had ſent orders for his arreſt; but when they arrived at Bourdeaux the ſhip had put to ſea.

Having doubled Cape Verd, the Captain was ordered to put on the waiſt-cloaths, and the officers to attend the Envoy of his Majeſty. Lubin appeared in an embroidered uniform, with the red ribbon, and the famous croſs of Chriſt; and announced, *de par le Roi*, that "nothing was to be done without his conſent, and that all the French on the coaſt of Coromandel, or of Malabar, were to be ſubmiſſive to his orders." He then read the full powers with which he was inveſted, of creating Conſuls, Agents, Commercial Deputies, Poſt Captains; and, by his command, the whole was concluded by a ſalute of twenty guns, in honour of the King's Envoy Plenipotentiary.

He had no ſooner announced his powers than he began to ſow diſcord among the crew, and the Captain and Supercargo were ſet at variance by him. Both afterwards preſented a complaint againſt him.

The Sartine anchored at Mahe, but the Captain was forbidden to ſell a ſingle article of the cargo, or to mention the object of the ſhip's voyage.

They prepared to ſet ſail for Mangalor, a port belonging to the celebrated Hyder Ali Khan. The officers of this Prince offered to purchaſe the whole cargo, and even the ſhip. The ſale of every article of merchandize would have been extremely advantageous. The Captain was deſirous of ſelling, of reloading, and ſailing for China. The cargo would have been uſeful to Hyder Ali, who was then meditating grand projects againſt the Engliſh, and the ſale would therefore have ſerved the cauſe of France; but Saint Lubin would not conſent. Mr Laffon aſſerts, that if Hyder Ali, formerly betrayed by him, had known that he was in his dominions, he would have cauſed him to be trampled to death by his elephants.

The Chevalier de Saint Lubin ordered the anchor to be weighed, and from Mangalor to ſail for Goa. Here alſo the ſale was prohibited. They then made for Chaoul, a port formerly occupied by the Portugueſe, but now belonging to the Mahrattas, where a few habitations only are to be ſeen, greater part having been deſtroyed. The port was in no reſpect favourable to the ſale or to commerce.

A ſalute of twenty guns here announced the arrival of St. Lubin in Aſia; who on landing diſplayed, it is ſaid, the moſt abſurd pomp; and afterwards, eſcorted by guards and pages, ſet out for Poona, the capital of the Mahrattas. They were the ſailors and ſhip-boys who formed this ſplendid retinue.

The Captain was ordered to follow,

to treat for the ſale of the cargo; and to oblige him to it, Saint Lubin forbid him to ſell either to Hyder Ali or to the Engliſh.

Couronat, having ſuſpected the Chevalier of ſome ill deſign of ſeizing the cargo, was put under arreſt; and for the ſpace of ſix months, was dragged from priſon to priſon, ill-treated, covered with wounds, and eſcaped from one danger only to experience another that was more terrible.

Every thing that related to the ſhip, men as well as merchandize, was deſtined to misfortune; and Mr Laſſon de Ladebat, one of the moſt reſpectable merchants of Bourdeaux, and the moſt ſerviceable to the French nation, was ruined.

This event happened in Indoſtan in 1778, and the Chevalier de St. Lubin was no longer thought of. In 1780, immediately after the removal of Mr de Sartine from office, he returned to Paris. His firſt cares were to thwart the views of Adminiſtration, who conceived that they ought to compenſate Mr Laffon de Ladebat. He preſented himſelf to the Marquis de Caſtries, the ſucceſſor of Mr de Sartine, and attempted to juſtify his conduct and negociations in Indoſtan; but ſo great a cry was raiſed againſt him, that he received no anſwer to his juſtification than by being ſhut up in the Baſtile, where he was allowed the gratification of having his negro with him. Had he obtained his deſerts, he ſhould have been proſecuted in a court of juſtice.

In 1782 he was ſtill in the Baſtile. He took a loathing to all food, and loſt even the neceſſity of eating. He had already continued nine days without ſuſtenance. His negro had in vain certified this extraordinary fact. To aſcertain the truth it was reſolved, that he ſhould eat his meals out of the tower, and be carefully watched to ſee whether he carried any proviſion to his maſter. The fact was verified. Mr de Saint Sauveur, at that time Lieutenant of the Baſtile, and Mr Chenon, Commiſſary, who frequently ſaw him in this ſituation, certify, that the Chevalier de Saint Lubin abſtained from every kind of meat and drink for the ſpace of fifty-eight days.

From the Baſtile Mr le Noir ſent him to Charenton, where he was permitted to walk in the gardens. His wit, and the captivating manner in which he related his adventures, procured him the mildeſt treatment on the part of his jailors. Having gained the confidence of the perſon who attended him in his walks, he obtained the liberty of walking alone, and he embraced the opportunity of making his eſcape by leaping the walls of the garden.

The Chevalier St. Lubin, again free, retired into Germany, where he frequently wrote, but to no purpoſe, to the Marquis de Caſtries, to obtain leave to return to France. The Marine Miniſter continuing inflexible, Saint Lubin went to Holland, where he publiſhed a work on Indoſtan, and the various branches of commerce that are carried on there. What has ſince become of him we know not.

We cannot here avoid making one obſervation reſpecting Mr de Sartine. Thoſe who deny that he had underſtanding and talents, aſcribe to him a penetration into human character. With a glance of the eye he could read the hearts of men. He underſtood their characters, it was ſaid, by divination. He traced in the countenance and phyſiognomy their diſpoſitions, their virtues, and their vices. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that this penetration, which was gratuitouſly aſcribed to him while was Lieutenant-General of the Police, was not ſo infallible as was pretended. We have proof that he deceived himſelf in the choice of a perſon whom, in order

to

to employ him usefully, it was of the utmost importance he should know. He deceived himself respecting the adventurer St. Lubin; a deception which cost the French Government many millions, and was attended with misfortunes in politics with which the world is unacquainted.

Maxims and Reflections.

By Dr. JORTIN.

THE man who is not *intelligible* is not *intelligent*. You may depend this, as upon a rule which will never deceive you.

A desire to say things which no one ever said, makes some people say things which no one ought to say.

Arguments made use of to reclaim very vicious persons will move them much for a time, and then lose their effect and be forgotten. A tree bends and yields before a strong wind, and, when the blast is gone, returns again to its former posture.

It is a beautiful saying, that Misery is sacred: *Res est sacra miser.*

Government, in Church and State, is of God: forms of Government in Church and State are of men.

Men speak more virtuously than they either think or act.

It may be said as truly of a knave as of an honest man, that his word is as good as his oath.

The eighteenth century hath been in our country an age of public charities: but one charity is still wanting; and that is, *An Hospital for Scholars.*

Bacon says, "If St John were to write an Epistle to the Church of England, as he did to that of Asia, it would surely contain the clause, *I have a few things against thee.*" I am not quite of his opinion: I am afraid the clause would be, "I have *not* a few things against thee."

It is observable that Pharaoh, tyrant and persecutor as he was, never compelled the Hebrews to forsake the religion of their fathers, and to adopt that of the Egyptians. Such improvements in persecution were reserved for Christians.

Great abilities and a fawning temper seldom meet together; and they who *deserve* favours, are not made to *beg* favours.

An absolute Prince never loves any but absolute scoundrels. See Euripides, *Ion.* 627.

Flatterers are as mean and sordid, as they are mischievous and odious. To them might be applied the Levitical Law: *Every creeping thing is unclean, and shall be an abomination.*

You must give the wall to a king, and to a blind man.

By examining the tongue of the patient, Physicians find out the diseases of the body, and Philosophers the diseases of the mind.

A King can make a man honourable and right honourable; but he cannot make a man of honour.

When a man is raised from nothing, nothing will content him.

Glareanus, being asked how he lived, replied; "I live like a nobleman; I eat, and drink, and am in debt."

The Belly is the largest and fattest of the members of the body, because he serves himself first, and the rest afterwards.

I have read somewhere, that the Lacedæmonian *Ephori* imposed a fine upon their King Agesilaus, for a fault of a most extraordinary nature;—for having "stolen the hearts and affections of all his subjects." Yet theft was allowed of in that nation.

If there were no GOD, we should have no father, but only a cruel step mother, called Nature.

The older we grow, the less we should fear unjust censure and unkind usage, says honest Columella. "*Nec tem-*

tempeſtas nautæ jam portum tenenti, nec grando implenti horrea nocet agricolæ. Intrepidi fines rerum, meticuloſa principia eſſe ſolent; et omnino vitæ ſatietas ſecuritas animi magna eſt.

As to Natural philoſophy, good men will probably have better opportunities to ſtudy it in a future ſtate.

There is a pleaſure in receiving favours from great men, when they are beſtowed in a polite and generous manner: there is alſo a pleaſure in paſſing through this world without any obligations to them; and this pleaſure a man may enjoy without being envied for it.

Drunkenneſs, they ſay, is a ſort of temporary madneſs; ſo is dreaming, I am ſure: and ſo is every paſſion, when it is impetuous.

The works of Ariſtophanes ſhew him to have been a great poet, and a great raſcal.

Somebody ſaid to a learned ſimpleton, "The Lord double your learning, and then—you will be twice the fool that you are now.

To talk of compelling a man to be good, is a contradiction; for where there is *force* there can be no *choice*.

Habits, titles, and dignities, are viſible ſigns of inviſible merits.

There is no great harm in flattering dedications; becauſe they always expoſe the writer, and never impoſe upon the reader.

In the Eccleſiaſtical Edifice, the ſtones which ſupport the whole, are placed loweſt: the gilded weathercock ſhines at the top, and ſhifts about with the wind.

The ſtudy of the *Belles Lettres* is a poor occupation, if they are to be confined to knowledge of languages and of antiquities, and not employed to the ſervice of religion and other ſciences. To what purpoſe doth a man fill his head with Latin and Greek words, with proſe and verſe, with hiſtories, opinions, and cuſtoms, if it doth not contribute to make him more rational, more prudent, more civil, more virtuous and religious? Such occupations are to be conſidered as introductory and ornamental, and ſerviceable to ſtudies of higher importance; ſuch as Philoſophy, Law, Ethics, Politics, and Divinity. To abandon theſe ſciences in order to ſupport Philology, is like burning a city to ſave the gates.

If great men will do what they pleaſe, they muſt expect that little men will ſay what they pleaſe, and call a cat, a *Cat*.

The true art of religious converſation is to introduce it without any ſeeming deſign,—obliquely, and indirectly.

They who cannot walk in the ſtreets without a footman to go behind them, have that quality in common with an aſs.

We want a good collection of Epigrams ancient and modern. Such a book, I believe, would be acceptable to the learned world, and uſeful in ſchools.

The law of Nature, ſays Pomponius, allows of over-reaching in buying and ſelling. Digeſt. lib. iv. tit. iv. 16. This Pomponius would have made a good Father Confeſſor to a tradeſman.

Amongſt the Romans, a Dictator, when he was created, put an end to the authority of all other Magiſtrates. *Love* is that Dictator, and gives the law to all the paſſions.

Beaſts that are ſurly and malicious love ſolitude. It were to be wiſhed that men who reſemble them in temper, had the ſame inclination for retirement.

Honeſt Spizelius, who uſed to dedicate his works to the Trinity, ſhould rather have dedicated them to Vulcan.

There muſt be ſome Laymen in a Synod, ſays Selden, to overlook the Clergy, leſt they ſpoil the *civil* work; juſt as when the good woman puts a

cat

cat into the dairy to kill a mouſe, ſhe ſends her maid to look after the cat, leſt the cat ſhould eat the cream.

They who have the management of jails, and the keeping of priſoners, are not ſufficiently looked after, but are ſuffered to exact exorbitant fees. They might apply to themſelves the words of the Pſalmiſt: *In keeping of them there is great reward.*

The wiſe may learn from the ignorant; and an Aſs once inſtructed a Prophet.

A good man may be ſaid to reſemble the Fig-tree; which, without producing bloſſoms and flowers, like ſome other trees, and raiſing expectations which are often deceitful, ſeldom fails to produce fruit in its ſeaſon.

The man who is ſeventy years old, and ſeeks preferment, deſires to put on fine clothes when he is going to bed.

"Where is happineſs to be found? where is her dwelling-place?"—Not where we ſeek her, and where we expect to find her. Happineſs is a modeſt Recluſe, who ſeldom ſhews her lovely face in the polite or in the buſy world. She is the ſiſter and the companion of religious Wiſdom.

Amongſt the vanities and the evils which Solomon beheld under the ſun, and which we daily behold, one is this; an acceſs of temporal fortune, to the detriment of the poſſeſſor; whence it appears, that much proſperity is a dangerous thing, and that few perſons have an head ſtrong enough, and an heart good enough, to bear it.

A ſudden riſe from a low ſtation, as it ſometimes ſhews to advantage the virtuous and amiable qualities which could not exert themſelves before; ſo it more frequently calls forth to view, and expoſes to open light, thoſe ſpots of the ſoul, thoſe baſe diſpoſitions, and hateful vices, which lay lurking in ſecret, cramped by penury, and veiled with diſſimulation.

An honeſt and ſenſible man is placed in a middle ſtation; in circumſtances rather ſcanty than abounding. He hath all the neceſſaries, but none of the ſuperfluities of life; and theſe neceſſaries, he acquires by his prudence, his ſtudies, and his induſtry. If he ſeeks to better his income, it is by ſuch methods as hurt neither his conſcience nor his conſtitution. He hath friends and acquaintance of his own rank; he receives good offices from them, and he returns the ſame. As he hath his occupations, he hath his diverſions alſo; and partakes of the ſimple, frugal, obvious, innocent, and cheerful amuſements of life. By a ſudden turn of things, he grows great, in the Church, or in the State. NOW his fortune is made; and he ſays to himſelf, "The days of ſcarcity are paſt; the days of plenty are come; and happineſs is come along with them." Miſtaken man! it is no ſuch thing. He never more enjoys one happy day, compared with thoſe which once ſhone upon him. He diſcards his old companions, or treats them with cold, diſtant, and proud civility. Friendſhip, free and open converſation, rational enquiry, ſincerity, contentment, and the plain and unadulterated pleaſures of life, are no more; they departed from him along with his poverty. New connexions, new proſpects, new deſires, and new cares take place; and engroſs ſo much of his time and of his thoughts, that he neither improves his heart nor his underſtanding. He lives ambitious, and reſtleſs; and he dies—RICH.

The REPOSITORY FOR FUGITIVE PIECES.

No. I.

CENSORIOUSNESS,

IN all its forms and degrees, is diſtinguiſhed by a certain illiberal

ral and contracted diſpoſition of mind, as well as keen rancour of ſpirit, which inclines thoſe who are actuated by it, to judge both the principles and conduct of others from the narrow and limited ſtandard that exiſts in their own minds, and by a conformity or non-conformity to which they, with equal weakneſs, arrogance, and aſperity, determine at once the worth or depravity of the character and behaviour which come under their cognizance. *Duff.*

Pleasures.

To feel and to enjoy a moderate complacency in the enjoyments and accommodations of life we poſſeſs, is both natural and allowable; but all intemperate joy, upon account of any of theſe enjoyments and comforts, is both culpable and dangerous, as ſuch exceſs has a tendency to unhinge and unſettle the mind, and to diſqualify it both for performing the duties and encountering the trials of life, and never fails to ſubject us to diſappointments, which are always moſt ſeverely felt when they are leaſt expected. *Ibid.*

Love.

The moſt intimate friend of a woman is not half ſo much beloved as the confidante of her amour.—The ſoft intercourſe of a quarter of an hour between two perſons of different ſexes, and who have, I will not ſay an affection, but a mutual inclination for each other, eſtabliſhes a confidence and a tender intereſt which ten years of the warmeſt friendſhip has never yet produced.—To ſeparate two metals, the intervention of a third, which has a greater affinity with one of the two, is neceſſary. The ſeparation of lovers is much upon the ſame principle: in general there is no complete rupture, but when another object has made an impreſſion either upon the lover or his miſtreſs.—*Conſiderations on Wit and Morals.*

A Character.

Iſmene is an extraordinary beauty; her figure is noble, candour is painted in her countenance, and grace and ſimplicity reign in her manners and perſon. The birth of Iſmene, and her riches, joined to ſo many natural advantages, ſeem likely to engage general attention. Nobody ſpeaks of the beauty of Iſmene, or praiſes her charms; you find her in a circle, and are ſurpriſed ſhe is not diſtinguiſhed; you compare her with thoſe who are the general ſubjects of converſation.—How many celebrated women, you naturally exclaim, are inferior to her? Iſmene loves her huſband, and is attached to her duty; ſhe partakes with moderation of the amuſements proper to her ſex and age, and follows the faſhions without being ridiculous. She has no lover, becauſe the moſt audacious would deſpair of corrupting her. Iſmene has never hung out the ſign of beauty, and beauty itſelf is not ſucceſsful without being announced, accompanied with fawning and pretenſions. *Ibid.*

The Gallant.

Polydor is famous for his brilliant adventures, and in ſome ſocieties he is called Lovelace. Two women have been confined on his account; and they expiate in a convent the pleaſure of having been the objects of his attention. This may give a favourable idea of his agreeableneſs and figure. The other day I met this famous conqueror; his perſon is ordinary, and his converſation moſt inſipid. What then is the principle of his ſucceſs? He addreſſed himſelf either by accident or deſign to two weak heads, which the

the leaſt effort was ſufficient to turn; he profited by their indolence and want of circumſpection, and a thouſand others in this place would have had this calamitous and ſcandalous advantage. Polydor is in gallantry what a man who ſhould inſult known cowards would be in bravery; but he has diſhonoured two women, and his conqueſt will tempt others who are ſeduced by the brilliancy of his ſucceſs. *Ibid.*

Flattery.

Conformity of manners brings one ſtep towards friendſhip; the flatterer will be ſure to take care to ſuit the temper of his *property*. One of this myſtery has no humour of his own. His buſineſs is to copy, and live by precedent; to counterfeit the inclination, and affect the diverſions of another; to ſtand clear of incompliance, and reſign his genius to his intereſt. He is for town or country, for company or retirement, for exerciſe or eaſe, as the word is given, and the freak of his *property* directs. *Collier.*

Friendship.

It has been long obſerved, that friendſhip is to be confined to one, or that, to uſe the words of the axiom, he that hath *friends* hath no *friend*. That ardour of kindneſs, that unſuſpecting ſecurity which friendſhip requires, cannot be extended beyond a ſingle object. A divided affection may be termed benevolence, but can hardly riſe to friendſhip; for the narrow limits of the human mind allow it not intenſely to contemplate more than one idea. As we love one more, we muſt love another leſs; and however impartially we may, for a very ſhort time, diſtribute our regards, the balance of affection will quickly incline, perhaps againſt our conſent, either to one ſide or the other.—*Johnſon.*

Travelling.

It is not leſs neceſſary for a traveller to ſet out with thoſe qualifications, which will enable him to repel the incroachments of impoſition, than it is deſirable for him to have ſtored his mind with domeſtic information. Curioſity is a languid principle where acceſs is eaſy, and gratification is immediate.—Remoteneſs and difficulty are powerful incentives to its vigorous and laſting operations. By many who live within the ſound of Bow bell, the internal wonders of St Paul's, or the Tower, may not be thought in the leaſt degree intereſting, yet how juſtly would ſuch perſons be claſſed with the *incurious* of Eſop, if on viſiting their country friends, it ſhould appear that they had never been in the whiſpering gallery, or ſeen the lions! Equally ridiculous is the Engliſhman who roams in ſearch of the curioſities abroad, without having previouſly inſpected the great beauties of nature and art at home. *Anonymous.*

Children.

It is an erroneous judgment which is often formed of children as well as of men, when thoſe are ſuppoſed to have the beſt parts who talk moſt. Exceſſive garrulity is certainly incompatible with ſolid thinking, and is the mark of that volatile and ſuperficial turn, which, dwelling upon the ſurfaces of things, never penetrates deeply enough to make any valuable diſcoveries. But as no rule is without exceptions, ſome great thinkers, it muſt be confeſſed, have been alſo great talkers. *Knox.*

Maxims.

An influx of riches, and conſtant health; a wife who is dear to us, and one who is of a kind and gentle ſpeech; a child who is obedient,

and, uſeful knowledge, are the ſix pleaſures of life.

The mind is depraved by the ſociety of the low; it riſeth to equality with equals; and to diſtinction with the diſtinguiſhed.

Men of good or evil birth may be poſſeſſed of good qualities; but falling into bad company they become vicious. Rivers flow with ſweet waters; but having joined the ocean, are undrinkable.

Theſe ſix—the peeviſh, the niggard, the diſſatisfied, the paſſionate, the ſuſpicious, and thoſe who live upon others' means—are for ever unhappy.

Fortitude in adverſity, and moderation in proſperity; eloquence in the ſenate, and courage in the field; great glory in renown, and labour in ſtudy; are the natural perfections of great minds.

There is not in life a man more happy than he who hath a friend to converſe with, a friend to live with, and a friend to embrace.

Nor bathing with cold water, nor a necklace of pearls, nor anointing with ſanders, yieldeth ſuch comfort to the body oppreſſed with heat, as the language of a good man, chearfully uttered, doth to the mind.—*Wilkins' Heetopades.*

Slight Inconveniences.

It is always a proof of ſuperior ſenſe to bear with ſlight inconveniences, and even trifling injuries, without complaining or conteſting about them. The ſoul reſerves its firmneſs for great occaſions, and then it acts a decided part. It is juſt the contrary mode of thinking, and the conduct it produces, which occaſions all thoſe trivial diſputes that ſlowly corrode domeſtic peace, and inſenſibly deſtroy what a great misfortune could not ſweep away. *Anonymous.*

A virtuous widow

Is the palm tree that thrives not after the ſupplanting of her huſband. For her children's ſake ſhe firſt marries, for ſhe married that ſhe might have children, and for their ſakes ſhe marries no more. She is like the pureſt gold, only employed for princes medals; ſhe never receives but one impreſſion; the large jointure moves her not, titles of honour cannot ſway her. To change her name were, ſhe thinks, to commit a ſin, ſhould make her aſhamed of her huſband's calling; ſhe thinks ſhe has travelled all the world in one man, the reſt of her time therefore ſhe directs to heaven. Her main ſuperſtition is, ſhe thinks her huſband's ghoſt would walk, ſhould ſhe not perform his will; ſhe would do it, were there no prerogative court; ſhe gives much to pious uſes, without any hope to merit by them; and as one diamond faſhions another, ſo ſhe is wrought into works of charity with the duſt or aſhes of her huſband; ſhe lives to ſee herſelf full of time; being ſo neceſſary for earth, God calls her not to heaven till ſhe be very aged, and even then, though her natural ſtrength fail her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient pyramid, which the leſs it grows to man's eye, the nearer it reaches to heaven; this latter charity of hers is more grave than reverend, for in it is neither hope nor longing, fear nor jealouſy. She ought to be a mirror for our youngeſt dames to dreſs themſelves by, when ſhe is fulleſt of wrinkles. No calamity can now come near her, for in ſuffering the loſs of her huſband, ſhe accounts all the reſt trifles; ſhe hath laid his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can be; ſhe hath buried it in her own heart. To conclude, ſhe is a relick, that, without any ſuperſtition in the world, though ſhe will not be kiſſed, yet may be reverenced. *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Cun-

Cunning.

We take cunning for a ſiniſter or crooked wiſdom. And certainly there is great difference between a cunning man and a wiſe man, not only in point of honeſty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well; ſo there are ſome that are good in canvaſſes and factions, that are otherwiſe weak men. Again, it is one thing to underſtand perſons, and another thing to underſtand matters; for many are perfect in men's humours, that are not greatly capable of the real part of buſineſs, which is the conſtitution of man that hath ſtudied men more than books. *Lord Bacon.*

Seduction.

The judgment that robs a woman of her reputation, precludes her return to virtue; I had almoſt ſaid robs her of it. The doom that pronounces her diſhonoured conſigns her to proſtitution; for thoſe who have no character to loſe, will be little regardful of their conduct. Thus, by a partial and perhaps too ſevere judgment, policy defeats its own ends, and renders thoſe wicked who were only weak. *R. Young.*

Genius of the fair sex.

If women did but make a true eſtimate of their worth, they would not, as they too often do, confine themſelves within a ſmall circle of amuſement, which always keeps them in a ſtate of infancy. When they entertain a mean idea of themſelves, they will never be able to riſe above the rank in which they are placed. To perform laudable actions, they ought to think more nobly of themſelves, and endeavour rather to enlarge than reſtrain their ſphere of thought. When a woman determines to raiſe herſelf above the little objects which depreſs her, ſhe will find her mind endued with the ſame powers as that of the men. Genius has no ſex, and women cannot be too often reminded of this truth, in order to recall them from thoſe perilous purſuits, on which they ſeem to have fixed their chief attention. *Anonymous.*

Shakspeare.

His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe. From his writings indeed, a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be ſelected, for he that thinks reaſonably, muſt think morally; but his precepts and actions drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked: he carries his perſon indifferently through right and wrong: and, at a cloſe, diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent of time or place. *Johnſon.*

Triflers.

There are two kinds of triflers in the world: one kind are thoſe who trifle with themſelves; another, thoſe who trifle with the reſt of mankind. The firſt are they who trifle with their own character: the ſecond thoſe who trifle with the character of others, a very numerous claſs, including all muſty old bachelors, old maids, all backbiters, revilers, goſſips, male and female.

To be able to diſtinguiſh betwixt trifles and ſerious matters, is ſtill

wanting to form a part of our education. And as few can tell where the trifle ends and the miſchief begins, we are wiſely deſired by the inſpired penman, to guard againſt the *appearance* of evil. That an immoderate paſſion for the follies of the day will end in ruin, may be eaſily believed: but it ought to be remembered, that no paſſion is *at firſt* immoderate, and no incipient habit unconquerable; that from inattention to *trifles* we may be led too far to retract with ſafety, or to proceed without danger; and that he who was at firſt maſter of his paſſions, may by little and little become their ſlave. *Anonymous.*

Sketches of the Life of Soame Jenyns, *Eſq; with a ſhort Account of his Family.*

SOAME JENYNS, Eſq; was born in Great Ormond Street, in London, in the year 1703-4. His father, Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. was deſcended from the ancient and reſpectable family of the Jenyns's, of Churchill in Somerſetſhire; one of whom, about the middle of the ſixteenth century, by an intermarriage with a coheireſs of the Rowlet family, become poſſeſſed of Sandridge, in the county of Hereford; whoſe deſcendant, Sir John Jenyns, was created by King James a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales, and was returned to repreſent the borough of St Alban's in the ſecond Parliament holden after the crown had deſcended to that prince. Sir Roger's reſidence in the country was at Ely, in the iſle of Ely. He was an upright, knowing, and diligent magiſtrate. Amongſt other objects of his attention to the intereſts of the public, he exceedingly laboured in carrying into execution the draining of the great level of the fens; went through all the higher offices in that corporation, which was created by an act of parliament paſſed in the time of Charles the Second, for that work; and this with great reputation to himſelf and advantage to the country.

As a reward for a general conduct, manifeſting itſelf by an exemplary life, in the performance of ſuch civil duties as his ſtation gave him an opportunity of performing, the honour of knighthood was conferred on Roger Jenyns, Eſq; by King William, at Kenſington, January 9, 1693-4.

The mother of Mr J. was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, of Hayden in the county of Eſſex, Baronet; a moſt beautiful woman, and endued with an excellent underſtanding, which ſhe had improved by reading, much beyond what was the faſhion of thoſe times in the education of the daughters of gentlemen. She was well inſtructed in the principles of Religion, which ſhe manifeſted both by her life and in her converſation; and theſe excellencies were ſtill heightened by the moſt poliſhed manners. He was brought up under the care of his excellent mother, till to the Rev. Mr Hill, introduced into the family for that purpoſe, ſhe ſurrendered up her charge. He continued ſome time under the care of Mr Hill, who, after he had taught him the firſt rudiments of language, and of ſuch branches of knowledge as were proper for his age, was called off to purſuits that promiſed him greater advantages than he could expect to derive from his ſole attention to the education of the ſon of a private gentleman. The anxiety of the family on the important point of his education, made them very induſtrious in procuring a proper ſucceſſor; which was amply ſatisfied by their having prevailed on the Rev. Mr

Mr Stephen White to undertake the charge. Mr White was the brother of him who afterwards diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral controverſial pieces with the Diſſenters; and he was himſelf eminent for his learning, good taſte, and great ingenuity; and having no object but the improvement of his pupil, continued his care of him till it was neceſſary to finiſh his education by a removal of him to one of our univerſities. His father had purchaſed Bottiſham-hall, in the village of Bottiſham, where he reſided with his family; and, as it was not far diſtant from Cambridge, that univerſity was fixed on for the place in which his ſon was to make a progreſs in his future ſtudies. St John's College was at that time a ſociety, as it hath continued to be ever ſince, eminent, as a ſeat of religion, learning and diſcipline. Into this ſociety he was admitted, as a fellow-commoner, in the year 1722, under Dr Edmonſon, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college. In this college he lived, except at thoſe times ſet apart for vacations, near three years, purſuing, with great induſtry, the courſe of ſtudies in which young men of fortune at that time were inſtituted. His behaviour whilſt he reſided there was moſt orderly and regular, and the diſcipline of the college was by no means diſagreeable to his natural inclination; inſomuch, that he was often heard to ſay, after he had left the univerſity, that he accounted the days he had lived there among thoſe which were the happieſt in his life.

From the time he left Cambridge, his reſidence in winter was in London, and in the ſummer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived. His purſuits were chiefly literary; and though his name was not put to the publication, in the year 1727, of his "Art of Dancing," inſcribed to Lady Fanny Fielding, yet the author was ſoon diſcovered, and it was conſidered as a preſage of what might afterwards be expected from him.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742 he was unanimouſly choſen one of the repreſentatives for the county of Cambridge; from which time he ſat in parliament until the year 1780, repreſenting, during thoſe thirty-eight years, either the county or the borough of Cambridge, except only for four years, when on the call of a new parliament, in the year 1754, he was returned for the borough of Dunwich, in the county of Suffolk; but on Lord Dupplin's going up to the Houſe of Lords, he vacated his ſeat by the acceptance of the office of ſteward of the Chiltern Hundreds, and ſucceeded him as repreſentative of the borough of Cambridge. The conſtant and uniform opinion which thoſe who choſe him entertained of his parliamentary conduct, cannot be more ſtrongly evinced than by the unanimity of their choice; for he had only one oppoſition, and that from election-adventurers, one of whom, not long after, as it often happens to the diſturbers of eſtabliſhed intereſts, appeared in the Gazette, among the ſad liſt of bankrupts.

In the year 1755, his late Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint him one of the lords commiſſioners of the Board for Trade and Plantations, at which he continued to ſit until an alteration was made in its conſtitution by Parliament, and the buſineſs of it tranſferred to the great officers of ſtate, and thoſe who were in the liſt of his Majeſty's honourable privy council.

He was twice married, firſt, to Mary the ſole daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham in Norfolk; who dying without iſſue, he afterwards married Eliſabeth, the daughter of Henry Grey, Eſq; of Hackney, in the county of Middleſex, who ſurvived him;

him. He died of a fever, after a few days illneſs, on the 18th of December, 1787, at his houſe in Tilney-ſtreet, Audley Square, leaving no iſſue.

He was a man of great mildneſs, gentleneſs, and ſweetneſs of temper, which he manifeſted to all with whom he had concerns, either in the buſineſs of life or its ſocial intercourſe. His earneſt deſire was, as far as it was poſſible, never to offend any perſon; and he made ſuch allowances, even for thoſe who in their diſpoſitions differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many notable inſtances. He was ſtrict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a conſtant practiſer of them in private; ever profeſſing the greateſt veneration for the Church of England and its government, as by law eſtabliſhed; holding her Liturgy as the pureſt and moſt perfect form of public worſhip in any eſtabliſhed church in Chriſtendom; but, though he gave it the preference in compariſon with other churches, which, with Grotius, he thought had departed from the inſtitutions of the more primitive Chriſtian church, yet he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its preſent ſtate, and which he earneſtly deſired to have ſeen accompliſhed by thoſe who were properly authoriſed. But though ſuch was his diſpoſition, ſuch his deſire, he had at the ſame time expreſſed his moſt ardent wiſh that it might remain in its preſent form, untill the alterations propoſed to be made therein were all agreed upon and finally ſettled; for he wiſely foreſaw the dangerous conſequences that may ariſe to a long-eſtabliſhed religious or civil government, from altering or doing away any part of it, however warranted by reaſon or ſound policy, before it is abſolutely determined what ſhall in future be adopted. In private life he was moſt amiable and engaging, for he was poſſeſſed of a well informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the moſt lively, ſpirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiouſly amongſt thoſe with whom he converſed, but which was tempered with ſuch a kindneſs of nature, that it never was the cauſe of uneaſineſs to any of thoſe with whom he lived. This made his acquaintance much ſought after and courted by all thoſe who had a taſte for brilliant converſation, being well aſſured that they would be delighted with it where he was: and that, though they did not poſſeſs the ſame talent, they never would be cenſured by him becauſe they wanted it.

No perſon ever felt more for the miſeries of others than he did; no perſon ſaw, or more ſtrictly practiſed, the neceſſity impoſed on thoſe who form the ſuperior ranks of life, whoſe duty it is to reconcile the lower claſſes to their preſent condition, by contributing the utmoſt to make them happy, and thereby to cauſe them to feel as little of that difference as is poſſible; for he was moſt kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expreſſions and in his behaviour, but in aſſiſting them in all their wants and diſtreſſes as far as he could, ever conſidering his poor neighbours in the country as parts of his family, and, as ſuch, entitled to his care and protection.

He ſpent his ſummers at his houſe in the country, reſiding there with hoſpitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never ſuffered any places, at that ſeaſon calculated for public diverſions, to allure him; for he ſaid he could at that time do more good in his own pariſh than in any other ſituation.

He frequently lamented the prevailing

ing fashion of the latter times of his life, which carried gentlemen with their families from London, when it is deserted by all whose absence can be dispensed with, to places far distant from their houses and antient seats in the country.

When he was in the country, he constantly acted as a magistrate in his own district, and attended all those meetings which were holden for the purposes of public justice.

From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity and superior understanding, he was much resorted to in that character at home. From his natural sagacity, quick discernment, and long experience, on hearing and examining the parties, he seldom failed of obtaining a complete knowledge of the cases that came before him; and was thereby enabled to determine according to the rules of complete justice; always giving his reason for what he did with a clearness and perspicuity peculiar to himself, and those reasons expressed in words so accommodated to the understanding of all who heard him, that few or none departed dissatisfied with his decisions.

His first entrance into parliament was in the last year of the administration of that able and honest minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whose memory hath a title to be enrolled amongst the faithfullest servants of the Crown, and truest friends to the liberties and real interests of the people, that the British empire hath been blessed with during the present or any former century.

Through this year Mr J. attended all the long days and nights in the House of Commons, which the Opposition spent in hunting that minister into the toils which they had made to take him, under the hackneyed and specious colour of pursuing the enemies to the happiness and interests of the country.

Unknown to Sir Robert, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he supported him to the utmost of his power, till he retired from his high station.—He seldom or never spoke whilst sitting in Parliament.

From having long had a seat at the Board of Trade, and constantly attending his duty there, he gained an understanding of the great outlines of the commercial interests of this country; and though he never published any thing on this subject, yet it was an object that engaged much of his attention, and on which he had made up in his mind certain principles, from which he never departed, in most of which, those to whom he communicated them deemed him well warranted.

He always considered the British empire as enlarged beyond the bounds dictated by sound policy; that those parts of it situated beyond the Atlantic Ocean to the West, beyond the Cape of Good Hope to the East, were at too great a distance to be governed as they ought to be; that the American colonies were too kindly fostered by the mother country; that the millions expended in promoting their growth would, at last, rear them to a height at which they would think themselves entitled to ask for emancipation from their parent state; an observation he often made before the event happened; and he lived to see with regret his prophecy, with consequences he did not foresee, become true history.

He always beheld our conquests in the East Indies with a real concern, and considered the great influx of wealth, brought thence into this country by the individuals who had there acquired it, as an ample revenge for the unjust depredations committed on the territorial possessions of their princes, ever considering those depredations as being the most

moſt enormous acts of injuſtice that could be ſhewn from one ſtate to another, and that this was heightened by a moſt flagrant act of ingratitude for the original permiſſion of commercial eſtabliſhments made on their coaſts, in order that trade might be carried on to more advantage; for which permiſſion the natives were entitled to the moſt perfect amity, and every public ſocial intercourſe ſhewn to the moſt favoured nations. Sometimes he would add, that though Aſia had in her turn been often conquered by all who attacked her, yet that the wealth brought from thence by the conquerors into their reſpective dominions had always introduced with it ſo great luxury, that thereby thoſe virtues by which they became conquerors were at laſt enfeebled and done away, inſomuch that Aſia in her turn became the conqueror; of which he inſtanced, amongſt others, the decline and fall of the Roman empire, as a laſting evidence. He conſidered the Eaſt Indies and America as two immenſe diſproportionate wings to the ſmall body of the iſland, and expreſſed his fears leſt, at ſome time or other, they might fly away with the Britiſh empire.

As an author, ſo long as a true taſte of fine writing ſhall exiſt, he will have a diſtinguiſhed place amongſt thoſe who have excelled. He wonderfully excelled in burleſque imitations of the antient poets, by applying their thoughts to modern times and circumſtances.—He had, for many years before he died, bid farewell to his Muſe, and, in the language of Lord Bacon, applied himſelf to ſuch ſubjects as come home,—though not to men's buſineſs, yet cloſe to their boſoms. But, long as the parting had been, yet almoſt in the laſt ſtage of his life, impelled by affection, he courted his muſe again. The ſincere and ſtrong affection he bore to his Majeſty produced the ſhort poem on his eſcape from the dangerous attack of a lunatick; in which it appears that however, when compared with his early poems, the ſun of his imagination was at that time almoſt ſet, yet age had not in the leaſt degree chilled in his heart the effuſions of benevolence and affection.——As a writer of proſe, whoever will examine his ſtyle will find that he is entitled to a place amongſt the pureſt and correcteſt writers of the Engliſh language. "The Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," was the firſt of Mr J's works on account of which he was attacked. Pamphlets were publiſhed, and private letters addreſſed to him, on that occaſion, ſome of them charged with acrimony, much abuſe, and no ſmall portion of calumny. In a ſecond edition of that work, publiſhed ſome years after the firſt, having long ſubmitted with ſilent patience to a treatment which he by no means deſerved, in a preface to that edition he anſwered his adverſaries, which, whoever will take the pains to read and conſider, will admire as a ſpecimen of his ſuperior talents in controverſial writing.

In the ſummer of the year 177 he publiſhed "A view of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion," without his name. The reception it met with was ſuch as ſeldom is ſhewn to the compoſitions of the moſt approved writers. This was a work with which the clergy and laity were in general pleaſed, many of them delighted. It was tranſlated into foreign languages, and in a ſhort time went through three editions, to the laſt of which, by the advice of his friends, the author put his name. Though this book was attacked, and the author treated with a very unbecoming aſperity, by two able writers, yet the number of private letters he received from thoſe on whom

whom this work had the effect his benevolent intention propoſed, more than conſoled him for the rude treatment he received from ſuch writers.

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HINTS FOR WRITING THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, LIFE AND PROGRESS OF A GOOD JEST, FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS TO THE PRESENT DAY.

WHEN I obſerve how complaiſant *Meſſieurs* the Editors of the Newſpapers are in complimenting modern men of wit with the parentage of ancient jokes picked out of thoſe ineſtimable treaſures publiſhed in the names of Joe Miller and Ben. Johnſon, I am often tempted to reſcue a good jeſt from ſuch hands, and by writing its *Biography* aſcertain its birth and parentage beyond all doubt and impoſition. But a variety of more important avocations prevent me from engaging in this work, which nevertheleſs would unqueſtionably be highly acceptable to all lovers of legitimate wit.

Were any friend diſpoſed to undertake the Life and Hiſtory of a good *jeſt*, I would recommend to him to trace it to its higheſt poſſible ſource, and that with all the ſpirit and zeal of an Antiquarian. Let us take an example; in Laertius's Life of the famous Cynic *Diogenes*, I find the following witticiſm.—"A certain Eunuch, a very wicked fellow, inſcribed over his door—*Let nothing wicked enter here*—How, then, ſaid Diogenes, is the Maſter to enter?"

I doubt not but my readers have read this jeſt in a thouſand ſhapes, and have heard it *fathered* upon nearly as many wits.—It is neceſſary only to have the reputation of a wit, and the family encreaſes amazingly. I myſelf have heard this very jeſt, which is more than two thouſand years old, attributed to Dr Johnſon, John Wilkes, Edmund Burke, R. B. Sheridan, Lady Bridget Tollmache, Harry Erſkine, John Courtney, the Ducheſs of Gordon, the Duke of ditto, with many others whoſe names I pretend not to recollect, and with what propriety my readers may judge, when they know that the true father of this jeſt died 320 years before Chriſt, and his Biographer in the year of our Lord 122, or nearly ſo.

The Biographer might then proceed to enquire into what uſe the Athenians made of this jeſt, and how many of them laid claim to it, while it was traditionary. This I confeſs would be a work of great labour, but certainly of as much utility to the world as *ſome* works of greater labour have proved.—He might, then, on the deſtruction of the Athenian republic, and their ſubjection to Rome, follow the *jeſt* there, where, however, the wars of Julius Cæſar which happened about the time, probably did not admit of jeſting; he would afterwards about the year 100 of our reckoning, find Diogenes Laertius the Hiſtorian aſcertaining this jeſt to be the legitimate property of his nameſake the Cynic Philoſopher—From him he would probably trace it into ſome of the earlier Academies of Europe, if not obſtructed by the darkneſs of ignorance which once overſpread our hemiſphere. Emerging from that, he would again trace its revival by Frobenius, who publiſhed the firſt edition of Laertius in 1533. If in theſe days there were wits who underſtood Greek (a caſe not very common in *our own*) they would probably transfer the property of this jeſt to themſelves, or in their

eulogiums on their deceaſed friends aſcribe it to ſome of them, in the ſame manner as Ben Johnſon's jeſts were given to Sam. Johnſon as ſoon as he was buried. After this our Biographer might pay ſome compliments to Henry Stephens for having firſt tranſlated this jeſt into Latin, by which its circulation would be greatly promoted, and its *fathers* increaſe abundantly. It ſtill, however, would, like good books, be confined to the prieſts, whoſe intereſt it was to keep every thing ſerious or jocular from the laity. Mr Stanley, however, at length gave it to the Engliſh nation in their own tongue, and all the wits of the age laid hold of it. In Charles the IId's merry reign, when every thing was a joke, this of courſe would be introduced into genteel company, and it is probable it lived ſome time with Buckingham, Rocheſter, or even Charles himſelf. The dramatic authors who are wits by profeſſion, and ſometimes dull by privilege, next laid hold of it, and it was alternately the property of Dryden, D'Urfey, Vanbrugh, &c. and by regular gradations deſcended to that celebrated club of wits, Addiſon, Steele, Swift, Pope, &c.—How long they might keep poſſeſſion of it, may here be a ſubject of enquiry, and our Biographer ought to collect all the jeſt books of the time, where he would be able to aſcertain the dates of its advancement from one maſter to the other. It is poſſible too, that it might, during ſome part of this time, have travelled into Ireland, or Scotland, the Union having taken place.

Toſſed about in this way from language to language, and from nation to nation, from company to company, from wit to wit, and from jeſt book to jeſt book, it cannot be ſuppoſed to have remained unimpaired. In fact it is more natural to imagine that it muſt have ſuffered very much by the various revolutions which took place from the time of its arrival in England. Cromwell hated a jeſt, and would probably ſuppreſs it; Charles IId murdered jeſts in the telling, but as his poets were wits, ſome of them would keep this *ſnug* for their own uſe, as ſoon as they had received it from Court. James IId was ſuch a bigot as to be a kind of ſtanding jeſt himſelf—and William, although ſome aſcribe vivacity to him, had certainly a phlegm about him that would have choaked any jeſt. In Anne's reign it began again to be bandied about—and as the number of wits has ſince been increaſing in a ratio compounded of the ratio of newſpapers, of magazines and of authors, it is impoſſible to aſcertain the number of maſters or fathers this poor jeſt has had. In the preſent reign I have enumerated ſome of its fathers, from my own hearing, but previous to the laſt ten years, it belonged to the great Mr Pitt, Lord Cheſterfield, Charles Townſend, and once got into the hands of Voltaire, from whom it was reſcued by the Authors of the Jeſt books, and has ſince ſerved the perſonages mentioned in the beginning of this paper. Indeed I once enliſted it into my own ſervice, but I immediately parted with it, thinking that a ſervant who changes places ſo very often cannot be a good one.

Hitherto I have been giving ſome hints to any gentleman who is diſpoſed to write the Biography of a good jeſt, and has leiſure for the undertaking. I have told him how he may trace it *from* its origin, but if he chooſes, he may perform his taſk equally well by tracing it *backwards to* the ſource, and in ſome reſpects the latter mode may have its advantage. He may conclude the whole with a paper on the Mutability of all *Jeſts*, the uncertainty of jocular as well as landed property, that it is *hodie mihi, cras tibi*. He may lament the fate of a Jeſt, as he would that of

of a hero or an empire, that it is ſubject to revolutions, miſerably apt to be mangled, miſrepreſented, even murdered by the gothic barbarity of ignorance and dullneſs; that it is ſubject to all the varieties of faſhion and tinſel, and that it has occaſionally ſuffered much by travelling into foreign parts, or by foreign connexions. Whether he ought not to laſh the modern wits for pretending to what is none of their own, for ſtealing other peoples goods and making them paſs for their own, &c. I leave to his judgement to determine—and ſo cloſe my hints towards the *Biography of a good Jeſt.*

Various intereſting Obſervations on Women.

[From Mrs Macaulay Graham's Letters on Education.]

COQUETRY.

THOUGH the ſituation of women in modern Europe, Hortenſia, when compared with that condition of abject ſlavery in which they have always been held in the eaſt, may be conſidered as brilliant; yet if we withhold compariſon, and take the matter in a poſitive ſenſe, we ſhall have no great reaſon to boaſt of our privileges, or of the candour and indulgence of the men towards us. For with a total and abſolute excluſion of every political right to the ſex in general, married women, whoſe ſituation demands a particular indulgence, have hardly a civil right to ſave them from the groſſeſt injuries; and though the gallantry of ſome of the European ſocieties have neceſſarily produced indulgence, yet in others the faults of women are treated with a ſeverity and rancour which militates againſt every principle of religion and common ſenſe. Faults, my friend, I hear you ſay; you take the matter in too general a ſenſe; you know there is but one fault which a woman of honour may not commit with impunity; let her only take care that ſhe is not caught in a love intrigue, and ſhe may lie, ſhe may deceive, ſhe may defame, ſhe may ruin her own family with gaming, and the peace of twenty others with her coquetry, and yet preſerve both her reputation and her peace. Theſe are glorious privileges indeed, Hortenſia; but while plays and novels are the favourite ſtudy of the fair, while the admiration of men continues to be ſet forth as the chief honour of woman, while power is only acquired by perſonal charms, while continual diſſipation baniſhes the hour of reflection, Nature and flattery will too often prevail; and when this is the caſe, ſelf preſervation will ſuggeſt to conſcious weakneſs thoſe methods which are the moſt likely to conceal the ruinous treſpaſs, however baſe and criminal they may be in their nature. The crimes that women have commited, both to conceal and to indulge their natural failings, ſhock the feelings of moral ſenſe; but indeed every love intrigue, though it does not terminate in ſuch horrid cataſtrophes, muſt naturally tend to debaſe the female mind, from its violence to educational impreſſions, from the ſecrecy with which it muſt be conducted, and the debaſing dependency to which the intriguer, if ſhe is a woman of reputation, is ſubjected. Lying, flattery, hypocriſy, bribery, and a long catalogue of the meaneſt of the human vices, muſt all be employed to preſerve neceſſary appearances. Hence delicacy of ſentiment gradually decreaſes; the warnings of virtue are no longer felt; the mind becomes corrupted, and lies open to every ſolicitation which appetite or paſſion preſents. This muſt be the natural courſe of things in

every being formed after the human plan; but it gives riſe to the trite and fooliſh obſervation, that the firſt fault againſt chaſtity in woman has a radical power to deprave the character. But no ſuch frail beings came out of the hands of Nature. The human mind is built of nobler materials than to be ſo eaſily corrupted; and with all the diſadvantages of ſituation and education, women ſeldom become entirely abandoned till they are thrown into a ſtate of deſperation by the venomous rancour of their own ſex.

The ſuperiority of addreſs peculiar to the female ſex, ſays Rouſſeau, is a very equitable indemnification for their inferiority in point of ſtrength. Without this, woman would not be the companion of man, but his ſlave; it is by her ſuperior art and ingenuity that ſhe preſerves her equality, and governs him, while ſhe affects to obey. Woman has every thing againſt her; as well our faults, as her own timidity and weakneſs. She has nothing in her favour but her ſubtlety and her beauty; is it not very reaſonable therefore that ſhe ſhould cultivate both?

I am perſuaded that Rouſſeau's underſtanding was too good to have led him into this error, had he not been blinded by his pride and his ſenſuality. The firſt was ſoothed by the opinion of ſuperiority, lulled into acquieſcence by cajolement; and the ſecond was attracted by the idea of women playing off all the arts of coquetry to raiſe the paſſions of the ſex. Indeed the author fully avows his ſentiments, by acknowledging that he would have a young French woman cultivate her agreeable talents, in order to pleaſe her future huſband, with as much care and aſſiduity as a young Circaſſian cultivates her's to fit her for the harem of an eaſtern baſhaw.

Theſe agreeable talents, as the author expreſſes it, are played off to great advantage by women in all the courts of Europe, who, for the arts of female allurement, do not give place to the Circaſſian. But it is the practice of theſe very arts, directed to enthral the men, which act in a peculiar manner to corrupting the female mind. Envy, malice, jealouſy, a cruel delight in inſpiring ſentiments which at firſt perhaps were never intended to be reciprocal, are leading features in the character of the coquet, whoſe aim is to ſubject the whole world to her own humour; but in this vain attempt ſhe commonly ſacrifices both her decency and her virtue.

By the intrigues of women, and their rage for perſonal power and importance, the whole world has been filled with violence and injury; and their levity and influence have proved ſo hoſtile to the exiſtence or permanence of national manners, that it fully juſtifies the keeneſs of Mr. Pope's ſatire on the ſex.

But I hear my Hortenſia ſay, whither will this fit of moral anger carry you? I expect an apology, inſtead of a libel, on woman; according to your deſcription of the ſex, the philoſopher has more reaſon to regret the indulgence, than what you have ſometimes termed the injuſtice of the men; and to look with greater complacency on the ſurly manners of the ancient Greeks, and the ſelfiſhneſs of Aſiatic luxury, than on the gallantry of modern Europe.

Though you have often heard me expreſs myſelf with warmth in the vindication of female nature, Hortenſia, yet I never was an apologiſt for the conduct of women. But I cannot think the ſurlineſs of the Greek manners, or the ſelfiſhneſs of Aſiatic luxury, a proper remedy to apply to the evil. If we could inſpect narrowly into the domeſtic concerns of ancient and modern Aſia, I dare ſay we ſhould perceive that the firſt ſprings of the vaſt machine of ſociety were ſet a-going by women; and as to the Greeks,

Greeks, though it might be ſuppoſed that the peculiarity of their manners would have rendered them indifferent to the ſex, yet they were avowedly governed by them. They only tranſferred that confidence which they ought to have given their wives, to their courtezans, in the ſame manner as our Engliſh huſbands do their tenderneſs and their complaiſance. They will ſacrifice a wife of fortune and family to reſentment, or the love of change, provided ſhe give them opportunity, and bear with much Chriſtian patience to be ſupplanted by their footman in the perſon of their miſtreſs.

No; as Rouſſeau obſerves, it was ordained by Providence that women ſhould govern ſome way or another; and all that reformation can do, is to take power out of the hands of vice and folly, and place it where it will not be liable to be abuſed.

To do the ſex juſtice, it muſt be confeſſed that hiſtory does not ſet forth more inſtances of poſitive power abuſed by women, than by men; and when the ſex have been taught wiſdom by education, they will be glad to give up indirect influence for rational privileges; and the precarious ſovereignty of an hour enjoyed with the meaneſt and moſt infamous of the ſpecies, for thoſe eſtabliſhed rights which, independent of accidental circumſtances, may afford protection to the whole ſex.

Flattery—Chastity—Male Rakes.

After all that has been advanced, Hortenſia, the happineſs and perfection of the two ſexes are ſo reciprocally dependant on one another, that, till both are reformed, there is no expecting excellence in either. The candid Addiſon has confeſſed, that in order to embelliſh the miſtreſs, you muſt give a new education to the lover, and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by falſe charms and unreal beauty. Till this is the caſe, we muſt endeavour to palliate the evil we cannot remedy; and, in the education of our females, raiſe as many barriers to the corruptions of the world, as our underſtanding and ſenſe of things will permit.

As I give no credit to the opinion of a ſexual excellence, I have made no variation in the fundamental principles of the education of the two ſexes; but it will be neceſſeary to admit of ſuch a difference in the plan as ſhall in ſome degree form the female mind to the particularity of its ſituation.

The fruits of true philoſophy are modeſty and humility; for as we advance in knowledge, our deficiencies become more conſpicuous; and by learning to ſet a juſt eſtimate on what we poſſeſs, we find little gratification for the paſſion of pride. This is ſo juſt an obſervation, that we may venture to pronounce, without any exception to the rule, that a vain or proud man is, in a poſitive ſenſe, an ignorant man. However, if it ſhould be our lot to have one of the fair ſex, diſtinguiſhed for any eminent degree of perſonal charms, committed to our care, we muſt not attempt by a premature cultivation to gather the fruits of philoſophy before their ſeaſon, nor expect to find the qualities of true modeſty and humility make their appearance till the blaze of beauty has in ſome meaſure been ſubdued by time. For ſhould we exhauſt all the powers of oratory, and all the ſtrength of ſound argument, in the endeavour to convince our pupil that beauty is of ſmall weight in the ſcale of real excellence, the enflamed praiſes ſhe will continually hear beſtowed on this quality will fix her in the opinion, that we *mean* to keep her in ignorance of her true worth. She will think herſelf deceived, and ſhe will reſent the injury by giving little credit to our

our precepts, and placing her confidence in thoſe who tickle her ears with laviſh panegyric on the captivating graces of her perſon.

Thus vanity ſteals on the mind, and thus a daughter, kept under by the ill exerted power of parental authority, gives a full ear to the flattery of a coxcomb. Happy would it be for the ſex did the miſchief end here; but the ſoothings of flattery never fail to operate on the affections of the heart; and when love creeps into the boſom, the empire of reaſon is at an end. To prevent our fair pupils therefore from becoming the prey of coxcombs, and ſerving either to ſwell their triumph, or repair their ruined fortunes, it will be neceſſary to give them a full idea of the magnitude of their beauty, and the power this quality has over the frail mind of man. Nor have we in this caſe ſo much to fear from the intimations of a judicious friend, as from the inſidious adulation of a deſigning admirer. The haughty beauty is too proud to regard the admiration of ſops and triflers; ſhe will never condeſcend to the baſe, the treacherous, the dangerous arts of coquetry; and by keeping her heart free from the ſnares of love, ſhe will have time to cultivate that philoſophy which, if well underſtood, is a never failing remedy to human pride.

But the moſt difficult part of female education, is to give girls ſuch an idea of chaſtity, as ſhall arm their reaſon and their ſentiments on the ſide of this uſeful virtue. For I believe there are more women of underſtanding led into acts of imprudence by the ignorance, the prejudices, and the falſe craft o thoſe by whom they are educated, than from any other cauſe founded either in nature or in chance. You may train up a docile idiot to any mode of thinking or acting, as may beſt ſuit the intended purpoſe; but a reaſoning being will ſcan over your propoſitions, and if they find them grounded in falſehood, they will reject them with diſdain. When you tell a girl of ſpirit and reflection that chaſtity is a ſexual virtue, and the want of it a ſexual vice, ſhe will be apt to examine into the principles of religion, morals, and the reaſon of things, in order to ſatisfy herſelf on the truth of your propoſition. And when, after the ſtricteſt enquiries, ſhe finds nothing that will warrant the confining the propoſition to a particular ſenſe, ſhe will entertain doubts either of your wiſdom or your ſincerity; and regarding you either as a deceiver or a fool, ſhe will tranſfer her confidence to the companion of the eaſy vacant hour, whoſe compliance with her opinions can flatter her vanity. Thus left to Nature, with an unfortunate biaſs on her mind, ſhe will fall a victim to the firſt plauſible being who has formed a deſign on her perſon. Rouſſeau is ſo ſenſible of this truth, that he quarrels with human reaſon, and would put her out of the queſtion in all conſiderations of duty. But this is being as great a fanatic in morals, as ſome are in religion; and I ſhould much doubt the reality of that duty which would not ſtand the teſt of fair enquiry; beſides as I intend to breed my pupils up to act a rational part in the world, and not to fill up a niche in the ſeraglio of a ſultan, I ſhall certainly give them leave to uſe their reaſon in all matters which concern their duty and happineſs, and ſhall ſpare no pains in the cultivation of this only ſure guide to virtue. I ſhall inform them of the great utility of chaſtity and continence; that the one preſerves the body in health and vigour, and the other, the purity and independence of the mind, without which it is impoſſible to poſſeſs virtue or happineſs. I ſhall intimate, that the great difference now beheld in the external conſequences which follow, the deviations from

from chaſtity in the two ſexes, did in all probability ariſe from women having been conſidered as the mere property of the men; and, on this account had no right to diſpoſe of their own perſons: that policy adopted this difference, when the plea of property had been given up; and it was ſtill preſerved in ſociety from the unruly licentiouſneſs of the men, who, finding no obſtacles in the delicacy of the other ſex, continue to ſet at defiance both divine and moral law, and by mutual ſupport and general opinion to uſe their natural freedom with impunity. I ſhall obſerve, that this ſtate of things renders the ſituation of females, in their individual capacity, very precarious; for the ſtrength which Nature has given to the paſſion of love, in order to ſerve her purpoſes, has made it the moſt ungovernal propenſity of any which attends us. The ſnares therefore, that are continually laid for women, by perſons who run no riſk in compaſſing their ſeduction, expoſes them to continual danger; while the implacability of their own ſex, who fear to give up any advantages which a ſuperior prudence, or even its appearances, give them, renders one falſe ſtep an irretrievable misfortune. That, for theſe reaſons, coquetry in women is as dangerous as it is diſhonourable. That a coquet commonly finds her own perdition, in the very flames which ſhe raiſes to conſume others; and that if any thing can excuſe the baſeneſs of female ſeduction, it is the baits which are flung out by women to entangle the affections, and excite the paſſions of men.

I know not what you may think of my method, Hortenſia, which I muſt acknowledge to carry the ſtamp of ſingularity; but for my part, I am ſanguine enough to expect to turn out of my hands a careleſs, modeſt beauty, grave, manly, noble, full of ſtrength and majeſty; and carrying about her an ægis ſufficiently powerful to defend her againſt the ſharpeſt arrow that ever was ſhot from Cupid's bow. A woman, whoſe virtue will not be of the kind to rankle into an inveterate malignity againſt her own ſex, for faults which ſhe even encourages in the men, but who, underſtanding the principles of true religion and morality, will regard chaſtity and truth as indiſpenſible qualities in virtuous characters of either ſex; whoſe juſtice will incline her to extend her benevolence to the frailties of the fair as circumſtances invite, and to manifeſt her reſentment againſt the underminers of female happineſs; in ſhort, a woman who will not take a male rake either for a huſband or a friend. And let me tell you, Hortenſia, if women had as much regard for the virtue of chaſtity as in ſome caſes they pretend to have, a reformation would long ſince have taken place in the world; but while they continue to cheriſh immodeſty in the men, their bitter perſecution of their own ſex will not ſave them from the imputation of thoſe concealed propenſities with which they are accuſed by Pope, and other ſevere ſatiriſts on the ſex.

Conſiderations on a Retroſpect of Time paſt.

[From the third Volume of Dr. Blair's Sermons, juſt publiſhed.]

TIME is of ſo great importance to mankind, that it cannot too often employ religious meditation. There is nothing in the management of which wiſdom is more requiſite, or where mankind diſplay their inconſiſtency more. In its particular parcels, they appear entirely careleſs of it; and throw it away with thoughtleſs profuſion. But, when collected into

into ſome of its great portions, and viewed as the meaſure of their continuance in life, they become ſenſible of its value, and begin to regard it with a ſerious eye. While day after day is waſted in a courſe of idleneſs or vicious pleaſures, if ſome incident ſhall occur which leads the moſt inconſiderate man to think of his age, or time of life; how much of it is gone; at what period of it he is now arrived; and to what proportion of it he can with any probability look forward, as yet to come; he can hardly avoid feeling ſome ſecret compunction, and reflecting ſeriouſly upon his ſtate. Happy, if that virtuous impreſſion were not of momentary continuance, but retained its influence amid the ſucceeding cares and pleaſures of the world!

According to the progreſs which we have made in the journey of life, the field which paſt years preſent to our review will be more or leſs extenſive. But to every one they will be found to afford ſufficient matter of humiliation and regret. For where is the perſon, who having acted for any time in the world, remembers not many errors, and many follies, in his paſt behaviour? Who dares to ſay, that he has improved, as he might have done, the various advantages which were offered him; and that he recalls nothing for which he has reaſon either to grieve, or to bluſh? When we recollect the ſeveral ſtages of life through which we have paſſed; the ſucceſſive occupations in which we have been engaged, the deſigns we have formed, and the hopes and fears which alternately have filled our breaſt; how barren for moſt part is the remembrance; and how few traces of any thing valuable or important remain? Like characters drawn on the ſand, which the next wave waſhes totally away, ſo one trivial ſucceſſion of events has effaced the memory of the preceeding; and though we have ſeemed all along to be buſy, yet for much of what we have acted, we are neither wiſer nor better than if ſuch actions had never been. Hence, let the retroſpect of what is paſt produce, as its firſt effect, humiliation in our own eyes, and abaſement before God. Much do human pride and ſelf-complacency require ſome correction; and that correction is never more effectually adminiſtered, than by an impartial and ſerious review of former life.

But though paſt time be gone, we are not to conſider it as irredeemably loſt. To a very profitable purpoſe it may yet be applied, if we lay hold of it while it remains in remembrance, and oblige it to contribute to future improvement. If you have gained nothing more by the years that are paſt, you have at leaſt gained experience; and experience is the mother of wiſdom. You have ſeen the weak parts of your character; and may have diſcovered the chief ſources of your miſconduct. To theſe let your attention be directed; on theſe, let the proper guards be ſet. If you have trifled long, reſolve to trifle no more. If your paſſions have often betrayed and degraded you, ſtudy how they may be kept, in future, under better diſcipline. Learn, at the ſame time, never to truſt preſumptuouſly in your own wiſdom. Humbly apply to the author of your being, and beſeech his grace to guide you ſafely through thoſe ſlippery and dangerous paths, in which experience has ſhown that you are ſo ready to err, and fall.

In reviewing paſt life, it cannot but occur, that many things now appear of inconſiderable importance, which once occupied and attached us, in the higheſt degree. Where are thoſe keen competitions, thoſe mortifying diſappointments, thoſe violent enmities, thoſe eager purſuits, which we once thought were to laſt for ever, and

and on which we conſidered our whole happineſs or miſery as ſuſpended? We look back upon them now, as upon a dream which has paſſed away. None of thoſe mighty conſequences have followed which we had predicted. The airy fabric has vaniſhed, and left no trace behind it. We ſmile at our former violence; and wonder how ſuch things could have ever appeared ſo ſignificant and great. We may reſt aſſured, that what hath been, ſhall again be. When time ſhall once have laid his lenient hand on the paſſions and purſuits of the preſent moment, they too ſhall loſe that imaginary value which heated fancy now beſtows upon them. Hence, let them already begin to ſubſide to their proper level. Let wiſdom infuſe a tincture of moderation into the eagerneſs of conteſt, by anticipating that period of coolneſs, which the lapſe of time will, of itſelf, certainly bring.—When we look back on years that are paſt, how ſwiftly do they appear to have fleeted away? How inſenſibly has one period of life ſtolen upon us after another, like the ſucceſſive incidents in a tale that is told? Before we were aware, childhood had grown up into youth; youth had paſſed into manhood; and manhood now, perhaps, begins to aſſume the grey hair, and to decline into old age. When we are carrying our views forward, months and years to come ſeem to ſtretch through a long and extenſive ſpace. But when the time ſhall arrive of our looking back, they ſhall appear contracted within narrow bounds. Time, when yet before us, ſeems to advance with ſlow and tardy ſteps; no ſooner is it paſt, than we diſcern its wings.

It is a remarkable peculiarity in the retroſpect of former life, that it is commonly attended with ſome meaſure of heavineſs of heart. Even to the moſt proſperous, the memory of joys that are paſt is accompanied with ſecret ſorrow. In the days of former years, many objects ariſe to view, which make the moſt unthinking, grave; and render the ſerious, ſad. The pleaſurable ſcenes of youth, the objects on which our affections had been early placed, the companions and friends with whom we had ſpent many happy days, even the places and the occupations to which we had been long accuſtomed, but to which we have now bid farewell, can hardly ever be recalled, without ſoftening, nor ſometimes, without piercing, the heart. Such ſenſations, to which few, if any, are wholly ſtrangers, afford a ſtrong proof of that vanity of the human ſtate, which is ſo often repreſented in the ſacred writings: and vain indeed muſt that ſtate be, where ſhades of grief tinge the recollection of its brighteſt ſcenes. But, at the ſame time, though it be very proper that ſuch meditations ſhould ſometimes enter the mind, yet on them I adviſe not the gentle and tender heart to dwell too long. They are apt to produce a fruitleſs melancholy; to deject, without bringing much improvement; to thicken the gloom which already hangs over human life, without furniſhing proportionable aſſiſtance to virtue.

Let me adviſe you, rather to recall to view ſuch parts of former conduct, if any ſuch there be, as afford in the remembrance a rational ſatisfaction. And what parts of conduct are theſe? Are they the purſuits of ſenſual pleaſure, the riots of jollity, or the diſplays of ſhow and vanity? No; I appeal to your hearts, my friends, if what you recollect with moſt pleaſure be not the innocent, the virtuous, the honourable parts of your paſt life; when you were employed in cultivating your minds, and improving them with uſeful knowledge; when, by regular application and perſevering labour, you were laying the foundation of future reputation

and advancement; when you were occupied in diſcharging with fidelity the duties of your ſtation, and acquiring the eſteem of the worthy and the good; when in ſome trying ſituation you were enabled to act your part with firmneſs and honour; or had ſeized the happy opportunity of aſſiſting the deſerving, of relieving the diſtreſſed, and bringing down upon your heads the bleſſings of thoſe that were ready to periſh—Theſe, theſe are the parts of former life which are recalled with moſt ſatisfaction! On them alone, no heavineſs of heart attends. You enjoy them as a treaſure which is now ſtored up, and put beyond all danger of being loſt. Theſe chear the hours of ſadneſs, lighten the burden of old age, and, through the mortifying remembrance of much of the paſt, dart a ray of light and joy.—From the review of theſe, and the compariſon of them with the deceitful pleaſures of ſin, let us learn how to form our eſtimate of happineſs. Let us learn what is true, what is falſe, in human pleaſures; and from experience of the paſt, judge of the quarter to which we muſt in future turn, if we would lay a foundation for permanent ſatisfaction.

To the Publiſher of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE readers of your miſcellany are much obliged to your ingenious correſpondent JUVENIS, for his amuſing and inſtructive communications. I am, however, perſuaded that the arguments he has put in the mouth of his old friend, to eſtabliſh the ſuperior effects of Painting upon mankind, will make few converts to his opinion; mine, at leaſt, is ſo very different, that I am tempted to make a few obſervations on the ſubject.

To aſſert that the effects of Painting upon mankind are greater than thoſe produced by Poetry or Muſic, is, in my humble opinion, to fly in the face of the united teſtimony of reaſon and experience. I ſhould, indeed, heſitate to give my opinion on the ſubject, were not every man rendered a competent judge, by conſulting his own feelings. That Poetry and Muſic poſſeſs many advantages over Painting, will no more be queſtioned, than that the latter in its turn has ſome few advantages over the former, but they are ſuch as only diſplay its general inferiority in the ſtronger light. As in a future number I mean to trouble you with ſome thoughts on the influence of Poetry and Muſic upon mankind, my obſervations ſhall, at preſent, be chiefly confined to painting, and to the arguments advanced by your correſpondent to prove its ſuperiority.

HISTORICAL PAINTING doubtleſs affords the nobleſt diſplay of the art, and gives the fulleſt ſcope to the genius of the artiſt; and it is in pictures of this claſs that we ſhould expect to ſee its extraordinary effects realized: but, unluckily, its comparative imperfection is here ſo conſpicuous, as to eſtabliſh its inferiority beyond diſpute. The Painter makes choice of ſome ſtriking incident in a ſtory for his ſubject; he exhauſts every reſource of his art and his genius in throwing an expreſſion into the countenances and attitudes of his principal figures, that cannot fail of producing the warmeſt admiration of his ſkill; he adorns them with the external qualities of beauty, grace, and dignity: but, after all, he only gives us a general idea of their characters; we are not inſpired with ſentiments of eſteem or averſion, we are not intereſted in their fate in the ſame degree as by the minute delineation of character which the Poet's narration preſents. The pencil cannot expreſs thoſe ſentiments which in certain circumſtances, come with ſuch force and dignity from the mouth of the hero. The Poet, in the courſe of his narra-

tire,

tive, can introduce a thouſand little circumſtances, every one of which may affect us as ſenſibly as the one incident the Painter has choſen for his ſubject; and yet theſe circumſtances, though ſo intereſting in themſelves, are ſo intimately connected with the general deſign, that we can only conſider them as tending to heighten the effect of the harmonious whole. Every perſon who has peruſed a well-wrought tale, adorned with all the faſcinating graces of language, harmony of numbers, and ſplendour of imagery, muſt acknowledge that the Poet poſſeſſes an unlimited empire over our ſouls, calling forth their every emotion at his pleaſure, gradually working up our feelings, and ſtretching them on the rack of anxiety, until the tear of joy or ſorrow proclaims the pleaſing or mournful cataſtrophe.

It muſt, I apprehend, be in the caſe of an unuſual coincidence of circumſtances, that pictures can produce ſuch effects as thoſe related in your correſpondent's anecdotes. It is not at all ſurpriſing, for inſtance, that *Portia* ſhould burſt into tears, upon having the recent circumſtances of her parting with *Brutus* recalled to her memory by a picture repreſenting a ſimilar ſcene; but would not the ſame effects have been produced by the ſlighteſt circumſtance that could have brought a ſimilar incident to her recollection? Would not her diſtreſs have been much heightened, would not *buſy meddling memory* have called up a ſucceſſion of ideas ſtill more painful, had ſhe peruſed Homer's maſterly deſcription of that affecting ſcene? The other examples need not be mentioned, as their effects may well be accounted for in the ſame manner, and, it may be added, it is not by a few ſuch ſolitary inſtances that the influence of painting upon mankind in general can be aſcertained.

That there are ſubjects more proper for the Painter than the Poet, and on the contrary, ſubjects that the Poet can handle with more effect than the Painter, cannot be denied. It would be a tedious as well as an unneceſſary enquiry, whether thoſe propoſed by your correſpondent are more proper for the pen or the pencil. In one inſtance, at leaſt, he is unhappy in his choice. A confuſed aſſemblage of men and horſes, and armour, prancing here and tumbling there, is by no means calculated to inſpire thoſe emotions of pity and terror, which are ſo powerfully excited by the repreſentations of Homer and Virgil, or thoſe of the venerable ſon of Fingal. To me it appears impoſſible for a Painter to throw a ſpark of Homer's ſublimity into a repreſentation of any one of the battles deſcribed by that immortal bard.

If the impreſſions made by Hiſtorical Painting are ſo faint, what ſhall we ſay of LANDSCAPE? True, ſir, nature is an admirable Painter, it is impoſſible to ſurvey her works but with rapture; we cannot walk out in a morning, and contemplate the ſerenity of the ſky, the glories of the riſing ſun, the verdure of the mead, the glowing colours of the opening flowers, the delightful variety of hill and dale, and grove and ſtream, without experiencing that elevation of mind, thoſe emotions of joy and gratitude to the benevolent Author of our exiſtence, that ſuch ſcenes are ſo well calculated to inſpire. With awe and wonder we behold the more ſublime objects that Nature preſents to our view; the headlong torrent, the threatning precipice, the rolling billows—or hear the tempeſt howling over the blaſted heath, or the North wind whiſtling through the naked walls of ſome diſmantled tower. But let any part of this beautiful or ſublime ſcenery be repreſented on canvas, do we behold it with ſimilar emotions of wonder and awe, of joy and gratitude? No—we pay the deſerved tribute of applauſe to the artiſt, and, when he reaches to the utmoſt limits of his art, we can only exclaim, *Who can paint like Nature!*

CARICATURES are the next ſubject

of your Correſpondent's encomuims; and here too I muſt differ from him. What, vice has been checked in its progreſs, what faſhionable folly has been laughed out of countenance by a carnicature? The ſtupendous fabric that a few years ago adorned the head of the *Belle*, the pigtail and ſmart toupee of the *Maccaroni*, feathers, hoops, cork-rumps, and all the *et-cetera* of faſhionable extravagance, have in their turns been attacked by the diſciples of the Hogarthian ſchool, but without effect; every faſhion has had its day, has deſcended in the ordinary gradation from the court to the cottage, and has only diſappeared to make room for another equally ridiculous. Were vice attacked with the ſame weapons, the ſame ſucceſs might be expected; but this is ſeldom attempted; the ſatyrical prints of the preſent day are only calculated to blow up the flames of diſcord among our countrymen, to ſtrengthen the hands of political factions, the adherents of which, actuated by a boundleſs ambition, ſtrain every nerve to reach the ſummit of power, and to erect the fabric of their own greatneſs on the ruins of their country.

Portrait Painting, which critics have pronounced the meaneſt branch of the art, ſeems to ſtand high in your correſpondent's eſtimation. But upon what foundations does he eſtabliſh its importance? Why, Portraits, by preſerving the memory of departed friends, leſſen the calamity of the ſurvivers, and by calling to mind the examples of good and great men, promote the intereſts of religion and virtue. Alas! Sir, how often do we ſee dozens of Family Pictures huddled up to a garret, to rot among other uſeleſs lumber! a ſlender conſolation to thoſe who leave their Portraits, as a legacy to their relations. I am rather inclined to think, that to have a ſtriking reſemblance of a deceaſed friend always in view would keep alive ſuch painful ideas, as might tend rather to heighten, than alleviate the calamity. May we not alſo conclude, that if a warm attachment has ſubſiſted, grief, mellowed into a tender and affectionate remembrance, will ever keep poſſeſſion of the breaſt of the ſurviver? The ſame obſervation will apply to the ſuppoſed caſe of the abſent lover; had your correſpondent ever experienced the effects of the tender paſſion, he muſt have been ſenſible, that to a lover a Portrait of his miſtreſs is not neceſſary to call her perfections to his remembrance; her every feature is engraven on his heart.

"Periſh the lover whoſe imperfect flame
"Forgets one feature of the nymph he loves."

It is but a juſt tribute of public gratitude to the memory of illuſtrious men, to erect their ſtatues, and to exhibit their Portraits in the moſt public places; but we do not find that it is the proſpect of ſuch honours that ſtimulates men to the performance of great and good actions; that modeſty which is the concomitant of genius and worth, ſhrinks from ſuch public marks of approbation, and hence we have ſeen ſimilar honours rejected by thoſe who have eſtabliſhed the beſt claims to them. The great names of antiquity have been tranſmitted to us, but not through the medium of the pencil. Thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves by their zeal in promoting the happineſs of mankind, will live in the records of the Hiſtorian, and the ſong of the Poet; while the man of genius erects to himſelf a monument more durable than marble or braſs.

Far be it from me to depreciate the merits of Painting. I am fond of pictures; the numerous collections that are every day exhibited in London were to me an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment when I had occaſion to reſide for ſome time in that metropolis. At the ſame time, be it underſtood, I am no *Connoiſſeur*; ſhould I bluſh to ſay that I have ſeen a picture announced as the work of a maſter, and ſold for a very con-

conſiderable ſum of money, in which I could not diſcern one beauty, and for which I would not have given three farthings?—Being ſo poor a judge myſelf, you may believe I was very attentive to the obſervations of the numerous ſpectators that croud theſe exhibitions, that I might, if poſſible, diſcover in what the excellence of ſome boaſted pictures conſiſted; but in vain did I look for ſuch information; among pretended critics opinions differed ſo much, that what one extolled as a *chef-d'oeuvre*, another execrated as a piece of vile daubing. Never could I diſcover in the countenance of a ſingle individual any appearance of that enthuſiaſm which, in your correſpondent's opinion, muſt be inſpired by the "maſterly deſigns of a Raphael, the luxuriant colouring of a Titian, or the graceful ſimplicity of a Guido;" on the contrary, ſir, I have ſeen a collection of pictures, by the greateſt maſters that Europe could ever boaſt, ſurveyed by a gaping multitude, with emotions ſimilar to thoſe they would have betrayed at an exhibition of ſo many gilded frames; and yet many of them, it may be preſumed, were endowed with a ſufficient portion of ſenſibility; they could feel for real diſtreſs, and even ſhed a tear over the tale of fancied woe. So many Anecdotes are told of the ludicrous miſtakes of *Connoiſſeurs*, that few people will venture to give their opinion of a picture at firſt ſight; but, where is the boaſted excellence of the art, where its power over the paſſions, if we muſt be told whether we ſhould applaud or condemn, whether we ſhould laugh or cry? It ſeems indeed, pretty evident that to be affected by a picture we muſt be capable of deciding with critical ſagacity upon its merits; and as few are bleſt with ſuch a thorough knowledge of the myſteries of the art, its influence can only extend to a few favoured *Connoiſſeurs*.

Upon the whole, ſir, the impreſſions made by Painting are, in my opinion, faint and limited, while the influence of Poetry and Muſic upon mankind is univerſal and unbounded. If theſe thoughts with all their imperfections, are acceptable, you may in all probability again hear from

Yours, &c. B.

Aberdeen, 16th Septr. 1790.

TRIAL
OF
JAMES HENDERSON,
In Bains-hole, County of Aberdeen,
AND
ELIZABETH STUART, his Wife,
FOR THE
MURDER
OF
ALEXANDER GILLESPIE.

[Before Lords Eſkgrove and Swinton, at the Autumn Circuit at Aberdeen, Septr. 11th, 1790.]

ON the evening of the 10th July laſt, Alexr. Gilleſpie, with ſome others, were drinking in an ale-houſe, near to where the priſoner, James Henderſon, lived. About eleven o'clock at night, Gilleſpie ſuddenly roſe up, and went out, without telling any one where he was going Half an hour afterwards, one of the company began to wonder what had become of him; and thinking that he might perhaps be in Henderſon's houſe, went there to inquire after him. He did not find Henderſon within, but in a little time met him, and was told by him, "That he had "given Gilleſpie ſuch a mark as he "would be known by; and that he "would not dreſs any more ſlates in "Foudland"; he then conducted him to where Gilleſpie was lying: Here he found him weltering in his blood, and almoſt ſpeechleſs.

By this time, ſeveral other perſons had come up, alarmed by the noiſe which they had heard, and in their preſence, Henderſon again ſtruck Gilleſpie, with a ſtick which he had in his hand, and repeatedly ſaid, that he had been attempting to break into his houſe. Seemed very much incenſed—ſhewed no remorſe for what he had done—but on the contrary, treated the almoſt lifeleſs corpſe with the greateſt inhumanity.

Next

Next day, Henderſon came into Aberdeen, and got a paragraph drawn up by a lawyer, which was ſent to the publiſher of the Aberdeen Journal, and inſerted on the authority of the lawyer, who drew up and ſigned it. The paragraph ſtated, That a perſon of the name of Gilleſpie, having attempted to break into his houſe, was ſeverely drubbed, and that it was thought he could not ſurvive it.

The poor unfortunate man Gilleſpie ſurvived but a few hours; and his body having been examined by ſurgeons, there appeared three deep wounds on the back part of his head, apparently given by a ſharp edged inſtrument, any one of which, the ſurgeon deponed, would have been mortal: there were beſides, ſeveral ſtabs upon his body, ſeemingly by a ſharp pointed inſtrument, and one of his eyes was driven into the ſocket.

In the declarations which the priſoner emitted, he all along maintained, that the deceaſed attempted to rob his houſe, and that it was to defend himſelf and his property, that he uſed the violence which he did uſe. In particular, he averred, that Gilleſpie firſt attempted to break open the door; then broke the window, by throwing in large ſtones, and when he was endeavouring to get in at the window, he, (the priſoner) who was then in bed, as were all his family, roſe up, and ſtruck him ſeveral times with the ſtones which had been thrown in.

There were only two witneſſes who were in Henderſon's houſe, at the time the fray happened; one of them was an elderly woman, a relation of the other priſoner Elizabeth Stewart: the other was a boy, about 14 years of age, who had come accidentally to the priſoner's houſe, in order, as he ſaid, to get lodging that night.

Their depoſitions were materially different; and as they were the only direct witneſſes to the fact, the event of the trial depended in a great meaſure upon the teſtimony of that one, whom the jury ſhould give moſt credit to. The woman (Janet Stevenſon) deponed in ſubſtance, 'That the priſoners were gone 'to bed before ſhe went, and had *rooſted* 'the fire; that after ſhe had been ſome 'time in bed, ſhe was awakened by the 'noiſe of the breaking of the window; 'that ſhe immediately got out of bed 'and run to the door, but ſaw no-body 'there; that ſoon afterwards Henderſon came in, and ſaid, that he had 'been in purſuit of the perſon who had 'attempted to break his houſe.'

The boy deponed in ſubſtance, 'That 'the deceaſed came to the priſoner's 'houſe about 11 at night, in a peaceable manner, came in at the door, 'which was then open; that none of 'the family were gone to bed; that 'Gillſpie called for a dram, upon which 'the priſoner took up an ax, and ſtruck 'him ſeveral blows on the head, upon 'which the deceaſed fell, and the priſoner dragged him out of the houſe; 'that he, the deponent, being afraid 'of himſelf, run off; and while he 'as going away, ſaw Henderſon break 'his own window, and the other priſoner, Elizabeth Stewart, ſtrike out the 'eyes of the deceaſed, with a fork.'

The priſoner all along denied that there was any ſuch boy in his houſe, on the night libelled; and, in exculpation offered to prove, that the boy was at a different place at the time libelled; alſo, that Gilleſpie had the character of being a thief, and of having been guilty of ſimilar acts of houſebreaking. The Court allowed the firſt of theſe to be the ſubject of proof, but refuſed to allow the other. It was accordingly proved, that the boy, on the evening libelled, had got his ſupper in a farmer's houſe about ſix miles from the priſoner's, and had betwixt 9 and 10 o'clock gone out to ſleep in his barn; that early next morning, the farmer's wife found the boy accordingly in his bed, in the barn; that he did not riſe till late in the forenoon; that he ſtaid there all next day; made no mention whatever of his having gone to Henderſon's that night. Further, none of the other witneſſes ſaid that they ſaw any ſuch boy in Henderſon's; and particularly, Janet Stevenſon did moſt expreſsly deny, that there was any ſuch boy in the houſe that evening. The reaſon which the boy gave for his going to Henderſon's that night, and not remaining where he had ſupped, was, that he wiſhed to ſee his ſiſter, who ſtaid near Henderſon's; but before he reached her houſe, ſhe was to bed, and that he then thought of aſking lodging of Henderſon.

Such were the leading facts which came

came out in evidence. After the proof was concluded,

Mr HOPE addreſſed the jury on the part of the Crown. He began by explaining the nature of the crime charged againſt the priſoners: that in every caſe, it was not neceſſary that the proſecutor ſhould prove a forethought intention to commit murder, and a previous malice; that if a perſon, without ſufficient provocation, ſhall allow his unruly paſſions ſo far to get the better of him, as to lead him to ſnatch up a lethal weapon, and knock another on the head, ſo as to occaſion his death, he is in law conſidered as guilty of murder. That in the preſent caſe, there was no provocation to warrant the cruel and barbarous uſage which the deceaſed had ſuffered; that the circumſtance on which the pannel had founded his defence, was both improbable in itſelf, and unſupported by any evidence.

Mr Hope then adverted to the particular facts that had come out in evidence, and ſhewed, that there could not be a doubt in regard to the perſon who had given the wounds, which were the immediate cauſe of the unfortunate man's death, and he in a particular manner called the attention of the jury to the circumſtances deponed to by Janet Stevenſon and the boy; the former of whom he conſidered as an exceptionable witneſs, and whoſe evidence was, in many reſpects, highly ſuſpicious, the latter as alone deſerving of credit. That what Janet Stevenſon had deponed to, "of her having been firſt awakened by "the breaking of the window, and im- "mediately getting out of bed, and "running to the door, where ſhe ſaw "no perſon," could not poſſibly be true; for ſuppoſing that the deceaſed had *firſt* attacked the houſe by breaking the window, ſhe muſt undoubtedly have ſeen the pannel ſtrike the deceaſed, if ſhe had roſe immediately upon the noiſe of the breaking of the window.—That as to the teſtimony of the boy, it was in every reſpect credible, and there did not appear any poſſible motive which could induce him to perjure himſelf; that the whole circumſtances of the caſe ſhewed that the pannel, Henderſon, was poſſeſſed of the moſt barbarous and inhuman diſpoſition.

He concluded, by obſerving, that while the jury ought in the general caſe to be rather diſpoſed to lean to the ſide of mercy, they ought, at the ſame time, not to allow that diſpoſition to interfere with their duty to the public; which, he truſted, would, in this caſe, induce them to give a verdict in favour of the Crown.

Mr BURNETT then addreſſed the jury on behalf of the priſoners. He began by acknowledging, that the circumſtances of the caſe were ſuch, as did not beſpeak a favourable impreſſion: that murder, in every ſhape, was a crime that excited a kind of horror in the mind, and when attended with ſuch circumſtances as here occurred, produced an almoſt unſurmountable prejudice againſt the perſons accuſed. He obſerved, that the more apt that the detail of ſuch circumſtances were to produce ſuch impreſſion, the more ought a jury to endeavour to ſhake off their bias, ſo as that they may be enabled to judge candidly and diſpaſſionately; that the more heinous and atrocious any crime is, the ſtronger proof is neceſſary to produce a conviction of guilt; that the jury ought not to be influenced by the ſituation in which the deceaſed was found, and the nature of the wounds ſaid to have been on his body: for ſuppoſing all that was deponed to, relative to that matter, to be true, ſtill there was room for the queſtion of intention—ſtill it remained to be inquired, with what view, and from what provocation, either of the priſoners wounded the deceaſed; that the circumſtance of a man's being killed, and wounds found upon his body, did not neceſſarily infer previous malice, and an unprovoked attack; that the jury had therefore to conſider, whether there was provocation in this caſe, and whether reſiſtance on the part of the pannels was warrantable; for it was in a manner admitted, that there was no antecedent malice.

Mr Burnett then went into the evidence. He endeavoured to ſhew, that the hour at which the deceaſed came to the priſoner's houſe, the manner in which he left the company with whom he was, and the well known character of the deceaſed, all conſpired to create the preſumption, that violence was intended by him. He particularly endeavoured to do away the evidence of the boy—to ſhew, that he had in many things contradicted himſelf, and depon-

ed

ed to what was incredible; that the ſtory which he told of the pannel's having ſtruck the deceaſed with an ax, without any the leaſt provocation, was almoſt inconceivable; that his expedition to ſee his ſiſter at a late hour of the night—his being ſeen by no-body about the pannel's—his returning to where he had ſupped—found in bed in the morning—telling nothing of what he had ſeen to the perſons in whoſe houſe he was—denying upon his firſt examination, that he knew any thing of the matter—all tended to throw the greateſt ſuſpicion on his teſtimony. That what was deponed to by Janet Stevenſon was in no reſpect improbable; the deceaſed might have broke the window, and the pannel given him the blows which proved fatal, before the old woman had time to reach the door from her bed. If therefore the deceaſed was in the act of houſe-breaking, he contended, the pannel was juſtified in taking away his life.

He further argued, that ſuppoſe the deceaſed had not intended to rob his houſe, ſtill his coming in a riotous and outrageous manner, at that hour of the night, and aſſaulting a private houſe, was an act of violence that warranted reſiſtance. A man's private houſe is his ſanctuary, and the law does not allow domeſtic eaſe and ſecurity to be diſturbed; that the deceaſed being intoxicated, made it the more probable that he would behave inſolently and riotouſly. If therefore the pannel was warranted to make reſiſtance, it was argued, altho' he may perhaps have exceeded, he cannot be conſidered as guilty of *murder*, however he may have been guilty of *culpable homicide*, which is a crime different from that with which he is charged.

LORD ESKGROVE then ſummed up the whole evidence to the jury, in a very able and candid manner. His Lordſhip commented a good deal upon the circumſtantial part of the evidence, and ſeemed, upon the whole, to be of opinion, that the boy's evidence was not without exception.—He, however, informed the jury, that it was their province, and not his, to decide upon the proof

After a trial of more than nine hours, the jury were incloſed, and on Monday morning returned their verdict, finding, *unanimouſly*, the pannel James Henderſon, GUILTY; and the libel NOT PROVEN againſt Elizabeth Stewart.

James Henderſon was accordingly ſentenced to be hanged on the 29th of October next, to be in the mean time fed upon bread and water only; and his body to be afterwards publicly diſſected. His wife was diſmiſſed from the bar.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

By JOHN RANNIE.

REMEMBRANCE, wherefore ſtill combine
with deep deſpondence, to reſtore
The image of the nymph divine
whoſe loſs I'm deſtin'd to deplore?
To render my affliction leſs,
thine aid can now no charm impart;
For muſing on departed bliſs
with keener torture rends the heart.
And, ah! the univerſe appears
to me a lonely deſart now;
Where tender Friendſhip never cheers
the long-ſad pilgrimage of woe.
Hope ſhuns the gloom of Sorrow's night;
no reſpite to deſpair is given:
The ſtar which to my ſoul was light
untimely vaniſh'd into Heaven!

To DELIA.

Te veniente, te decedente canebat. VIRG.

IN vain my verſe attempts to rove;
It fondly turns to thee and love;
To thee I tune my mournful ſtrain,
Of unregarded love complain.
How can I ſee thy blooming charms,
Deſtin'd, alas! to Damon's arms,
While I in ſilence hapleſs moan,
Neglected left, I ſigh alone.
Since then the fates unfriendly prove,
And rack my ſoul with fruitleſs love,
With diſappointment, care and woe,
To diſtant gloomy ſhades I'll go.
Thy name I'll ſing to rocks and trees,
And tell my woes to every breeze.
But Oh! while pangs diſturb my reſt,
May nought but peace be near thy breaſt!
On thee may heaven never frown,
But kindly pour its bleſſings down!
May Damon's ſoul great, gen'rous prove,
And worthy of my Delia's love!

King's College. *Academicus.*

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXXII.] Thurſday October 7, 1790. [Price 3d.

To the EDITOR *of the* EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The following EXTRACTS from the JOURNAL of the Rev. Mr KIRKLAND, MISSIONARY to the SIX INDIAN NATIONS, are tranſmitted to you for inſertion in your MAGAZINE, by

A CONSTANT READER.

JUNE 23, 1788.

RODE about two miles, in a weſtern courſe, from the Geneſee river, to view the remains of an ancient Indian fort. It incloſes about four acres—the ditch appears to be eight feet wide, and in ſome places nearly ſix feet deep—with ſix gates. The ditch is drawn in a circular form, on three ſides; the other is defended by nature with a high bank, at the foot of which is a fine ſtream of living water. Probably the bank was ſecured by a ſtockade, as there appears to have been a deep covered way in the middle of the bank down to the water. Some of the trees upon the bank, and in the ditch, appear to be of the age of two hundred years. About half a mile ſouth of this, and upon a greater eminence, are the ruins of another old fortified town of leſs dimenſion, but the ditch deeper, and the ſituation more lofty and defenſible. From the beſt information I can get of the Indian hiſtorians, theſe forts were made previous to the *Senekas* being admitted into the confederacy of the *Moboks*, *Onondagos*, *Oneidas* and *Cayogas*, and when the former were at war with the *Miſſiſſanges* and other Indians round the great lakes. This muſt have been near three hundred years ago, if not more, by many concurring accounts which I obtained from different Indians of ſeveral different tribes.

25th. Rode about ſix miles to the open fields, and there breakfaſted. This place is called by the *Senekas*, *Tegataenedughgwe*, which imports a double-fortified town, or a town with a fort at each end. I here walked about half a mile, with one of the *Seneka* Chiefs, to view another of theſe Indian forts. As the late diſcovery of ſome ancient ruins to the ſouthwards have occaſioned much ſpeculation, I will give you the beſt account of this that I am able. Some

have imagined, that these works discover more of art and ingenuity than the present inhabitants are capable of exhibiting; and hence conclude, that America was originally peopled by another race, who were civilized, and had the knowledge of the art of war; or, that the present Indian nations are the descendants of a people who were once in a state of civilization, and have since revolved into barbarism. That these vestiges of fortified towns in the territory of the Six Nations were built by them, and some of them previous to the arrival of the Europeans, I have no manner of doubt. At this place—*the double-fortified town*—are the vestiges of two forts. The ditch round the former, which I particularly examined, is about five or six feet deep; a small stream of living water, and a high bank, circumscribed near one third of the inclosed ground. There were traces of six gates or avenues round the ditch, and a dug way near the centre to the water. The ground on the opposite side of the water was in some places nearly as high as that on which they built the fort, which might make it necessary for this covered way to the water. A considerable number of large thrifty oaks have grown up within the inclosed ground, both in and upon the ditch; some of them at least appear to be two hundred years or more. The ground is a hard gravelly kind, intermixed with loam, and more plentifully at the brow of the hill. In some places, at the bottom of the ditch, I could run my staff a foot and more into the ground. Probably the ditch was much deeper in its original state than it now appears to be. Near the northern fortification, which is situated on high ground, are the remains of a funeral pile, where the slain were buried, in a great battle fought between the *Senekas* and the Western Indians, when the former won the day, as they affirm. The earth is raised about six feet above the common surface, and between twenty and thirty feet diameter. The bones appear on the whole surface of the raised earth, and stick out in many places on the sides.

Indian tradition says, these works were raised, and this battle fought, in the pure Indian stile, and with Indian weapons, long before their knowledge and use of fire arms, or any knowledge of the Europeans.

These nations at that time made use in fighting of bows and arrows, the spear or javelin pointed with bone, and the war-club or rather death-mell: when the former were expended, they came into close engagement; in using the latter, their warriors dress, or coat of mail for this method of fighting, was a short jacket made of willow-sticks of moose wood, and laced tight round the body. The head was covered with a cap of the same kind, but commonly woven double, for the better securing of that part against a stroke from the death-mell. In the great battle fought at this place betwixt the *Senekas* and Western Indians, some affirm their ancestors have told them, there were eight hundred slain of their enemies; others include the killed on both sides to make that number. Be that as it may, all agree that the battle was fought, when this heap of slain was buried, before the arrival of the Europeans; some say three, some four, others five lives or ages since. They generally reckoned a life or an age one hundred winters or colds. I would take the liberty farther to remark on this subject, that there are vestiges of antient fortified towns in various parts throughout the extensive territory of the Six Nations, and by Indian report in various other parts; particularly one on a branch of the Delaware river, which appears by the size and age of the trees that have grown up and are standing on the

the banks and in the ditches of the ſame, or have been of near one thouſand years ſtanding. I find by farther enquiry, that a tradition prevails among the Indians in general, that all Indians came from the Weſt. I have long wiſhed for an opportunity to purſue this enquiry with the more remote tribes of Indians, to ſatisfy myſelf at leaſt if it be their univerſal opinion.

I will now return to our journey. Upon theſe heights near the ancient fortified town, the roads part. We left the path leading to Niagara on our right, and went a courſe nearly ſouth weſt for Buffaloe Creek. After leaving theſe heights, which afforded an extenſive proſpect, we travelled over a fine tract of land for about ſix or ſeven miles; then came on to a barren white oak ſhrub plain, and one very remarkable ſpot of near two hundred acres and a ſteep hill on our right, in ſome places near fifty feet perpendicular, at the bottom of which is a ſmall lake. This barren ſpot is covered with ſmall white ſtone, that appears like lime and clay: in ſome ſpots, for a conſiderable diſtance, there is no appearance of earth. Notwithſtanding its extreme poverty there are many trees of a moderate ſize, and the winter-green berries grew in great plenty, and the largeſt in kind I ever ſaw. With theſe we regaled ourſelves very freely, for they are not only medicinal but nutritious. This ſmall lake affords one inſtance of Pagan ſuperſtition. The old Indians affirm, that formerly a demon in the form of a dragon reſided in this lake, and had frequently been ſeen to diſgorge balls of liquid fire. To appeaſe his wrath, many a ſacrifice of tobacco had been made at that lake by the fathers.

N. B. Mr Kirkland is maſter of the Indian language.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE vile and deteſtable practice of tale-telling ſhould ever be held in the greateſt diſrepute. Its immediate tendency is to diſturb both public, and private tranquility. Did not peace deſcend from Heaven, with her Olive branch to bleſs the abodes of men? what can we think of a practice, then, the direct end of which is to procure her perpetual baniſhment! Moſes expreſsly forbids the indulgence of a diſpoſition ſo inimical to the beſt intereſts of ſociety. "Thou ſhalt *not* go up and down, as a tale bearer," ſays the Jewiſh legiſlator. Among Mahometans, the houſes of tale bearers are made black in the front, to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe of other people. Chriſtians alſo are poſitively commanded, to mind their *own* buſineſs. If Jews, Mahometans, and Chriſtians are thus unanimous in their cenſure of Tale-telling, aggravated indeed muſt be its nature! Miſchievous its conſequences! Does not a report too often reſemble a ſnow ball, which increaſes in ſize as it rolls along? The ſtory, Proteus-like, aſſumes a different ſhape from the mouth of every invidious relater. This execrable temper ariſes chiefly from theſe two ſources, IDLENESS the parent of miſchief, and ENVY, the meaneſt of paſſions. To circulate the idle tales of the day is the delicious employment of many. Ye benevolent tribe! how exalted is your character! how angelic your diſpoſition! how dignified your conduct! go on in your illuſtrious career. Let nothing intimidate your amiable ſouls. The world is not yet ſo completely degenerated as to ſuffer your diſtinguiſhed efforts of philanthropy to paſs unrewarded. Magiſtrates, Miniſters, and heads of families will applaud your diligence, entreat you to redouble your kind exertions, and encircle your brows with the never fading laurel. If the bloody conqueror, who lays kingdoms waſte,

and depopulates nations, has a niche in the temple of fame, why ſhould we withhold the tribute of praiſe from *you*, who purſue the *ſame* plan, upon a ſmaller ſcale, and within a narrower circle? Go on, ye warm-hearted philanthropiſts; generate the fiery ſpirit of diſſenſion, ſow the ſeeds of clamorous diſcord, kindle the flames of furious contention, pull down with ſacrilegious hands the beautiful fabric of private and domeſtic happineſs; then, if interrogated about your conduct, like the fool in the fable who ſcattered his fire-brands, ſay, it was *all* in ſport; or if you be ſerious, calmly ſit down and congratulate your noble ſelves on the mighty wonders you have done to promote the welfare and felicity of mankind. Mr. Editor, to theſe moſt *valuable* members of the community, I humbly dedicate the following verſes. The author of them I know not, but the juſtice of the repreſentation cannot fail of ſtriking the impartial and attentive reader. As far as I can recollect, ſir, the verſes have not before ſeen the public's eye. They are conſequently *new*, and will therefore be read with remarkable avidity by the worthy perſons to whom they are reſpectfully dedicated. The love of novelty is by no means cenſurable in itſelf; what pity! that it ſhould ſo often prove a grave, wherein truth and ſincerity lie entombed!

I am,
Sir, Yours

Aberdeen,
Sept. 1790. } J.

Report traced, till it Vaniſhed!

Thou ſhalt not raiſe a *falſe* report.
MOSES.

With what meaſure *ye* mete, it ſhall be meaſured to you again. JESUS CHRIST.

I.

ENquiry briſk and young,
Would take the morning air,
The Park he ſought, nor waited long,
Ere RUMOR met him there.

II.

Say, have you heard the news?
But you no doubt have heard,
That Meanwell's broke, and you muſt loſe
Loſe all, tis to be fear'd!

III.

Indeed the thing's too true,
You need not make a doubt,
I therefore ſought i hatte for you,
When I had made it out.

IV.

If true, tis ſtrange indeed;
But how came *you* to hear?
Why Envy hinted it to me,
And *he* is often there.

V.

Enquiry, Envy ſought,
To ſettle his concern,
Say, was it you the meſſage brought,
I fain the truth would learn?

VI.

'Tis true, I RUMOR told,
There was a talk like this;
But whether it be true or no,
I dare not ſay, it is.

VII.

Pray, what makes you ſuſpect?
Something you've heard or ſeen;
Something *indeed*—yes, much neglect,
And folly there has been.

VIII.

But Freedom better knows,
Altho' he ha'nt told me;
To Freedom next Enquiry goes,
To ſee, how they agree.

IX.

They go aſide and talk
The matter freely oe'r;
What! is this all? Enquiry ſaid;
And did you ſay no more?

X.

No, this is *every* word,
And Thoughtleſs told me this;
Nay, if you doubt what I have ſaid,
See yonder, there he is.

XI.

Onee more Enquiry tried,
To ſettle all his fears;
Here Thoughtleſs, here; Enquiry ſaid,
And Thoughtleſs ſtrait appears.

XII.

XII.

Did *you* not Freedom tell,
That things were ſo and ſo,
And that you fear'd all was not well?
He quickly anſwered——no!

XIII.

Surprizing! are you *ſure*,
Quite ſure that you did not?
"I hardly think I ever did,
I'm ſure I've *quite* forgot!!"

An Account of the Philanthropic Society at Paris.

[Tranſlated from "LE VOYAGEUR A PARIS."]

THIS very reſpectable Society was founded at Paris in 1780, by five or ſix citizens, on a ſimilar plan to one exiſting at Straſburg; and is adminiſtered by a ſelect Committee of Members and preſiding Officers. This Committee aſſembles every Tueſday, and the Society the ſecond and fourth Fridays of every month, at five o'clock in the afternoon, in the Wards belonging to the Convent of the Great Auguſtines, of the Order of the Holy Ghoſt, "*Quai de la Vallee.*" The Officers are elected annually by a plurality of votes, and conſiſt of a Preſident, two Vice-Preſidents, a Secretary, and Treaſurer: the two laſt have the privilege to chuſe each a Deputy in caſe of abſence.

The firſt ſuccours the Society adminiſtered were in 1783, at which epoch they announced to maintain twelve labouring men, arrived at eighty years of age; but the utility of this eſtabliſhment once acknowledged, the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons in the nation preſſed forward to become Members, and it ſoon became the repoſitory of liberalities from generous ſouls, concealed under an anonymous pretence. This Society forms, at preſent, a kind of little republic, the members of which regard no kind of diſtinction among themſelves; and its reſources are at this day ſo abundant, from the united ſubſcriptions of its Members, and by ſums bequeathed to it, that it provides ſubſiſtence, at preſent, for above nine hundred unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Every one, before he can be admitted, muſt have a decent patrimony, a decided character for benevolence, an unblemiſhed reputation; and muſt conform to the rules.

Thoſe who petition to partake of the ſuccours of this Society muſt have been reſidents in Paris for three years; have been a workman, or labouring man, poor, of an irreproachable conduct: they exact all the requiſites which conſtitute theſe different conditions, and the moſt ſcrupulous enquiries are made after the truth. The Society has no regard to any recommendation; the propereſt objects for relief are honeſty and want. The unfortunate that it aſſiſts are, labourers of eighty; thoſe born blind; women big with their ſixth child, having five others living; widowers and widows diſtreſſed with ſix children.

The Octogenarians receive fifteen livres a month, and eighteen livres whenever they attain the age of eighty-nine years and a day; lying-in women, forty-eight livres if they only bring into the world, one child, nintey-ſix if they have twins, and one hundred and forty-four if there are three. Widowers and widows receive four livres a month for each child, till they attain the age of twelve years; and at that period they are put out to ſome trade, at the charge of the Society, receiving ſuccours till the age of fifteen: if theſe laſt ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to loſe their remaining father or mother, their ſtipend is increaſed to ſix livres a month, inſtead of four: blind children receive twelve

livres

livres a month, from their cradle till they are of age.

Mr Hauy, Interpreter to the King, has eſtabliſhed, in the ſtreet Notre-Dame des-Victoires a School of Inſtruction for Youth born blind, under the auſpices of the Society. He has diſcovered means to teach them reading, writing, cyphering, printing, &c. and even to execute pieces of vocal and inſtrumental muſic with an aſtoniſhing preciſion. This School draws every Wedneſday and Saturday a prodigious number of the curious from all parts, who are impreſſed at departing, with admiration of the ſkill of the maſter and pupils.

Moſt of the provincial towns propoſe eſtabliſhing Philanthropic Houſes, on the ſame footing as at Paris.

There is one forming at Verſailles, under the direction of the King himſelf, which is adopted by the one in Paris.

The Duke of Orleans is going to found one in that city, endowed with a revenue of 16,000 livres.

The moſt perfect unanimity pervades all the Members of this Inſtitution. All, animated with the ſame ſpirit of benevolence, reſign to humanity rank, ſtation and dignities, aiming only to alleviate the diſtreſſes of their fellow-creatures.

New Bond-ſtreet.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

For a preacher (in a aſſembly met together to adore the ſupreme Being) to borrow expreſſions from the meaneſt things, and apply them to the moſt ſacred ſubjects, is in my opinion, making a ridicule of religion.—Of ſuch a deſcription is the following prayer, which was actually delivered, in what is called, a Methodiſt Meeting. I heard it myſelf, therefore can, and will affirm it to be true. Perhaps I might not be exact in the repetition of every word, but that is no encroachment on the ſenſe. If you think it worthy a corner in your Magarine, I ſhould be glad to ſee it inſerted.

Yours, &c.

B.

P. S. I could not diſtinctly hear the beginning, on account of the unſettled ſtate of the congregation after ſinging an hymn, but when this had ſubſided, the following were the ſucceeding words:

"O Grant me ſuch energy of ſpeech, that my words may enter into, and pierce their hearts like a two-edged ſword! O deal thy grace around in this aſſembly as one would deal a pack of cards; let not my labour be in vain, but make theſe hearers of the word, doers alſo. Beat into the hearts of all unbelievers, yea beat with thy rod into their conſciences, a true ſenſe of thy merciful goodneſs, and ſtir up thy holy ſpirit within them as one would ſtir a pudding.—O grant to every profeſſor of thy faith ſuch a divine boldneſs in preaching of thee and thy goſpel, that, as the froth of a boiling pot, it will perſevere in its courſe, notwithſtanding any oppoſition that might be made. O turn the ſtony hearts of ſinners, and give them that fear of divine vengeance, like the fear of the drunkard when ſtaggering home at midnight he fears to face his wife, leſt ſhe ſhould revenge herſelf on him by a black eye or bloody noſe.—But diſpel, diſpel thoſe fears of the repentant ſinner by the rays of the goſpel, as the returning rays of the ſun would diſpel the fears of a traveller

traveller benighted in a dreary wilderneſs the over night. Finally I pray thee, that thou wouldeſt root into their hearts, the love of thee, and thy ſon, as firm as the root of a tree in the ground.—Theſe, and all other bleſſings we aſk in the name of ——, &c."

On SYMPATHY,

By Dr. BEATTIE.

THERE is in our nature a tendency to participate in the pains and pleaſures of others; ſo that their good is in ſome degree our good, and their evil our evil; the natural effect of which is, to unite men more cloſely to one another, by prompting them, even for their own ſake, to relieve diſtreſs and promote happineſs. This participation of the joys and ſorrows of others may be termed ſympathy or fellow-feeling. Sympathy with diſtreſs is called compaſſion or pity. Sympathy with the happineſs of another has no particular name; but when expreſſed in words to the happy perſon, is termed congratulation. Every good man knows, that it is natural for him to rejoice with them who rejoice, and to weep with thoſe that weep.

Even for ſome inanimate things we have a ſort of tenderneſs, which, by a licentious figure of ſpeech, might be called ſympathy. To loſe a ſtaff which we have long walked with, or ſee in ruins a houſe where we had long lived happily, would give a ſlight concern, though the loſs to us were a trifle, or nothing at all. We feel ſomething like pity for the dead bodies of our friends, ariſing from the conſideration of their being laid in the ſolitary grave, a prey to worms and reptiles; and yet we are ſure that from that circumſtance the dead can never ſuffer any thing. Towards the brute creation, who have feeling as well as we, though not in the ſame degree or kind, our ſympathy is more rational, and, indeed, ought to be ſtrong; "a righteous man regardeth the life," and is not inſenſible to the happineſs "of his beaſt."

But our ſympathy operates moſt powerfully towards our fellow-men; and other circumſtances being equal, is, for the moſt part, more or leſs powerful, according as they are more nearly, or more remotely connected with us by kindred, by friendſhip, or by condition. With a friend, with a relation, or with a perſon of our own condition, we are more apt to ſympathize than with people of different circumſtances or connections. If we were to be tried for our life, we ſhould wiſh to have a jury of our equals. He who has had the tooth ach or the gout is more inclined to pity thoſe who ſuffer from the ſame diſtempers, than that perſon is who never felt them.

We ſometimes ſympathize with another perſon in a caſe in which that perſon has little feeling of either good or evil. We bluſh at the rudeneſs of another man in company, even when he himſelf does not know that he is rude. We tremble for a maſon ſtanding on a high ſcaffold, though we have reaſon to believe he is in no danger, becauſe cuſtom has made it familiar to him. On theſe occaſions, our fellow feeling ſeems to ariſe, not from an opinion of what the other perſon ſuffers, but from our idea of what we ourſelves ſhould ſuffer if we were in his ſituation, with the ſame habits and powers of reflection which we have at preſent.

Our fellow feeling is never thoroughly rouſed, till we know ſomething of the nature and cauſe of that happineſs or miſery which is the occaſion

caſion of it; for till this be known, we cannot ſo eaſily imagine ourſelves in the condition of the happy or unhappy perſon. When we meet with one in diſtreſs, where the cauſe is not apparent, we are uneaſy indeed, but the pain is not ſo great, or at leaſt not ſo definite, as it comes to be when he has anſwered this queſtion, what is the matter with you? which is always the firſt queſtion we aſk on ſuch occaſions. And then our ſympathy is in proportion to what we think he feels, or perhaps to what we may think it reaſonable that he ſhould feel.

Many of our paſſions may be communicated or ſtrengthened by ſympathy. In a cheerful company we become chearful, and melancholy in a ſad one. The preſence of a multitude employed in devotion tends to make us devout; the timorous have acted valiantly in the ſociety of the valiant; and the cowardice of a few has ſtruck a panic into an army. In a hiſtorical or fabulous narrative we ſympathize with our favourite perſonages in theſe emotions of gratitude, joy indignation, or ſorrow, which we ſuppoſe would actually ariſe in them from the circumſtances of their fortune. Paſſions, however, that are unnatural, as envy, jealouſy, avarice, malice; or unreaſonably violent, as rage and revenge; we are not apt to ſympathize with; we rather take part with the perſons who may ſeem to be in danger from them, becauſe we can more eaſily ſuppoſe ourſelves in their condition.

Nor do we readily ſympathize with paſſions which we diſapprove, or have not experienced. It is, therefore, a matter of prudence in poets, and other writers of fiction, to contrive ſuch characters and incidents, as the greater part of their readers may be ſuppoſed to ſympathize with, and be intereſted in. And it is their duty, to cheriſh, by means of ſympathy, in thoſe who read them, thoſe affections only which invigorate the mind, and are favourable to virtue; as patriotiſm, valour, benevolence, piety, and the conjugal, parental, and filial charities. Scenes of exquiſite diſtreſs, too long continued, enervate and overwhelm the ſoul, and theſe repreſentations are ſtill more blameable, and cannot be too much blamed, which kindle licentious paſſion, or promote indolence, affectation, or ſenſuality. Of the multitudes of novels now publiſhed, it is aſtoniſhing and moſt provoking to conſider, how few are not chargeable with one or other of theſe faults, or with them all in conjunction. But immoral or extravagant novels would not be brought to market, nor of courſe written, if from the buyers of ſuch things there were not a *demand* for extravagance and immorality.

Let us cheriſh ſympathy. By attention and exerciſe it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impreſſions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeneſs. Nothing is more odious than that inſenſibility, which wraps a man up in himſelf and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the ſorrows of another. This inhuman temper, however common, ſeems not to be natural to the ſoul of man, but to derive its origin from evil habits of levity, ſelfiſhneſs, or pride; and will, therefore, be eaſily avoided by thoſe who cultivate the oppoſite habits of generoſity, humility, and good-nature. Of theſe amiable affections, the forms of common civility, and the language of polite converſation, are remarkably expreſſive, a proof that good breeding is founded in virtue and good ſenſe, and that a kind and honeſt heart is the

firſt

firſt requiſite to an engaging deportment.

The eſſential parts of good-breeding are, to ſpeak little and modeſtly of one's ſelf, candidly of the abſent, and affectionately to thoſe who are preſent; to ſhow, by our looks and behaviour, that we reſpect our company, and that their happineſs or convenience is the chief thing we have in view; to ſympathize readily and tenderly in their joys and ſorrows; not to obtrude ourſelves upon the converſation, or ſeek to draw general notice; and, in all ordinary caſes, when we differ in opinion from others, to do it with that reſpect for them, and that diffidence in ourſelves, which become a fallible creature who wiſhes to be better informed. Such behaviour cannot be permanent or graceful, where it is hypocritical; and, therefore, they are greatly miſtaken, who think, with lord Cheſterfield, that good breeding conſiſts in diſguiſe, or that the malicious or the arrogant are at all ſuſceptible of that accomplishment.

There are men, neither arrogant nor malicious, who ſometimes, without bad intention, give offence, by ſaying or doing that which, if they had entered more readily into the views and circumſtances of the company, their own good-nature would have determined them to avoid; while others apprehend ſo quickly the ſituation and ſentiments of everyone preſent, that they give no offence to any, but great ſatisfaction to all. Habitual inadvertence, or perhaps a diſpoſition to be more attentive to one's ſelf than to one's company, may have produced the unpoliteneſs of the former claſs of men; which will probably be found to ariſe from one's not having been accuſtomed, in the early part of life, to the ſociety of well-bred people. They, on the other hand, who have been much in the world, and have found it neceſſary, from the firſt, to accommodate themſelves by an obliging deportment to perſons of various characters, acquire a great facility of conceiving what modes of converſation and behaviour will be moſt agreeable to thoſe with whom they may happen to be aſſociated. And thus it appears that the ſenſibilities, here comprehended under the general name of ſympathy, may by education and habit be greatly improved; or greatly weakened, if not deſtroyed, by inattention and want of practice

There is a third claſs of men that one has ſometimes the misfortune to meet with, who affect what they call a bluntneſs of manners, and value themſelves in ſpeaking their mind on all occaſions, whether people take it well or ill. Now it is right that people ſhould ſpeak their minds; but the mind that is *fit to be ſpoken* (if I may expreſs myſelf ſo ſtrangely) ought to be free from pride, oſtentation, and ill-nature; for from theſe hateful paſſions the bluntneſs here alluded to may generally be derived. Such people may have a ſort of negative honeſty; but of delicacy they are deſtitute. In their company one ſweats with the apprehenſion of their committing ſome groſs indecorum, for nobody knows what limits an indelicate mind may chooſe to preſcribe to itſelf. From injury puniſhable by law they may abſtain, but they often give ſuch offence as amounts not to injury only, but to cruelty. The thief that picks our pocket does not ſo much harm in ſociety, nor occaſion ſo much pain as they may be charged with, who ſhock the ear of piety with prophaneneſs, or tear open the wounds of the bleeding heart by forcing upon it ſome painful recollection.

Sympathy with diſtreſs is thought ſo eſſential to human nature, that the

the want of it has been called *inhumanity*. Want of ſympathy with another's happineſs is not ſtigmatized by ſo hard a name; but it is impoſſible to eſteem the man who takes no delight in the good of a fellow-creature; we call him hard-hearted, ſelfiſh, unnatural; epithets expreſſive of high diſapprobation. Habits of reflection, with ſome experience of misfortune, do greatly promote the amiable ſenſibility of which we now ſpeak. Inconſiderate men are ſeldom tender hearted, and mere want of reflection leads children into acts of cruelty.

Extract from the Journal of the Paris Society of 1789.

In the General Committee of Diſcuſſion, held June 13, *M. de la Rochefoucault, Deputy of Paris to the National Aſſembly, read the following Eulogium on Benjamin Franklin.*

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN this Society was inſtituted, you placed in the liſt of its members two names illuſtrious in the annals of liberty, that of Waſhington and that of Franklin, and already one of them is no more. Franklin died in the month of April, after ſixteen days illneſs, and his memory has received the higheſt honours that were ever paid to man, as they were the homage of a free people. All America has wept for him, and the National Aſſembly of France, by the diſtinguiſhed act of putting itſelf in mourning, tells the world that a great man belongs equally to every country.

Honoured with the friendſhip of this reſpectable man, for whom I entertained a profound veneration, permit me to call your attention to him for a few moments.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, born at Boſton in 1706, was placed at a very early age under one of his brothers, who was a printer, where he made a rapid progreſs in this art, ſo uſeful to mankind, and contracted an attachment for the preſs, which continued as long as he lived. At Paſſy, ſo celebrated by being the place of his retreat, he frequently invited Meſſrs. Didot, Pierres, and other diſtinguiſhed artiſts of the capital, with with whom he converſed on their profeſſion, contributing to its improvement by that penetrating and inventive genius which he diſplayed in ſcience and politics.

This genius was the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the man we lament. Whatever engaged his attention was conſidered by him under every point of view, and new ideas always reſulted from his examination.

Scarcely emerged from infancy, the young Franklin, a journeyman printer, was a Philoſopher without being conſcious of it, and by the continual exerciſe of his genius prepared himſelf for thoſe great diſcoveries which in ſcience have aſſociated his name with that of Newton, and for thoſe political reflections which have placed him by the ſide of a Solon and a Lycurgus.

Ill treated by his brother, he left Boſton, and procured employment firſt in a printing-office at New-York, and afterwards at Philadelphia, where he ſettled.

America was not then what it is now. Agriculture and a few of the ruder arts almoſt excluſively occupied the unpoliſhed people by whom it was inhabited. The religious fanaticiſm which had conducted thither the firſt Engliſh emigrants, left traces that ſometimes diſturbed its tranquility, particularly in the Northern provinces, and confined the education of the inhahitants to a narrow circle, of which Superſtition was fre-

frequently the centre. Pennſylvania however, whoſe legiſlator, though a fanatic, cheriſhed liberty, was in this reſpect more happily ſituated for the reception of improvement.

Soon after his arrival at this place, Franklin, in concert with ſome other young men, eſtabliſhed a ſmall club, where every member, after his work was over, and on holidays, brought his ſtock of ideas, which were ſubmitted to diſcuſſion. This ſociety, of which the young printer was the ſoul, has been the ſource of every uſeful eſtabliſhment calculated to promote the progreſs of ſcience, the mechanical arts, and particularly, the improvement of the human underſtanding.

A newſpaper, that iſſued from his preſs, was the mean he employed to draw the attention of his countrymen. There he anonymouſly hazarded propoſals, at firſt looſe, but afterwards more preciſe and definite; he ſet on foot ſubſcriptions, which were the more readily filled, as every ſubſcriber might conſider himſelf as the chief of an undertaking, the author of which was not named. It was in this manner that public libraries were founded: that houſes of education, ſince grown up to celebrated colleges, aroſe; it was in this manner that the Philoſophical Society of Philadelphia, no contemptible rival of the academies of Europe, was formed; that aſſociations for ornamenting, cleaning, and lighting the ſtreets of the town, and for preventing fires, were eſtabliſhed; and that commercial ſocieties, and even military corps for the defence of the country, were incorporated. Nothing was foreign to the genius of Franklin, and his name, which his modeſty endeavoured to conceal, was always placed by his countrymen in the liſts, and frequently at the head of thoſe different bodies, who were almoſt all deſirous of retaining him as their honorary chief, when higher employments called him from his country, which he was deſtined to ſerve more effectually as its Agent in the metropolis.

He was ſent to England in the year 1757. Celebrated for his aſtoniſhing diſcoveries reſpecting the nature, effects, and identity of thunder and electricity, and the means of guarding againſt its ſtrokes, his fame had arrived before him. The letters by which he had announced theſe diſcoveries long remained forgotten with the Royal Society of London; but they were at length read, and for ſome years all the learned of Europe had been informed, that in the new world exiſted a philoſopher who was worthy of their admiration.

The ſtamp act, by which the Britiſh Miniſter wiſhed to familiarize the Americans to pay taxes to the mother-country, revived that love of liberty which had led their fore-fathers to a country at that time a deſert, and the colonies formed a congreſs, the firſt idea of which had been communicated to them by Franklin, at the conferences at Albany in 1754. The war that was juſt terminated, and the exertions made by them to ſupport it, had given them a conviction of their ſtrength: they oppoſed this meaſure, and the Miniſter give way, but reſerved the means of renewing his attempts. Once cautioned, however, they remained on their guard; liberty, cheriſhed by their alarms, took deep root, ſalutary fermentation agitated their minds, and prepared for the revolution men whoſe names it has rendered juſtly celebrated, Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, the ſage Jefferſon*, Jay, Green, and

* Mr Jefferſon was afterwards miniſter Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of France, where he ſucceeded Franklin. It was he who framed the act of the Inde-

and the great Washington; and finally the rapid circulation of ideas by means of newspapers, for the introduction of which they were indebted to the printer of Philadelphia, united them together to resist every fresh enterprise. In the year 1766, this printer, called to the bar of the House of Commons, underwent that famous interrogatory, which placed the name of Franklin as high in politics, as it was before in natural philosophy.

From that time he defended the cause of America with a firmness and moderation becoming a great man, pointing out to Ministry all the errors they had committed, and the consequences they would induce, till the period when the tax on tea meeting the same opposition as the stamp act had done, England blindly fancied herself capable of subjecting by force three millions of men determined to be free, at a distance of two thousand leagues.

Every man is acquainted with the particulars of that war; its fortunate result to the whole universe; the part taken in it by France under a king, who, protector of the liberties of America, has since meritoriously obtained from the French nation the title of Restorer of the Liberty of his Own Country; and the brilliant services of that youth, whose name, gloriously connected with that revolution, has acquired fresh lustre in a revolution still greater.

But every man has not equally reflected on the bold attempt of Franklin as a legislator. Having asserted their independence, and placed themselves in *the rank of nations*, the different colonies, now the United States of America, adopted each its own form of government, and retaining almost universally their admiration for the British Constitution, framed them from the same principles variously modelled. Franklin alone, disengaging the political machine from those multiplied movements and admired counterpoises that rendered it so complicated, proposed the reducing it to the simplicity of a single legislative body. This grand idea startled the legislators of Pennsylvania; but the Philosopher removed the fears of a considerable number, and at length determined them to the adoption of a principle which the National Assembly has made the basis of the French Constitution †.

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pendence of the United States, and the Act passed in Virginia for establishing religious liberty. America has lately recalled him from France, where he is truly regretted, to confer on him the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

† The usual progress of the human mind leads man from the complex to the simple. Observe the works of the first mechanics, overloaded with numerous pieces, some of which embarrass and others diminish their effect. It has been the same with legislators both speculative and practical: struck with an abuse, they have endeavoured to correct it by institutions that have been productive of still greater abuses. In political economy the unity of the legislative body is the *maximum* of simplicity. Franklin was the first who dared to put this idea in practice: the respect the Pennsylvanians entertained for him induced them to adopt it; but the other States were terrified at it, and even the constitution of Pennsylvania has since been altered. In Europe this opinion has been more successful, but time was necessary. When I had the honour to present to Franklin the translation of the constitutions of America, the minds of people on this side the Atlantic were scarcely better disposed towards it than

Having given laws to his country, Franklin returned again to ſerve it in Europe; not by repreſentations to the metropolis, or anſwers at the Bar of the Houſe of Commons, but by treaties with France, and ſucceſſively with other powers, which, though governed by monarchs or deſpots, liſtened to the voice of the American ſpeaking liberty.

Some years previous to this I became acquainted with him in a journey I made to London; and permit me, Gentlemen, to recall to my mind the happineſs I felt, when on his arrival at Paris I conducted to his houſe M. Turgot, then ex-miniſter, and ſaw thoſe two excellent men, both ſo deſerving of the admiration and regret of mankind, embrace for the firſt time. Franklin at leaſt completed a long career; but Turgot, taken from the world at the age of fifty four, ſaw not his country made free. It was he who wrote under the portrait of Franklin that beautiful verſe,

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, mox ſceptra tyrannis,

the laſt hemiſtich of which was a prophecy that was ſpeedily accompliſhed.

The viciſſitudes of fortune experienced by the Americans ſometimes gave conſiderable anxiety to their illuſtrious negociator; but his great mind, encouraged by the genius, talents and virtues of the immortal Waſhington, did not give way to fear. He did not however flatter himſelf that peace would ſo ſoon finiſh the courſe of that happy revolution; and when I embraced him, the day on which he had ſigned the articles, "*My friend,*" ſaid he to me with an air of perfect ſatisfaction, "*could I have hoped, at my age, to have enjoyed ſuch a happineſs?*"

Whatever attractions an abode in France had for him; whatever pleaſure he taſted in the ſociety of the friends he had made; however great was the danger of ſo long a voyage to an old man of ſeventy-nine, tormented with the ſtone; it was now neceſſary for him to reviſit his country. He ſet off in 1785, and his return to America, now become free, was a triumph of which antiquity can furniſh us with no example.

He lived five years after this period: for three years he was Preſident of the General Aſſembly of Pennſylvania; he was a Member of the laſt Convention that eſtabliſhed the new form of fœderal government; and his laſt public act was a grand example for thoſe who are employed in the legiſlation of their country. In this

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than thoſe on the other ſide; and if we except Doctor Price in England, and Turgot and M. Condorcet in France, no man who applied himſelf to politics agreed in opinion with Dr Franklin. I will venture to aſſert, that I was of the ſmall number of thoſe who were ſtruck with the beauty of the ſimple plan he traced, and that I ſaw no reaſon to change my opinion, when the National Aſſembly, led by the voice of thoſe deep-thinking and eloquent orators who diſcuſſed that important queſtion, eſtabliſhed it as a principle of the French conſtitution, *that legiſlation ſhould be confided to a ſingle body of repreſentatives.* It will not, perhaps, be deemed unpardonable to have once mentioned myſelf, at a time when the honour I have of holding a public character makes it my duty to give an account of my ſentiments to my fellow-citizens. France will not relapſe into a more complex ſyſtem; but will aſſuredly acquire the glory of maintaining that which ſhe has eſtabliſhed, and give it a degree of perfection which, by rendering a great nation happy, will attract the eyes of all Europe, and of the whole world.

this Convention he had differed in ſome points from the majority; but when the articles were ultimately decreed, he ſaid to his colleagues, "*We "ought to have but one opinion; the "good of our country requires that the "reſolution be unanimous;*" and he ſigned.

His almoſt continual ſufferings for the two laſt years of his life had altered neither his mind nor his diſpoſition, and to the laſt moment he retained the uſe of all his faculties. His will, which he made during his reſidence in France, and which has juſt been opened, begins with theſe words: *I Benjamin Franklin, printer, now Plenipotentiary in France, &c.* Thus, dying, he did homage to the art of printing, and the ſentiment induced him to inſtruct his grandſon Benjamin Beach in this art, who, proud of the leſſons of his illuſtrious maſter, is now a printer in Philadelphia.

He never wrote a work of any length. Almoſt every thing written by him on ſubjects of natural philoſophy, conſiſts of letters to Mr. Collinſon of the Royal Society of London, and toſome other men of learning in Europe; they have been tranſlated into French by Mr. Barbeu du Bourg, but perhaps a new tranſlation will be demanded. His political works, many of which are not known in France, conſiſt of letters or ſhort tracts; but all of them, even thoſe of humour, bear the marks of his obſerving genius and mild philoſophy. He wrote many for that rank of people who have no opportunity for that ſtudy, and whom it is of ſo much conſequence to inſtruct; and he was well ſkilled in reducing uſeful truths to maxims eaſily retained, and ſometimes to proverbs, or little tales, the ſimple and natural graces of which acquire a new value when aſſociated with the name of their author.

The moſt voluminous of his works is the hiſtory of his own life, which he commenced for his ſon, and for the continuation of which we are indebted to the ardent ſolicitations of M. le Veillard, one of his moſt intimate friends. It employed his leiſure hours during the latter part of his life, but the bad ſtate of his health, and his ſevere pains, which gave him little reſpite, frequently interrupted his work; and the two copies, one of which was ſent by him to London to Doctor Price and Mr. Vaughan, and the other to M. le Veillard and me, reach no farther than 1757.—— He ſpeaks of himſelf as he would have done of another perſon, delineating his thoughts, his actions, and even his errors and faults; and he deſcribes the unfolding of his genius and talents with the ſimplicity of a great man who knows how to do juſtice to himſelf, and with the teſtimony of a clear conſcience void of reproach.

In fact, Gentlemen, the whole life of Franklin, his meditations, his labours, have all been directed to public utility; but the grand object that he had always in view did not ſhut his heart againſt private friendſhip: he loved his family, his friends; he was beneficent; the charms of his ſociety were inexpreſſible; he ſpoke little, but he did not refuſe to ſpeak, and his converſation was always inſtructive. In the midſt of his greateſt occupation for the liberty of his country, he had ſome phyſical experiment near him in his cloſet, and the ſciences, which he had rather diſcovered than ſtudied, afforded him a continual ſource of pleaſure.

His memoirs, Gentlemen, will be publiſhed, as ſoon as we receive from America what additions he may have made to the manuſcript in our poſſeſſion; and we then intend to give a complete collection of his works.

His name will be celebrated among the different aſſociations of politics

ſitics and of literature. Innumerable eulogiums will be written or pronounced upon him, and you doubtleſs expect with impatience that of the virtuous orator †, organ of the Academy of Sciences, in which the moſt honourable praiſe will be beſtowed by him who beſt knew how to appreciate the worth of Franklin. The eulogium to which I allude will forerun the award of hiſtory, which will place this illuſtrious name among the moſt eminent benefactors of his ſpecies, which will trace the incidents of his life, pourtray the anguiſh of his fellow citizens, who believed that in him they loſt a father and a friend, and which, after recounting the honours that America has conſecrated to his memory, will alſo regiſter in its calendar the ſplendid homage which the National Aſſembly has juſt paid, as an incident equally honourable to the nation which thus diſplayed its love of virtue, and to the man who merited this mark of their attention.

As ſoon as the eulogium was read, M. de Liancourt made a motion, that the Members of the Society ſhould wear the mourning decreed by the National Aſſembly, and that the buſt of Franklin ſhould be placed in the Hall of the Aſſembly, with this inſcription:

"*Homage rendered by the unanimous*
"*vote of the Society of* 1789, *to Benja-*
"*min Franklin, admired and regrett-*
"*ed by the friends of liberty.*"

The motion was carried unanimouſly. Mr. de la Rochefoucault then preſented to the Society a buſt of Benjamin Franklin, and the Aſſembly voted him their thanks.

Account of Sir Alexander Dick, *Bart. of* Preſtonfield, *late Preſident of the Royal College of Phyſicians of* Edinburgh, *and* F. R. S. Edin. *By Dr* Duncan, *Profeſſor of the Theory of Medicine in the Univerſity of* Edinburgh.

SIR ALEXANDER DICK of Preſtonfield, was born on the 22d of October 1703. He was the third ſon of Sir William Cunningham of Caprington, by Dame Janet Dick, the only child and heireſs of Sir James Dick of Preſtonfield. While his two elder brothers ſucceeded to ample fortunes, the one as heir to his father, and the other to his mother, the proviſion made for a younger ſon was not ſufficient to enable him to live in a manner agreeable to his wiſhes, without the aid of his own exertions. His inclination led him to make choice of the profeſſion of Medicine; and after being inſtructed in the preliminary branches of education at Edinburgh, he began his academical ſtudies in the ſcience of Phyſic at the Univerſity of Leyden, under the celebrated Boerhaave, at that time the moſt eminent medical profeſſor in Europe. After having completed the uſual academical courſe under Boerhaave and his colleagues, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the Univerſity of Leyden, on the 31ſt of Auguſt 1725; and, upon that occaſion, he publiſhed an inaugural diſſertation *De Epilepſia*, which did him much credit. Not long after this, he returned to his native country, and had the honour of receiving a ſecond diploma for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, which was conferred upon him by the Univerſity of St. Andrews, on the 23d of January 1727; and on the 7th of November of the ſame year he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians of Edinburgh.

But after Dr Cunningham (for at that time he bore the name of his father) had received theſe diſtinguiſhing marks of attention at home, he

was

was ſtill anxious to obtain farther knowledge of his profeſſion by the proſecution of his ſtudies abroad. With this intention, he made the tour of Europe; and although medicine was uniformly his firſt and principal object, yet other arts and ſciences were not neglected. During this tour, he reſided for a conſiderable time in Italy; and there an elegant claſſical taſte, and extenſive knowledge of the hiſtory and antiquities of the country, could not fail to afford him a very high degree of gratification.

Upon his return to Britain, Mr Hooke, a gentleman with whom he formed an intimate friendſhip, and who poſſeſſed a large fortune in Pembrokeſhire, perſuaded him to ſettle as a phyſician in that country. For ſeveral years he practiſed medicine there with great reputation and ſucceſs, and was much reſpected and admired, both as a Phyſician and a Man. But his immediate elder brother Sir William Dick, dying without iſſue, he ſuceeded to the family-eſtate and title, aſſuming, from that time, in terms of the patent and entail of that eſtate, the name and arms of Dick. Very ſoon after the death of his brother, he left Pembrokeſhire, and fixed his reſidence at the family-ſeat of Preſtonfield in Mid Lothian, little more than a mile from the city of Edinburgh.

Although he now reſolved to relinquiſh medicine as a lucrative profeſſion, yet, from inclination, he ſtill continued to cultivate it as an uſeful ſcience. With this view, he ſupported a friendly and intimate correſpondence with the Phyſicians of Edinburgh; and he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf, by paying particular attention to the buſineſs of the Royal College, among the liſt of whoſe members his name had been enrolled at a very early period of his life. In the year 1756, he was unanimouſly choſen Preſident of the College; and as his fellow-members were fully convinced of his zeal, as well as of his abilities, they afterwards elected him to that office for ſeven years ſucceſſively. It was their earneſt wiſh that he ſhould have continued ſtill longer as their head; but this he poſitively declined, as he thought that he ſhould thus deprive other gentlemen of a dignity, to which, from their merit, they were well entitled. But after his reſignation of the office of Preſident, his attachment to the College, and his earneſt endeavours to promote its intereſt, continued unabated. He not only contributed liberally towards the building of a hall for their accommodation, but ſtrenuouſly exerted himſelf in promoting every undertaking in which he thought that the honour or intereſt of the College was concerned. As a teſtimony of the ſenſe which his fellow-members entertained of his ſervices, a portrait of him was, by their unanimous ſuffrages, hung in their hall: a mark of diſtinction which has never been beſtowed, either before or ſince that time, upon any other member.

But the College of Phyſicians were not the only ſet of men who were benefited by his exertions. He was long diſtinguiſhed as a zealous and active member of the Philoſophical Society of Edinburgh. And when they reſolved to join their influence as a body, in ſeconding an application to the Crown from the Univerſity, for the eſtabliſhment of a new Society under Royal patronage, and on a more extended plan, having for its object the cultivation of every branch of ſcience, erudition and taſte, he had an active hand in procuring the eſtabliſhment of this inſtitution. And accordingly, when his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to grant a charter for incorporating the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the name of Sir Alexander Dick ſtands enrolled as one of the

the firſt of the liſt. For many years, he diſcharged the duties of a faithful and vigilant Manager of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. It was his conſtant endeavour to render that eſtabliſhment at once ſubſervient to the relief of the diſtreſſed, and to the advancement of medical education. And while he ſhewed himſelf a ſincere friend to the poor, he was alſo remarkable for the countenance and encouragement which he gave to modeſt merit, particularly among the ſtudents of medicine. Indeed, poſſeſſing a high degree of public ſpirit, he took an active ſhare in promoting every undertaking which he thought would be beneficial, either to his country in general, or to the city of Edinburgh in particular. To him, its inhabitants are much indebted for many excellent high roads in the neighbourhood; and hardly one internal improvement was ſuggeſted or executed, during his reſidence at Preſtonfield which he was not inſtrumental in promoting, with an activity which did him the higheſt honour.

When the ſeeds of the true rhubarb were firſt introduced into Britain by the late Dr Mounſey of Peterſburgh, he not only beſtowed great attention on the culture of the plant, but alſo on the drying of the root, and preparing it for the market. The ſucceſs in theſe particulars was ſo great, that the Society in London for the encouragement of arts and commerce, preſented him, in the year 1774, with a gold medal, which is inſcribed to Sir Alexander Dick, Bart. for the beſt ſpecimen of Britiſh rhubarb.

Sir Alexander was twice married, and has left children by both marriages. In April 1736, he married his couſin Miſs Janet Dick, the daughter of Alexander Dick, Eſq; merchant in Edinburgh, and repreſentative of the family of Sir William Dick of Braid. By her he had five children, but of theſe two daughters only ſurvived him. In March 1762, he married Miſs Mary Butler, the daughter of David Butler, Eſq; of Pembrokeſhire. By this lady who ſurvived him, he had ſeven children, of whom three ſons and three daughters are ſtill alive.

It would be a difficult matter to ſum up his character in a few words. But it may with juſtice be ſaid, that while he was ſteady in the purſuit of every object which engaged his attention, his conduct in every tranſaction through life, was marked with the ſtricteſt honour and integrity.

This diſpoſition, and this conduct, not only led him to be conſtant and warm in his friendſhip to thoſe with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, but alſo procured him the love and eſteem of all who really knew him. Notwithſtanding the keenneſs and activity of his temper, yet its ſtriking features were mildneſs and ſweetneſs. He was naturally diſpoſed to put the moſt favourable conſtruction on the conduct and actions of others. This was both productive of much happineſs to himſelf, and of general benevolence to mankind. And that ſerenity and cheerfulneſs which accompanied his conduct through life, were the attendants even of his laſt moments: for, on the 10th of November 1785, he died with a ſmile upon his countenance. Although he had already paſſed the 82d year of his age, a period at which the faculties both of mind and body have in general ſo far failed, that death is rather to be wiſhed for than otherwiſe, yet not only his judgment, but his ſpirit for exertion, ſtill remained unimpaired. His death, therefore, even at that advanced age, was a great loſs to ſociety.

THE TRIFLER,

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VIRTUE THE TRUEST POLICY—DEFECTS OF A LIFE OF DISSIPATION—ON EDUCATION——IMITATION OF HIGH LIFE—PROFLIGATES GENERALLY FOOLS.

For the AUTHOR of the TRIFLER.

SIR,

I Have often thought, that if the theory of religion were as ill founded, as the practice of it is uncommon; were the Sophiſt to triumph in his weak attempts to deſtroy the grounds of our faith, and the profligate by a ſneer only to annihilate the whole ſyſtem of Divine truth; even then a good life would be the beſt policy, and the only way to procure laſting ſatisfaction. There is no period in life, there is no occupation, no ſituation and no action within the compaſs of human power and neceſſity, in which the good man has not an obvious and decided preference. In all our intercourſe with mankind, the practice of morality is found to contribute the greateſt advantage, while continual experience confirms to us, that they who deviate from rectitude are never ſafe, happy, nor at eaſe. The good may be ſaid to walk gently through life; the bad by deviating from the common tract, are bewildered in unknown paths, where every traveller is a guide, and every guide a deceiver.

There is nothing in a life of diſſipation to recompenſe for the pain which accompanies it—the diſeaſes of body and of intellect, the contempt of the world, and the ſcorn even of the vicious themſelves. A ſociety of profligates is a band of men who live in a kind of maſked hoſtility one againſt the other. There is no friendſhip, for who can be a friend in vice? There is no union, no tie by which they are held together, but the ſelfiſh one of mutual aſſiſtance in the purſuit of licentious pleaſures.—

In all poſſible caſes it will be found that a really wiſe man, one who conſults his own eaſe, his own ſatisfaction and his character, will be a good man. The imputation of folly cannot be warded off by him who believes, contrary to the experience of all mankind, that vice does not lead to diſeaſe, that prodigality does not bring on poverty, that covetouſneſs is not accompanied with the torments of watchfulneſs, inquietude and jealous anxiety——In every light, it will appear that the common vices of the day are a proof of the weakneſs of the underſtanding as well as the wickedneſs of the heart. Happineſs is the avowed purſuit of men of the world—it is the purſuit indeed of all men. By what fatality then has it happened, that men ſhould ſeek for happineſs in the fumes of wine, in the corruption of a brothel, in the performance of actions which they cannot defend, and in the commiſſion of crimes for which there is no pardon? By what ſtrange perverſion of intellect have men conceived that vice is pleaſure, that a rational creature can be happy without reflection, or that any courſe of life can baniſh reflection? Or what idea can impreſs with more horror than the idea of a human being endued with intellectual faculties, wiſhing that he may live only by the pleaſures of inſtinct, that he may be no more capable of looking backward than a brute, and that like a brute, he may by exempted from all reſponſibility for his actions? Yet, Sir, this is really the caſe with our profeſſed men of pleaſure, and, indeed, ſo far have they contracted habits of doing wrong, that a mind capable neither of retroſpect, nor proſpect, becomes deſirable.

I know not, Mr Trifler, if you will excuſe the freedom with which I offer theſe reflections—To you, I know,

know, they are not new; but they have ſo often occurred to me when I have had opportunities of witneſſing the manners of the Men of Pleaſure of the preſent day, that I could not reſiſt the inclination to trouble you with a few reflections on this ſubject, which, in whatever contracted light it may now be viewed, muſt one day produce large and extended effects on the morals and happineſs of the people of this country.

I confeſs, Sir, I am far from exculpating parents on the ſcore of improper education—Things are very much altered in this reſpect ſince my youthful days. The various ſtages in the age of men have undergone a reviſal by the parents of our days, and one ſtage appears to me to be entirely ſtruck out. Infancy, youth, manhood and old age, *were* the four great ſtages; but *youth* I perceive wanting, and children now paſs rapidly from the nurſery to manhood—They are taught to be men before they have learned even to behave like boys—They are initiated into the manners of life, before they have acquired principles of action. Hence we find them the creatures of imitation, the followers of mode and faſhion. Every thing is adopted that is found; precedent ſerves for principle, and becauſe others do ſuch and ſuch things, it is a ſufficient reaſon why we ſhould do the ſame. The vices of high life, in the interim, are deſcending gradually, and a citizen now is ruined by the ſame means as a Lord—Matrimonial infidelity, and the ſeduction of innocence, were vices which formerly uſed to be conſidered as part of the privilege of nobility; but theſe vices we find now *contaminated* by the *vulgar* (though not unſucceſsful) attempts of *plebeians!* There is ſomething, perhaps you will ſay, ludicrous in this idea; but the fact is really as I ſtate it. In the great city where I live, and from which I date this letter, the very eſſence of what is called genteel life is to imitate the manners of high life—Imitators I never liked—Profeſſed Mimics can only *take off* a man's defects, his ſtutter, his liſp, ſquint, gait, &c. and our imitators of high life are equally proficient in ſeriouſly copying what they ought eſpecially to avoid, particularly a contempt of eſtabliſhed principles and the opinions of the world, an infatuation for gaming, and extravagant expence, without the taſte to render expences elegant, or the rank to give a kind of conſequence to their vices.

Real genius ſcorns imitation—genius invents. The genius of virtue, which heightens and improves the intellect, will therefore give a grace, a novelty and a merit to actions, which thoſe ſervile copyiſts cannot boaſt of, who diſtort the finer proportions of the mind, as they diſfigure the ſhapes of their dreſs, becauſe they are commanded to do ſo. "*O imitatores, ſervum Pecus!*

I could wiſh, Sir, that periodical Eſſayiſts like yourſelf, would frequently attack vicious pleaſures on the ground of their being a proof of egregious folly; for men of pleaſure will allow you to call them as wicked and impious as pleaſe, but they are ſore when it is hinted that they are "fools"—And yet if we take a beau of forty years of age, worn out with diſeaſe, tormented from the incapacity of enjoying pleaſures for which he has not yet loſt the reliſh, trembling and tottering in the pump-room of a watering place, his whole body debilitated, and his whole mind deformed—I ſay, if we take ſuch a Beau and exhibit him in public, as one whoſe ſufferings are the effects of a very ſhort career of faſhionable pleaſures, in what rank of human beings could we place him?—Not among the virtuous ſurely—nor among the wiſe—but among thoſe fools who err in ſpite of knowledge, and ſuffer in

ſpite of experience—And if told, that he yet poſſeſſed elegant manners, and addreſs, joined to a good underſtanding and a well informed mind, in a word that he had talents and abilities, we could only conclude with the melancholy reflection that he has more to account for than the ignorant who knew not virtue, and more to repent of than the criminal whom diſtreſs impelled to violate the laws of his country. The underſtanding that is averſe to virtue is diſtorted, the talents that contribute to vice are proſtituted, and the abilities which do *great evil* only, are to be ranked among the heavieſt curſes that can fall on an infatuated mortal. I am, Sir,

Yours,

London. CLERICUS.

Account of ſuch Stones found in Scotland *as are fit for ornamental Architecture.*

IT is a ſingular loſs to the arts, eſpecially to ornamental architecture, that men of fortune are not generally naturaliſts, at leaſt, ſo far as to be acquainted with the peculiar diſtinguiſhable characters, qualities, and excellencies of the finer ſtones, and to be able to judge which is beſt for their particular purpoſe; and not to be obliged, as they generally are, to leave it to the caprice or intereſt of the ſtone-cutter, to chuſe for them, who is naturally ſuppoſed to ſtudy his preſent eaſe and advantage, more than the duration and future beauty of the piece.

When men of rank and fortune attend to the progreſs and encouragement of the arts, they are ſure to arrive at conſiderable degrees of perfection in any country. Ancient Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Italy, are ſo famous for their great works in ornamental architecture, for the rare qualities of their materials, and the excellent workmanſhip of ſome remains of antiquity, that they have been the wonder of many ages, and they ſtill continue to be admired. It has many times vexed me to reflect, that our wealthy people and eminent artiſts ſhould ſend to foreign countries, for ſtones for ornamental architecture, when, perhaps, no country can produce ſo great a variety of the moſt excellent ſtones for that purpoſe as are to be found in Great Britain; and, therefore, in caſe poſterity ſhould grow wiſer, I will point out a few of the places where I have ſeen ſingularly excellent ſtones, moſt of which are fit for any thing that ever was done in ſtone in any part of the world.

The firſt that I will take notice of are ſome excellent marbles.

1. A few miles from Blairgowrie in Perthſhire, not far from the high road ſide, towards the north, there is an excellent, granulated, broad-bedded limeſtone, of a ſugar loaf texture, and as white as the fineſt ſtatuary marble; I look upon this to be a good ſpecies of the true Parian marble of the ancients; and as it may be eaſily raiſed in blocks and ſlabs perfectly free of blemiſhes, is uniformly of a pure white, and free and eaſy to be worked in ſtatuary and other ornamental architecture, I think it only requires to be well known and brought into uſe to become of great value.

2. There is ſome of this ſpecies of ſtone in the Duke of Gordon's lands, in the foreſt of Glenavon, compoſed of fine glittering broad grains like ſpangles, as large as the ſcales of fiſhes, but the ſituation is remote, and difficult of acceſs.

3. The fine white ſtatuary marble of Aſſint in Sutherland. The marble of Aſſint has a juſt title to an eminent rank among peculiar and excellent ſtones; and although I pointed out that marble in my general view of the limeſtones of Scotland, I will take

take the freedom to repeat here, that it is the whiteſt, the pureſt, and beſt that ever I ſaw: That there is none better, if ſo good, in all Europe; That blocks and ſlabs of any ſize may be cut out perfectly ſolid and pure, free from any flaws or blemiſhes whatſoever: That there is enough of it to ſerve all Britain, and much more, but there is bad acceſs to it; nor would it be eaſily quarried, being ſituated in and under the bed of a ſmall river, with ſome cover above it of a looſe, ſoft, white limeſtone.

This excellent ſtone is of the pureſt white, and of a fine ſmooth uniform texture in the inſide, of a bright appearance when broken, and of ſo fine and pure a quality, that the edges of a fragment are ſemi-tranſparent. In ſhort, this is a very ſuperior marble; but I am afraid, that the real beſt quarry is only known to myſelf. It is only to be ſeen in one place in the river, the reſt of it covered with the white ſhattery limeſtone mentioned above. It is now twenty years ſince I viſited that country, ſo that I have forgotten the particular name of the place. But a gentleman (I think Mr M'Kenzie of Ardloch) lived then in a large houſe near this marble, fine maſſes of which were to be ſeen in his office-houſes. The marble is in the bed of the river, not far to the northward of that houſe.

4. Near the farm-houſes upon the north ſide of the ferry of Ballachyliſh in Lochaber, there is a limeſtone or marble rock, of a beautiful aſhen-grey colour, and of a fine regular uniform grain or texture, capable of being raiſed in blocks or ſlabs of any ſize, and capable of receiving a fine poliſh.

This ſingular rock is finely ſprinkled throughout with grains and ſpecks of fine bright mundick, or pyrites, and likewiſe with grains and ſpecks of beautiful lead ore of a fine texture, which to the eye appears to be rich in ſilver. This would make a bright and beautiful metallic marble.

5. In the farm of Blairmachyldoch, about three miles ſouth of Fortwilliam, in the bed of a river, there is a very ſingular marble, conſiſting of a black ground, and flowered with white. This ſtone is of a fine cloſe grain or uniform texture, but not very hard, and the flowering in it is light, elegant, and beautiful, like fine needle work, or rather reſembling the froſty fret work upon glaſs windows in a winter morning; and this flowering is not only upon the outſide, but quite through all parts of the body of the ſtone.

Secondly. Jaſper, of which there is an extenſive rock, near Portſoy in Banff-ſhire; ſome parts of that rock contain a beautiful mixture of green and red, &c. which appear finely ſhaded and clouded through the body of the ſtone when poliſhed. I ſaw chimney-pieces of this ſtone in the old ruinous houſe of the Boyne in that neighbourhood, in which a conſiderable portion of red, or fine roſe or bluſh colour, is ſhaded with the green, and ſpread out in beautiful clouds through all parts of the ſtone. Theſe jambs and lintels were exceeding beautiful, and retained the luſtre of their poliſh undecayed. This would be a valuable jaſper quarry, if properly opened; but as the body of the rock is hard and ill to work, I have ſeen no good ſample of it, excepting the above mentioned old jambs. Ill-choſen imperfect blocks are torn off from the outſide of the rock, which hurts its reputation. I have ſeen fine rock there of a great beauty, but I never ſaw any of it quarried, nor can it be quarried without ſkill and expence.

Thirdly. Agate. There is a large patch of fine agate upon the ſide of a hill near the church of Rothes in Moray, chiefly of a fine mixture of the red

red and white colours.

This is a very beautiful patch of rock. It is very hard and heavy, of a fine ſmooth uniform texture, and of conſiderable brightneſs, in which the red and white, &c. are remarkably clear, and finely mixt and ſhaded through the ſtone.

This is the largeſt and moſt beautiful agate rock I ever ſaw, and ſo fine and hard as to be capable of the higheſt luſtre in poliſhing.

Fourthly, Porphyry, of which a great part of the hill of Bineves in Lochaber is compoſed. The porphyry of Bineves is a remarkably fine, beautiful, and elegant ſtone of a reddiſh caſt, in which the pale-roſe, the bluſh, and yellowiſh white colours, are finely blended and ſhaded through the body of the ſtone, which is of a gelly-like texture, and is, undoubtedly, one of the fineſt and moſt elegant ſtones in the world.

About three-fourths of the way up this hill, upon the north-weſt ſide, there is found a porphyry of a greeniſh colour, with a tinge of a browniſh red. This ſtone is ſmooth, compact, hard, and heavy, of a cloſe uniform texture, but of no brightneſs when broken. It is ſpotted with angular ſpecks, of a white quartzy ſubſtance.

Fifthly, Granite, which, with the granite-like porphyry above-mentioned, I reckon the glory of all ſtones, as all the beauties and excellencies of all other ſtones of mixed colours, are moſt eminently contained in theſe. The finer and moſt elegant red granite, and the fineſt granite-like porphyries, are ſo near a-kin to one another in quality and appearance, that I will not attempt a diſtinguiſhable deſcription of them. Scotland is remarkable for a great number and variety of granite, of which I have given ſome account in my general view of the prevailing rocks of North Britain; and I believe, I may venture to ſay in favour of many Scots granites, that the world cannot produce any more excellent in quality and beauty.

The elegant reddiſh granite of Bineves, near Fortwilliam, is perhaps the beſt and moſt beautiful in the world; and there is enough of it to ſerve all the kingdoms of the world, though they were all as fond of granite as ancient Egypt.

There are extenſive rocks of red granite, upon the ſea ſhore, to the weſt of the Ferry of Ballachyliſh, in Appin; and likewiſe at Strontian, as well as many other parts of Argyle-ſhire. I have ſeen beautiful red granite by the road ſide, north of Dingwall, and in ſeveral other parts of the north of Scotland, which had been blown to pieces with gun powder, and turned off the fields. There are extenſive rocks of reddiſh granite about Peterhead and Slains; and both of red and grey granite in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. The hill of Cruſſel in Galloway, and ſeveral lower hills and extenſive rocks in that neighbourhood, are of red and grey granite, where there are great varieties of that ſtone, and many of them excellent.

Upon the ſea-ſhore, near Kinedor, weſt of Loſſiemouth in Moray, there is a bed of ſtone about eight feet thick, which I think ſhould be called a compoſite granite. This ſingular ſtratum is compoſed of large grains, or rather ſmall pieces of various bright and beautiful ſtones of many different colours; and all the ſtony parts are exceeding hard, and fit to receive the higheſt poliſh; but what is moſt ſingular, about a ſixth or eighth part of this remarkable ſtratum is good clean blue lead ore, of the ſpecies called potter's ore.

I know that the ſeparate ſtony parts compoſing this ſtratum are all hard, fine, and ſolid, and capable of the moſt brilliant poliſh; but I do not now remember whether or not ſolid blocks of it can be raiſed perfectly free from all cracks and flaws. If they

they can, I imagine, from the beauty and variety of the colours of the ſtony parts, and the great quantity of bright lead ore, which is blended through the body and compoſition of the ſtone, that this would be a very curious and beautiful ſtone when poliſhed.

Sixthly, Baſalts, of which there is a very great variety of the grey kinds in many parts of Scotland, and ſome of them are capable of the brighteſt poliſh. There is a good black ſtone of this ſpecies, formed into large columns, on the ſouth ſide of Arthur's Seat near Edinburgh, of a fine uniform texture, and a good black colour, and capable of receiving a very high poliſh. This ſtone would be peculiarly fit for all ſorts of ornaments about ſepulchral monuments. It will poliſh to a bright and beautiful black, which will be unfading. *Williams.*

Anecdotes of the late Dr. Adam Smith.

HE was born in the year 1723; and educated at Glaſgow College, from which he was ſent in 1744-5 an Exhibitioner to Baliol-College, Oxford. Being in his youth a hard ſtudent, and of a cacheƈtick habit, his appearance was ungracious, and his addreſs aukward. His frequent abſence of mind gave him an air of vacancy, and even of ſtupidity; and the firſt day he dined at Baliol College, a ſervitor ſeeing him neglect his dinner, deſired him to "fall to, for he had never ſeen ſuch a piece of beef in Scotland."

The Doctor, who in his latter days lived hoſpitably at Edinburgh, uſed always to ſmile when he ſaw that piece of beef ſmoke on his table, and when aſked to interpret his ſmile, always related the above-mentioned circumſtance.

The illiberality with which he thought himſelf treated at Baliol College, drove him to retirement, and retirement fortified his love of ſtudy. When the time of his reſidence at Oxford expired, the queſtion aroſe, what line he was afterwards to purſue. He was deſtitute of patrimony, and had not any turn for buſineſs. The Church ſeemed an improper profeſſion, becauſe he had early become a diſciple of Voltaire's in matters of religion. His friends wiſhed to ſend him abroad as a travelling tutor, but though well qualified in point of learning and morals, his want of knowledge of the world, and ſomething very particular in his appearance and addreſs, long prevented him from meeting with an offer of any employment of that kind. The *res anguſta domi* not brooking longer delay, he determined to turn his talents to ſome account; and therefore, about the year 1750, opened a claſs for teaching rhetoric at Edinburgh, from which place he was ſoon called to be Profeſſor, firſt of Logick, and then of Moral Philoſophy, in the Univerſity of Glaſgow.

In this employment Dr. Smith's Engliſh education gave him great advantages. His pronunciation and ſtyle were much ſuperior to what could, at that time, be acquired in Scotland only. His ſtock of claſſical learning, though inferior to that of his predeceſſor, the excellent Dr. Hutcheſon, yet much exceeded the uſual ſtandard of Scotch Univerſities. He had beſides read, meditated, and digeſted, the works of thoſe afterwards ſtyled the French Encyclopediſts, and admired David Hume, *as by far the greateſt Philoſopher that the world had ever produced;* at the ſame time that he ſpoke of Dr. Johnſon, in his rhetorical letters, nearly in the following words: "Of all writers, ancient or modern, he that keeps off the greateſt diſtance from common-ſenſe, is Dr. Samuel Johnſon."

Such

Such opinions, or rather prejudices, which then prevailed very generally in Scotland, being embraced by a man from whoſe Engliſh education they could not naturally have been expected, conſpired with Dr. Smith's merit in rendering him a very faſhionable profeſſor.

The College was torn by parties, and Dr. S. embraced that ſide which was moſt popular among the people of condition, that is, the rich merchants of the town, among whom he was well received, and from whoſe converſation, particularly that of Mr. Glaſsford, he learned many facts neceſſary for improving his lectures; for, living in a great commercial town, he had converted the chair of moral philoſophy into a profeſſorſhip of trade and finance. Before effecting this revolution, he had publiſhed his ingenious but fanciful Theory of Moral Sentiments, which he continued to read to his pupils during a few weeks at the beginning of the Term; the reſt of the Seſſion, as it is called in Scotland, which laſts for eight months, being deſtined to the ſubjects above mentioned.

A man who is continually going over the ſame ground will naturally ſmooth it. Dr. S.'s lectures gradually acquired greater improvement and higher celebrity; and the Right Hon. Charles Townſhend, who married the Ducheſs of Buccleugh, was, in his journey to Scotland, attracted to Glaſgow by the reputation of Dr. Smith, whom he engaged by very liberal terms to reſign his profeſſorſhip, and to undertake the office of travelling tutor to the young Duke. While Mr. Townſhend was at Glaſgow, the Doctor conducted him to ſee the different manufactures of the place, and particularly a very flouriſhing tan-work. They were ſtanding on a plank, which had been laid acroſs the tanning-pit; the Doctor was talking warmly on his favourite topic, the diviſion of labour, forgetting the precarious ground on which which he ſtood, plunged headlong into the nauſeous pool. He was dragged out, ſtripped, covered with blankets, and conveyed home in a ſedan chair, where having recovered the ſhock of this unexpected cold bath, he complained bitterly that he muſt leave life with all his affairs in the greateſt diſorder; which was conſidered as affectation, becauſe his tranſactions had been few, and his fortune was nothing.

A circumſtance which did him more credit was, that before going to travel with the Duke of Buccleugh, he requeſted all his ſtudents to attend on a particular day, ordered the cenſor of the week to call over their names, and as each name occurred, returned the ſeveral ſums which he had received as fees; ſaying, that as he had not completely fulfilled his engagement, he was reſolved that his claſs ſhould be taught that year gratis, and that the remainder of his lectures ſhould be read by one of the Upper Students. This accordingly took place, though the Doctor was in general extremely jealous of the property of his lectures; and, fearful leſt they ſhould be tranſcribed and publiſhed, uſed often to repeat, when he ſaw any one taking notes, "that he hated ſcribblers."

He travelled with the Duke two years, and ſoon after his return publiſhed the ſubſtance of his lectures in his juſtly celebrated work on the Nature and Cauſes of National Wealth.

Being appointed by the intereſt of his Grace and Lord Loughborough one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms in Scotland, he generouſly offered to reſign the annuity of 300l. *per annum*, which had been granted him for directing the Duke's education and travels; but which reſignation, as he might eaſily have conjectured, his Grace as generouſly refuſed.

His

His book was not at firſt ſo popular as it afterwards became. One of the firſt things that ſet it afloat was an obſervation of Mr. Fox's in the Houſe of Commons: "As my learned friend Dr. Adam Smith ſays, "the way for a nation as well as for an individual to be rich, is for both to live within their income." The remark, ſurely, is not profound; but the recommendation of Mr. Fox raiſed the ſale of the book; and the circumſtances of the country, our wars, debts, taxes, &c. arreſted attention to a work where ſuch ſubjects are treated, ſubjects that unfortunately have become too popular in moſt countries of Europe.

Dr. Smith's ſyſtem of political œconomy is not eſſentially different from that of Count Verri, Dean Tucker, and Mr. Hume; his illuſtrations are chiefly borrowed from the valuable French collection *Sur les Arts & Metiers;* but his arrangement is his own; and as he has both carried his doctrines to a greater length, and fortified them with ſtronger proofs, than any of his predeceſſors, he deſerves the chief praiſe, or the chief blame, of propagating a ſyſtem, which tends to confound national wealth with national proſperity.

The Mental and Perſonal Qualifications of a Wife.

GREAT good-nature, and a prudent generoſity.

A lively look, a proper ſpirit, and a chearful diſpoſition.

A good perſon, but not perfectly beautiful.

Of a moderate height.

With regard to complexion, not quite fair, but a little brown.

Young by all means, though there are exceptions.

A decent ſhare of common-ſenſe, juſt tinctured with a little ſeaſonable repartee, and a ſmall modicum of wit; ſome learning, enough to make leiſure hours agreeable, but not to interrupt domeſtic duties.

Well, but not critically, ſkilled in her own tongue.

No deficiency in ſpelling or pointing, and a good legible hand.

A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic, but no ſkill in *vulgar fractions.*

A more than tolerable good voice, and a little ear for muſic; and a capability for ſinging a *canzonet,* or a ſong, in company, but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, &c.

No enthuſiaſm for the harpſichord, harp, or guittar.

Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than fine.

No enemy to knitting—or mending.

Not always in the parlour, but ſometimes in the kitchen.

More ſkilled in the theoretic, than in the practical part of cookery.

To tea and coffee no objection.

Fonder of country-dances than minuets.

An acquaintance with domeſtic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

Not entirely fond of quadrille, nor an abſolute bigot to whiſt.

In converſation, a little of the liſp, but not of the ſtammer.

Decently, but not affectedly ſilent.

Such qualifications will pleaſe

A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

The Mental and Perſonal Qualifications of a Huſband.

GREAT piety, good-ſenſe, and good-nature.

He muſt look like a gentleman, and behave like one. He muſt have a freſh complexion, and be rather tall; ſhort, by no means whatever; middle-ſized, paſſable.

With reſpect to fortune, he muſt be rich, very rich if poſſible; poor by no means, *in ſpirit*.

A decent ſhare of love, juſt tinctured with a little jealouſy, ſufficient to make the wife believe he ſets ſome value upon her; but no ſuſpicion; no ſuſpicion, I ſay again and again, of any kind whatever, nor upon any provocation whatever.

Well, but not critically, ſkilled in the ways of women.

In ſpelling very correct, that he may be the better able to inſtruct me, if I ſhould want it.

In ſome parts of arithmetic very able; eſpecially addition and multiplication, but no ſkill in diviſion or ſubtraction.

He muſt be able to play tolerably well on the fiddle, and have more than a tolerable ſhare of patience; in ſhort, he muſt be willing to play, as long as I think proper to dance; but no particular intimacy with Italian ſcrapers, or ſingers, eſpecially women.

Skilful in the uſe of the ſword, but not of a quarrelſome temper.

Ready to accept a challenge, but backward to give one.

No enemy to wit and humour.

Not always good-natured abroad, and ill-natured at home.

More ſkilful in the theoretic, than in the practical part of wife-governing.

To wine and ſnuff, no objection, but no chewing of tobacco, or ſmoking, at any rate.

No enthuſiaſm for whiſt, and no gambler or drunkard.

Fonder much of ſtaying at home than of going abroad.

A thorough knowledge of his own failings, and a willingneſs to acknowledge them; but no particular or minute acquaintance with mine.

Generous, but not extravagant.

An admirer of fine arts, but not too profuſe in the purchaſe of pictures, &c.

A lover of poetry, both ancient and modern, and capable of reliſhing the beauties of each.

As much learning, Greek, and Latin, as he pleaſes, but not to think me his inferior becauſe I have no knowledge in the dead languages.

Not to deny me a coach if he can afford it, or allow one if he can't.

In converſation affable and entertaining; willing to hear (me) as we ſpeak—juſt to all the world, and affectionate to me.

A huſband with ſuch qualifications would very much contribute to the happineſs of

A SINGLE LADY.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

A Gentleman in your laſt miſcellany has honoured a late performance of mine with his notice. I wiſh to offer a few remarks on what he then advanced, and ſhall be very ſtudious of brevity. Controverſy in general is exceedingly unintereſting. Even in the more important affairs of Morality, Politics and Religion, the frequent wranglings which take place, often ſerve no other purpoſe than that of ſouring the temper, diſtracting the mind, and generating univerſal ſcepticiſm. In matters of mere taſte then who can be ſurprized at a diverſity of opinion, and what reaſonable hope can be entertained of producing unanimity of ſentiment?

I am truly ſurprized at your Correſpon-

pondent's imagining me reſponſible for the opinions of the Painter's Panegyriſt! What! does he not know that I wiſhed to delineate an enthuſiaſtic Connoiſſeur in Painting? He certainly muſt have been very inattentive to the deſign of the whole piece. Every circumſtance that is related of the old gentleman is that of the enthuſiaſtic kind. What can be plainer and more deciſive than the following declaration? "The love of Painting was the predominant paſſion of the Connoiſſeur's ſoul; it annihilated a fervent attachment to any other art, and might, therefore, be well compared to Aaron's rod which ſwallowed up thoſe of the magicians."

An Enthuſiaſt is by no means an unuſual character, ſince he is to be found in all the walks of life. Not only are there enthuſiaſts in the fine arts, but every profeſſion abounds with them in a leſs or greater degree. The flame of enthuſiaſm in human nature reſembles the perpetual fire of the Veſtal virgins. In the breaſt of every man it is in a meaſure enkindled. Like the expiring taper, it but faintly glimmers in the boſoms of ſome. In others it burſts forth with an uncommon blaze, giving ample ſcope to the eloquence of the Hiſtorian, when he deſcribes its aſtoniſhing effects! Is it ſurprizing then that the Painter's Panegyriſt was endowed with ſtrong paſſions—was in reality an enthuſiaſt

"Feelingly alive—to each fine impulſe?"

That the delineator of character ſhould attend alone to a cloſe imitation of nature, and not be amenable for the ſpeeches uttered, is too obvious to be here inſiſted on. It is very curious, that this plain circumſtance ſhould have eſcaped the eagle-eyed ſagacity of your criticizing Correſpondent. Pray, ſir, who ever thought Milton accountable for the impious ſentiments and abſurd reaſonings of his ſatanic hero? Cervantes for the pranks of the knight of the woeful countenance? Fielding, for the eccentricities and adventures of Tom Jones? or Shakeſpeare for the cunning villanies of Iago, or the deep plotted ſchemes of Lady Macbeth?

Your correſpondent has neither done juſtice to the Connoiſſeur's harangue, nor to Painting in general.*

1ſt, In his analyſis of the Connoiſſeur's harangue, the author of the remarks ſtands charged with injuſtice. He ſhould not have forgotten the intereſting adage,

"Fiat juſtitia—ruat cœlum."

Why does he paſs over in entire ſilence the reaſons which the old gentleman ſpecifies for his giving the preference to Painting, rather than to Poetry or Muſic? Were they intentionally omitted? If they had any weight, why elude their force by quietly interring them in the grave of oblivion? If they were weak and unſatisfactory, why not expoſe their futility? Theſe reaſons were ſo much the more important, as two of them are the very arguments uſed by the Abbe du Bos, who has diſcuſſed the ſubject with the acuteneſs of a Philoſopher. In *his* opinion they have ſo much weight, that he poſitively aſſerts "the effect which Painting produces on men *ſurpaſſes* that of Poetry." Since your Correſpondent left unnoticed the argumentative part of the Connoiſſeur's ſpeech, he might with great eaſe play off his artillery againſt what remained. It was cruel in him thus to inſult the memory of the amiable Connoiſſeur—Why ſhould he thoughtleſsly attempt to demoliſh that ſuperſtructure which the Painter's Panegyriſt had ſo aſſiduouſly erected? Why ſhould he wiſh even to deface ſuch a ſtructure, when the builder by contemplating it found his imagination delighted, and his heart dancing with joy? Poor man! he was not preſent to ward off the hoſtile attack; the deed therefore was doubly cruel. Shade of the Panegyriſt! ariſe, once more vindicate the art thou didſt ſo much love! I can aſſure you, Mr Editor, had *I* been

near your Correſpondent when he penned ſome of his remarks on the old gentleman's harangue, I ſhould have been ready gently to have twitched his elbow, and ſoftly whiſpered in his ear,

" Tread *lightly* on his aſhes, thou man of genius—for he was *thy* kinſman."

2dly, Your correſpondent is too ſevere on Painting in general, not allowing the noble art that extenſive influence over mankind which its diſtinguiſhed merit ſo juſtly authorizes. He certainly muſt be moſt egregiouſly miſtaken when he declares, " to be affected by a picture, we muſt be capable of deciding with critical ſagacity upon its merits, and its influence extends only to a few *favoured Connoiſſeurs*." A good picture, ſir, makes an immediate appeal to your feelings, and you can inſtantaneouſly tell how far it excites in you thoſe ſenſations which would ariſe from ſeeing the original itſelf. This is a ſure criterion of a picture's excellence, and of this almoſt any perſon is a competent judge. Such is the truth of what I now aſſert, that the effects of Painting reach even to the animal creation. Witneſs the rooks and the dog mentioned by the old gentleman, of which your Correſpondent according to his uſual manner has taken no notice. The following Anecdote was upon good authority communicated to me a few days ago. A ſtriking likeneſs was taken of a late excellent character. A favourite dog coming into the room where the picture lay, immediately wagged his tail, ran up haſtily to the ſhadowy repreſentation, upon which he fawned with great joy, as if it had been the gentleman himſelf. The artiſt who happened to be preſent, inſtantly exclaimed that the circumſtance was a much more deciſive proof of the merit of the piece, than if he had received the greateſt ſum for the performance. Aſtoniſhing inſtance this! of the effects of Painting, where there was *no* critical ſagacity of deciding upon its merits; except indeed your Correſpondent in the plenitude of his zeal ſhould ſeriouſly exclaim, " Sir, the dog was a *favoured Connoiſſeur*."

I once ſaw an original miniature portrait of the celebrated Oliver Cromwell, for which the Empreſs of Ruſſia offered five hundred guineas, but the owner refuſed the ſum. The moment the picture was preſented me, methought I beheld in Oliver's furious though intelligent countenance, that heroic turbulence of ſoul which threw kingdoms into agitation, and ſcattered thick clouds of darkneſs over our political hemiſphere!

When I extol Painting, ſir, of maſterpieces, I ſpeak——not of thoſe vile daubings to which your Correſpondent ſo often alludes.

The affair of the abſent lover is miſrepreſented. It is not ſo much the deſign of a miniature portrait to aid the lover in the remembrance of the object of his love, as it is to enable him the more fully to realize her charms. But let me aſk your Correſpondent, how does the lover obtain ſuch a complete remembrance of his miſtreſs as that of which he ſpeaks? How is it that every feature is ſo engraven on his heart, that if he ſhould loſe but *one* feature, he muſt be condemned irrevocably to periſh? All this is ſurely gained by the preſence of the lovely damſel; then I inſiſt that a miniature portrait is the *beſt* ſubſtitute for her *preſence*. It is the moſt uſeful auxiliary for the purpoſe. As to myſelf, ſhould it ever be my fate, like unfortunate Ovid, to be baniſhed to ſome ſolitary iſle, and ſhould I, ah! ſtill much harder lot! be obliged to leave behind me the object of my tendereſt affection, give *me*, ſir, a miniature portrait of the amiable virgin; even gloomy ſolitude would then be ſtripped of its horrors; near ſome purling rill and under the thick foliage of ſome ſpreading tree, would I ſit myſelf down—there

" On the *dear image* of the nymph I lov'd,
" I'd gaze the live long day."

I now chearfully lay aſide my pen.

The

The din of controverſy has ever been ungrateful to my ears. At the ſeverity of your Correſpondent's remarks on Painting in general, I am not in the leaſt ſurprized, ſince he himſelf candidly acknowledges that he is but a *poor* judge of the art he ſo vehemently condemns.

I hope, Mr Editor, it will not be forgotten by your readers, that the Student's Dream, Viſion of Female Excellence, and Painter's Panegyriſt, are mere juvenile attempts, and if with all their imperfections they have contributed in the leaſt degree to their inſtruction or entertainment, I ſhall think my labour amply repaid.

I am very ſoon, ſir, to leave this place. In the mean time, as your Correſpondent intends to purſue his lucubrations on Poetry and Muſic, he has my beſt wiſhes for ſucceſs, as long as he takes care not "*to fly into the face of the united teſtimony of reaſon and experience.*"

I am,
Sir, Yours,

King's College, Aberdeen, Septr. 30th, 1790. } JUVENIS.

* See Abbe du Bos on Painting, &c. Vol. 1ſt, Chap. 40. Knox's Eſſays, Vol. 1ſt, No. 48.

Poetry.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

To a Friend in the Country, on his intention of publiſhing "MARIA," *an elegiac tale.*

OH ſay, my friend, what lonely thought invades
Thy ſtill retirement, and thy peaceful ſhades;
Why huſh the Doric reed of paſt'ral gay?
Why ſtring the lyre to ſorrow's pathic lay?
Now ſtrew'd with ſweets the fragrant fields appear,
And pinion'd ſongſters ſing the varied year.
Now op'ning buds, now bloſſoms gay are ſeen,
And nature ſmiles array'd in blooming green.
Ye ſtill thy muſe to plaintive pity turns,
With often'd ſorrow ſtill thy boſom burns.
Through yonder grove, I think I ſee thee ſtray
And penſive ſeek the mazy wilder'd way;
Or ſlowly pace along the rural plain,
And ſilent meditate thy woe-wrought ſtrain.
While pitying Zephyrs whiſper in the gale,
"Maria's ſorrows claim the artleſs tale."
Oh, —— —— then attune the ſong to woe,
And teach the tear of ſympathy to flow,
With pity's dictates teach the mind to feel,
And wake compaſſion in the breaſt of ſteel.
In plaintive ſtrains Maria's woes rehearſe,
And let her bloom immortal in thy verſe.

King's College, April 11. 1790. } ACADEMICUS.

ELEGY

ON

CAPT. M—— H——.

O DEATH, thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Hurl thee hame to his black ſmiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like ſtock fiſh come o'er his ſtuddie,
Wi' thy auld ſides!

He's gane! He's gane! He's frae us torn,
The ae beſt fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, woods and wilds ſhall mourn,
Wi' a' their birth;
For whunſtane man to grieve wad ſcorn,
For poor, plain worth.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the ſtarns,
That proudly cock your creſting cairns;
Ye cliffs, the haunts of ſailing yearns,
Where echo ſlumbers;
Come join, ye Nature's ſturdieſt bairns,
My wailing numbers.

Mourn, ilka grove the cuſhat kens;
Ye hazelly ſhaws and breezie dens;
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens
At toddlen leiſure,
Or o'er the lins wi haſty ſtens
Flinging your treaſure,

Mourn.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye ſtately fox-gloves fair to ſee;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In ſcented bowers;
Ye roſes on your thorny tree,
The firſt of flowers.

At dawn, when every graſſy blade
Droops with a diamond on its head;
At even, when beans their fragrance ſhed,
I' th' ruſtling gale;
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee ſangſters of the wood;
Ye grous that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews ſkirlin' thro' a clud;
Ye whiſtlin pliver;
And mourn, ye birrin paitrick brood,
He's gane for ever.

Mourn, ſooty coots, and ſpeckled teals;
Ye fiſher herons, watching eels;
Ye deuk and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake:
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rowt for his ſake.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In ſome auld tree, or aulder tower,
What time the moon wi' ſilent glowr
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
Till waukriſe morn.

Mourn, clamouring craiks at cloſe o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld ſhore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
Whom we deplore.

O rivers, foreſts, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my ruſtic ſtrains:
But now, what elſe for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Muſt ever flow?

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year;
Ilk cowſlip cup ſhall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny ſpear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery treſſes ſhear,
For him that's dead.

Thou, Autumn, with thy yellow hair,
In grief thy ſallow mantle tear:
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blaſt,
Wide o'er the naked world declare,
The worth we've loſt.

Mourn him thou ſun, great ſource of light:
Mourn, Empreſs of the ſilent night;
And you ye twinklin ſtarries bright,
My Matthew mourn;
For thro' your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O H———n! the Man! the Brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And haſt thou croſt that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee where ſhall I find another,
The world around!

Go to our ſculptur'd tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinſel traſh of ſtate!
But by thy honeſt turf I'll wait,
Thou Man of Worth;
And weep the ae beſt fellow's fate,
E'er lay in earth!

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, paſſenger! my ſtory's brief,
And truth I ſhall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale of grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit haſt,
Yet ſpurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither caſt,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble ſodger art,
That paſſeſt by this grave, man;
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their warks and ways,
Canſt throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praiſe,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendſhip's ſacred ca'
Wouldſt life itſelf reſign, man;
Thy ſympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art ſtaunch, without a ſtain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinſman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou haſt wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er good wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and ſire,
For Mathew was a queer man.

If ony whiggiſh, whingin ſot
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and ſorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man!

LOVE ELEGY.

Tranſlated from the IRISH.

BY MISS BROOKE.

BRIGHT her locks of beauty grew,
Curling fair, and ſweetly flowing!
And her eyes of ſmiling blue,
O how ſoft! how heav'nly glowing!

Ah poor plunder'd heart of pain!
When wilt thou have an end of mourning?
This long, long year, I look in vain
To ſee my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promiſe faithful, prove,
And to my fond, fond boſom give thee:
Lightly then my ſteps would move,
Joyful ſhould my arms receive thee.

Then, once more, at early morn,
Hand in hand we ſhould be ſtraying,
Where the dew-drop decks the thorn,
With its pearls the woods arraying.

Old and ſcornful as thou art,
Love's fond views and faith belying,
Shame for thee now rends my heart,
My pale cheek with bluſhes dying!

Why art thou falſe to me and love?
(While health and joy with thee are vaniſh'd)
Is it becauſe forlorn I rove,
Without a crime, unjuſtly baniſhed?

Safe thy charms with me ſhould reſt,
Hither did thy pity ſend thee,
Pure the love that fills my breaſt,
From itſelf it would defend thee.

SONNET.

TO MERCY.

BY JOHN RANNIE.

VICEGERENT of the everlaſting God,
Whoſe throne unchanging majeſty ſurrounds;
Whoſe preſence gilds Affliction's dire abode,
And cheers the ſorrowing wretch that guilt confounds.

As fiery Vengeance lifts the threat'ning ſword,
To cruſh the trembling victim of his hate,
While rigid juſtice ſeals the ſtern award,

From

From thee he hopes—and meets a
milder fate.

Meek angel! ſtill, with benediction
mild,
Thy ſacred virtues to my ſoul con-
vey,
And, as I wander o'er life's barren
wild,
Be ſtill the bleſs'd companion of
my way.

Still from my path the fiends of dark-
neſs chaſe,
And purify my heart with heav'n-
reflected grace.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

To Miſs A. L——D.

WHEN ſable clouds o'erſpread
The ſtar beſpangled ſky,
Each little flame doth hide its head,
And ſeems to die.

When a briſk gale at South
Wrinkles the ocean's brow,
And by its force the froth
Brings from below.

Though ſhe before were clear,
And cryſtalline her face,
Her beauties then will diſappear,
And loſe their grace.

The rapid torrent which
Takes from the hills its ſource,
Some rock or ſhelf doth oft impeach,
And ſtops its courſe.

And thou, if thou wouldſt ſee
Truth by the cleareſt light,
If thou in paths ſecure and free
Wouldſt walk aright,

Drive flattering joys away,
And baniſh ſervile fear;
Let vain hope never with thee ſtay,
Nor grief appear.

Clouds overſpread that mind,
And it receives a chain,
Where they an open entrance find,
And where they reign.

THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

THEN night and darkneſs, which had long poſſeſt
My captive mind, did ſwiftly fly away;
A ſudden light cloth'd my enlarged breaſt, [ſky,
And ſtruck mine eyes with its once well-known ray.
So when a mighty wind infeſts the
And watry clouds hang heavy on its brow,
The ſun retires, the ſtars conceal'd do lie, [throw.
And Night her mantle over death doth
If Boreas, thundering from the fields of Thrace,
Opens the ivory palaces of light,
Phoebus ſhines out with a more radiant face, [dering ſight.
And darts new beams upon our won-

An INVOCATION *to* HOPE.

HOPE, brighteſt ſtar, divinely ſhine,
Infuſe thine influence in my breaſt.
Diſpel thoſe glooms which cloud my mind,
And give my tortur'd boſom reſt.

Baniſh Deſpair, with his dire train,
With fiends infernal let him dwell,
Let mortals weak ne'er own his reign,
Confine the tyrant to his hell.

There let him frame, in ſulphurous ſoil,
Thoſe miſchiefs he to wretches breathes,
Then envelope him in his toil,
Encircle him with his own wreaths.

Criticus Junior *in our next.*

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXXIII.] Thurſday October 21, 1790. [Price 3d.

On the Poiſon of Lead, with Cautions to the Heads of Families, concerning the various unſuſpected Means by which that inſidious Enemy may find Admiſſion into the Human Body. By A. Fothergill, M.D. F. R. S. Bath.

(Concluded from page 555.)

RUM.—The dry belly ache, or, in other words, the colic of Poitou, is a prevailing diſeaſe in the Weſt Indies, particularly among thoſe who drink rum. Some attribute it to the newneſs of the ſpirit, others to the acid juice of the limes which generally accompanies its uſe. But the former, when genuine, is inadequate to the effect; the latter, inſtead of producing the diſeaſe, is found rather to be a remedy.

Dr. John Hunter, in the year 1781, being ſtationed with the army at Spaniſh town in Jamaica, finding this diſeaſe very prevalent among the ſoldiers who drank new rum, while others who abſtained from it, remained free, began to examine cloſely the liquor, and alſo the implements uſed in the diſtillery. The rum, in his experiments, gave evident ſigns of an impregnation of lead. The worm of the ſtill, conſiſting of a large proportion of lead, he found corroded. An acid reſiduum called dunder, it ſeems, is added to the mixture before diſtillation, and partly riſes with the ſpirit. No wonder then that the lead was corroded by it. The ſpirit, in proceſs of time, in a great meaſure depoſits the lead; hence old rum is found much leſs unwholeſome than new. If rum be left to evaporate in a glaſs, it leaves an acid remnant behind. He further adds, that if a piece of lead be immerſed in pure proof ſpirit the ſpace of ten weeks, the liquor is found to have acquired a ſlight impregnation from the metal —A new and ſingular circumſtance; but which I believe never can take place where pure ſpirit is employed.

The nitrous acid is ſometimes clandeſtinely uſed to correct ill flavoured rum, and ſuch an adulterated ſpirit may be readily conceived capable of acting on lead, though pure ſpirit certainly cannot. Hence it is eaſy to ſee how the above deception in the Doctor's experiment might tend to miſlead his judgment. Diſtilleries,

and even breweries, with all their apparatus, ought to undergo a narrow inſpection, as acids, and even their effluvia, are capable of corroding lead. Therefore the leaden worms, ſpouts, gutters, in a word, every utenſil containing that metal, ought to be viewed with a jealous eye. Nor ought the enquiry to be confined to theſe places alone: for if we extend our views to our wine and cyder-preſſes—dairies, kitchens, and ſtore-rooms, we ſhall probably meet with much to be complained of—much to be reformed. Whether the apothecary's ſhop, or even the elaboratory of the chemiſt, will bear a very cloſe ſcrutiny, may perhaps be juſtly doubted. For be it remembered, that not only lead and pewter, but alſo the tinning of copper veſſels, the ſolder containing a mixture of lead, and the glazing of earthen ware being a calx of lead, are all liable to be corroded by acids, or even expreſſed oils.

Cyder.—That acid wines or crude cyder may, independent of any adulteration, produce bowel complaints, attended with griping pains, and diarrhea, cannot be denied, but that they ſhould occaſion a colic, complicated with coſtiveneſs, and terminating in palſy, is highly improbable. On the contrary, that this diſeaſe is the genuine produce of the poiſon of lead, ſeems to have been proved by the moſt ſatisfactory evidence. The Endemial colic of Devonſhire, aſcribed by Dr. Huxham and others, to the acidity of new cyder, has at length been clearly traced to the above poiſon.

From the elaborate eſſays of ſir George Baker on this ſubject, it appears, that "in thoſe diſtricts where the diſeaſe was moſt prevalent, lead was generally found in the preſſes or utenſils employed in making the cyder, and that on analyſing the ſuſpected liquor, he obtained from it a ſmall portion of real lead †. That ſome of the farmers had been known to buy ſugar of lead to correct the acidity of their cyder! That others, in order to preſerve their weak cyder for the uſe of their labourers, were wont to have recourſe to the well-known ſecret of ſuſpending a leaden ball in the caſk. That the cyder is generally drawn into large glazed pitchers, in which it often ſtands many hours before it is drunk by the labourers. And finally, that according to the teſtimony of the late Dr. Charlton, moſt of the paralytics recommended to the Bath hoſpital were ſent from the cyder countries, except Herefordſhire, where, on enquiry, it was afterward diſcovered that lead was not employed in any part of the cyder apparatus of that county."

Since the above was written, however, I am ſorry to find, from Mr. Marſhall's late ſurvey of the cyder-proceſs in Herefordſhire, that lead is not wholly diſcarded, but a portion of the old leaven is yet ſuffered to remain. 'The bed or floor of the preſs, ſays he, which is now gene-

† This, I am not ignorant, has been ludicrouſly attributed, by ſome of his Devonſhire antagoniſts, to leaden ſhot accidentally left in the bottles before the cyder was bottled: by others, to a portion of lead introduced by deſign, in order to raiſe a laugh at the doctor's expence. But admitting ſo accurate an obſerver could ſo eaſily be impoſed upon, (which is highly improbable) yet the doctrine reſts not on this experiment alone, but on a ſeries of facts which ſtill remain unſhaken; and which, perhaps, will not be found eaſy to overturn.--For the circumſtances have been communicated by different authors at different periods, and without the ſlighteſt appearnce of colluſion, and yet all tend to the ſame point.

ral

rally' compoſed of wood or ſtone, formerly was uſually covered with lead, which by being diſſolved in the acid of the liquor, has probably been the cauſe of much miſchief. Nevertheleſs lead is ſtill ſuffered to remain about ſome cyder-preſſes. There is a public mill at Newnham whoſe bed is entirely covered with lead; and I have ſeen others whoſe lips or ſpouts, and a rim round the outer edge, are of that dangerous metal!'

A ſtriking inſtance of ignorance, obſtinacy, and impolicy! otherwiſe a practice ſo injurious to health, and detrimental to the credit of the liquor, would not be thus abſurdly perſiſted in. I know it is pretended that the quick paſſage of the apple-juice thro' ſuch ſpouts or gutters does not afford time for any impregnation. But this is a miſtake, for the leaden ſurface being often wetted, and alternately dried by expoſure to the air, contracts minute particles of ceruſs, or ruſt of lead, ready to be waſhed off, and diſſolved in the courſe of the proceſs. Sometimes the juice is even ſuffered to ferment in veſſels lined with lead, which ſtill greatly increaſes the danger. An inſtance of this kind lately occurred at Frome: a family of three perſons drank freely of this liquor, and were at length ſeized with the colic of Poitou. The maſter who drank the greateſt quantity, ſuffered moſt, and his diſeaſe terminated in a fatal palſy;—the wife and maid ſervant, who drank leſs, underwent ſimilar ſymptoms, but eſcaped with life.

It is high time that this, and the ſtill more unpardonable abuſe of wilfully adulterating cyder with lead, ſhould be wholly ſuppreſſed;—that an enquiry ſhould be ſet on foot through all the cyder diſtricts, that ſuch practices may be detected wherever they exiſt; and that the colic of Poitou may no longer be emphatically ſtiled the colic of Devon.

Milk and Cream.—The veſſels of our modern dairies conſiſt chiefly of lead, or earthen-ware glazed with a calx of that metal, both which are liable to be corroded by weak acids, and oily ſubſtances. Whether the milk and cream are ſuffered to remain in them long enough to acquire an impregnation of the metal, has not been determined: but the acid odour which ſtrikes the noſtrils on entering certain dairies, eſpecially in a warm ſeaſon, is at leaſt ſufficient to excite ſuſpicion, and to put the public on their guard till the ſafety of theſe veſſels be more fully aſcertained. My late ingenious friend Mr. Hayes has already offered ſome judicious ſtrictures on the abuſe of theſe veſſels in dairies, and mentioned others as proper to be introduced in their place.

But if veſſels of caſt iron, which he propoſed to ſubſtitute for leaden ones, ſhould be found to impart an unpleaſant colour or chalybeate taſte to the milk (as we have reaſon to apprehend) it will prove an inſuperable objection to their uſe. After all; the wiſeſt ſtep would be to return to the ancient wooden bowls of our anceſtors, than which nothing can be more perfectly ſafe or free from ſuſpicion.

Vinegar, Pickles, acid Fruits, &c. —Theſe act powerfully upon lead and its preparation, and, it is to be feared, often acquire an unſuſpected impregnation of that metal in various culinary proceſſes. Thus when vinegar is diſtilled in a pewter alembic, or paſſes through the worm of a common ſtill, it carries with it a portion of the metal. The proceſs ought, therefore, always to be performed in ſtone or glaſs veſſels.—It is a very common, but dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe that vinegar may be truſted to glazed earthen-ware with perfect ſafety, ſince vegetable acids act more forcibly on the calces of lead than on the metal itſelf; hence the ſevere colics often brought on in time of har-

veſt among the poor labourers, from drinking cyder after ſtanding but a few hours, in glazed pitchers.

Yet glazed earthen-ware, in a variety of forms, conſtitutes the veſſels in which pickles are kept; in which acid fruits are preſerved; and in which various kinds of tarts are baked. It is moreover curious to obſerve, that a marked preference is given to them by moſt frugal houſewives, who find by experience that ſuch veſſels occaſion a material ſaving in the article of ſugar:—but they remain to be told, that the increaſed ſweetneſs proceeds from the acid of the fruit being blunted by its union with the glazing of the veſſel, which has a more pernicious tendency than they ſeem to be aware of. For certainly theſe good ladies would not deſignedly ſweeten our viands with ſugar of lead!

Here it ought to be remarked, that there is a material difference in the mode of glazing veſſels. The glazing of ſtone ware and china being a vitrification of the clay, is indiſſoluble in acids, and therefore ſuch veſſels are perfectly ſafe; while the glazing of ordinary earthen-ware, conſiſting of a calx of lead, is eaſily acted upon by acids, and yields a noxious quality.

The ſame remark is in ſome meaſure applicable to veſſels lined with tin. Pure block-tin, it is true, gives no impregnation to vinegar or acid juices, but the generality of tinned veſſels contain a conſiderable alloy of lead, beſide what is uſed in the ſolder. This is very diſtinguiſhable even by rubbing a finger over them, which will ſoon acquire a blackiſh hue from the lead; a circumſtance worthy notice, as too much confidence is generally placed on the ſafety of tinned veſſels. Not to mention the danger of the tin lining ſoon wearing off, and leaving a copper ſurface expoſed. Hence the fatal accidents that have enſued from acid ſauces and gravy ſoups ſtanding too long in ſuch veſſels, and acquiring thereby an impregnation doubly dangerous. For here the poiſon of lead, and verdigris, combine their united forces to undermine the human frame!

The Dutch have been accuſed of correcting the rancidity of oils, and even butter, by pouring melted lead into them. If this be true, the ordinary practice of preſerving ſalted-butter or hogs-lard in glazed earthen veſſels for kitchen uſe, may indeed diminiſh their tendency to rancidity, but not without communicating a more dangerous quality.

But what ſhall we ſay to the ſtill more hazardous practice of chemiſts and apothecaries, who, till very lately, have been ſanctioned by no leſs authority than that of the College Diſpenſatory to boil their oxymels, compoſed chiefly of honey and vinegar, in glazed earthen veſſels, for ſuch the words '*vaſe fictili vitreato*' plainly import! And it is much to be feared the direction will continue to be literally obeyed by thoſe who are ſtill ignorant of its dangerous tendency. Such an overſight cannot be ſuppoſed long to have eſcaped the notice of that learned body: but is it not ſtrange they ſhould ſuffer this, and ſome other obvious blemiſhes, to diſgrace one of the moſt elegant Diſpenſatories in Europe, from the year 1746 till the new edition of 1788, wherein I am glad to find them expunged, and that glaſs veſſels only are expreſsly ordered for ſuch purpoſes in future? The old pewter funnels and meaſures, however, ſtill continue to be found in almoſt every ſhop. Into theſe are poured, without heſitation, vinegar and other acids; and the veſſels ſometimes, through hurry, are ſet by unwaſhed. On expoſure to the air for ſome time, a fine efflorescence of ſugar of lead is formed on the inner ſurface, ready to ſweeten the next draught or julep that happens

pens to be poured into them!

Tea is imported into this country in cheſts lined with ſheet lead.—This, like other vegetables, contains a weak acid, which quality is probably heightened by a latent fermentation which tea undergoes when damaged by moiſture. May it not in this ſtate act on the metal? How far the tremors, depreſſion of ſpirits, and other nervous ſymptoms generally aſcribed to this vegetable, or the hot water in which it is infuſed, may not, in ſuch inſtances, with equal probability, be attributed to the lead in which it is incloſed, is left for future obſervation.

Saturnine Medicines.—Lead, tho' a poiſon, yet in ſkilful hands is capable of being rendered an uſeful medicine, and therefore is ſtill properly allowed to retain a place in the Diſpenſatory. As a cooling ſedative, it ſuddenly allays pain and inflammation; as a ſtrong ſtyptic, it powerfully checks the bleeding of ruptured veſſels, and other profuſe evacuations. Its moſt active preparation is ſugar of lead; but every preparation of this metal undoubtedly demands the utmoſt circumſpection, and particularly when it is adminiſtered internally. By combining it with opium, to counteract its deleterious effect on the bowels, I have ſometimes ventured to give it in certain deſperate caſes, and that with very evident advantage †. As lead enters the compoſition of a variety of applications deſigned for external uſe, as lotions, eye-waters, ointments, plaiſter, &c. the untoward ſymptoms which ſometimes ſucceed, are totally unlooked for, and therefore generally referred to every cauſe but the right one. Among the popular applications of this claſs, Goulard's famous Extract of Saturn, and his vegeto-mineral water, ſeem to ſtand at the head of the liſt; and though perhaps inferior to an aqueous ſolution of the ſugar of lead, are nevertheleſs far more faſhionable remedies. Applications of this nature may, it is true, be uſed with tolerable ſafety where there is a whole ſkin, and its texture ſufficiently entire to prevent abſorption. But where it is ſoft and ſpungy, or the ſcarf ſkin ſtripped off, or ulcerated, the poiſon of courſe will be more liable to be abſorbed into the ſyſtem, and to produce its pernicious effects. Inſtances of this have been remarked by my friend Dr. Percival, and other accurate obſervers. To prevent the tender ſkin of infants from being excoriated, nurſes ſeldom fail to ſprinkle the parts plentifully with white lead. Hence perhaps the ſevere gripes and fatal convulſions which ſo often enſue, though generally attributed to other cauſes.

Children's play-things are commonly painted with a compoſition of red or white lead; but how often do we ſee the ſmiling innocents ſuck within their lips thoſe pernicious toys, while the unſuſpecting parents look on with apparent ſatisfaction! The application of an ointment with litharge, or white lead, to nurſes ſore nipples, often proves fatal to ſucking infants: twelve inſtances of this ſort are recorded by ſir George Baker to have happened at Dartmouth.—Our common red wafers receive their colour

† Even thus guarded, the doſe ought to be cautiouſly increaſed, and perhaps never exceed three or four grains a day. What are we to think then of certain Engliſh Diſpenſatories and Compendiums of Phyſic, (the daily companions of all our young practitioners) who gravely recommend it to be given from ſeven to nine, nay even to twelve grains and upwards a day! See Quincy's Diſpenſatory—Shaw's Practice of Phyſic—Ball's Practice of Phyſic—Naval and Military Diſpenſatory—in which laſt twenty grains are ordered for a ſingle doſe!!

from

from red lead. When theſe are accidently picked up by tame birds, they ſoon prove fatal, which ought to be a caution to thoſe inconſiderate perſons who are fond of not only chewing, but ſwallowing them.

Painters in Water-colours are equally reprehenſible for incautiouſly moiſtening their pencil with their lips, and frequently holding it in their mouths a conſiderable time. Thus the ſaliva, repeatedly imbued with a ſlow poiſon, is inſenſibly ſwallowed from day to day, till at length the health becomes viſibly impaired without the cauſe being ſuſpected, unleſs the colic or palſy ſhould ſupervene.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN your laſt Magazine I obſerved a liſt of perſonal and mental qualifications proper for a wife, apparently drawn up by a SINGLE GENTLEMAN, who declares that ſuch qualifications will pleaſe him. Now, ſir, although I am far from thinking that I have any neceſſity to advertiſe my own qualifications in this public manner, yet as your correſpondent the SINGLE GENTLEMAN has ſpoken his mind ſo freely, I cannot reſiſt the temptation to tell him how much I come near the picture he has drawn, or in other words, how far I poſſeſs thoſe *perſonal* and *mental qualifications* which he requires in a wife, and this I hope to do, ſir, with all imaginable candour and impartiality, that is to ſay, ſir, with as much of both "as can be expected."

I ſhall take his QUALIFICATIONS in the ſame order as he has placed them.

"Great good-nature. and a prudent generoſity." As to good nature, I declare that I poſſeſs a large ſhare of it, particularly when every thing goes on to my mind; if otherwiſe, I am apt to be ruffled and ſpeak rather haſtily, but my paſſion is as haſty as my words. Both are over and forgotten in a minute: for I ſay whatever comes uppermoſt, and never pout and ſulk, which you will allow is being very good-natured. With regard to "prudent generoſity," as I have never had much money at command, I have not had many opportunities of exerting my generoſity; but if my huſband, that is to be, entruſts me with money, I have no doubt that I ſhall be "prudent" enough not to let him know all my "generoſity," for really, ſir, between you and me, the men do make ſtrange fuſs about money.

"A lively look, a proper ſpirit, and a chearful diſpoſition." It would be improper in me to ſay much of my looks; I have no doubt of convincing my huſband, whoever he be, that I have a "proper ſpirit," and as at preſent I am remarkable for a "chearful diſpoſition," it will be his fault if he gives me reaſon to change it for a worſe.

"A good perſon, but not perfectly beautiful." This fits me exactly. Every body calls me a genteel girl, ſome a fine woman, and although they allow I have a tolerable face, nobody ever thought me "perfectly beautiful."

"A moderate height." Juſt five feet five inches out of my ſhoes, but if this ſhould be too ſhort, I can eaſily make it up in head and heels; for I don't think that the faſhion of low heels will laſte long.

"With regard to complexion, not quite fair, but a little brown." This is my caſe. I have lived all my days in the country, and, compared to whey-faced London ladies, might paſs for a *brunette*.

"Young

"Young by all means, though there are exceptions." I dont know what he means by "exceptions." I ſhall be eighteen next December, if that will do, for I am not yet arrived at the age when one likes to drop a year or two. If by "exceptions" he means that I may be older, I would only beg leave to give him a hint, not to be too long in applying, for while the lady is growing older, he is not growing younger.

"A decent ſhare of common ſenſe, juſt tinctured with a little ſeaſonable repartee and a ſmall modicum of wit." I have always thought it impoſſible to have too much "common ſenſe," but as he probably has a very large ſhare himſelf, he may think that as much more in a wife would overſtock the family. I ſhall therefore not oppreſs him with my common ſenſe. "A little ſeaſonable repartee" is detetminable only according to circumſtances, for often where a repartee is moſt ſeaſonable, it is leaſt welcome. "The ſmall modicum of wit," applies to me perfectly well, and with that ſmall modicum, he will be in no great danger from my "ſeaſonable repartees."

"Some learning, enough to make leiſure hours agreeable, but not to interrupt domeſtic duties." Of what is properly called learning, I have but little, only a taſte for reading, which I agree with him, may make leiſure hours agreeable. As to "domeſtic duties," I am as yet unacquainted with them, and can ſay but little on that head.

"Well, but not critically ſkilled, in her own tongue." I hope this letter will, in ſome meaſure, ſpeak for me. If he wiſhes to hear more of my tongue, we muſt be better acquainted. As to "no deficiency in ſpelling or pointing, and a good legible hand," I hope he will never be ſo far and ſo long ſeparated from me as to require much writing.

"A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic, but no ſkill in vulgar fractions." To theſe qualifications, I know not what to ſay. I have always been able to count over my father's quarterly allowance; I have often wiſhed to *add* to it; I always *ſubſtract* from it, and ſhould not be very ſorry were he to *multiply* it by *two*.

"A more than tolerable good voice, a little ear for muſic; and a capability for ſinging a *canzonet*, or a ſong, in company, but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, &c." My voice, every body ſays, is a very fine voice, and I hope he will not be ſorry to hear, that when I am aſked to ſing I never refuſe to enhance the merit of compliance, and never pretend to a cold. I hope in return, that my huſband will not as ſome huſbands do, huff me, and ſay, "La! my dear, you have ſung that an hundred times." Nor when I am warbling to myſelf, "I wiſh you would be quiet, my dear, you make ſuch a noiſe."

"No enthuſiaſm for the harpſichord, harp, or guittar." Don't play any of them.

"Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than fine." Very ready at my needle, but not much devoted to work of any kind.

"No enemy to knitting, or mending." By no means; I knit purſes, and garters, in a peculiarly beautiful ſtyle; and "mend" every thing—but myſelf—which I think is a pretty fair confeſſion.

"Not always in the parlour, but ſometimes in the kitchen." Agreed, provided my huſband never appears in the kitchen: I hate your cooking, cleaning, nurſing huſbands.

"More ſkilled in the theoretic than in the practical part of cookery." This will ſuit me very well,

as

as I was always more fond of knowing how things ſhould be done, than of doing them. I would often go without dinner, rather than dreſs it.

"To tea and coffee, no objection." None in the leaſt.

"Fonder of country dances than minuets." Don't know well what to ſay to this, but ſhall endeavour to comply, and *dance* rather than *walk*, if ſo he pleaſes.

"An acquaintance with domeſtic news, but no acquaintance with foreign." I muſt here own, I do love "a bit of news," and ſhall certainly ſtudy to make myſelf acquainted with all that happens within fifty miles of us. As to "foreign news," by which I ſuppoſe he means the French, and the Spaniards, and the Turks, I can do very well without them.

"Not entirely fond of quadrille, nor an abſolute bigot to whiſt." This is my character; for though I dearly love a ſnug rubber at whiſt, yet I have no very violent and unconquerable devotion for it, eſpecially if the run is againſt me. N. B. If my huſband and I ſhould be partners, I expect that he will not huff me, when the deal is out, and pretend to ſay, that I ought to have played this, that, and t'other card.

"In converſation, a little of the liſp, but not of the ſtammer." Here, indeed, I muſt be candid enough to inform my huſband, that is to be, that I have neither liſp nor ſtammer; and that I expect he will, like myſelf, ſpeak plain. This correſpondent of your's, Mr. Editor, is the only man I ever heard of, who demanded that his wife ſhould liſp.

His laſt qualification is, "decently, but not affectedly ſilent." This I can ſafely ſay, is part of my character. If I am ſilent, it muſt be from ſome cauſe, there can be no affectation in the caſe Indeed the affectation of ſilence" is not very common in either ſex.

Thus, ſir, I have compared myſelf with the liſt of qualifications given in your laſt Magazine, and do conceive that I am juſt ſuch a perſon as your correſpondent wants. I don't chuſe, however, to ſay more, until I hear from him again; till then,

I am, ſir,

your very humble ſervant,

INGENUA.

Saliſbury, Sep. 12. 1790.

OCCASIONAL PAPER.

Addreſſed to the LADIES.

ON LETTER-WRITING.

TO be able to write a ſhort letter on any common topic, on pleaſure, or buſineſs, is a very uſeful accompliſhment, and to the fair ſex particularly ſo, becauſe they have not always, or ſo often, thoſe opportunities of meeting their friends which the men enjoy. To thoſe who have experienced what a diſagreeable thing it is to be abſent from the friend of their heart, from their deareſt relatives, or thoſe they have been uſed to aſſociate with, I need not ſay how pleaſing this talent is—and I may almoſt ſay, how thankful we ought to be, that we have in our power a means of correſpondence which no diſtance is too great for, and which by various improvements is now rendered ſo eaſy, to and from all parts of the kingdom and of the world.

In abſence we cannot enjoy the converſation of our friends; they ſeem cut off from us as if by death; we may occaſionally hear of them, but to hear of them is not enough. How excellent then is that contrivance by which, ſeparated many hundred miles, we may yet converſe with them, ſhare their pleaſures and

their

heir griefs, and receive and impart our mutual ſentiments of attachment and love. I have, indeed, heard ſome ladies declare that they thought abſence (where there was a proſpect of return) inſtead of deſtroying, ſeemed to heighten eſteem and affection; for we all know how natural it is for us to rejoice at receiving a letter from a diſtant friend, and how our love ſeems to heighten as we devour every little expreſſion of tenderneſs it contains.

To be able, therefore, to write letters eaſily, and in a pleaſant, lively, and friendly ſtyle is, as obſerved before, no ſmall accompliſhment; and I have been induced to offer my fair readers a few humble precepts on this head, which I hope may not be unneceſſary to all, although to many certainly ſo.

1. My firſt advice is—learn to write a fluent and ready hand. In expreſſing ſentiments of friendſhip, in detailing the occurrences of your time, and ſuch things as letters generally conſiſt of, you will find your thoughts flow faſt upon you, and if you wield not the "pen of a ready writer," they will be loſt.—Thoſe who write a large copy-hand, ſpend ſo much time on a word that they forget the thought. If you cannot write quickly, and write well at the ſame time, write firſt as well as you can, and afterwards copy it in any manner you pleaſe.

2. Learn to ſpell every word exactly. This is the great objection that has been made time out of mind to the letters of women, that they are wrong ſpelt. The only way to acquire a habit of ſpelling readily is by reading much and with great attention. A dictionary ought to be at hand in caſe you forget the ſpelling of any difficult word. But it is from attending to what you read that you muſt ultimately learn to ſpell. I know of no inſtructions that can be of the leaſt ſervice. I never was taught to ſpell in my life, to the beſt of my remembrance, and yet I never ſpelt twenty words amiſs ſince I was taught to write. This I mention only to ſhow that attention to what you read will ſoon create ſuch a habit of ſpelling well as you can never get rid of. An ill-ſpelt manuſcript has a moſt diſagreeable appearance. In a letter it diſgraces the fineſt thoughts, mars the neateſt expreſſions, and throws an air of ridicule over the whole.

The following is the concluſion of one of the letters in Swift's Collection.—"I can aſſure you with the greateſt truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be, with greater ſincerity than I am, your moſt obedient, &c.

Let us ſee how abſurd and ridiculous this elegant compliment would appear in bad ſpelling:—"I can aſſure yow with the greateſt trooth, tho' you heave much oldher acquinteſſences that you heave not in Ingland a frind that loaves and onners you more than I do, or can bee with grater ſenceritty, than I am, your moſt &c. &c."—I need not aſk my readers which of theſe they would wiſh to ſend or to receive.

3. Anſwer a letter the moment you receive it, if at all poſſible.—Have you not felt the firſt reading of your friend's letter convey certain ſenſations, certain impreſſions, a certain turn of thought? Do not miſs the glorious opportunity of anſwering it while theſe impreſſions laſte—they will ſoon be diſſipated, and a ſecond reading of your letter at a diſtant period will not bring them back. Conſider the letter you have received as a ſpeech addreſſed to you in company, and that the ſpeaker is waiting for an anſwer; if you heſitate, you will forget what

you intended to anſwer. Beſides, if you have received pain from the delay of your friend's letter, and pleaſure proportionate from receiving it, you ought to conſider your correſpondent as now in your power as to giving pain or pleaſure.

4. Never delay your anſwer long, for then you become aſhamed to write, and the longer you delay the more aſhamed, until you give up the buſineſs altogether. This may injure the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between you, and is ſurely a cruelty on your part, the reflection of which afterwards will give you infinite pain. Speedily anſwering will likewiſe prevent thoſe ſilly excuſes of "want of time—the poſt going out—in great haſte," which are generally mere evaſions, and often direct untruths. I do not mean that you ſhould be precipitate, that you ſhould write in haſte what you may afterwards repent of. You may firſt write according to your impreſſions and your fancy, but you may keep it for a day or two for reviſal if you think it neceſſary, for, "when the poſt is juſt going out," it is much better to have only to fold up your letter, than to write it.

5. Many directions have been given as to what is the proper ſubject of a letter; as that it ought not to be an eſſay, nor a formal diſſertation.—A letter certainly ought to approach nearly to converſation, but converſation admits of infinite variety, and ſo ought letters—whether grave or gay muſt be determined partly by the ſubject you are writing upon, and partly by the friend you addreſs.

6. Various models of letters by Swift, Pope, &c. &c. have been recommended. This I conceive to be wholly uſeleſs. You have a genius of your own, no matter how ſmall or great; cultivate that, for imitation will make you ridiculous; imitations of the manners of our great writers has made an infinite number of bunglers, without ever making an eaſy or elegant writer.—The beſt letters that are in our language, or the French, may be, however, read with advantage; you may occaſionally take hints from them; you may obſerve how neatly and elegantly theſe authors begin and cloſe their letters, but you muſt avoid an attempt at imitation—and particularly avoid a flippance and coquettiſhneſs of ſtyle that is unnatural to you. Write as you would ſpeak, or as you would wiſh to ſpeak, but do not aſſume a character that does not belong to you. It will appear to be affectation, and you will not be long able to preſerve it.

Laſtly, if your time permits, and your diſtant friends requeſt it, write often; for without much practice you will never attain eaſe or graceſulneſs. Frequent practice, ſo far from exhauſting, will increaſe your reſources. If you have not been in the habit of writing, you will not be able to conceive with what facility they write who conſtantly practiſe it—but experience will teach you this, and then you will not be ſorry that you have kindly taken the advice of old

NESTOR.

The SELF-RIVAL,

A NOUVELLETTE FROM THE FRENCH.

From which the Plot of Mrs. Cowley's Comedy of the Belles Stratagem was taken.

WOMEN with an eminent degree of beauty and elegance, never fail pleaſing at firſt ſight;

light; and, on the other hand, the plain and forbidding may alſo aſſure themſelves of a contrary effect; the former have nothing to fear, nor the latter to hope; but they who are neither of a ſtriking beauty or uglineſs, them it concerns to take great precautions at a firſt interview, the ſucceſs of which depends not only on the taſte of him to whom they are deſirous of appearing amiable, but on the different diſpoſitions in which the man may happen to be; as in a gloomy moment of chagrin, he may be diſguſted with one of thoſe half-beauties, with whom amidſt the feſtivity of an entertainment he would have been charmed.

An only daughter, one of thoſe equivocal beauties we have been ſpeaking of, became at firſt ſight enamoured of a gentleman, on whom ſhe perceived that the firſt ſight of her had not ſuch an effect. They happened to meet at a judge's chambers about a law-ſuit, on which depended the welfare of the two families. In order to adjuſt an affair of ſuch concern, yet uncertain, a match was that day agreed on, between the two heirs, and this agreement celebrated by a ſplendid feaſt. The heireſs made her appearance in a very careleſs dreſs, and her compliments and behaviour were no leſs void of ceremony. This created ſome aſtoniſhment, and being aſked by her mother what reaſon ſhe had for ſuch ſingularity, ſhe made anſwer, that having perceived, at the judge's chamber, that her perſon was not like to create any love in her future huſband, ſhe would endeavour at leaſt to gain his eſteem by modeſty.

The gentleman, who had been for ſome time expected, came; he was a very perſonable youth, and though not wanting in manners or good-ſenſe, of an exceſſive ſfrankneſs, plainly ſpeaking what he thought. His firſt ſpeech at coming in was to the mother, ſaying he came to pay his duty to her; that this morning was the firſt time he had ever heard of the marriage, which his father intended for him. Had I known, continued he, ſaluting the young lady, that you was ſhe with whom I am to paſs my life, I would have entreated you freely to have told me, whether in a marriage concerted between our parents merely for the mutual intereſt of the two families, you as willingly conformed to your mother's directions, as I obey my father; for, if the match be in the leaſt againſt your inclination, it is what I will never ſuffer myſelf to be brought to. To this, the mother, preventing the daughter, anſwered, that her daughter had moſt willingly obeyed at the very firſt intimation. But, ſir, allow me to deſire that you, with your natural ſincerity, would declare, whether you have any liking to my daughter. O! anſwered he, I ſee ſupper is on the table, I will anſwer that queſtion at the deſert; but for the preſent let us ſit down. The table talk turned entirely on the oddneſs of a marriage ſo ſuddenly concluded; not a word came from the daughter, and it was very ſeldom ſhe looked at the gentleman, though already in love with him; but ſhe had her drift. At length comes the deſert, and the ſervants being ordered to withdraw, the mother challenged the gentleman's promiſe of freely declaring his mind; which he did, with all imaginable politeneſs; he gave her to underſtand, that her daughter had not touched his heart; but proteſted that ſhe might depend on the moſt civil treatment, and every mark of real affection. This new manner of making love occaſioned a good deal of pleaſantry, till the company

broke up. The mother in her return home rattled her daughter for ſitting like a mope at table. I had my reaſons for it, ſaid the daughter, I did it to make myſelf loved.—— Loved! anſwered the mother, you go an odd way to work. But this ſagacious girl laid open her ſcheme ſo much to the mother's ſatisfaction, that ſhe promiſed to act a part in it.

The day following the gentleman paid a viſit to the daughter, whom he did not love, but whom, on her character, he eſteemed. After a ſhort ſilence, ſhe, with a mein which could give him no great idea of her intellects, ſaid, that as ſhe had no hopes of his love, ſhe at leaſt required from him an exceſſive proof of his eſteem, which was, ſhould he hereafter take a fancy to any other woman, to make her his confidante. This propoſal he looked on in the light which he thought it deſerved, and made anſwer, that as far as he knew himſelf, he was not the moſt propenſe to amours, but that ſhould ſuch a thing fall out, his reaſon would help him to ſtifle a paſſion, and conceal it from himſelf, ſo far from imparting it to his wife. She inſiſted that ſhe would ſtand in his heart, at leaſt in the rank of a good friend. This produced a long conteſt, managed with great indifference on his ſide, and with a vapid ſort of obſtinacy on hers. He ſtill would not promiſe ſo extravagant a confidence, till, to be rid of her importunities, with a contemptuous laugh he complied with what ſhe had been ſolliciting. Another good quality of this gentleman was, that what he had promiſed he kept to. He took his leave of her, telling her, in a careleſs manner, that he was going to the ball, and always put on a Spaniſh dreſs, and very ſeldom miſſed a night; to which ſhe anſwered, that ſhe could not endure a ball, dancing was a thing that ſhe could never learn.

He was no ſooner in the ſtreet, than ſhe ſent for an Eſpagnoletta habit, purpoſing to follow him.— With the fineſt ſhape in the world, and an advantageous ſtature, ſhe had all the graces of attitude, and danced inimitably; her neck, the contour of her face, and her eyes were perfectly beautiful, ſo that with a very little maſk, and the apertures for the eyes very open, her appearance was quite enchanting. She ſoon attracted the eyes of the whole company, and her Spaniard was not the leaſt charmed; being taken out to dance, ſhe herein increaſed the admiration of her perſon; the Spaniard, who ſtood forward to have the better ſight of her, had the high pleaſure of being choſen for her ſecond partner.—— After dancing, they fell into converſation. The Spaniard enraptured with the brilliancy of her repartees, and the turn and delicacy of her thoughts, little imagined this engaging perſon to be her whom he had ſeen only in her negligee, which hid her ſhape and diſfigured her air, and affected an indolence bordering on ſtupidity; in a word, he began to love her beyond what he thought himſelf ſuſceptible of, and rejoiced in the happineſs only of being told by her, that ſhe was to be at the ball on the following night, and in the ſame habit.

On the afternoon of the next day, he waited on his future bride, whom he found in her uſual indolence, and more careleſly dreſſed than before, but in her diſcourſe a ſurpriſing alteration; ſuch judgment, ſuch elevation of thought, ſuch tenderneſs of ſentiments, and delivered with ſuch an amiable ſweetneſs, that he began to grow a little eaſy, though ſhe wanted the ſparkling wit, and radiant charms of the Eſpagnoletta; yet ſome ſigns of extreme

treme agitation eſcaped him, and from time to time, to her great joy, he fell into unuſual diſtractions; ſhe now plainly ſaw that he was ſmitten. They both kept their word to meet at the ball, and in a converſation ſtill more animated than that of the laſt night, ſhe threw freſh fuel on his love; but his marriage, obtruding itſelf among his raptures, gave riſe to ſuch forcible reflections, that by a very extraordinary effort of virtue he was for ſuddenly leaving the Eſpagnoletta. How! will you leave me? ſays ſhe with an air ſufficient to have enamoured him, if he had not been ſo. On this he ſunk down again in his chair, without ſpeaking a word. I ſee, ſays ſhe, that to detain you I ſtand in need of all my charms; well then, I will unmaſk. No ſuch thing, no ſuch thing, cried he, labouring in the noble conflict. What will become of me! And, in effect, dreading the conſequence of a longer ſtay, he inſtantly broke from her. This very probably was the firſt time that a miſtreſs has been pleaſed at a lover's overcoming the paſſion he had for her. The Eſpagnoletta, on this ſlight of her Spaniard, was no leſs delighted with his virtue, than with his love.

This gentleman, who had never been known to treſpaſs againſt ſincerity, as he had given his word to his future bride, determined not to conceal from her a paſſion ſo very unexpected. He laid open to her the bottom of his heart, while ſhe only feigned as much jealouſy as ſufficed to let him know that ſhe loved him; and afterwards expreſſing ſuch reſignation and indulgence, and ſo much confidence in his fidelity, that he could not but execrate himſelf for having been capable of harbouring any ſentiment to her injury. She endeavoured to remove his concern by high commendations of his extraordinary prudence and reſolution, in refuſing to ſee the *Eſpagnoletta* unmaſked, at the ſame time adviſing him that he ſhould endeavour to ſee her ſo; that, ſaid ſhe, is the only way of curing you; to be ſure ſhe is another creature under the maſk than what your inflamed imagination repreſents her, and ſhould ſhe prove to want beauty, you would ſoon forget her wit. No, no, replied he, there is nothing like ſhunning her; this very evening will I beg of my father to put off our marriage for a few days, while I go into the country, where I make no doubt but I ſhall get the better of this freak; my eſteem for you will not allow me to give myſelf to you in my preſent diſtracted ſtate. No, no, ſays ſhe, I will put you in the ſureſt way to forget the charms of your Eſpagnoletta, for unqueſtionably your paſſion will be cured on ſeeing her without a maſk; you may depend on it, for to tell you the truth, it is no longer ago than yeſterday, that one, who knows her perfectly well was talking of her, and ſaid, that except her eyes, ſhe had not a ſingle good feature in her face. Still the lover inſiſted on a ſhort ruſtication, but the father, who had got intelligence of all theſe tranſactions, laid his commands on his ſon to bring matters to an iſſue the very next day.

The contract was ſigned, and after the ſolemnization, the ſplendid company returned to the mother's houſe. Scarce was ſupper over, when in came a troop of maſks, preceded by fiddles; the bride who had feigned a ſlight indiſpoſition at ſupper, requeſted her huſband to perform the honour of the maſquerade, while ſhe withdrew to reſt awhile. With ſuch diſpatch did ſhe equip herſelf in her former habit, that ſhe entered the dancing room with another groupe of maſks, which followed

ſoon

ſoon after the firſt; they both conſiſted of ſome intimate friends who had been deſired to form a little maſquerade for facilitating the execution of the bride's artifice. The faithful bridegroom, at the ſight of that dreaded object, was for haſtening out of the room; but the mother catching hold of him, informed them ſhe had deſignedly invited the Eſpagnoletta, who was at a ball in the neighbourhood, to favour them with her company. My daughter, added ſhe, cannot be eaſy, until you ſee her unmaſked, as that will abſolutely cure you, for ſhe is ſaid to be even frightfully ugly. Ah! madam, replied he, all the faults of her face will never cure me of a deteſtable paſſion, which ſo many other charms have kindled; I have already imagined her more hideous than it is well poſſible for her to be, and am not a whit eaſier. Ah! madam, no longer ſtop me.

While he was ſpeaking, the Eſpagnoletta, animated by this ſcene, which gave her inconceivable delight, exerted the utmoſt of her ſkill and vivacity in all the motions of the dance; he turned aſide his looks from the irreſiſtible temptation, but ſhe wantonly ſwept along cloſe by him, which at once expelled his reaſon and duty, and he forgot the preſence of his mother-in law. To complete his confuſion, the Eſpagnoletta took him by the hand. This ſo overpowered his ſenſes, that his mother-in-law taking him under the arm, he ſuffered himſelf to be huſtled away to a cloſet, without knowing whither he was going, and the mother ſhut herſelf up with them. The Eſpagnoletta then ſent forth a deep ſigh, and no more than natural, for by unmaſking herſelf ſhe feared that ſhe ſhould totally loſe the pleaſure of ſeeing her huſband ſo very fond; ſhe loved him as much as he loved the Eſpagnoletta, her languiſhing looks anſwered thoſe of her tranſported lover; they looked at each other for ſome time, without uttering a word, whilſt the anxious mother's fluent tongue was giving her ſon-in law an idea of the moſt diſtaſteful uglineſs, that by this contraſt, when her daughter ſhould come to unmaſk, ſhe might appear to leſs diſadvantage; the fond bride availed herſelf as long as ſhe could of her huſband's miſtake, but as ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to terminate this ſcene, the mother at length took the maſk from the daughter's face.

The powerful effect, that this ſurpriſe produced in the happy bridegroom, is one of thoſe things the force of which is diminiſhed by any deſcription. Imagine the ſituation of a man of honour, conflicting with love and beauty, infinitely eſteeming one perſon, and paſſionately in love with another, and at length finding them both united in one complete object.

As to the bride, what muſt have been her extaſy, that in ſo little time ſhe had transformed an indifferent lover into an enamoured huſband, and brought the ſtruggle between eſteem and love to a favourable iſſue, which eſtabliſhed her felicity, and did equal honour to both!

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Am rather ſurpriſed at the ſeverity of your correſpondent's reply to my laſt communication, as I certainly think it was unmerited. His ideas of controverſy differ conſiderably from mine; judging no doubt from his own feelings, he pronounces its general tendency to be that of "ſouring the temper and diſtracting the

the mind;" on the contrary it is my opinion that controverſy, when conducted with politeneſs and good humour, never can have any ſuch tendency; it may ſurely both amuſe and inſtruct in the free diſcuſſion of ſubjects concerning which a diverſity of opinion prevails; but when the parties, impatient of contradiction, take fire at the mildeſt expreſſion of a difference in ſentiment,——the *din* of controverſy ariſes, and it muſt become diſagreeable to every friend to moderation and good manners.

Of the weakneſs of his arguments your correſpondent makes a tacit acknowledgement, when he lays them on the back of the old gentleman's hobby-horſe; but from his perſiſting to vindicate them after ſuch an acknowledgement, I ſhall certainly be juſtified in the opinion of your readers if I conſider the *Painters Panegyriſt* to be no other than your correſpondent *Juvenis;* as ſuch let me aſk him whether it was altogether manly, whether it was not begging the queſtion to take ſhelter behind this imaginary perſonage? let me alſo put him in mind that when a man advances opinions that to the generality of mankind ſeem rather parodoxical, he need not be ſurpriſed, he ſhould not allow his temper to be ruffled if they are commented upon; let him alſo remember that *irony* and *ſarcaſm* are but feeble weapons againſt *the united teſtimony of reaſon and experience.*

What was the old gentleman doing when his quondam pupil was invoking his ſpirit with ſo much warmth? he has no doubt been aſcertaining the comparative merits of the ancient and modern ſons of the bruſh, keeping *Zeuxis* and *Apelles*, *Raphael* and *Coreggio* from going to loggerheads, or perhaps doſing over the favourite *tomes* of the Abbé du Bos: He muſt have been particularly engaged, otherwiſe he would have been *twitching* his favourite's *elbow* when he was writing his reply; he would have whiſpered, "Hark ye, my young friend, in *matters of mere taſte* you cannot look for *unanimity of ſentiment;* defend your opinions and mine with moderation, good humour and politeneſs; let your words fall like the gentle dew of heaven, not like the rattling of hailſtones; you are about to leave this place, let your *exit* be like the mild beams of the ſetting ſun, and don't go off hiſſing and bouncing, and cracking like a ſquib."—But indeed, Sir, the gentleman ſhould not charge me with cruelty—*poor man!* the barbarous *inſult* that I have offered to his memory will, I truſt, be forgiven,; never more will I rake up his aſhes; reſt, perturbed ſpirit! and ſweet be thy repoſe, by me it ſhall no more be interrupted. It is indeed with pain that I once more do violence to the irritable feelings of your correſpondent; I had prepared to proſecute my enquiry into the effects of Poetry and Muſic upon mankind, but in the preſent ſtate of the gentleman's mind I ſhould be apprehenſive of the conſequences: If at any future period I ſhould be tempted to give my thoughts on the ſubject to the Public, I ſhall not feel *inſulted* or any way hurt, ſhould ſome perſon attempt the demolition of that fabric which I may have reared with ſuch aſſiduity; if I deem his arguments trifling, they ſhall be paſſed over in ſilence; if on the contrary they deſerve an anſwer, he ſhall not have to complain of unneceſſary and unbecoming ſeverity. At preſent I ſhall enter no farther into the controverſy than may be neceſſary for vindicating myſelf from the heavy charges of injuſtice, diſingenuity, and miſrepreſentation.

You will at once ſee how curiouſly I am left in the lurch on the occaſion; between a French Critic and a viſionary connoiſſeur, our friend *Juvenis* contrives to ſlip off with won-

wonderful dexterity, and I am left to fight with ſhadows, or to criticiſe the Frenchman's three Octavo Volumes. I was by no means ignorant of the ſource from whence your correſpondent derived his principal arguments. That painting addreſſes the eye, and that it makes uſe of natural, not artificial ſigns to move us, muſt be allowed; but allow me alſo to repeat that I reckon theſe ſuch advantages as "diſplay its general inferiority in the ſtronger light," and when I compare with theſe the advantages which, according to the ſame author, poetry poſſeſſes over painting, I am at a loſs to conjecture upon what grounds he ſhould give the preference to the latter; had *Juvenis* himſelf read that chapter of the Abbé's book which treats of the reſpective advantages and diſadvantages of the arts, before he knew which ſide the author favoured, I am convinced he and the Abbé would have been on oppoſite ſides. In this fourteenth chapter quoted by your correſpondent, the Abbe's reaſoning to me ſeems inconſiſtent and contradictory. "The moſt tender verſes," ſays he, "can affect us only *by degrees*, and by ſetting the ſeveral ſprings of our machine ſucceſſively to work," &c. "and," adds he, "it is an inconteſtible principle in mechanics, that the multiplicity of ſprings always debilitates the movement, by reaſon that one ſpring never communicates to another all the motion it has received," but a little farther on in the ſame chapter he is obliged to acknowledge that a poem moves us *more* than a picture, and here the "inconteſtible principle in mechanics" is forgotten; "for," ſays he, "the poet preſents us ſucceſſively with fifty pictures, as it were, which lead us *gradually* to that exceſſive emotion which commands our tears." True, he adds, that tho' "an entire poem affects us more than a picture, yet the latter would move us more than a ſingle ſcene repreſenting the ſame event, were it to be detached from the reſt, and read without having ſeen any of the preceding ſcenes,"—but to make the caſes parallel, let all the incidents of a poem, if ſuch a thing were poſſible, be repreſented on canvaſs; will the warmeſt admirer of painting ſay, that by ſuch a repreſentation we ſhould be moved in the ſame degree as by the poem itſelf; that the intereſt would be leſs divided, or that we ſhould be "led gradually to that exceſſive emotion which commands our tears?" But, why talk of *critics? Juvenis* and his dog are as good judges of painting as the Abbe du Bos.——Wiſhing to avoid every thing like perſonal ſeverity in my obſervations on the connoiſſeur's harangue, I took no notice of what to me ſeems the abſurdity of introducing the ſtory of the ſagacious *Rooks* attempting to alight upon a wall, painted like a roof covered with tiles, or of a no leſs ſagacious dog breaking his head againſt a painted board, repreſenting a flight of ſteps. Head of *Apelles!* for what purpoſe are ſuch ſtories related in an attempt to eſtabliſh the ſuperior influence of painting upon *mankind?* ſhould *Juvenis* in a dark night, inſtead of popping his head into his own door, knock it againſt the wall, as well might he make a harangue to ſhew the wonderful effects of *ſtone walls* upon the ſoul of man; ſuch ſtories may with propriety appear as evidences of the perfection at which the art has arrived, but in the preſent inſtance your correſpondent ſhould have thanked me for paſſing them over in ſilence. The gentleman's *wit*, too, like an unmanageable *tit*, ſometimes carries him, John Gilpin like, farther than he intended; witneſs the ſtory of the dog and the portrait; I believe it will not be denied that a portrait may convey a ſtrong likeneſs of the original, and yet poſſeſs very little *merit* in the eye

eye of a *connoiſſeur;* but as the artiſt conſidered the dog's approbation as a deciſive proof of the *merit* of his piece, who but muſt exclaim, *Sir, this dog was a favoured Connoiſſeur.* But was it not unkind, Sir, for the ſake of a witticiſm, to degrade his humble opponent below the level of the brutes? does he not aſſert that a picture makes an immediate appeal to our feelings, and that conſequently any perſon may be a judge of painting, and does he not afterwards add that his *criticiſing correſpondent* with all his *eagle ey'd ſagacity*, is but a *poor* judge, or what is much to the ſame purpoſe, *no* judge of the art? Do the effects of painting appear among *dogs* and *rooks*, and muſt an individual of the *human* race be pronounced *in feeling* inferior to theſe animals! this is indeed doing penance with a vengeance for a *cruel* attempt to pull down the ſtructure reared by *Monſieur l'Abbe, Juvenis and Co.*—Did it not occur to the gentleman that this appeal to the feelings I conſidered as the criterion by which the comparative powers of painting, poetry or muſic over the paſſions muſt be tried? I appealed to no critic, ancient or modern; I did not perhaps diſcuſs the ſubject with the acuteneſs of a philoſopher, but my obſervations were ſuch as common ſenſe dictated. I ſaid, and it was the reſult of attentive obſervation, that the nobleſt productions of the pencil are beheld, by the generality of mankind, with perfect indifference, that the only emotion they excite is admiration of the ſkill of the artiſt. Your correſpondent has ſeen the exhibitions at Somerſet-houſe, why does he not give us his obſervations upon the effects wrought by the pictures upon his fellow-ſpectators, would it not be as much to the purpoſe as theſe ſtories of *Dogs* and *Rooks?* There he would certainly find ſome *maſter pieces;* to *vile daubings* I made not a ſingle alluſion, farther than obſerving that thoſe who pretend to be as good judges of painting as Juvenis, differ ſo widely in their opinions of the merits of pictures, that what with one is a maſter piece, with another is a piece of *vile daubing.* It is a circumſtance that muſt have been noticed by every perſon who has had an opportunity of ſeeing an extenſive collection of pictures, that there are many pieces, upon which a very high value is ſet by a few, but in which nineteen out of twenty ſpectators cannot diſcern a ſingle beauty; your correſpondent will no doubt tell us that they are *poor* judges, but ſtill to me it ſeems neither a forced nor an unnatural concluſion, that the effects of painting are chiefly confined to a few *favoured connoiſſeurs.*

Had your correſpondent found it convenient to wait for my opinion upon this ſubject, he would have found that tho' in the ſcale of excellence I gave poetry a much higher place than painting, yet, for its effects upon mankind in general, I ſhould certainly have pronounced muſic ſuperior to both. Inſtances of the great and extenſive influence of poetry and muſic, but in particular the latter, are ſo numerous, and ſo well authenticated, that if the gentleman is really ſerious when he brings the effects of painting in competition with them, we muſt ſuppoſe him deficient in information on the ſubject. I only mention this to introduce the opinion of his favourite author the Abbe du Bos, who it is to be preſumed does not leave the acuteneſs of the philoſopher behind him when he treats of muſic. That the Abbe thinks the effects of muſic greater than thoſe produced by poetry or painting, will I think appear from his ſhort introduction to his account of the ancient muſic; of the boundleſs effects of the art ſuch is his opinion, that he ſeems to think it may be eſ-

ficacious in curing diſorders of the body, for authentic inſtances of which he refers to the memoirs of the royal Academy of Sciences; and he quotes Longinus, Quintilian, and other critics, to prove that muſical ſounds are capable of awaking every paſſion of the ſoul, of moving us as much as the eloquence of an orator. He does not indeed ſay that the effects of muſic upon mankind are greater than thoſe of poetry or painting, becauſe he does not with your correſpondent profeſs to aſcertain the comparative effects of the *three* arts upon the ſoul of man; he confines himſelf to *two* of them, poetry and painting, tho', from what he has ſaid of the third his opinion may eaſily be collected. Your correſpondent muſt therefore look out for ſome other ſupport to his cauſe than the Abbe du Bos, to whom, to uſe his own expreſſion, he is chargeable with injuſtice, in preſſing him into his ſervice, and borrowing only ſuch of his arguments as ſerved his own purpoſes: nay I am inclined to doubt whether he ever read any part of the Abbe's work but that in which the compariſon is ſtated between poetry and painting.

The deciſion of the abſent lover's caſe muſt be referred to a jury of love-ſick ſwains; I ſhall only ſay that I never had a friend whoſe features I could not *realize* at any time without the aid of a portrait; let thoſe who know what it is to love ſay whether the memory is leſs capable of *realizing* the charms of a *Miſtreſs*. A certain *ſagacious* critic upon Homer can ſcarcely refrain from ſcolding the old bard for making Neptun'es horſes in the Iliad take ſuch an enormous leap; not unlike to this is your correſpondent's curious remark on Shenſtone's beautiful lines.

I indeed feel for your correſpondent when he makes mournful mention of his *Juvenile attempts*; "ſuch melody would make a ſoldier d'off his arms"; I begin to accuſe myſelf of cruelty when I think of having ſo much hurt the feelings of the author of the Student's Dream, the Viſion of Female Excellence, &c. by expreſſing a difference in ſentiment in a matter of *mere taſte*. I am none of thoſe "who borrow friendſhip's tongue to ſpeak their ſcorn," no, Sir, there is nothing of *irony* in the compliment, when I ſay that the performances alluded to ſtand not in need of this attempt upon the compaſſion of readers, this *exceſſive* humility, as an apology: that they have anſwered the intentions of their author I am inclined to believe, and I regret, that by his departure we ſhall be deprived of his amuſing and inſtructive labours. When or wherever he goes, my beſt wiſhes will attend him, and ſhould he leave his heart in the poſſeſſion of ſome of your Northern beauties, as a pledge for his return, may the aſſenting voice of the yielding fair cheer him during the long night of abſence; may the dear portrait, dangling from his neck, by *realizing* her charms, give additional attractions to the pleaſures of ſocial life, or gild *the horrors of gloomy ſolitude*.

I have only farther to adviſe your correſpondent by all means to keep at a diſtance from controverſy, if he cannot keep his temper unruffled when the juſtice of his ſentiments is called in queſtion; and when inclined to make a diſplay of his wit, let him keep the following lines of a ſatyriſtin mind.

As in ſmooth oil the raſor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet.
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen,
Both pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen;
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find,
Dull is the *jeſter* when the joke's *unkind*.

I am, &c.

Aberdeen, 12*th October*, 1790. B.

THE TRIFLER,

Number LXXIII.

Thurſday October 21, 1790.

On Deceit—Easy Impudence—False Appearances——Tom Dangle, a Character—a Revolution Foreseen.

IN ſurveying the manners of mankind, and the many various modes of life which they purſue, we meet with frequent occaſion to regret, that deceit and falſehood enter ſtrongly into the compoſition not only of politeneſs, but of prudence. It is not only neceſſary to conceal our real ſentiments in order to pleaſe others, but it ſeems alſo no leſs neceſſary to conceal our real ſituation in order to benefit ourſelves. Hence the man who is in diſtreſs, muſt make his application as if he were not ſo, and he that would borrow a guinea muſt appear as if he poſſeſſed thouſands. If, however, we refer this to its origin, we ſhall find that where true friendſhip and virtue end, deceit naturally begins, for this practice proceeds on a principle of life and manners but too generally known, namely, that we are willing to give where it is not wanted, and to make offers of aſſiſtance where we are ſure of a refuſal.

To what elſe can be it owing, that the rich have ſo many friends, and that a man who was once rich, and falls into unexpected poverty, finds himſelf ſo ſoon ſolitary, and that even in the midſt of ſociety! Theſe contraſts are admirably repreſented by our immortal bard, in the character of Timon of Athens, and have *ſince* been experienced, as well, indeed, as *before*, by many thouſands. In a word, the maxim of the world is, "Be deceitful: be *prudently* deceitful; that is, *appear* to want nothing, and you may have every thing; *ſeem* to be rich, and you will ſtand in need of no aſſiſtance but what you may eaſily command—whereas, if you diſcloſe your real ſituation, if you openly declare that when you borrow a guinea, it is becauſe you really want it, if you tell a man that you apply to him becauſe you do know not where elſe to apply, the mortification of a refuſal, and ſubſequent neglect and contempt, are unavoidable.

When theſe maxims are allowed to be general, and when the exiſtence of ſuch practice is allowed as a fact, a ſevere ſentence, I will grant it, is paſſed on the manners of the world; but in all caſes of this nature, it is neceſſary to pay more regard to truth than flattery, and the world will never be wiſer for general appeals to their ſenſe, unleſs ſpecific facts can be produced. The knowledge of what has been now ſtated conveys many uſeful leſſons. It ſhews the unhappy effects which riches produce on the heart; that the pride which riches create does not ceaſe when they are loſt, and that he who would ſecure himſelf againſt the many mortifications to which poverty is ſubject, muſt render himſelf independent of thoſe in whoſe eyes poverty is a crime, that is, if he is ſtill diſpoſed to court the favour and friendſhip of ſuch perſons.

One effect of this want of pity and charity for real diſtreſs, which prevails, has already been mentioned; "*keeping up appearances*," is now the principal ſtudy of men in certain ſituations in life, particularly in the middle ranks of ſociety, and that ſuch appearances are the very reverſe of truth, and allowed to be ſo, is evident from our popular proverbial ſayings, ſuch as that "appearances are deceitful"—that "one "half of the world does not know how "the other lives," &c. &c. Hence much of that diſtruſt, ſuſpicion, and jealouſy, which create the reſerve ſaid to be peculiar to Engliſhmen, who tho' perhaps the greateſt encouragers of impoſtors, and the moſt eaſily duped of any people in the world, nevertheleſs aſſume an outſide of ſagacity and pene-

tration, which being without real judgement or knowledge, degenerates to downright rudeneſs; and it is not an uncommon thing for a London ſhopkeeper to affront a man of integrity and fortune, while he is captivated with the tongue and appearance of a profeſſed ſwindler. The ſame diſtruſt prevails in matters of friendſhip, and is the reaſon why we hear it ſo often repeated that true friendſhip is ſcarce, for friendſhip's firmeſt baſis being confidence in the perſon beloved, that cannot exiſt where an atom of ſuſpicion reſides. The frequent failures of thoſe men who have had immenſe credit, by *keeping up appearances*, has greatly tended to deſtroy confidence between man and man, to narrow the liberal principles of trade, and to create a ſolitude of *ſentiment*, amidſt a crouded ſociety of *perſons*.

This miſchief, and a great miſchief it is, this want of confidence between man and man, ariſing from frequent diſappointments, is after all but a confirmation of their ignorance who have been ſo diſappointed; for what greater abſurdity can there be than to truſt to *appearances*, as if wealth was always to be found in a coach, as if a laced coat was a ſymptom of great property in the funds, or magnificent entertainments a proof that the giver was poſſeſſed of a landed eſtate! Goldſmith ſays wittily, in one of his eſſays, "A certain young "fellow whom I knew, whenever he "had occaſion to aſk his friend for a "guinea, uſed to prelude his requeſt "as if he wanted two hundred, and "talked ſo familiarly of large ſums, "that none would ever think he want"ed a ſmall one. The ſame gentle"man, whenever he wanted credit for "a ſuit of cloaths, always made the "propoſals in a laced coat—for he "found by experience, that, if he ap"peared ſhabby on theſe occaſions, his "taylor had taken an oath againſt truſt"ing; or what was every whit as bad, "his foreman was out of the way, and "ſhould not be at home for ſome time."

The whole of this eſſay, the 5th, I would recommend to the peruſal of my readers; ſome of them may find that coincident experience gives coincident ſentiments.

It is ſurpriſing how widely one acknowledged ſentiment differs from another. Although we find thouſands who are led away by appearances, yet we meet with many and perhaps as many who know that appearances are deceitful, and that men of the greateſt fortunes live in the plaineſt manner, and wear the plaineſt cloaths. Some even affect a ſlovenlineſs in their dreſs, which after all is a ſpecies of pride, and they know it to be ſo, and know that ſtrangers will ſooner enquire into *their* circumſtances, if found in a polite company, than into thoſe of perſons whoſe dreſs is not particular.

Tom Dangle knew human nature well in this reſpect. He enjoyed a trade which might, with a very little attention and induſtry, have ſoon rendered him independent, as it is called, of the world. The capital his father left him was very great, and his connections of the beſt kinds. While he purſued his trade, his dreſs was plain, but neat; as fortune encreaſed, he became more ſlovenly, and would often be ſeen purchaſing 10,000l. of ſtock at the Bank, in a ſuit that would not raiſe covetouſneſs even in an old cloaths-man. Tom, however, ſoon began to conceive a liking for the luxuries of life, and he *bought* them at a high price. In the markets of ſenſuality, vice, and folly, he was a mere novice, and duped at every bargain; his affairs began to decay, and ſenſible of this, he began to dreſs in a different manner than he had done before; after loſing half his fortune, he ſet up a carriage, and ſplendid equipage, bought a country-houſe at the time he could not pay half-a-crown in the pound, and, I remember well, went to Court in a rich ſuit of French ſilk the very day he was arreſted. His *appearances*, however, had done wonders,

ers, for upon winding up his affairs, his credulous friends discovered that he had not been a solvent man for the last *ten years*.

But in recommending a cure for the evils which deception brings on society, we have yet to regret, that those who can apply it are perhaps the least disposed. Indeed when vices become general, that they enter, as it were, into the system of human life, neither the legislator nor the moralist know how to act, for how can either by law or argument impress mankind with a sense of the importance of truth, honesty, and industry, in their dealings with each other, while the example of some among them shews that a deviation from those principles not only may be, but often is more successful than an adherence to them? These are difficulties not easily encountered, and as much as we can do, is to state the folly and its consequences, leaving the rest to the reflection and conscience of those who are most concerned in the preservation of public virtue.

All evils, however, it has been observed, contain in them the principles of self-destruction. Their reign is short in proportion as it is despotic. They are like fashions in dress, which altho' ever so absurd, are not really worthy of grave censure, from their fleeting nature. When *false appearances* have had their day, they will cease to deceive; men will learn to judge from what they know, rather than from what they suppose; and perhaps men may think it their interest to be what they seem, when they find that deception can no longer be practised with success. But before this change in manners takes place, the obstinacy of ignorance must be overcome, and the experience of many thousands must be bought at an immense price, to convince the world of this plain fact, that we are not to judge of a man from appearances *only*.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

TO such of your readers as have heard of the name ANTHONY BENEZET, and of those who have attended to the progress of the Slave Trade business, there are but few who can be strangers to him, the following anecdotes will be acceptable: they came from America, where he died, and where his memory will be always cherished. He was the Author of "A Caution to Great Britain and her Colonies, in a short Representation of the calamitous State of the enslaved Negroes in the British Dominions, 8vo. 1767;"—Some historical Account of Guinea, with an Enquiry into the Rise and Progress of the Slave Trade, its Nature, and lamentable effects, 8vo. 1772; and I believe some other tracts on the same subject.

I am. &c. C. D.

IN early life he was bound apprentice to a merchant; but finding commerce opened temptations to a worldly spirit, he left his master, and then bound himself apprentice to a cooper. Finding this business too laborious for his constitution, he declined it, and devoted himself to schoolkeeping; in which useful employment he continued during the greatest part of his life.

He possessed uncommon activity and industry in every thing he undertook. He did every thing as if the words of his Saviour were perpetually sounding in his ears, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

He used to say, "the highest act of charity in the world was to bear with the *unreasonableness* of mankind."

He generally wore plush clothes, and gave as a reason for it, that after he had worn them for two or three

three years, they made comfortable and decent garments for the poor.

He once informed a young friend, that his memory began to fail him; "but this," ſaid he, "gives me one great advantage over you; for you can find entertainment in reading a good book only *once*—but I enjoy that pleaſure as often as I read it; for it is always new to me"

Few men ſince the days of the Apoſtles, ever lived a more diſintereſted life; and yet upon his death bed he ſaid, he wiſhed to live a little longer, that "he might bring down SELF."

The laſt time he ever walked acroſs his room, was to take from his deſk ſix dollars, which he gave to a poor widow whom he had long aſſiſted to maintain.

His funeral was attended by perſons of all religious denominations, and by many hundred negroes.

Colonel J—n, who had ſerved in the American army during the late war, in returning from the funeral, pronounced an eulogium upon him. It conſiſted only of the following words: "I would rather," ſaid he, "be Anthony Benezet in that coffin, than George Waſhington with all his fame."

STERNE.

The avidity with which the minuteſt circumſtances which can be redeemed from time relative to the great Writers of the laſt, and early in the preſent Century, are received, and the regret we are continually expreſſing at the remiſſneſs of our Anceſtors in theſe particulars, renders it matter of ſome ſurpriſe that the Public is oftener gratified with Anecdotes of Eminent Men while it is yet poſſible to obtain them, and before they are corrupted by oral tranſmiſſion. Of the Author of the Sentimental Journey we cannot have too many genuine particulars; and of his faithful attendant, whoſe pleaſantries have ſo often arreſted our attention, we ſhall not be unwilling to hear ſomething more. LA FLEUR was lately in London, and from his mouth the following circumſtances have been detailed in THE ORACLE.

STERNE'S LA FLEUR.

NUMBER I.

"Whatever ſtripes of ill-luck La "Fleur may have meet with in "his journeyings, there is no in- "dex in his phyſiognomy to point "them out by—he is eternally "the ſame."

STERNE.

HE who wrote the above was a profound obſerver upon man. —The hilarity and unſuſpecting promptitude of La Fleur's character attached him at firſt ſight: he acknowledges to have received many a leſſon from the cheering contentment about him, which, whatever might preſs hardly, always bore him up, and ſet him ſpeedily upon his feet again.

Where youth with attendant health is to fight againſt aſſailing miſtortune, the conteſt will be perhaps long; but Time, that changes all, here too operates his mutations—La Fleur is no longer the ſame.

He is ſpare in his habit, and his eye has loſt its vivacity; his body ſeems to bend under a burthen too much for his ſtrength. Continued ill ſucceſs has followed him through the word; and one ſhock which he has ſuffered, will be ſcarcely ſurmounted now.

What that is, ſhall be told in the following

following Narrative, which comes before the public as it came to the ear of the writer, ſimple and unadorned.

La Fleur was born in Burgundy.—That fate, which it ſeems condemned him to wander inceſſantly thro' life, very early indeed agitated his breaſt. He conceived, when a mere child, a ſtrong paſſion to ſee the world; at eight years of age, therefore, he ran away from his parents. His *prevenancy* was a paſſport to him. Somebody or other always took him in. His wants were eaſily ſupplied—milk, bread and a ſtraw bed among the peaſantry, were all he wanted for the night; and in the morning he wanted to be on his way again.

La Fleur had attained his tenth year, when one day he walked upon the Pont-Neuf at Paris. With the diſcurſive curioſity of a boy to whom every thing is new, he looked with innocent wonder at the varieties around him. There were others who kept as keen a look-out as himſelf, and a drummer ſoon accoſted him, and with that picture the military know ſo well how to diſplay, eaſily enliſted him in the ſervice.

For ſix years La Fleur beat his drum in the French army; two years more would have entitled him to his diſcharge: he preferred, however, anticipation, and in purſuance of his early practice, from the army he run away.

He changed his drummer's frock with a peaſant, and made his eſcape with eaſe. He had again recourſe to his old expedients, and they brought him to Montreuil.

There he introduced himſelf to Varenne, who fortunately took a fancy to him. The little accommodations that he needed were given him with cheerfulneſs; as what we ſow we wiſh to ſee flouriſh, this worthy landlord promiſed to get him a maſter; and as the beſt he deemed not better than La Fleur merited, he promiſed to recommend him to *un Milord Anglois*. He fortunately could perform as well as promiſe, and he introduced him to Sterne, ragged as a colt, in the height however of health and hilarity, awed by a reverence for imaginary rank, and *hoping* for the *beſt*.

Milord, as a proof how erroneouſly the French combine, La Fleur was long in ſhaking off. Sterne one day ſaid to him, "*La Fleur, je ne ſuis pas Milord.*"—*Mais Monſieur eſt Anglois.*—"*Oui, La Fleur, et de plus pauvre Philoſophe.*"

The beautiful little picture which Sterne has drawn of La Fleur's amours, is ſo far true—He was fond of a very pretty girl at Montreuil, the elder of two ſiſters. Her he afterwards married. This, whatever proof it might be of his affection, was none of his prodence:—marriage made him neither *richer* nor *happier* than he was before.

She reſembles, if ſhe is ſtill living, he ſays, the Maria of Moulines.

Poor La Fleur diſcovered that her aſſiſtance could go little towards their ſupport. She was a mantua-maker, and her cloſeſt application could produce no more than *ſix ſous* a day. They ſeparated, and La Fleur again went to ſervice.

By her he has had a daughter.

At length, with what little money he had got together, he returned to his wife, and they went into a public-houſe at Calais, in Royal-ſtreet.—There his uſual ill-luck attended him.—War broke out, and his little buſineſs became *leſs*. His cuſtomers had been uſually the Engliſh ſailors who navigate the packets. He was at length obliged to ſeek for ſupplemental aids elſewhere—he left his wife to look after a buſineſs which would ſtill have ſupported *her*, and again La Fleur made the *grand tour*.

He

He returned after ſome time, but his wife was *fled*. A ſtrolling company of comedians paſſing through the town had ſeduced her from her home, and no tale or tidings of her at all have ſince ever reached him.

"When I paſs through Moulines," ſaid he, "her aged father and mother run out with tears to ſee me—and ſaddening each other, we fruitleſly *weep together*."

"I *wiſh*," exclaims La Fleur, "I may never more paſs through *that town*."

[To be continued.]

Account of Barjac, Valet de Chambre to Cardinal Fleury.

[From the Memoirs du Marechal Duc de Richlieu.]

AT the ſame time that the Abbé Polet lorded it over the conſcience of Cardinal Fleury, a valet, named Barjac, ruled him in temporal matters. Luckily both Polet and Barjac were men of ſenſe, of honour, and even of virtue.

Barjac had been long attached to Fleury, and in quality of valet de chambre, had formerly been the confidant of his pleaſures and of his vexations. The public knew this, and people in place did not bluſh to viſit Barjac, or to treat him like a man of quality.

He lived in a ſplendid ſtile, and the Cardinal, who ſtood upon little ceremony with certain courtiers, uſed to ſay when his own table was too full, *Well, do you go and dine with Barjac.* This valet was ſo accuſtomed to be courted and careſſed, that without growing inſolent or forgetting himſelf, he aſſumed the tone of a great man, and interfered in ſtate affairs, in matters of finance, and in the diſpoſal of offices, like one of the Miniſters, and in the ſame ſtile, ſpeaking of the proceedings of the Cardinal in the firſt perſon, and never failing to ſay, *I have given the Duc d' Antin ſuch a commiſſion: the Marechal de Villars gave me a call this morning: yeſterday I had a deal of company with me at dinner:* and in many other ſuch inſtances imitating the Cardinal.

In his letters he was not more reſpectful; he always affected to put himſelf on an equality even with the Marechals of France, whom he never condeſcended to treat with thoſe long *finales* which cuſtom and reſpect demand, but merely ſet his name at the end of his letters, like the Cardinal, and without any greater ceremony.

Barjac had imitated ſo ſucceſsfully the beautiful ſimplicity of his maſter, that his behaviour was not that of a valet; his manners were decent, and he knew the reſpect due to rank, to titles, and to people in place; and he did not fail to remind even courtiers, when they forgot themſelves, of what they were; and repulſed, by affected compliance, whoever came to him to talk of buſineſs in the ſtile of a great lord, or man of importance.

But he would neither humble himſelf before the great, nor would he ſuffer the great to humble themſelves before him; behaving to them always on a footing of equality, without affecting ſuperiority, or departing from the rank he had aſſumed with them; never quitting it, except when others quitted it with regard to him, and becoming affectedly reſpectful, when he was treated with haughtineſs or with too great humility.

Barjac expected to be viſited, nay to be conſulted, and he had a hand in the diſtribution of all favours. He was juſt in the patronage he beſtowed, inſiſting on being made acquainted with the candidates for his protection, and excluding from employment thoſe who did not perſonally wait

wait on him. He uſed to ſay, with great indifference, and in very laconic terms, *I do not know him*, when he was applied to on behalf of any perſon who did not viſit him.

The Cardinal in his youth had had wants known to few, and the valet had been attached to him with a fidelity and a ſecrecy not to be ſhaken. He had always ſerved his maſter in the different ſteps of his elevation; he had the ſame turn of mind, the ſame principles, the ſame addreſs, the ſame good nature with his maſter, together with all his little ſubtleties and artifices. He exerciſed over him all the power which an old and faithful ſervant has over his maſter; but this power was always reſpectful and friendly, and ſuch as a man who had for ſo long a time managed his buſineſs and his gallantries, might be expected to aſſume over a Cardinal, now grown a Miniſter and a devotee. Accordingly there were no affairs of ſtate kept ſecret from Barjac, and he ſpoke of them with an air of importance, when he was with the Miniſters, or with perſons entruſted with public buſineſs. He alſo ſpoke of them in the plural number or in the firſt perſon, as he did of the domeſtic affairs of the Cardinal; and when he had been in a more particular manner intruſted with the execution of any buſineſs, or when he had made choice of thoſe who were to negociate it, he expreſſed himſelf with a ſtill greater degree of egotiſm, for he would then ſay, *I have done it; I have concluded it; I have finiſhed the treaty:* and in this way he talked of the principal affairs of ſtate, which were all deliberated upon in the cloſet of the Cardinal, before they were laid before the council; the King in the mean time amuſing himſelf with the famous Siſters, at Rambouillet, or in the chace.

Thus Barjac governed a part of the affairs of France, and filled up vacant places; he even exacted of the ſuperior officers in the army, of the miniſters and prelates whom he had appointed, that they ſhould give ſuch and ſuch offices to the perſons he recommended to them; ſo that the patronage of Barjac was more important than that of the miniſters, or of the Cardinal himſelf. He often ordered the brevets that had been ſigned by the King and counter-ſigned by a miniſter, to be brought to him, and had the places afterwards given away to others; he was always ſure of a delay at leaſt, if not of a total excluſion; and ſometimes he accompliſhed the excluſion, though he did not get the giving away of the place; but it muſt be owned, that he acted always with great juſtice, and had a clearer inſight into buſineſs, and was a better judge of mens genius and merits than the Cardinal, who being ſatisfied of his good ſenſe and integrity, allowed him to govern.

It was, therefore, neceſſary to be acquainted with Barjac before any one could be promoted, eſpecially at the beginning, for afterwards he was ſupplanted by Chauvelin: there was likewiſe a neceſſity for paying him a ſort of court, but in a delicate manner, and with addreſs: abject behaviour in his preſence was ſure to meet with a repulſe, and he then pretended to forget who he was, quitting the manners of an equal, and aſſuming thoſe of a ſervant, in order to raiſe the perſon who abaſed himſelf before him.

It happened one day, that a certain nobleman went to aſk a favour of him. This favour he was particularly anxious for, and in order to obtain it he ſtept beyond the limits of that delicacy which was neceſſary with Barjac, ſtill more than with the Cardinal. The courtier treated him with ſo much ceremony, reſpect and complaiſance, that Barjac was diſguſted: The nobleman went farther; he invited himſelf to dinner, and ſat down

familiarly at his right hand, though it was the firſt time he had viſited him, and deſcanting on the virtues and intelligence of Barjac, was attributing to him the whole proſperity of France.

Barjac being able to bear this no longer, got up from his ſeat, took the napkin from his button-hole and whipt it under his arm, ſeized a plate from his ſervant, and placing himſelf behind the Duke's chair, prepared to do the office of a waiter at the table. The other at this immediately got up, proteſting that he would never ſuffer ſuch a degradation; but Barjac replied, that though a Duke and Peer of France might forget himſelf, Barjac ought not to forget what was due to ſo high a *rank*, adding, that the Duke would not obtain the favour he wanted, unleſs he allowed himſelf to be ſerved by Barjac. The whole Court, the King and the Cardinal himſelf, were highly entertained with the account of this facetious reproof, and the great were taught by it, that though there was a neceſſity of their paying court to Barjac, it was neceſſary to do ſo with delicacy and diſcernment.

Anecdotes of an American Quaker.

DURING the American war, a party of Britiſh horſe, being in want of forage, ſet out one morning in queſt of it; and in order to accompliſh their purpoſe with ſpeed and ſucceſs, they reſolved to force ſome perſon to direct them to a proper place, where they meant (as unluckily ſometimes happened) to cut down and carry off the corn, without aſking the owner's leave, or troubling themſelves about payment. They knocked at the door of a farmer who was a Quaker, and ordering him to mount a horſe, they told him their purpoſe, and deſired him to lead them. The farmer ſubmitted, and after a ſhort ride they came to a field of corn, which the ſoldiers no ſooner ſaw than they were about to diſmount; but the Quaker begged them to proceed, and he would bring them to a field that would content them; they accordingly followed him, and arrived at another field, which the Quaker alſo perſuaded them to paſs; a third field preſented itſelf, and as they were preparing to cut it down, he eagerly requeſted them to forbear, telling them at the ſame time, that the field he was leading them to was an excellent one, and now at a very little diſtance. They accordingly rode on, and ſoon arrived at the place. Their guide then diſmounted, and telling them that this was the field he had intended to bring them to, deſired them to proceed and cut it down. "Why, ſaid the Commander "of the party, this is indeed an ex- "cellent field of corn, but the others "that we paſſed were nearly as good, "they would have anſwered our "purpoſe."—"It is true, returned "the honeſt Quaker, they were near- "ly as good, but—*they were not* "*mine.*"

Character of a Prudent Huſband.

[From the Devil upon Two Sticks in England]

"THESE ſuperb houſes which you ſee to the right and left," ſaid the Devil upon Two Sticks, as they paſſed down St James's Street, "have been erected by different ſocieties of people of faſhion, for the ſole purpoſe of gaming with convenience; but as they are not generally frequented in the day-time, I muſt contrive to afford you a peep into them during our nocturnal excurſions.—

And

And that old building," continued he, "which we are now approaching, is the entrance of the palace, whose backfront you have already seen from the park." "And the nation," said Don Cleofas, "ought to be ashamed of it." "They are so," replied the demon: "and the matter ends."—

"That gentleman who is passing below us, is a man of a certain turn of humour, but who possesses a thousand good qualities. He has lately lost his wife; nay, it was but last week that he consigned her, with all that philosophy which marks a wise man, to the tomb of her ancestors." "For my part," said the Count, "I should rather have conceived, from the cheerfulness of his aspect, and the smartness of his apparel, that he had been a bridegroom, rather than a widower; and that, instead of having just lost a wife, he had just got one. On what whimsical principle can he reconcile his dispensing with the usual solemnity of sables on the mournful occasion?"

"To tell you the truth," answered Asmodeus, "which, by the bye, he does not scruple to tell all the world, his late spouse was such a termagant devil, and, of course, led him such a life, that he absolutely wishes to publish the satisfaction he feels at being rid of her, by thus adapting his exterior appearance to the joy of his heart.—He has, however, ordered a large bunch of black crape to be tied round the neck of the dog which follows him,—who was occasionally favoured by a kind word from his late mistress,—and is, therefore, the only one of the family who has any cause whatever to regret her."

"I must desire you," said Asmodeus, "to regard, with a very particular attention, the gentleman now crossing the street towards us, who wears such an easy smile on his countenance, and mutters his thoughts to himself, as he walks along. He is a person of great worth, and a dupe, but of a very different kind from the last, for he confesses himself to be so. Indeed, his dupery deserves a better name, as it consists in an accommodation to circumstances which he knows not how to remedy. He himself, I think, without any perversion of the term, denominates it prudence; and in speaking of him, I shall give you the portrait of what I call a *prudent husband*.

"He is a man of rare qualifications and great fortune. His natural abilities received every advantage that the most polite education could bestow on them; and he possesses all the experience that extensive travels, and the habits of public life, can afford him. With the most finished accomplishments, he is blessed with a disposition to make them acceptable to every kind of people, and all who know him, love him. Among men of literature, he is the polished scholar and chaste critic; in polite societies, he is the easy, well-bred man of fashion; and, in the more convivial parties, he is the jovial companion. When he is in the country, he will follow the pleasures of the chace with ardour, and join in the mirth of the evening that succeeds it. In short, he has the power of associating himself to every kind of allowable character, and the ready inclination to do it: but he is married. Very soon after his return from his foreign tour he demanded in marriage the daughter of his father's most intimate friend: his proposals were accepted with unfeigned satisfaction, and he was soon united to the object of his wishes. *Matilda* was a beautiful girl, highly accomplished, and supposed to possess a very good understanding, when she was married to a man who was formed to make a sensible woman the happiest of her sex. But from a foolish, wayward vanity, which was encouraged by his lavish indulgence,

sunk, in a very short time, into all the supercilious habits of a fine lady, and became a perfect mass of ficklenes, nonsense, and affectation. She even fancied herself above the general nature of her sex; was superiour to all those attentions and employments which afford so much real delight in the nuptial state, and resigned the whole business of domestic concerns, and all the cares of parental duty, to her husband. To dress, to attend public amusements, and to invent a fashion, are the active parts of her character: to languish in her dressing-room, to be incapable of the least exercise, and to be alarmed at those exertions which are necessary to the common offices of life, compose the necessary part of it. Without being guilty of any actual vice, she never practises any actual virtue; and though she does not absolutely wish to give offence, is very far from discovering any desire to communicate pleasure.

"He is unhappy; for how can any man of sensibility be otherwise, when he finds his expectations of matrimonial comfort so completely disappointed? His fond attentions possessing all the uniformity of affection, are not always received, and very seldom returned, with that kindness which they deserve; and the manner of life most suited to his character and wishes is continually interrupted by the capricious fancies of this unreflecting beauty. She will determine, on a sudden, to go into the country; and as she is never contradicted, the immediate arrangements take place for complying with her desire. In a fortnight, perhaps, her spirits demand a change of air, and some distant bathing-place is thought necessary to relieve their languor. Her jewels are new set every winter; the plate is frequently melted down to take a new form, and her coach is known to have been painted twice in six months. Thus his amusements are obstructed, his agreeable societies are troubled, and the fruits of his studious enquiries blasted, by the elegant folly and uncorrected vanity of a fantastic woman.

"A select party of real friends, for he has many of them, finding that the distant jeer or pleasant sarcasm, however varied and repeated, do not awaken him from that supine state of submission which separates him from them, and keeps him a slave, where slavery is most unmanly and disgraceful, waited upon him so lately as yesterday morning, to remonstrate on the folly of his conduct, and to urge him, in the strongest manner, to save himself and the object of his affection, by spirited and timely exertions, from becoming the joke or the pity of all who know them. He received them with his usual kindness, pleaded guilty, without the least reserve or hesitation, to all their accusations, and concluded his grateful answer to them in the following manner:—"I acknowledge the good sense of your reasonings, and the propriety of your counsels, and I feel my misfortune in not being in a situation to realize them by a practical obedience. I know, as well as you, that I have been wrong from the beginning; an unlimited indulgence to my wife, has been attended with very unpleasant effects: but what can be done? An alteration in my conduct would now be followed by the most unhappy consequences. There are, my friends, certain circumstances, and I feel myself at this moment to be surrounded by them, when it is an act of prudence *to let a woman play the fool, for fear she should play the devil.*"

"You may, my good friend," said Don Cleofas, "call this prudence, if you please, and it may be considered as such by this very wise nation; but the unenlightened Spanish husbands would vote, without a dissenting voice,

voice, that the Inquiſition would be the fitteſt place for any one who ſhould endeavour to promulgate ſuch heretical doctrines. For my part I am clearly of opinion, that a woman who is permitted to play the fool, is in an actual ſtate of preparation for the future game, and will never be ſatisfied till ſhe has played the devil."

"You are in luck," obſerved Aſmodeus, "for here is one who would be very ready to ſupport your argument. Be ſo good as to obſerve the lady who is paſſing in a phaeton, drawn by four grey ponies, which ſhe drives with all the dexterity of a ſtage-coachman. She is a woman of family, and was married to a man of fortune, from whom ſhe has been ſome time ſeparated. She played the devil with her huſband, ſhe now plays the devil with the man who keeps her, and ſhe will, one of theſe days, play the devil with herſelf." "I preſume," ſaid the Count, "that ſhe played the fool firſt." "By no means," anſwered the Demon; "that part of the piece was performed by the gentleman who married her."

The LAMENT of MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree;
And ſpreads her ſheets o' daiſies white
Out o'er the graſſy lee:
Now Phœbus chears the chryſtal ſtreams,
And glads the azure ſkies;
But nought can glad the carefu' wight
That faſt in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle on his noontide bower
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The Mavis mild with mony a note
Sings drowſy day to reſt;
In love and friendſhip they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppreſt.

Now blooms the lilly by the bank,
The primroſe down the brae,
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the ſlae;
The meaneſt hind in fair Scotland,
May rove their ſweets among,
But I, the QUEEN *of a' Scotland*,
Maun lie in priſon ſtrong.

I was the QUEEN *o' bonnie France*,
Where happy I have been;
As lightly roſe I on the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en.
And I'm the SOVEREIGN *of Scotland*,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou falſe woman,
My Siſter and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet ſhall whet a ſword
That thro' thy ſoul ſhall gae!
The weeping blood in woman's breaſt
Was never known to thee;
Nor balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My Son, my Son, may kinder ſtars
Upon thy fortune ſhine;
And may thoſe pleaſures gild thy reign,
That ne'er would blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy Mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee!
And where thou meet'ſt thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O ſoon to me may Summer's Suns,
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the Autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow houſe of Death
Let Winter round me rave,
And the next flowers that deck the Spring
Bloom on my peaceful *Grave!*

R. BURNS,
The Scots Ploughman.

To

To the PUBLISHER.

A Time has been in Britain, when poets and poetry were eſteemed and encouraged. *Stephen Duck*, a threſher, could riſe from his humble ſtation, to fame and fortune, by productions, which in theſe degenerate days, would hardly find a reader; even ſince writers of poetry, in the lower ranks of ſociety, have been ſo frequent, that they are no longer looked upon as phenomena, and a *Burns* and a *Yearſley*, continue and will continue to be read, not becauſe the one was a ploughman, and the other a milk-woman; but becauſe their works poſſeſs the intrinſick ſtamp of genius.

Another candidate has juſt ſtarted for a ſeat on Parnaſſus, of the name of *Alexander Wilſon*, and by profeſſion a pedlar, or pack carrier; although his productions may not pretend to vie with the above mentioned, yet will they be conſidered as extraordinary efforts of a genius, under the preſſure of indigence and a pack, and deprived of the aſſiſtance of a liberal education.

The following poem, being one of the ſhorteſt, is ſelected as a ſpecimen.

EVENING. AN ODE.

NOW day departing in the weſt,
With gaudy ſplendor lures the eye;
The ſun, declining, ſinks to reſt,
And Ev'ning overſhades the ſky.

And is the green extended lawn,
The waving grove—the flow'ry mead,
The charms of hill and dale withdrawn,
And all their blooming beauties hid?

They are—but lift aloft thine eye,
Where all theſe ſparkling glories roll;
Thoſe mighty wonders of the ſky,
That glad and elevate the ſoul.

Day's undiſguis'd effulgent blaze
Adorns the Mead, or Mountain blue,
But Night, amid her train, diſplays
Whole worlds revolving to the view.

Lone Contemplation, muſing deep,
This vaſt ſtupendous vault explores;
Theſe rolling Orbs—the roads they keep,
And Night's great Architect adores;

Nor mourns the abſent glare of day,
The glitt'ring mead, or warbler's ſong;
For what are birds, or meadows gay,
To all that dazzling, ſtarry throng!

So, when the Saint's calm Eve draws nigh,
With joy the voice of death he hears;
Heav'n opes upon his wond'ring eye,
And earth's poor viſion diſappears.

ELINGOUR and JUGA;

Modernized from Chatterton.

ON Redbourn's bank two pining maidens ſat,
Their tears faſt-dripping to the water clear;
Each one lamenting for her abſent mate,
Who at Saint-Alban's ſhook the murdering ſpear.
The nut-brown Elinour to Juga fair
In trouble ſpake, and languiſhment of eyne,
Like drops of pearly dew gliſten'd the trembling brine.

ELINOUR.

Oh gentle Juga! hear my woeful plaint,
To fight for York my love is clad in ſteel;
O! may no ſanguine ſtain the white roſe paint,
May good Saint Cuthbert watch Sir Robert's weal.
Much more than death, in fancy, now I feel;
See ſee upon the ground he bleeding lies!
Some balm infuſe, or elſe my dear love dies.

JUGA.

Siſters in ſorrow, on this daiſied bank,
While Melancholy broods, we will lament;
Be wet with morning dew and even dank;
Like blaſted oaks on each the other bent;
Or like forſaken halls of merriment,
Whoſe ghaſtly ruins hold the train of Fright,
Where deadly ravens bark, and ſcreech-owls wake the night.

ELINOUR.

No more the ſhepherd's pipe ſhall wake the morn,
The minſtrel-dance, good cheer, and morrice play;

No

No more the ambling palfrey and the horn
Shall from the cover rouſe the fox away,
I'll ſeek the foreſt all the live-long day;
All night among the church-yard graves will go,
And to the paſſing ſpirits tell my tale of woe.

JUGA.

When ſable clouds do hang upon the beams
Of waning moon in ſilver mantle dight,
The tripping Fairies weave the golden dreams
Of happineſs which vaniſh with the night;
Then (but the ſaints forbid!) if to a ſprite
My Richard's form be chang'd, I'll hold diſtraught
His bleeding clay-cold corſe, and die each day in thought.

ELINOUR.

Ah, woe-lamenting words! what words can ſhow!
Thou, glaſſy river, on thy banks may bleed
Champions whoſe blood will with thy waters flow,
And Redborne ſtream be Redborne ſtream indeed.
Haſte gentle Juga, trip it o'er the mead,
To know or whether we muſt wail again,
Or with our fallen Knights be mingled on the plain.
So ſaying—like two thunder-ſmitten trees,
Or like two clouds o'er-charg'd with ſtormy rain,
They moved gently o'er the dewy leas,
To where Saint Alban's holy ſhrines remain;
There did they find that both their knights were ſlain.
Diſtracted ran they to ſwoln Redborne's ſide,
Scream'd out their deadly knell, plung'd in the waves and died.

Chronicle of Home Occurrences.

ALexander Burnett Eſq; ſon to the late Mr. Burnett of Elrick, died, much regretted, at Union Iſland near Grenada, on the 18th June laſt.

Died at Achorachan, on Wedneſday the 8th of September curt. in the 71ſt year of his age, William Gordon Eſq. of Bogfouton. His friends will pleaſe accept of this notification of his death.

Monday the 13th of September died here, Mrs Rachel Simſon, ſpouſe to Dr Alexander Robertſon, Phyſician in Aberdeen.

The Lady of David Carnegie was ſafely delivered of a daughter, at Kinnaird, the 18th of September inſtant.

On Saturday the 25th of September, died at Meldrum Houſe, Capt Lewis Urquhart of the 58th regiment, ſecond ſon of Keith Urquhart Eſq; of Meldrum.

On Thurſday 9th September, died at Middleburgh, Zealand, Mr John Ferrier, one of the Factors of the Scotch Court at Campvere.

Died, at Oldmeldrum, on Tueſday the 14th of September, Mrs Mary Duguid, ſpouſe of Mr John Blyth, merchant in that place, univerſally beloved, honoured, and lamented.

The Revd Mr John Abel, miniſter of the Goſpel at Echt, died the 19th of September.

On the 23d of September, died here, Mrs Cummine, widow of the Rev. Mr William Cumine, late epiſcopal clergyman at Turriff.

September 22d, came on the election of the Magiſtrates and Council of this city for the enſuing year, when the following gentlemen were choſen, viz.

WILLIAM CRUDEN, unanimouſly re-elected PROVOST.

George Auldjo,
James Allardyce,
William Shepherd,
George Forbes,
} Eſqrs. Baillies.

George More, Eſq; Dean of Guild.
Thomas Leys, Eſq; Treaſurer.
Mr John Aitkin, Shoremaſter.
Mr Ninian Johnſton, Maſter of Kirk and Bridge Works.
Mr And. Simpſon, Maſter of Mortifications.
Mr John Wilſon, Maſter of Guild Brethren's Hoſpital.

Pro-

Provoſt John Duncan,
Provoſt William Young,
Provoſt John Abercrombie, } Merchant
Baillie John Dingwall, } Counſellors.
Mr Gilbert More,
Mr James Maſſon,
Deacon William Law, baker, } Trades
Deacon James Ramſay, taylor, } Counſellors.

MEETING

OF THE

NORTHERN SHOOTING CLUB.

The late meeting of the Northern Shooting Club was very fully attended by a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, from different parts of the country, and the amuſements of the week were conducted with ſuch order and regularity as intitle the Stewards to no ſmall portion of praiſe. The Ball on Monday evening was a combination of beauty and elegance—It was an obſervation of a Member of Parliament who was preſent, and in which many others joined, that he had nowhere ſeen a more genteel company conſiſting of an equal number of perſons. The Concert Hall on Tueſday evening was filled with a very fine aſſemblage of both ſexes, who were, among other pieces of Muſic, highly gratified by the performance of a lady of quality, who with a very brilliant finger, gave ſeveral leſſons and airs upon the Harpſichord, with ſuch excellence and execution as charmed all who were preſent; her ladyſhip was followed by another lady in a ſong, which ſhe went through in a manner truly delightful.

The ordinaries for dinner were numerous meetings, often very conſiderably above 100. The Aſſembly for dancing in the evening were ſelect and elegant, and the ſupper parties, which were frequently as full as at dinner, were extremely gay and joyous. On Friday evening the company in the Concert Room were not ſo numerous as on Tueſday, but the entertainment was a very rich treat indeed—beſides the inſtrumental muſic, which was excellent, two ladies ſung—and ſung with ſuch powers, and in ſuch taſte, as—"*the ſounds ſtill vibrate in our raviſhed ears.*"—That ſenſe and goodbreeding which ſuggeſted the eaſy good natured compliance of thoſe ladies who poſſeſſed muſical talents, to entertain a company met for the laudable purpoſe of communicating rational pleaſure, by mutual aſſiſtance, merits the higheſt praiſe, and requires only to be mentioned to confer the juſteſt commendation. In Aberdeen, where many ladies ſing ſo well, is not the example worthy of imitation in the weekly Concerts?

The Races, as the weather, with a little exception, was very favourable, afforded the company an agreeable opportunity to enjoy the benefit of good air on the turf, and the novelty of a Race at Aberdeen drew out a very numerous body of Spectators—On Thurſday the Broad Hill, which commands a view of the whole courſe, and is perhaps the fineſt Amphitheatre, near a Race ground, in the Iſland, was covered with many thouſands of both ſexes. The groupes, who, perfectly out of danger, occupied the different eminences, exhibited the moſt pictureſque appearance—and on theſe, and the courſe, where a fine ſhew of ſplendid equipages, and rich liveries, tended very much to diverſify and embelliſh the moving picture, the numbers were reckoned as high as ten thouſand.

But juſt as the race was about to begin, or rather when L. Haddo's Charlotte was ready, in the conſcious dignity of ſuperior powers, to walk over the courſe, the weather from being mild and ſerene, became dark and gloomy, and a very heavy rain ſent the company home moſt completely drenched. The Race on Friday afternoon was of the Hack kind, and afforded tolerable ſport; and in general was "as well as could be expected."

The Saturday race had the advantages of a fine day, and conſequently afforded a ſhew of company well worth looking at. The horſes, mounted with jockies in very gay liveries, went fleetly over the courſe, and gratified the very numerous body of ſpectators with a ſight which many thouſands of them had never ſeen before. A Hack, and a Foot Rack cloſed the ſcene—in which very fortunately no accident happened, and no miſchief was done, and in the evening the ſtreets were as quiet and orderly as if no race had beeen. Both at Wilkie's New Inn and Adams' Hotel, Queen-ſtreet, the entertainments were well conducted, and the tables covered with *abundance well prepared*; ſo that the company expreſſed much approbation of their accommodations at Aberdeen, and a wiſh, in which we moſt cordially join, that they might all happily meet, and with increaſed numbers, in October, ninety one!

THE

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RECIPE *for the* GENERATION *of* YEAST.

A Premium of Twenty Pounds having been given to Joſeph Senyor, *a Servant of the Rev. Mr* Maſſon, *from the* Society *of* Arts, Manufactures *and* Commerce, *for having diſcovered a Method of Generating Yeſt, which Method is now publiſhed in the* Tranſactions *of that* Society, *we think we ſhall oblige our Readers by extracting the following Recipe:*

PROCURE three earthen or wooden veſſels of diff-rent ſizes and apertures, one capable of holding two quarts, the other three or four, and the third five or ſix: boil a quarter of a peck of malt for about eight or ten minutes in three pints of water; and when a quart is poured off from the grains, let it ſtand in the firſt or ſmaller veſſel in a cool place, till not quite cold, but retaining that degree of heat which the brewers uſually find to be proper when they begin to work their liquor. Then remove the veſſel into ſome warm ſituation near a fire, where the thermometer ſtands between 70 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit, and there let it remain till the fermentation begins, which will be plainly perceived within thirty hours;—add then two quarts more of a like decoction of malt, when cool, as the firſt was; and mix the whole in the 2d or larger veſſel, and ſtir it well in, which muſt be repeated in the uſual way, as it riſes in a common vat; then add a ſtill greater quantity of the ſame decoction, to be worked in the largeſt veſſel, which will produce yeaſt enough for a brewing of forty gallons.

Converſation in a Coffee-Houſe upon the Time Paſt, compared with the Time Preſent.

[From the Fifth Volume of Mr Cumberland's "Obſerver," juſt publiſhed.]

Defunctus jam ſum, nihil eſt quod dicat mihi. TERENT.

IN all ages of the world men have been in habits of praiſing the time paſt at the expence of the time preſent. This was done even in the Auguſ-

Auguſtan æra, and in that witty and celebrated period the *laudator temporis acti* muſt have been either a very ſplenetic or a very ſilly character.

Our preſent grumblers may perhaps be better warranted; but, though there may not be the ſame injuſtice, in their cavilling complaints, there is more than equal impolicy in them; for if by diſcouraging their contemporaries they mean to mend them, they take a very certain method of counteracting their own deſigns; and if they have any other meaning, it muſt be ſomething worſe than impolitic, and they have more to anſwer for than a mere miſtake.

Who but the meaneſt of mankind would wiſh to damp the ſpirit and degrade the genius of the country he belongs to? Is any man lowered by the dignity of his own nation, by the talents of his contemporaries? Who would not prefer to live in an enlightened and a riſing age, rather than in a dark and declining one? It is natural to take a pride in the excellence of our free conſtitution, in the virtues of our Sovereign: is it not as natural to ſympathize in the proſperity of our arts and ſciences, in the proſperity of our countrymen? But theſe ſplenetic *Dampers* are for ever ſighing over the decline of wit, the decline of genius, the decline of literature, when, if there is any one thing that has declined rather than another, it is the wretched ſtate of criticiſm, ſo far as they have to do with it.

As I was paſſing from the city the other day I turned into a coffee-houſe, and took my ſeat at a table, next to which ſome gentlemen had aſſembled and were converſing over their coffee. A diſpute was carried on between a little prattling volatile fellow, and an old gentleman of a ſullen, moroſe aſpect, who in a dictatorial tone of voice was declaiming againſt the times, and treating them and their puiſny advocates with more contempt than either one or the other ſeemed to deſerve. Still the little fellow, who had abundance of zeal and no want of words, kept battling with might and main for the world as it goes, againſt the world as it had gone by, and I could perceive he had an intereſt with the ſunior part of his hearers, whilſt the ſullen orator was no leſs popular amongſt the elders of the party. The little fellow, who ſeemed to think it no good reaſon why any work ſhould be decried, only becauſe the author of it was living, had been deſcanting upon the merit of a recent publication, and had now ſhifted his ground from the ſciences to the fine arts, where he ſeemed to have taken a ſtrong poſt, and ſtood reſolutely to it. His opponent, who was not a man to be tickled out of his ſpleen by a few fine daſhes of arts merely elegant, did not reliſh this kind of ſkirmiſhing argument, and tauntingly cried out; 'What tell you me of a parcel of 'gewgaw artiſts, fit only to pick the 'pockets of a diſſipated trifling age? 'You talk of your painters and por'trait-mongers, what uſe are they of? 'Where are the philoſophers and the 'poets, whoſe countenances might 'intereſt poſterity to ſit to them? 'Will they paint me a Bacon, a New'ton, or a Locke? I defy them: 'there are not three heads upon liv'ing ſhoulders in the kingdom worth 'the oil that would be waſted upon 'them. Will they or you find me a 'Shakeſpear, a Milton, a Dryden, a 'Pope, an Addiſon? You cannot 'find a limb, a feature, or even the 'ſhadow of the leaſt of them: theſe 'were men worthy to be recorded; 'poets, who reached the very top'moſt ſummits of Parnaſſus; our 'moderns are but piſmires crawling 'at its loweſt root."—This lofty defiance brought our little advocate to a nonplus; the moment was embarraſſing; the champion of time paſt was

echoed

echoed by his party with a cry of —' No, No! there are no ſuch men ' as theſe now living.'—' I believe ' not,' he replied, ' I believe not: I ' could give you a ſcore of names ' more, but theſe are enough: Hon- ' eſt Tom Durfy would be more than ' a match for any poetaſter now ' breathing."

In this ſtyle he went on, crowing and clapping his wings over a beaten cock, for our poor little champion ſeemed dead upon the pit. He muttered ſomething between his teeth, as ſtruggling to pronounce ſome name that ſtuck in his throat; but either there was in fact no contemporary whom he thought it ſafe to oppoſe to theſe Goliahs in the liſts, or none were preſent to his mind at the moment.

Alas! thought I, your cauſe, my beloved contemporaries, is deſperate: *Væ Victis!* You are but duſt in the ſcale, while this *Brennus* directs the beam. All that I have admired and applauded in my zeal for thoſe with whom I have lived and ſtill live; all that has hitherto made my heart expand with pride and reverence for the age and nation I belong to, will be immolated to the manes of theſe departed worthies, whom, though I revere, I cannot love and cheriſh with that ſympathy of ſoul which I feel towards you, my dear but degenerate contemporaries!

There was a young man, ſitting at the elbow of the little creſt fallen fellow, with a round clerical curl, which tok ened him to be a ſon of the church. Having ſilently awaited the full time for a rally, if any ſpirit of reſurrection had been left in the fallen hero, and none ſuch appearing, he addreſſed himſelf to the challenger with an air ſo modeſt, but withal ſo impreſſive, that it was impoſſible not to be prejudiced in his favour before he opened his cauſe.

" I cannot wonder," ſaid he, " if the gentleman who has challenged us to produce a parellel to any one of the great names he has enumerated, finds us unprepared with any living rival to thoſe illuſtrious characters: their fame, though the age in which they lived did not always appreciate it as it ought, hath yet been riſing day by day in the eſteem of poſterity, till time hath ſtampt a kind of ſacredneſs upon it, which it would now be a literary impiety to blaſpheme. There are ſome among thoſe whom their advocate has named, I cannot ſpeak or think of but with a reverence only ſhort of idolatry. Not this nation only, but all Europe have been enlightened by their labours. The great principle of nature, the very law upon which the whole ſyſtem of the univerſe moves and gravitates, hath been developed and demonſtrated by the penetrating, I had almoſt ſaid the præternatural, powers of our immortal Newton The preſent race of philoſophers can only be conſidered as his diſciples; but they are diſciples who do honour to their maſter; If the principle of gravitation be the grand *deſideratum* of philoſophy, the diſcovery is with him; the application, inferences and advantages of that diſcovery are with thoſe who ſucceed him: and can we accuſe the preſent age of being idle, or unable to avail themſelves of the ground he gave them? Let me remind you, that our preſent ſolar ſyſtem is furniſhed with more planets than Newton knew; that our late obſervations upon the tranſit of the planet Venus were deciſive for the proof and confirmation of his ſyſtem; that we have circumnavigated the globe again and again; that we can boaſt the reſearches and diſcoveries of a Captain Cook, who, though he did not invent the compaſs, employed it as no man ever did, and left a map behind him, compared to which Sir Iſaac Newton's was a ſheet of nakedneſs and error: it is

with gravitation therefore as with the loadſtone; their powers have been diſcovered by our predeceſſors, but we have put them to their nobleſt uſes.

" The venerable names of Bacon and Locke were, if I miſtake not, mentioned in the ſame claſs with Newton; and though the learned gentleman could no doubt have made his ſelection more numerous, I doubt if he would have made it ſtronger, or more to the purpoſe of his own aſſertions.

" I have always regarded Bacon as the father of philoſophy in this country, yet it is no breach of candour to obſerve that the darkneſs of the age which he enlightened, affords a favourable contraſt to ſet off the ſplendour of his talents. But do we, who applaud him, read him? Yet, if ſuch is our veneration for times long ſince gone by, why do we not? The fact is, intermediate writers have diſſeminated his original matter through more pleaſing vehicles, and we concur, whether commendably or not, to put his volumes upon the ſuperannuated liſt, allowing him however an unalienable compenſation upon our praiſe, and reſerving to ourſelves a right of taking him from the ſhelf, whenever we are diſpoſed to ſink the merit of a more recent author by a compariſon with him. I will not therefore diſturb his venerable duſt, but turn without further delay to the author of the Eſſay upon the Human Underſtanding.

" This Eſſay, which profeſſes to define every thing as it ariſes or paſſes in the mind, muſt ultimately be compiled from obſervations of its author upon himſelf and within himſelf: before I compare the merit of any other man's work of our own immediate times, I muſt compare what it advances as general to mankind, with what I perceive within my particular ſelf; and upon this reference, ſpeaking only for an humble individual, I muſt own to my ſhame, that my underſtanding and the author's do by no means coincide either in definitions or ideas. I may have reaſon to lament the inaccuracy or the ſluggiſhneſs of my own ſenſes and perceptions, but I cannot ſubmit to any man's doctrine againſt their conviction; I will only ſay, that Mr Locke's metaphyſics are not my metaphyſics; and as it would be an ill compliment to any one of our contemporaries to compare him with a writer who to me is unintelligible, ſo will I hope it can never be conſidered as a reflection upon ſo great a name as Mr Locke's, not be underſtood by ſo inſignificant a man as myſelf."

" Well Sir," cried the ſullen gentleman with a ſneer, " I think you have contrived to diſpatch our philoſophers: you have now only a few obſcure poets to diſmiſs in like manner, and you will have a clear field for yourſelf and your friends."

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Hiſtory of Madam Tiquet, condemned for attempting the Aſſaſſination of her Huſband.

THE commiſſion of ſignal crimes requires no leſs courage and firmneſs of mind, than the atchieving enterprizes of great virtue; nay, one might ſay, that there is even a greater degree of reſolution neceſſary to the former than the latter; becauſe the glory which accompanies heroic atchievements, is a powerful incentive to virtuous ambition; whereas the reſtraints of natural conſcience, the infamy which awaits the criminal, and the danger that threatens him in his villainous career, are ſo many powerful obſtacles which require the moſt intrepid boldneſs to ſurmount them. Hence it has been re-

remarked, that if rewards were adjudged to great crimes, as to extraordinary virtues, the examples of perſons rewarded for notorious villainy, would ſtill be more rare than thoſe of the other claſs. So that whatever horror, whatever indignation ſuch extraordinary criminals may inſpire, we cannot help viewing them with a kind of admiration, as perſons endued with extraordinary degrees of fortitude and reſolution.

Such are the ſentiments we ſhall have of Madam Tiquet, the hiſtory of whoſe crime and condemnation I am going to relate.

She was the daughter of a rich bookſeller at Metz, whoſe name was Carlier, to whom ſhe was born in the year 1657. To the beauty of her form ſhe joined a certain air of dignity, and a noble mien, which, together with the tallneſs of her ſtature, ſomewhat above the middling ſize, diſtinguiſhed her by a majeſtic preſence, which commands reſpect and veneration. With all theſe external accompliſhments, Nature had endued her with a ſprightly acute turn of mind. Her father left her an orphan, at the age of fifteen, with a million of livres to be divided between her and a younger brother.

Had ſhe only been poſſeſſed of ſo opulent a fortune, ſhe would have had lovers in abundance; judge then what a circle of admirers ſhe muſt have had, when ſhe was both rich, handſome, and ingenious. Among the reſt, M. Tiquet, Counſellor of the Parliament of Paris, entered the liſt, and had never got the better of his rivals, but by inſinuating himſelf into the good graces of an aunt of his miſtreſs, who had a powerful aſcendant over that young lady. He ſecured this aunt in his intereſt, by a kind of eloquence, which, of all others, is the moſt perſuaſive, and produces effects quick as lightning; he made her a preſent of 4000 livres. Some who had near acceſs to obſerve Mademoiſelle Carlier, report, that they remarked in her, even at that early time of life, certain indications of a depraved diſpoſition, which were the ſad forerunners of her future crimes. Be that as it will, M. Tiquet, who was entirely bent upon making himſelf happy in ſuch a match, aſſiduouſly frequented her company, and uſed all means to gain her affections, eſpecially by flattering her pride with rich and magnificent preſents, whereof the aunt took great care to enhance the value; on her birth-day he made her a preſent of flowers intermingled with diamonds, to the value of 15000 livres. This effectually gained the lady, whoſe heart was already ſhaken by the officious eloquence of the aunt, and the high idea ſhe had conceived of M. Tiquet's riches. 'Tis little to be wondered if this match proved unhappy, which was contracted upon ſuch ſlight acquaintance, and ſuch mercenary conſiderations; ſomething even lower than charms of perſon was the determining motive with either party. M. Tiquet was ſo dazzled with the ſplendour of his miſtreſs's fortune, that he ſeemed to overlook all the beauties of her perſon; and ſhe again, intoxicated with the chimerical impreſſions her aunt had given her of this lover, dreamed of nothing but the high rank and ſhowy equipage ſhe was to enjoy, by wedding a man of ſo great quality and riches.

Thus they united their fortunes for life, equally blinded as to each other; he, with reſpect to his miſtreſs's virtue, whoſe frailty he might eaſily have ſeen through, and her proneneſs to expence; and ſhe, with reſpect to a certain oddity in M. Tiquet's temper, and an unhappy caſt of mind, which rendered him unfit for ſociety. They both believed each other to be rich; but the lover was in the right, and the miſtreſs was miſtaken. Such

are

are the ſteps that lead to deſtinies the moſt unhappy. The marriage, however, was attended with promiſing beginnings, and ſeemed to have been ſolemnized under the influence of all benign auſpicious conſtellations: A ſon and daughter, the fruits thereof, were given them by Heaven, as pledges of their tenderneſs, and ſeals of their mutual felicity.

This happy ſeaſon could not be of long duration: the exorbitant expences of Madam Tiquet obliged her huſband, whom ſhe had taken hitherto for a great fortune, to acquaint her with the ſituation of this affairs. This, with the help of a ſpruce gallant, the Sieur Montgeorge, a captain of the Guards, ſoon gave her a diſguſt to the man ſhe had only ſet her heart upon for the ſake of his money. Theſe beginnings of diſſatisfaction the officer ſo artfully improved to his own advantage, that in a little time he inſpired her with that flame of love which ſhe had at firſt kindled in him.

The jealouſy of the huſband which this paſſion awakened, ſerved only to encreaſe the averſion which Madam Tiquet had conceived to him, and rivetted it the ſtronger in her mind.

What ſeems moſt ſingular in the character of this lady, amidſt that ardour with which ſhe burned for the Sieur de Montgeorge, ſhe was ſo far enſlaved by her amorous complexion, as to ſatisfy her deſires with objects the moſt vile and baſe. And yet, which is ſtill more ſurpriſing, amidſt all her diſorders, ſhe preſerved ſuch a decent outſide deportment, and knew ſo well to faſhion her looks and actions, that ſhe was received into the beſt companies, whereof ſhe was the delight; and, in converſation had a faculty of expreſſing ſublime and elevated ſentiments, with ſuch an air of truth and ſincerity, that none queſtioned but ſhe felt what ſhe ſpoke. Her heart was a hideous compoſition of greatneſs and meanneſs, of paſſions noble and baſe.

M. Tiquet, involved in a load of debt, which he had greatly encreaſed by the expenſive means he had uſed to compaſs this marriage, was proſecuted by his creditors. This furniſhed his ſpouſe with a handle to obtain a ſeparation of effects. She had two chief grounds of diſcontent againſt him; one, that he had impoſed upon her as to his fortune; the other, that ſhe was reſtrained in her pleaſures by a jealous huſband.

Her hatred being thus wrought up to fury, againſt a man who was the continual plague of her life, ſhe formed a deſign, for the ſake of her own peace, to hire aſſaſſins to diſpatch him. Neither the horror of ſuch an action, the infamy that threatened her, nor the hazard of ruining herſelf, by ſatisfying ſuch helliſh revenge, were any check to her in this headlong career. She ſoon found out a tool fit for her purpoſe, a ruffian, named Auguſtus Cattelain, an abject wretch, whoſe buſineſs was to wait upon ſtrangers when they arrived at Paris: To this fellow ſhe gave a large ſum of money, with a promiſe of more, provided he would be the miniſter of her revenge, by falling upon a way to rid her of her huſband. By the ſame means ſhe gained her porter, and aſſociated him in this execrable plot with Cattelain. They took their meaſures ſo ill, that the villainous deſign, by ſome means or other, miſcarried, though they had planted ſeveral perſons in M. Tiquet's paſſage, to way-lay him one evening when he was abroad late. This firſt attempt having failed, the lady pretended to have altered her reſolution, and that ſhe had now come to a better way of thinking. She enjoined the porter and Cattelain inviolable ſecrecy as to what was paſt, leſt their indiſcretion might coſt them dear; and at the ſame time gave them another ſum of money. M. Tiquet, who ſuſpected the porter of favouring the Sieur de Mont-

Montgeorge, diſmiſſed him his ſervice, and took the keys into his own cuſtody. As ſoon as night came on, he made faſt the gates, that none might have acceſs to his houſe without his knowledge; and when he went out in the evening, to come home late, he took the key in his pocket, and when he went to bed, laid it under his pillow. Monſieur and Madame had ſeparate apartments, and never ſaw each other but at table; they lived three years in the greateſt coldneſs, without ever coming to an explanation, and kept a ſullen ſilence in each others preſence; portending their future diſaſters by thoſe dumb ſcenes, which are often more ſignificant indications of deadly hate, than others which make the greateſt noiſe. It was during thoſe tedious intervals of mutual ſpleen and diſcontent, that the lady, who was ſtill hatching new expedients againſt the object of her everlaſting ſpite, bethought her of a more ſure and ſilent method of taking him out of the way, namely by poiſon; ſhe mixed ſome baneful ingredients with a broth deſigned for her huſband, and ordered a Valet de Chambre to carry it to his maſter. But the ſervant, who had diſcovered the crime, affected to make a falſe ſtep, and let the broth fall to the ground; after which he demanded his diſcharge; and when he was gone, failed not to reveal the myſtery of iniquity.

The lady, once more diſappointed of her deſign, reſumed her former project, however horrid it was, diſcloſing it only to her proper agents for the execution. She entered one day, in fearful emotion, into the houſe of the Counteſs de Aunoy, where a large company happened to be convened. They aſked her what was the matter: I come, ſays ſhe, from paſſing two hours with the devil. You have had then but ſorry company, replied the Counteſs. When I ſay I have ſeen the devil, rejoined the other, I mean a famous cunning woman who tells fortunes. And pray madam, what has ſhe told you? nothing, ſays the other, but what the baggage, I ſuppoſe, imagines will flatter my hopes. She has aſſured me, that in two months I ſhall get the better of all my enemies, be above the fear of their malice, and be perfectly happy: you ſee plainly, madam, added ſhe, how little reaſon I have to depend upon the lying Gypſey, ſince it is impoſſible for me to have any enjoyment of myſelf while my huſband lives, who is in too good health for me to look for ſuch a quick revolution of fortune.

As this was the very day of M. Tiquet's aſſaſſination, this diſcourſe might have been brought as a preſumptive evidence againſt her; for it is not very probable, that this ſtory was any other but a mere fiction of her own, which her thoughts, being turned that way, had led her to invent, perhaps to give a ſpecious reaſon for the confuſion and diſorder ſhe was in, upon the point of executing a crime of ſo hideous a nature.

She returned home, where ſhe found Madam de Senonville, one of her friends, waiting for her. At the approaches of aſſaſſination, ſhe appeared perfectly miſtreſs of herſelf; whatever emotion or qualms of conſcience ſhe felt within, ſhe concealed them from her friend with great care, and cruſhed them in the bud; her countenance ſhewed no ſigns that could betray her; ſhe carried on the converſation with all the compoſure and tranquility imaginable. The viſitant was deſigned to ſtay with her pretty late, in order to rally the huſband a little for keeping the key, and have the pleaſure of making him riſe out of bed to open the great gate to her when ſhe was going away.

M. Tiquet, who was viſiting a lady in the neighbourhood, happened to ſtay out very late; and as he was coming

ming home, ſeveral ſhots of piſtols were overheard; upon which, his domeſticks running up, found their maſter aſſaſſinated, and offered to convey him to his own houſe; but he ordered them to carry him back to Madam Villemur's, whence he had come. Madame Tiquet, informed of the diſaſter by her ſervants, flew away to this lady's houſe; but her huſband not allowing her to enter the chamber where he was, ſhe was obliged to return. He had received three wounds, but none of them mortal; the moſt dangerous was near the heart, which, according to the obſervation of the ſurgeon who dreſſed it, would have been pierced, had that part been then in its natural extenſion; but fear making it ſhrink up at the approach of the aſſaſſins, it poſſeſſed not the ſame ſpace then as at other times. I ſhall not vouch for the truth of this obſervation, but only mention it as a remark that was made by perſons more ſkilled in anatomy.

The commiſſary of the quarter, who repaired directly to M. Tiquet, to receive his complaint, interrogated him what enemies he had. I have none, anſwered he, but my own wife. This anſwer confirmed the ſuſpicions that all the world had thrown upon her. She gave them no handle, however, againſt her, from any external indications of perplexity and diſturbance: whatever agitation reigned in her ſoul within, nothing of it was perceived without. This is ſomewhat ſtrange; but we ſhall ſee her preſently ſtand the teſt of much greater trials. The next day ſhe went to viſit the Counteſs de Aunoy: In the midſt of the company, who had all their eyes upon her, ſhe poſſeſſed herſelf with all the eaſineſs and preſence of mind as if nothing had happened. The Counteſs aſked her, whether M. Tiquet knew any of the ruffians who had aſſaſſinated him! ah! Madam, cried the ſuſpected lady, though he knew them he would not declare it; 'tis I who am aſſaſſinated to day. The Counteſs ſaid to her, ſhe was of opinion that the porter who had been put away ought to be ſecured, for that he was ſtrongly ſuſpected. Madam Tiquet, who could read in the eyes of all the company that ſhe was charged with the odium and reproach of the crime, was not in the leaſt diſconcerted, but ſeemed to out-brave them with an impoſing maſk of innocence. As ſoon as ſhe had returned home, ſhe had notice given her to make her eſcape; theſe warnings were renewed every day more and more till the eighth, when one of the Theatins came into her chamber, and told her ſhe had no time to loſe; that ſhe would inſtantly be arreſted, unleſs ſhe would quickly take on the robe of his order, which he brought her, and get into a chair which was waiting for her in the court; that the porters had an order to carry her to a certain place, where ſhe would find a poſt-chaiſe, with people ready to convey her ſafe to Calais, whence ſhe might croſs over to Englad. She anſwered, it was for thoſe who were conſcious of guilt to fly, and not the innocent; that her huſband was the author of all thoſe reports, ſo injurious to her honour, having a deſign, by ſuch falſe alarms, to engage her to fly the kingdom, that ſo he might be left in the quiet poſſeſſion of her eſtate. She thanked the Theatin, and told him ſhe was prepared to meet the worſt, having no mind to ſeek reſource but from her defence in a court of juſtice. Thus preſuming, from the meaſures ſhe had taken, that there was no poſſibility of diſcovering that ſhe was guilty of the ſecond aſſaſſination, ſhe gave herſelf no trouble about the firſt, which had not come to light.

[To be concluded in our next.]

RE-

REVIEW.

La Baſtille devoilee, &c.—The Baſtille unveiled, or a Collection of authentic Pieces relative to its Hiſtory. Nos. I—IX. Small 8vo. about 1400 pages. with a plan of the Baſtille. Paris Printed. Imported by De Boffe. 1790.

IF ever the Baſtille had any claim to our attention,' ſay the editors of this publication, 'or its hiſtory to excite our curioſity, it muſt be at a time when that throne of deſpotiſm is converted into a ſun of liberty, the rays emanating from which have ſpread through all France, already given it a new life, and will gradually change the face of the ſurrounding nations. It is time to break thoſe fetters which have ſhackled the pens of philoſophers, and diſcloſe to the aſtoniſhed world, the turpitude of a place that exiſted only amongſt a people who ſtyled themſelves the moſt humane and enlightened upon earth.'

Every thing that may tend to throw light on the hiſtory of this place, enters into the plan of the editors, but they profeſs to give no one article that is not fully authenticated, and depoſit the original papers of which they make uſe, at the Lyceum, of which they are members, for public inſpection. We can only ſay, that they have an air of truth. The ſecond number of the work gives an hiſtorical account of the Baſtille, built in 1370, under the reign of Charles V. It then conſiſted only of two ſeparate towers, one on each ſide of the road leading into Paris, and intended to defend its entrance. Since that time it had received conſiderable alterations: ſix more towers were added, and united to each other by lofty walls. Theſe were again ſurrounded by ramparts, and a wide and deep ditch. Horrible the priſon muſt have been, though its horrors have been exaggerated. Not the leaſt trace of thoſe cages of wood, covered with iron, was to be found, or of the *oubliettes* †, tho' mentioned by ſeveral authors; though they both may perhaps have exiſted formerly. Each of the towers conſiſted of five ſtories. All, except the uppermoſt, were irregular polygons of ſixteen or ſeventeen feet diameter, and as many high. Some had ſeveral windows, but the walls were enormouſly thick. Thoſe of the upper ſtory were more than ſix feet, and this increaſed in proportion as they were nearer the ground. A kind of wooden caps were occaſionally adapted to the windows to obſtruct the view of the country. Each priſon was cloſed with two doors, faſtened each with three locks, and ſome had wickets. The rooms of the upper ſtory were the worſt of all, except the dungeons: In winter exceſſively cold, in ſummer inſupportably hot, they admitted no light, no air, but through a chink two or three inches wide externally, where it was croſſed by ſtrong bars of iron. Almoſt all the apartments had two floors, one of fir, the other of oak. The dungeons were twenty feet below the level of the earth, and about five above that of the ditch: their only opening was a narrow barbican looking into this ditch. The wretch condemned to one of theſe could not live in it long, ſurrounded by rats and ſpiders, plunged into a damp and noiſome atmoſphere, and in the midſt of a mud filled with the ſpawn of toads. Their ſole furniture was a large ſtone covered with ſtraw for a bed. All the priſons, except theſe, had ſtoves, or fire-places. The chimnies were very narrow, and cloſed

† Dungeons concealed by trap-doors, into which perſons to be made away with ſecretly were made to fall, and there conſigned to oblivion.

ed at bottom, at top, and ſometimes at intermediate ſpaces with bars of iron. Their common furniture was a bedſtead with curtains of green ſerge, a *pillaſſe* [matraſs ſtuffed with ſtraw,] and matraſs, one or two tables, two pitchers, a candleſtick, a pewter fork, ſpoon, and cup, two or three chairs, a tinder-box, flint, and ſteel, ſometimes as a matter of favour, a ſmall pair of tongs, and an old fire ſhovel, and two large ſtones by way of dogs. After almoſt all the priſoners were deprived of the walk of the baſtion, and that of the top of the tower was permitted to few, they were reduced to that of the court. This was about 110 feet by 77: the air in it, however, could be but little renewed, and it muſt have concentrated the heat exceſſively in ſummer, the buildings with which it was ſurrounded being near eighty feet high. Even this was not permitted to all; and to no one for more than an hour at a time, in order to make room for others, as no two were permitted to walk together. There was alſo a ſmall niche in which the priſoner was obliged to ſhut himſelf up, when informed by the ſentinel, that any one was paſſing. The food of the priſoners was in general ſcanty, and of the worſt quality, though ſome had ſufficient influence to have their table well ſupplied.

When we conſider a fellow creature, deprived of liberty, at a tyrant's nod condemned to ſolitude in ſuch a place, and kept in the profoundeſt ignorance of his fate, and of the ſituation of thoſe moſt dear to him, perhaps for years, we cannot but execrate with horror his oppreſſor. How much then muſt our indignation riſe, when we find that his ſole crime was the having dared to ſatyrize the flagrant vices of ſome petty miniſter, or ſome courtier's miſtreſs, who, though not aſhamed to act them in the face of day, yet would not permit them to be talked of! nay, perhaps, even this he had not done; he was condemned to a puniſhment ſufficiently ſevere for the moſt atrocious crime, on the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion. On looking over the long liſt of victims of deſpotiſm, (about 2000 are ſaid to have been confined in a ſeries of only 46 years) few appear to have been really guilty of crimes, and far the greater part ſuch as were ſuſpected of having written or publiſhed accounts of the diſſolute lives of men in power, or diſcovered to have done ſo, by the moſt baſe and inſidious means. To detect the writers of ſuch pieces, or ſuppreſs their publication, no expence was ſpared, and no artifice that the vileſt treachery could ſuggeſt unemployed. The grand ſpy of Mr Lenoir, in this department, Jaquet de la Douai, confeſſed, that he annually coſt the government 30,000liv. [1250l.] and made it expend 100,000liv. [4,166l. 13s 4d.] One or two thouſand guineas would be ſquandered in kidnapping an author, who had taken refuge in England or Holland, whilſt a few pounds were denied to furniſh conveniencies for the priſoners, and while the governor of the Baſtille pocketed twopence-halfpenny a day out of the fifteen pence allowed a ſoldier, ſhut up with a priſoner as a guard, or rather as a ſpy, though under the pretext of attending and conſoling him. If any thing could heighten the nefariouſneſs of thoſe who thus wantonly and arbitrarily puniſhed men for actions that claimed applauſe, it would be, that the ſame inſtrument was employed to protect the guilty from the hand of juſtice. Not to mention thoſe who procured themſelves in the Baſtille an aſylum to ſecure them from the demands of their creditors, Jean Claud Fini, calling himſelf Hypolite Chamoran, and Mary Barbara Mackay, ſtyling herſelf his wife, were conducted to this priſon, under pretence of being concerned in libels, but in fact

fact to evade giving them up to our government, by which they were claimed, in order that they might be delivered over to juſtice for that atrocious villainy perpetrated on Mr Mackay, in a lone houſe at Newington, in the year 1785, which our readers muſt no doubt well remember. Theſe wretches were ſet at liberty, as ſoon as the affair was ſuppoſed to be blown over. If a miniſter of ſome foreign power was offended, the caſe was different. An officer, in the ſervice of the king of Sardinia, of the name of Caffe, had a quarrel with the miniſter at war, whom he accuſed of having done him injuſtice. Full of reſentment, he came to France, threatning to avenge himſelf, by publiſhing the miniſter's conduct. No ſooner were his departure and menaces known at Turin, than the Sardinian ambaſſador was directed to ſolicit an order for his being arreſted. This was eaſily obtained: Caffe was conveyed to the Baſtille: all his papers were ſeized, and put into a bag, without any inventory of them being taken: and a month afterwards he was ſent under a ſtrong guard to a town on the confines of Savoy, where he was delivered to a Sardinian officer, who with twenty dragoons, eſcorted him to the caſtle of Miolans, the Baſtile of that country. His papers, however valuable they might have been, packed careleſsly in a bag much too large, were torn to pieces by the length of the journey. 'Let us here obſerve, that every king but of England, has a Baſtille, the gates of which open and ſhut at his nod, at the nod of his miniſters, their ſecretaries, his miſtreſſes, or any nobleman, or female, who has acquired a certain influence, either by place, or intrigue, whilſt juſtice looks on unconcerned.' Another inſtance of French juſtice we muſt mention. An abbe, in concert with a girl of the town, having ſtabbed his brother as he was embracing him, cut the body in pieces, and fled to Venice. There this fratricide was arreſted, on an accuſation of having murdered his miſtreſs and accomplice. He was claimed by the court of France.—To inflict an exemplary puniſhment on him, no doubt.—No. He was related to ſome magiſtrate, and in conſequence was only confined at Pierre-en-Cize.

The following anecdotes of ſome who have taken up their abode in this den of deſpotiſm may tend farther to diſcloſe the ſecrets of the place.

Dan. Dumerc, commiſſioned to furniſh corn on account of the king, entered, May 5, 1775, ſet at liberty June the 20. The law of 1764, rendering the exportation of corn free, occaſioned a ſcarcity. Without revoking the law, it was thought fit to import corn from abroad. Mr Turgot, ſuſpecting Meſſrs Sorin and Doumerc, who were partners, of improper conduct, ordered them to be conducted to the Baſtille. Mr D. was thirteen days without a change of linen, or permiſſion to ſhave himſelf. His wife, then ſuckling her firſt child, was ſo much affected, that both ſhe and her infant nearly loſt their lives. Mr D.'s accounts, which had already been examined and paſſed, were demanded of him. Nothing that could juſtify his detention appearing, he and Mr S. were ſet at liberty. A committee was appointed to inſpect their accounts, which declared, that they were near 400,000liv. [16,666l] in advance, and at the ſame time paſſed an encomium on their conduct. At this time two different opinions prevailed on the ſubject of the corn-trade. Mr Turgot was for its being totally free. He was ſupported by abbe Morellet, abbe Beaudeau, and Mr de Condorcet, who ſucceſſively publiſhed anſwers to Mr Necker's work on legiſlation and the corn-trade. This work, which advanced oppoſite principles, occaſioned its author many

vexations. Mr T. then comptroller general, fearful of the propagation of a doctrine ſo oppoſite to his own, applied to the lieutenant of police to prevent its publication. Unable to obtain any thing from him, he went to the cenſor, Mr Cadet de Sainville, requeſting him to refuſe his approbation. Mr de S. deſired an order to this purpoſe in writing. Mr T. not complying with this, he gave his approbation in the following terms. 'I have read, &c. Though the principles contained in it appear to me different from thoſe announced by government, yet the author having confined himſelf ſimply to a diſcuſſion of his ſubject, without perſonalities or declamation, and as I conceive, that the truth cannot but gain by the inveſtigation of ſo important a queſtion, I think the publication of this work muſt be advantageous.'

Mr de la Tour, jun. This young gentleman, who has viſited almoſt all the priſons and houſes of confinement in France, the ſon of the firſt Preſident of the parliament of Aix, and nearly related to ſeveral other perſons of diſtinction, came to the Baſtille ſtrongly recommended to the governor. Mr de Launey paid the greateſt reſpect to his illuſtrious priſoner, who was a diſſipated youth ſent to the Baſtille, to be reclaimed, by his friends. A few days after his arrival he was introduced to Mde. de L. whom he afterwards viſited daily. He was called by the name of St. Julien, that he might be preſent even when there was company. When the governor and his wife were abſent, he was maſter of their houſe. On theſe occaſions he made love to the waiting maid, who was by no means cruel. This being ſoon known to de L. he ſaid to him one day: 'You are young, you have paſſions like other men, I will bring you acquainted with a charming little woman, with whom you will be enchanted; you ſhall marry her, but without a parſon or attorney: you underſtand me.' De L. had a miſtreſs, one Mde Teſſier, to whom he would have been generous, but he was ſordidly avaricious. De la T. was rich, and thus he thought he might conciliate his two oppoſite propenſities. The ſame evening he led his priſoner to the houſe of Mde. T. There he left him, whilſt he paid ſome viſits in town, and returned at night to conduct him to his apartment in the Baſtille. Mde. T. now removed to a more elegant habitation. The greater part of every day was ſpent by de la T. at her houſe, and he was always ready to return when called for in the evening. Unfortunately the governor found a letter from the young gentleman to his miſtreſs, in which he was painted not altogether to his liking. The next day poor de le T. found all his enjoyments at an end. The doors of his dungeon were no longer open to him. He was not even permitted to breathe the air of the court. Hitherto de L. had given a favourable report of his conduct to his friends, but it was now quite the reverſe. His reformation was deſpaired of, and he was ſent to another priſon, laden with irons. Thence, however, he found means to eſcape: but he did not abuſe his liberty. He employed it in attempting to procure a reconciliation with his friends, which he obtained by the promiſes he made of amendment, promiſes that he appears to have kept. De L. was mean enough on this occaſion to refuſe payment for goods furniſhed Mde T. by his orders, and one tradeſman was not paid till ſix years afterwards, though de L. had received the money from de la T. at the delivery of the articles: nor would he then have been paid, had not de L. been embroiled in ſome affairs which made him deſirous of huſhing up this.

The next article with which we ſhall preſent our readers, will probably

ly excite their curioſity more than any other. This is the hiſtory of the man with the iron maſk, which occupies the whole of the ninth number. No poſitive proof of who he was, has yet been obtained, though we own there is ſome probability in the ſuppoſition here advanced, as founded on preſumptive proofs. After bringing ſufficient arguments to ſhew that he was not the duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Monmouth, Fouquet, the ſecretary of the duke of Mantua, the Armenian patriarch Avedik, who was carried off by the jeſuits, the count de Vermandois, natural ſon to Louis xiv, a younger brother of Louis xiv, ſon of Anne of Auſtria, and cardinal Mazarin, or a twin brother of that monarch, each of whom has been aſſerted to have been the perſon, the editor advances, that the moſt and ſtrongeſt probabilities are in favour of his having been an elder brother of Louis xiv. On this hypotheſis the following is all we can gather of his hiſtory. The duke of Buckingham, who went to France in 1625, to bring over the princeſs Henrietta, wife to Charles I. openly paid great attention to the queen, Anne of Auſtria, to whom his gallantry was not diſpleaſing. The fruit of this intrigue was a ſon, born in the beginning of the year 1626. As it was well known, that the king and queen of France had long had ſeparate beds, the profoundeſt ſecrecy was obſerved, and the child was educated in the moſt private manner. Anne of Auſtria died January 20, 1666. It appears, that the man with the iron maſk, was conveyed to Pignerol, previous to the year 1671, and not before 1666. Moſt probably, therefore, it was ſoon after the death of Anne. Confided to the care of St. Mars, then governor of that place, he appears always to have been entruſted to the ſame perſon. In 1686 he was transferred to the iſland of St. Marguerite, when St. Mars was promoted to that government, and it is remarkable that the priſon of the iſland of St Marguerite was conſtructed on that occaſion. In 1698, St. Mars being removed to the Baſtille, took his priſoner with him. Here he died, on the 19th of November, 1703. The following is an extract from the mortuary regiſter of the royal and parochial church of St. Paul, at Paris. 'An. 1703. Nov. 19. *Marchialy*, aged about forty five, died at the Baſtille, and his corpſe was interred in the burying ground of this pariſh, the 20th of the ſaid month, in preſence of Mr Roſarges, major of the Baſtile, and of Mr Reilh, ſurgeon-major of that place, who have ſigned this.' Except Mr St. Mars, Mr Roſarges appears to be the only perſon who ever ſaw the priſoner. He was major of Pignerol when the priſoner arrived there, and alſo accompanied him till he died. After his death, the floor of his apartment was taken up and burnt, with all its furniture, and the plaſter was ſcraped off the walls. In ſpeaking of this unfortunate perſon, we have called him, in conformity to cuſtom, the man with the iron maſk, but many circumſtances tend to ſhow, that this maſk was in fact of black velvet.

We ſhall conclude this article with ſome account of what paſſed the 14th of June, 1789. The Baſtille was not taken by aſſault: the gates were opened by the garriſon. Only one cannon was diſcharged, and the garriſon made but a ſlight defence. They would have ſurrendered ſooner, but the people, in their tumultuous fury, fired upon them repeatedly after they offered to deliver up the fortreſs, thus compelling the garriſon, as it were, to fire upon them in return. The ſtory of a number of citizens being admitted within the walls, and maſſacred in cold blood, we are happy to ſay, is untrue. Some who had advanced

vanced with a flag of truce, were fired upon; but they had remained in an outer court, after the flag, with a party, had withdrawn, and the people had recommenced their firing. On opening the priſon, only ſeven priſoners were found: all alive; no dead bodies; no ſkeletons; no men in chains. It is true there were ſome anatomical preparations in a cloſet, belonging to the ſurgeon, which probably gave riſe to ſuch reports. The priſoners were *Tavernier*, put into the Baſtille, Auguſt the 4, 1759: count *de Solages*, February 28, 1784: *De Whyte*, February 29, 1784: *Bechade* and *La Roche*, January 10, 1787: *La Caurege*, January 18, 1787: and *Pujade*, February 8, 1787. Of Tavernier we are only informed, that he was a natural ſon of Paris-Duverney, brother to Paris-Montmartel, and that he is become inſane. The count de S. was ſhut up by his relations at Vincennes in 1782. De Whyte alſo came from Vincennes. The true name of Bechade is *La Barte*: he was accuſed of forgery. La Roche, La Caurege, and Pujade, were confined as his accomplices. Amongſt theſe there is not one who can poſſibly be ſuppoſed to be the ſame perſon with lord Maſſarene, except De Whyte. But of him they ſay; "this is the perſon who was for ſeveral days carried about Paris, and ſhown at all the public places. He came with count de Solages, and the marquis de Sade, from Vincennes, where he had been confined we know not how long. We have never been able to diſcover who he was. For ſome time his head has been deranged, and he has every day a new ſtory. He was obliged to be conveyed to Charenton a few days after the taking of the Baſtille. He ſpeaks Engliſh very well, whence he is ſuppoſed to be an Iriſhman: we have been informed, that he is related to Mr de Sartine."

The profits of this work are appropriated to the widows and orphans of the citizens who fell at the taking of the Baſtile, and to the indigent who were wounded on that occaſion.

LIFE
OF
MAJOR GENERAL GORDON
OF ACHINTOUL.

MAJOR-GENERAL *GORDON* was the eldeſt ſon of Alexander Gordon of Achintoul, one of the ſenators of the college of juſtice, in the reign of King James VII. by his wife, Iſobel Gray, daughter to Gray of Braik, brother to Lord Gray; and was born the 27th of December 1669.

His grandfather, George Gordon of Cocklarachie, was twice married; by his firſt wife, a daughter of Seton of Pitmedden, he had two ſons, Alexander (his father) and James, the predeceſſor of Gordon of Ardmellie. By his ſecond wife, a daughter of Fraſer of Philorth, (the predeceſſor of Lord Saltoun) he had another ſon; of whom, Gordon of Cocklarachie is deſcended. He purchaſed the eſtate of Auchintoul, and gave it to Alexander his eldeſt ſon.

As ſoon as he was of a proper age, he was put to a country ſchool, where he continued till he was fourteen, when his father ſent him to Paris to proſecute his ſtudies. He continued there till after the revolution in 1688, when he gave way to the natural bent of his genius, by entering himſelf a Cadet in one of the companies raiſed at the deſire of King James VII. to aſſiſt the French King in the wars he then had in Catalonia†. In this ſervice he carried a muſket

† In theſe companies there were beſides him a great many other Scots

two

two campaigns, and behaved ſo well, that he was generally eſteemed by all who knew him: on his return, he had a Captain's commiſſion beſtowed on him by Lewis XIV.

He did not continue long in the French ſervice, but came over to Scotland, and lived with his father till the year 1692 or 1693, when he again went abroad; and the firſt accounts of him were from Ruſſia.

Here he ſoon got acquainted with Lieutenant-general Patrick Gordon of Achleuchries, then General in chief of all the Ruſſian forces, who introduced him to the Czar. Tho' the General was always his faſt friend, his future preferment was not intirely owing to his intereſt: his firſt commiſſion in the Ruſſian ſervice, was beſtowed upon him in a way which does honour to the memory of Peter the Great. Soon after his arrival in Ruſſia he was invited to a marriage, where a good many young gentlemen of the beſt families in the country were preſent. Few nations are fond of foreigners; and the Ruſſians in particular are too apt to deſpiſe them. When theſe gentlemen were warm with their liquor, ſome of them ſpoke very diſreſpectfully of foreigners in general, and the Scots in particular; they even went the length of perſonal abuſe. Mr. Gordon, who to his laſt hour had a ſtrong paſſion for his country, could not hear it abuſed by any body, without reſenting the inſult. He modeſtly repreſented to them the injuſtice of ſuch indiſcriminate ſatire,—acknowledged there were bad, but inſiſted that there were alſo good men in all countries,——begged, they would not lay him under the diſagreeable neceſſity of quarreling with them, that it was unworthy gentlemen to be influenced by vulgar prejudices. The mildneſs of his reproof, like oil poured upon the fire, only ſerved to inflame theſe brave fellows, who exclaimed againſt foreigners and Scotland, more than ever. When he could bear their inſolence no longer, he gave the one who ſat next to him a blow on the temple, which brought him on the floor; in an inſtant, he and other five were upon Mr. Gordon, and ſeemed determined to make him fall a victim to their national prejudice; but he not in the leaſt intimidated by their number, in a few minutes obliged them to retreat, and had the glory of the victory in this very unequal combat. Tho' they uſed no other weapons but their fiſts, Mr. Gordon's were ſo weighty, and beſtowed with ſo good will, that his antagoniſts bore the marks of them for ſeveral weeks. Next day a complaint was given in to Czar Peter, wherein Mr. Gordon was repreſented in the worſt light imaginable. His majeſty thought it rather ſingular to have a complaint of this nature brought before him, when attended with ſuch diſgraceful circumſtances on the part of the complainers; he therefore immediately ordered Mr. Gordon to be ſent for: he, tho' no man was leſs a coward, owned that this meſſage made him tremble; however, as it muſt be obeyed, he inſtantly waited on the Czar, who putting on a very ſtern countenance, aſked him how he came to be ſo turbulent, and whether the charge brought againſt him was juſt? Mr. Gordon told his majeſty the occaſion of the quarrel with ſo much ingenuity,

gentlemen, among whom were, the late Major Buchan of Auchmacoy, Colonel Irvine ſon to Irvine of Cults, Robert Arbuthnot, afterwards banker at Paris, John Gray of Aberdeen, Colonel Wauchop of the family of Nydrie, and —— Graim ſon to Graim of Braco, who afterwards became capuchin, was well known by the name of Father Graim, and only died in 1754 at Boulogne in France.

nuity, ſpoke ſo modeſtly of his own behaviour, and ſeemed ſo ſorry to have incurred the Czar's diſpleaſure, that the affair ended in a manner quite contrary to the expectations of his enemies. The Czar, after hearing him very patiently, ſaid, 'Well 'Sir, your accuſers have done you 'juſtice, by allowing that you beat 'ſix men: I alſo will do you juſtice.' On ſaying this, he withdrew, and in a few minutes returned with a Major's commiſſion, which he preſented to Mr. Gordon with his own hand. This anecdote of his hiſtory he once told, and we believe never but once; not out of vanity, for no man had a larger ſhare of modeſty, but in an accidental converſation on the fierceneſs of the Czar's diſpoſition, and how much his diſpleaſure was dreaded by his greateſt ſubjects.

The favours of the great can never have an ill effect, but upon ſhallow and ignoble minds: when judiciouſly beſtowed, as in the preſent caſe, they anſwer the nobleſt purpoſes; and we are perſuaded, this early mark of the Czar's favour, laid in him the foundation of that eſteem and veneration which he continued to have for Peter the Great to the laſt hour of his life; and was a noble incitement to that bravery and intrepidity which ſo greatly diſtinguiſhed his after conduct.

The Czar, who was well acquainted with the character of every officer who commanded under him, ſoon diſcovered that his favour had not been ill beſtowed upon major Gordon, and a few months thereafter made him a Lieutenent-colonel. He had ſcarce been three years in his ſervice when he got the command of a regiment.

He was preſent at the taking of Aſoph from the Turks in 1696, and had frequent encounters with the Tartars. The troops under his command, animated by his example, and inured to a ſtrict tho' not a ſevere diſcipline, were amongſt the firſt in the Ruſſian army who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the field, and expreſſed a juſt concern for the honour of their country; which Charles XII. had not only invaded, but affected to treat with ſo much contempt.

In the year 1690 or 1700, he married his friend General Patrick Gordon's daughter, then the widow of Colonel Straſburgh, a German; by whom he had ſeveral children, who all died in their infancy.

He was taken priſoner at the battle of Narva, and ſent into Sweden, where he was detained for ſeveral years. No arguments could prevail upon the Czar to allow his lady, or indeed the ladies of any other foreign officers to repair to them: perhaps he thought that detaining in his power theſe dear pledges, was the ſtrongeſt ſecurity he could have of their attachment to his intereſt and ſervice.

Colonel Gordon was at laſt exchanged with Einſhild, a Swediſh Colonel, whom the Ruſſians had taken priſoner in Livonia. A few days after he joined the Ruſſian army, the Czar advanced him to the rank of a Brigadier, and ſoon thereafter made him a Major-general.

As the Czar had great confidence in General Gordon's conduct and bravery, he generally pitched upon him to go on the moſt hazardous exploits. Soon after his arrival from his Swediſh confinement an occaſion of that kind offered, when Charles XII. was to croſs the Diſna, in order to join the Hottman Mazepa. Peter, who was determined to diſpute this paſs warmly, ordered General Gordon, at the head of a battalion of grenadiers, three regiments of foot, and four regiments of dragoons, with eight field-pieces, to oppoſe his paſſage over the river. As preventing the Swedes to croſs this river, ſeemed of the laſt importance to the Ruſſians, General Gordon, with the officers and ſoldiers under his

his command, went chearfully on; determined to make a reſolute defence. He came up with the enemy on the 21ſt of October 1708, and about ſix at night the Swedes attempted to croſs the river on floats of trees, which they had prepared for that purpoſe, but were often beat back by General Gordon's detachment. The firing continued on both ſides without intermiſſion, till eleven o'clock, when the Ruſſians ammunition was entirely ſpent. The General had ſent ſeveral adjutants to the main army, which lay at a place called Verowich, about ſeven leagues diſtant, deſiring a freſh ſupply; but not a pound was ſent him. At laſt, to his great mortification, he received an order from Marſhal Sheremtoff, to retreat and draw off the troops in the beſt manner he could. Notwithſtanding the darkneſs of the night, and the cloſe fire of the enemy, he carried off the artillery and wounded men. In this action, the Ruſſians had about eight hundred killed, and nine hundred wounded. The Swedes were computed to have loſt about two thouſand. The General imputed his not having a ſupply of ammunition ſent him, to Prince Menzekoff, who had a pique againſt him; and perhaps intended by this, to ruin him in the eſteem of the Czar: however, his ſcheme had not the deſired ſucceſs; for his majeſty, abundantly ſatisfied that General Gordon had done his duty as a brave officer, never once inſinuated the leaſt ſuſpicion of his conduct on that occaſion.

It was hardly poſſible that two characters ſo oppoſite as thoſe of Menzekoff and General Gordon could live in good terms with another: the one a deſigning ſycophant, practiſed in the low arts of cunning and diſſimulation; no leſs diſtinguiſhed for his inſolence to his inferiors, than his abject cringing to his ſuperiors; raiſed from obſcurity by the favour of his ſovereign, not on account of the rectitude of his principles, but entirely for the quickneſs of his parts, and his fitneſs for being the tool of an arbitrary Prince. The other, brave and open, born a gentleman, unſkilled in the arts of courtiers, raiſed by his merit, and reſpected for his behaviour.

Some time before the battle of Pultawa, General Gordon was ſent into Poland, along with General Goltz and Galitzen, to oppoſe the Swediſh army commanded by General Craſſow, and the Poles and Lithuanians in the intereſt of Staniſlaus. The Ruſſian Generals had a body of about ten thouſand men, and came up with the Poles at a place called Podkamien, in Black-Ruſſia, where an engagement enſued, in which the Ruſſians had the victory. On this defeat of the Poles, King Staniſlaus and General Craſſow with the troops under their command, marched back into Great Poland: General Goltz purſued them till he joined the Crown-generals at Limberg; Prince Galitzen was recalled to his command of the infantry. He remained in that country a conſiderable time, and obtained ſeveral advantages over the enemy; —— and it may be here obſerved, that he brought to Scotland with him ſeveral ſtandards and military trophies, which he had taken at different times from the Poles.

He was afterwards ſent into Tranſylvania, to aſſiſt Prince Ragotſky againſt the houſe of Auſtria, where his ſervice was ſo agreeable to that Prince, that he made him conſiderable preſents: amongſt others, ſeveral tons of the beſt Tokay wine; ſome hogſheads of which he brought to Scotland.

On his return to Poland and Tranſylvania in 1711, he got account of his father's death, (which had hap-

pened the preceeding year) whereupon he applied to court for a permiſſion to leave the Ruſſian ſervice, intending to return to his native country with his lady, and take poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate. Which permiſſion having obtained, under the hand of Prince Menzekoff, he left Poland (after delivering over the troops to the officer who ſucceeded him in command) and came down to Dantzick, from thence to Holland, where he took paſſage for England, and arrived at Harwich in September 1711.

As he had now no further thoughts of going abroad, ſoon after his arrival in Scotland, he cauſed make an addition to his houſe of Achintoul; and in 1712 purchaſed the barony of Laithers in Aberdeenſhire.

He reſided ſometimes at Aberdeen, ſometimes at Edinburgh, till the year 1715, when the troubles of his country broke out, in which he was concerned, and acted as Lieutenant-general under the Earl of Mar. In that ſtation he commanded the highland clans at Sheriffmuir; and any advantage they had over the King's troops, was generally attributed to his ſkill and conduct.

When the rebel army broke up from Perth, he conducted the clans along the coaſt to Aberdeen, and from that place ſtill further north, without ſuffering them to commit any injury or depredation in the towns or countries through which they paſſed. This retreat may be reckoned amongſt the cleareſt proofs of his military ſkill: for, how difficult muſt it be to reſtrain undiſciplined troops, eſpecially on a retreat, and when they know themſelves already obnoxious to the laws of their country in the higheſt degree? The inhabitants of thoſe parts through which he marched, have ſtill a great veneration for his memory.

General Gordon was included amongſt others who were attainted of treaſon for being concerned in that rebellion; but eſcaped by a miſnomer in the act of attainder, being deſigned by the name of Thomas inſtead of Alexander, which ſaved his life and fortune. He kept private in the highlands and adjacent iſles, till the year 1717, when he went to France with the late marquis of Seaforth, where he continued till 1727.

In 1724 he was offered a Lieutenant-general's commiſſion in the Spaniſh ſervice, which he declined, chuſing rather to return to his own country, and ſpend the reſt of his days in retirement, when he ſhould incline to leave France.

From 1727 that he returned to Scotland till 1739, when his lady died, he enjoyed all the happineſs that reſults from a country retirement, an agreeable neighbourhood, and univerſal reſpect.

Sometime after his lady's death, he married for his ſecond wife Mrs. Margaret Moncrief, eldeſt daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrief of that ilk; with whom he lived very happily till the end of July 1752, when he died in the 82d year of his age, of a tedious illneſs occaſioned by the ſtrangury and gravel. He was buried on the 5th of Auguſt in his father's burial-place at Marnoch-kirk; and left no iſſue by any of his wives.

NEW LIFE OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

GEORGE Buchanan, a celebrated hiſtorian and Latin poet, was born in the ſhire of Dumbarton, in Scotland, in the month of February, 1506. His father, who was deſcended of an ancient and honourable family, died of the ſtone, in the prime

prime of life, and left his mother a widow, with five ſons and three daughters, all of whom ſhe however brought up in a decent manner, by her judicious care and management. Her brother, Mr. James Herriot, having obſerved ſtrong marks of genius in young Buchanan, while at ſchool, ſent him to Paris for his education. Here he applied himſelf to his ſtudies with great aſſiduity, and particularly to poetry; but before he had been abroad quite three years, his uncle's death, together with his own ill ſtate of health, and want of money, obliged him to return to his native country. Having ſpent almoſt a year in endeavouring to re-eſtabliſh his health, he afterwards, in order to acquire ſome knowledge of military affairs, made a campaign with the French auxiliaries, who came over to Scotland with John Duke of Albany; but in this ſituation he encountered ſo many hardſhips, that he was confined to his bed by ſickneſs all the winter following. On this account, perhaps, he renounced the ſword altogether; for early next ſpring he went to St. Andrew's, and attended the lectures on logic, or, as he himſelf ſays, on ſophiſtry, which were then read in that univerſity by John Major, whom he ſoon after accompanied to Paris.

After ſtruggling for about two years with poverty and misfortune, Buchanan was admitted, in 1526, being then not above the age of twenty, into the college of St. Barbe, where he continued, as grammatical profeſſor, for near three years. Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Caſſils, a young Scotch nobleman, being then in France, and happening to fall in company with our author, was ſo captivated with his wit and pleaſing manners, that he prevailed upon him to reſide with him, which he did for five years. Mackenzie, in his Lives of the Scotch writers, tells us that he acted as a tutor to this nobleman, and that, during his ſtay with him, he tranſlated Linacre's Rudiments of Grammar from Engliſh into Latin, which was printed at Paris by Robert Stephens, in 1536, and dedicated to his pupil.

Buchanan afterwards attended the Earl of Caſſils to Scotland, and on his death, which happened in about two years from that period, he ſhewed an inclination to return to France, but James V. who was then on the throne, prevented him, by appointing him preceptor to his natural ſon James, afterwards the famous Earl of Moray, regent of the kingdom. About this period, he wrote a ſatirical poem againſt the Franciſcan Friars, entitled *Somnium;* "and theſe good fathers," ſays Bayle, "inſtead of clothing themſelves with that ſpirit of patience which ſo well becomes churchmen, fell into a violent paſſion, and to revenge themſelves more dexterouſly, they accuſed Buchanan of being an impious perſon and an heretic." Their clamours, however, only encreaſed the diſlike which he had conceived againſt them on account of their licentious and irregular way of life, and inclined him more towards Lutheraniſm, to which it appears that he had no ſmall propenſity.

About the year 1538, the king having diſcovered a conſpiracy formed againſt him, in which he ſuſpected ſome of the Franciſcans to be concerned, he commanded Buchanan to write a poem againſt that order; but our author had already experienced the inconveniency of exaſperating ſo formidable a body, and he only wrote a few verſes, which were ſuſceptible of a double interpretation. By this conduct, he pleaſed neither party; the king was diſſatisfied becauſe the ſatire was not ſufficiently poignant, and the Friars conſidered it as a heinous offence, that mention ſhould be made of them in ſo diſhonourable a manner. His majeſty, however, or-

dered Buchanan to write a ſecond time againſt them, but with more ſeverity, which he accordingly did, in a poem entitled *Franciſcanus*. By this, he gained the king's friendſhip, and rendered the reverend fathers his irreconcilable enemies. While he was thus gratifying the deſires of his ſovereign, he little apprehended that he would have the meanneſs to ſuffer him to be ſacrificed to the reſentment of his enemies. Not only the Franciſcans, but the clergy in general, were incenſed againſt our author, and they left no ſtone unturned till they prevailed on the king, who was weak enough to comply with their requeſt, that he ſhould be tried for hereſy: he was accordingly impriſoned in the beginning of the year 1529, but having found means to eſcape, he fled to England, where Henry VIII. was perſecuting both the Proteſtants and the Papiſts. Being apprehenſive, on this account, that he ſhould not be ſafe in that kingdom, he again went over to France; but when he arrived at Paris, he had the mortification to find there Cardinal Beaton, who was his great enemy, and ambaſſador at the French court from Scotland. Fearing that he might receive ſome ill offices from him, if he continued at Paris, he retired privately to Bourdeaux, on the invitation of Andrew Goveanus, a learned Portugueſe, who was principal of a new college in that city. Buchanan taught in the public ſchools there three years, during which time he compoſed two tragedies, the one entitled *Baptiſtes ſive Calumnia*, and the other *Jepthes ſive Votum*, and tranſlated the Medea and Alceſtes of Euripides. Theſe were all afterwards publiſhed, but they were originally written in compliance with the rules of the ſchool, which every year required ſome new dramatic exhibition; and his view in chooſing theſe ſubjects was, to draw off the youth of France, as much as poſſible, from the allegories then greatly in vogue, to a juſt imitation of the ancients, and in this he ſucceeded beyond his hopes.

During Buchanan's reſidence at Bourdeaux, the Emperor Charles V. happening to paſs through that city, he preſented his Imperial majeſty with an elegant Latin poem, in which the emperor was highly complimented, and at which he expreſſed great ſatisfaction. The animoſity of Beaton, however, ſtill purſued our poet, and that haughty prelate wrote letters to the Archbiſhop of Bourdeaux, in which he informed him that Buchanan had fled his country for hereſy; that he had ridiculed the church in ſome very violent ſatires, and that if he would put him to the trial he would find him a moſt peſtilentious heretic. Luckily for Buchanan, theſe letters fell into the hands of ſome of his friends, who found means to prevent their bad effects, and the ſtate of affairs in Scotland, owing to the death of James V. gave the cardinal ſo much employment, that he forgot his rancour againſt his learned countryman.

In 1543 Buchanan quitted Bourdeaux, on account of the plague which then prevailed there, and it appears that about this period he had ſome ſhare in the education of the celebrated Michael de Montaigne. In 1541 he went to Paris, where he taught the ſecond claſs in the college of Bourbon, as Turnebus did the firſt, and Muretus the third; and in ſome part of this year he ſeems to have been afflicted with the gout. In 1547 he went to Portugal, with his friend Andrew Goveanus, who had received orders from the king to return home and bring with him a number of learned men, qualified to teach the Ariſtotelian philoſophy and polite literature in the univerſity which his majeſty had lately eſtabliſhed at Coimbra. During the life of Goveanus, who

who was a great favourite with the King of Portugal, Buchanan's ſituation was comfortable and happy; but after the death of his protector, which happened in 1548, the utmoſt ſeverity was exerciſed againſt thoſe learned men who had followed him, and particularly againſt Buchanan. He was accuſed of being the author of the poem againſt the Franciſcans, of having eaten fleſh in the time of Lent, and of having ſaid that, with reſpect to the Euchariſt, St. Auguſtine was more favourable to the doctrine of the reformers than to that of the church of Rome. Beſides, certain witneſſes depoſed that they had heard from ſeveral reſpectable perſons that Buchanan was not orthodox as to the Romiſh faith and religion. In a country where bigotry and ſuperſtition prevailed, theſe were ſufficient reaſons for putting any man into the inquiſition, and Buchanan was accordingly confined there for about a year and a half, at the expiration of which he was removed to a monaſtery, until he ſhould be better inſtructed in the principles of the Romiſh church. Speaking of the Monks under whoſe care he was placed, he ſays, that they were altogether ignorant of religion, but in other reſpects he found them men neither bad in their morals nor rude in their behaviour. During his reſidence in this monaſtery, he began to tranſlate the Pſalms of David into Latin verſe, "which he executed," ſays Mackenzie, "with ſuch inimitable ſweetneſs and elegance, that this verſion will be eſteemed and admired as long as the world endures, or men have any reliſh for poetry."

Having obtained his liberty in 1551 he deſired a paſſport of the king, in order to return to France, but his majeſty wiſhed to retain him in his ſervice, and aſſigned him a ſmall penſion till he ſhould be able to procure him ſome permanent employment. As the treatment which Buchanan had experienced was ill calculated to attach a man of his temper to Portugal, he put little confidence in the promiſes made to him, and readily embraced an opportunity which occurred of embarking for England, where his ſtay was but ſhort, though ſome advantageous offers were made him. Edward VI. was at this time on the throne of England, and Buchanan apprehending that the affairs of the kingdom were in a very unſettled and fluctuating ſtate, he again went over to France, in the beginning of the year 1553. It appears that about this period he wrote ſome of thoſe ſatirical pieces againſt the Monks, which are found in his *Fratres Fraterrimi*; and he was probably employed then alſo in teaching the Belles Lettres at Paris, but, though he ſeems to have been fond of France, he ſometimes expreſſes his diſſatisfaction at his treatment and ſituation there. The ſubject of one of his elegies is the miſerable condition of thoſe engaged in teaching literature in that capital.

In 1555, Marſhal de Briſac ſent for Buchanan into Piedmont, where he then commanded, and made him preceptor to Timoleon de Coſſé, his ſon. In this ſtation, he ſpent five years, partly in Italy and partly in France, and he probably had then a good deal of leiſure, as he applied cloſely to the ſtudy of the ſacred writings, to enable him to form a more accurate judgment concerning the ſubjects in controverſy between the Proteſtants and the Papiſts. During this period alſo he compoſed his Ode on the taking of Calais, by the Duke of Guiſe, his Epithalamium on the Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to the Dauphin of France, and part of his poem on the Sphere.

In 1560 he returned to Scotland, and finding the reformation there in a manner eſtabliſhed, he publickly renounced the Catholic religion, and de-

declared himſelf a Proteſtant. Soon after, he was appointed to be principal of St. Leonard's College, in the univerſity of St. Andrew's, where he taught philoſophy for ſome time, and he employed his leiſure hours in collecting all his poems, except ſuch as were in the hands of his friends, and of which he had no copies.

In 1567, on account of his uncommon learning and abilities, he was appointed, though a layman, moderator of the general aſſembly of the church of Scotland. He united himſelf with the party who acted againſt Queen Mary, and he appears to have been particularly connected with the Earl of Moray, who had been his pupil, and for whom he entertained a very ſincere regard. He attended that nobleman to the conference at York, and afterwards at Hampton Court, being nominated one of the aſſiſtants to the commiſſioners who were ſent to England againſt Queen Mary. He had been previouſly appointed preceptor to the young king, James VI. who was ſeveral years under his tuition; and it is ſaid, that when it was afterwards obſerved to him that he had made his majeſty a pedant, he replied, that it was the beſt he could make of him.

It appears from an anecdote related by Mackenzie, that Buchanan had not the moſt profound reverence for the rank of his royal pupil. The young king being one day at play, with his fellow pupil, the maſter of Erſkine, the Earl of Mar's eldeſt ſon, Buchanan, who was reading, deſired them to make leſs noiſe: finding that they paid no attention to his reproof, he told his majeſty that, if he did not hold his tongue, he would certainly whip him. The king replied, he ſhould be glad to ſee who would *bell the cat* with him, alluding to the well-known fable. Upon this, Buchanan threw aſide his book, in a paſſion, and gave his majeſty a ſevere whipping. The old Counteſs of Mar, who was in an adjoining apartment, hearing the king cry, ran to him, and enquired what was the matter. He told her that the maſter, for ſo Buchanan was called, had whipped him. The counteſs immediately aſked Buchanan, how he dared to lay his hand on the Lord's anointed. His reply was, "Madam, I have whipped his ——; if you pleaſe, you may kiſs it."

During Buchanan's reſidence in England, he wrote ſome complimentary verſes in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and ſeveral ladies of rank, from whom he received conſiderable preſents. He appears to have been very ready to accept favours of this kind, and, like Eraſmus, was not at all backward in making his wants known, or in taking proper meaſures to procure occaſional benefactions from the great.

In 1571 he publiſhed his *Detectio Mariæ Reginæ*, in which he ſeverely arraigned the conduct and character of Queen Mary, and expreſsly charged her with being concerned in the murder of her huſband, Lord Darnly. After his return from England, he had the abbacy of Croſs Raguel beſtowed upon him, and was made director to the Chancery. In the beginning of the year 1570 his pupil, the Earl of Moray, was aſſaſſinated, which, Mackenzie ſays, was a heavy ſtroke to him, for he loved him as his own life. He continued, however, to be in favour with ſome of thoſe who were inveſted with power in Scotland, for, after the death of the Earl of Moray, he was appointed one of the lords of the council and lord privy ſeal. It appears, alſo, that he had a penſion of 100l. a year ſettled on him by Queen Elizabeth. In 1579 he publiſhed his famous treatiſe *De jure Regni apud Scotos*, which he dedicated to King James. In 1582 he publiſhed at Edinburgh his *Rerum Scoti-*

Scoticarum Hiſtoria, in twenty books, in writing which he had chiefly employed the laſt twelve or thirteen years of his life.

[To be concluded in our next.]

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Have already told Mr B. your correſpondent, that the ſentiments advanced in the Painter's Panegyriſt, were expreſsly deſigned to be characteriſtic of Enthuſiaſm. If there be any *unmanlineſs* in the creating of a fictitious character, and giving that character ſuitable opinions, the charge lies *equally* ſtrong againſt Milton, Cervantes, Fielding and Shakeſpeare. Your correſpondent *muſt* know that the fine arts have frequently advocates, diſtinguiſhed only by the exceſſive warmth of their Enthuſiaſm.

Notwithſtanding Mr B. received this information in my reply; he ſtill ſays in your laſt miſcellany, 'Of the 'weakneſs of his arguments your 'Correſpondent makes a tacit ac-'knowledgement, when he lays them 'on the back of the old gentleman's 'hobby horſe; but from his perſiſt-'ing to vindicate them after ſuch an 'acknowledgement I ſhall certainly 'be juſtified in the opinion of your 'readers, if I conſider the Painter's 'Panegyriſt to be no other than your 'correſpondent Juvenis.' Let me aſk Mr B. where he finds *my* vindication? not in my *reply*. All that I there maintain is this, that my opponent did injuſtice to the Connoiſſeur's harangue and to painting *in general*. If your correſpondent's miſrepreſentation proceeded from ignorance, in pity I ſpare him. If from malevolence, honeſty would bluſh to contend with ſuch diſingenuity!

Mr B. in his firſt attack on the Panegyriſt's harangue, paſſed over the *argumentative* part in utter ſilence. What thoſe reaſons were which occaſioned this notorious omiſſion, he himſelf beſt knows. A Critic indeed often reſembles the artful Engineer, who always attacks the weakeſt part of the Enemy's citadel. The preſent inſtance of unfairneſs is perfectly unparalleled in the annals of criticiſm. If my laſt reply therefore was tinctured with the *leaſt* degree of ſeverity, judge ye, my readers, whether this ſeverity was not richly merited. *Principiis obſta*, is a maxim full of wiſdom. Diſingenuity, Sir, I conſider as the bane of controverſy. It flings a deadly poiſon over the freedom of debate, and clouds the cheering proſpect of quickly arriving at the Temple of truth. The moment I catch its ugly and deſigning viſage, I take up arms and give it no quarter. Should not your correſpondent, inſtead of omiting the connoiſſeur's arguments, have *rather* aſſiduouſly undermined the very *foundation* of the harangue? then perhaps to his great triumph the mighty ſuperſtructure like ſome old diſmantled tower would have tumbled about his ears!

But with what weapons does Mr B. attack *poor* Juvenis? with weapons, Sir, of which I leave him in the fulleſt poſſeſſion. Such arms Juvenis ſcorns to wield. *Wits, tits and Witticiſms, favored connoiſſeurs, quondam pupils, ſons of the bruſh, loggerheads, favorite tomes, hobby horſes, ſtone walls, gentle dews, dangling portraits, rattling hailſtones, hiſſing, bouncing and cracking ſquibs, &c.* are the boaſted artillery played off by my bluſtering adverſary. Indeed, indeed, poor Juvenis, thou hadſt even better fly. If thou ſhould'ſt face *ſuch* a battery, thou would'ſt moſt certainly be ſlain, and thy dead carcaſe left a prey, to the *ſagacious dogs and rooks* who are ſlyly watching its furious diſcharge! And now, Mr Editor, thanking you for

for your kind attention to my juvenile productions, I bid you and your miſcellany a final adieu. Intreating it as my *laſt* requeſt, that if Mr B. or any other gentleman ſhould propoſe to honour me with any *further* abuſe, you would be pleaſed to leave them a ſpare corner in your magazine. To become the object of their raillery, will really give me a high idea of my own importance. The caterpillar and the canker-worm, Sir, are ever ready to devour the firſt bloſſoms of the ſpring. I am,

Mr Editor, Yours,

King's College, Aberdeen, Oct. 25, 1790. } JUVENIS.

N. B. The title of my laſt reply was inſerted by miſtake at the Printing Office. The manuſcript had none.

PICTURES *of* LIFE; *or a Record of Manners, Phyſical and Moral, on the Cloſe of the Eighteenth Century. Tranſlated from the French.* 2 vols. ſmall 8vo.

THIS work introduces a ſpecies of writing in many parts finely dramatic, combining the ſententious manner of Rochefoucault, and the florid narrative of La Bruyere, with the refinement of Marivaux, and the morality of Marmontel. The Reader is informed in a Prefatory Advertiſement, that the Author filled up the outlines of his pictures from real incidents, and the object of the work evidently appears to be intended to repreſent the different ſituations in which the ſexes are frequently placed with reſpect to each other, by the ordinary occurrences and tranſactions of life.

The following Extract will ſerve as a ſpecimen of the work.

PICTURE THE THIRD.

THE HAPPY OMEN.

"HOW delicious is the firſt year of matrimony! Every moment is replete with new delights; the ſofteſt tranſports fill the boſoms of the happy pair!"

In this manner the Marquis de S—— expreſſed the feelings of his heart, in converſation with his friend the Viſcount de T—— R——.

The Marquis had been married about ſix months to a young and lovely wife, by whom he was adored. *Her* fortune had raiſed *him* to affluence; and, in return, *his* title had conferred nobility on *her*.

During his converſation with the Viſcount an idea occurred to his mind, which he determined to carry into immediate execution. Accordingly the next morning, as ſoon as the breakfaſt-table was removed, he entered his wife's apartment, and ſeting himſelf by her ſide, aſked her if it would be agreeable to ſee the—milliner he had ſent for.

"As you pleaſe, my love," replied the Marchioneſs with a ſmile of complacency.

The Marquis rung the bell.

A ſhrewd laughing *fille de chambre* entered the room. "If it is for Mrs Morgane, Sir, with the *baby-linen*," ſaid the young minx immediately, "ſhe is now waiting at the door."

"Let her come in," replied the Marquis.

Mrs Morgane accordingly made her appearance, followed by a young girl carrying a roſe-coloured band-box, filled with ribbons, gauzes, laces.——

"This little dreſs is intended for a *boy*, is it not, Madam?" replied the Marquis.

"Yes, Sir," replied Mrs Morgane, and immediately preſented him with a child's cap.

The Marquis placed it on the end of

of his finger, and holding it up exhibited it with ſome oſtentation to the obſervation of his wife.—"It is extremely pretty," ſaid he.

The Marchioneſs, with thoſe ſweet delicious ſmiles which a wife never diſplays but to the eye of her huſband, ſoftly whiſpered, "*I accept the happy omen!*" for a falſe delicacy is incompatible with the glowing tenderneſs of youthful minds.

The lively *fille-de-chambre*, as ſhe reclined on the back of her miſtreſs's chair, obſerved what paſſed, and indicated by the ſignificancy of her ſmiles the ſatisfaction ſhe felt at the diſcovery.

The various contents of the band-box were examined article by article; and when the inſpection was finiſhed, Mrs Morgane was deſired to leave the little wardrobe entire.

When the youthful lovers were alone—"This auſpicious moment," exclaimed the Marquis, "is the happieſt period of my life. I have the proſpect of becoming a Father, and that exalted character is to be conferred on me by You! If I may indulge a wiſh upon this occaſion, it would be for a ſon.—But among our future family I hope to number other children, whoſe ſex and charms will multiply the image of their lovely mother.

The Marchioneſs, crimſoned with modeſt bluſhes, tenderly replied, 'And will not a *ſon* afford me equal pleaſure, by preſenting to view the picture of his father? I cannot deſcribe how ardently I hope that your wiſhes may be gratified: and I am influenced in this hope by the moſt powerful motives."

"May I aſk, my charmer, what thoſe motives are?"

"I figure to my mind, with pleaſing expectation, that your ſon will be the perfect model of his father; and that I ſhall behold in him, at different periods of his life, a little tranſcript of the character *you* filled antecedent to our acquaintance. When he begins to ſpeak, I ſhall fancy it in the ſtyle in which his father ſpoke. As he grows I ſhall admire his boyiſh pranks and think they were your own. His lively, honeſt, innocent delights will be the ſame which occupied your mind; and all his little whims and humours will be compared to yours. On the attainment of fifteen years, when the mind begins to take a firmer tone, and the heart to feel the fruits of well-engrafted ſenſibility, I ſhall anxiouſly explore his character, in hopes to find in him the excellencies of his father. But oh! he *muſt* poſſeſs them; the character of your ſon cannot fail to be adorned with all his father's virtues. He muſt be educated with all imaginable delicacy, and every *ſoft and tender* feeling nouriſhed in his ſoul."

The Marchioneſs was ſilent.

But the lips of the Marquis remained half opened, and he ſeemed ſtill to hear the echo of her voice.—"Speak, oh ſpeak!" he exclaimed, after liſtening a conſiderable time: "Angelic creature! divine being! formed to make my happineſs complete—ſpeak!—Oh! let me for ever liſten to your voice.—Favourite of heaven! wife! oh, how I pity the unfortunate being who is unacquainted with excellence like thine! But if your diſcourſe be ended, let me repeat the charming ſounds, by giving to your daughter the various excellencies you have too partially attributed to my ſon."

At this moment the door opened, and the Viſcount de T—— R——— entered the room.

"My dear friend," ſaid the Viſcount, addreſſing himſelf to the Marquis, "we are in a ſituation capable of enjoying the higheſt felicity; every pleaſure that fortune can purchaſe, or faſhion can beſtow, is at leaſt within our reach. But excluſive of theſe circumſtances, we poſſeſs the ſuperior advantages of improved minds and

feeling hearts. The wiſe precepts we received from thoſe experienced guardians under whoſe care we were educated, have increaſed and ſtrengthened the natural virtues of our ſouls."

"Your obſervations are juſt, my friend," replied the Marquis; "education derives her greateſt benefits from the maxims which a ſage preceptor, by his long experience in the affairs of the world, is enabled to inculcate; and, thus, enlightened, YOUTH commences the career of life with all the *knowledge* of maturer AGE. In this view it is truly ſaid, that "education forms the man." But if reaſon and knowledge protect us from danger, it is to ſentiment and feeling that we are indebted for our happineſs. They ought indeed, mutually to inſpire and regulate each other."

"Very well!" ſaid the Viſcount; "I perceive that you underſtand perfectly the meaning of my obſervation. As I paſſed, in my way here, through the narrow ſtreet called St. Anaſtaſius, I obſerved a man violently beating his wife, who appeared to be with child. The cauſe of their quarrel originated in the affection they entertained for a daughter, a pert, lively girl, about ſix years of age. The mother, it ſeems, had thought it neceſſary to chaſtiſe her daughter for a fault ſhe had committed; the girl complained to her father, who was a maſter cooper, of the puniſhment ſhe had received; and the father, to avenge his daughter's cauſe, inſtantly attacked the perſon of his wife. I was aſtoniſhed to obſerve that, while he was dragging the poor woman by the hair of her head, his little favourite was beating him with all her ſtrength to make him looſe his hold. I immediately interpoſed and ſeparated them; but my curioſity was ſo much excited by this circumſtance, that I enquired of the child, What had induced her ſo warmly to eſpouſe her mother's part? —"Why, to be ſure," ſaid ſhe, "becauſe *he* beat *her* more than *ſhe* beat *me;* and he ought only to have beat her as much."——"And for what fault was it your mother beat you?" —"Indeed, you are very curious." —"Yes, my little girl, I wiſh very much to know."—"What, you think, I ſuppoſe becauſe you are a *gentleman*, that I muſt tell you?"—"Yes; and if you dont I ſhall have you whipped." —"I don't mind you; I defy you."—Diſappointed of gratifying my curioſity by this means, I applied for information to the mother. "Sir," replied the poor creature, ſobbing with tears, "ſhe is ſo ſpoiled by the indulgence of her father, who loves her too well, that I cannot manage her in any thing. She will not pay the leaſt regard to what I ſay; ſhe will not learn what I deſire her, and thinks of nothing but running about and playing pranks with every boy ſhe meets. It was for ſo doing that I gave her a ſlap with this little ſwitch; and as her father had frequently told her that *he* would beat *me* as much as *I* beat *her*, ſhe took the ſwitch, and, threatning me that I ſhould have it, went immediately and told her father."—On hearing theſe circumſtances, I fixed my eyes attentively on the man. He appeared confuſed. I ſpoke to him; and, during the courſe of our converſation, perceived that he was a character guided rather by the ſudden impulſes of quick ungovernable paſſions, than by the dictates of a cruel and depraved heart; and whoſe mind only required temperaments of education to reſtrain the impetuoſity of his feelings. I made him ſenſible that his daughter would, in all probability, at ſome future period of her life, become an abandoned character, capable of committing every enormity; and I adviſed him to place her at ſome ſchool, where the prevalence of her evil habits might be rigidly and effectually reſtrained. To this propoſal,

ſal, however, I could not perſuade him to conſent; but I made him agree, in the hearing of his daughter, that her mother ſhould in future be the abſolute miſtreſs of her child.—My mind will profit by this incident; and I truſt it will alſo ſuggeſt ſome uſeful reflections to you, ſince it was almoſt at your *own door* that I found it neceſſary to alarm the fears of this ferocious huſband, to impoſe reſtraints upon the conduct of his daughter, and to give due authority to his deſerving wife."

"I tremble—" ſaid the Marchioneſs.

"We have heard of *Hottentots*," interpoſed the Marquis; "but to live in the ſame city, in the very boſom of a civilized and well regulated metropolis, and to have *Hottentots* at our very doors!"

"Let us be humble," ſaid the Viſcount; "it is education that forms the characters of men."

"Oh! my love," exclaimed the Marchioneſs to her huſband, "be cautious and attentive in the education of your ſon! I wiſhed to inſpire his mind with *ſoftneſs and ſenſibility*; but it is neceſſary that his reaſon ſhould be ſtrengthened and his paſſions ſubdued. I ſhall conſult his intereſts, and ſubmit to you. Do not permit the fond feelings of a mother's heart to injure the education of her child. Mothers, my love, are ſometimes too indulgent."

The Marquis and his lady were invited to dine with the Viſcount and his family—Here they beheld a fond mother who, by inconſiderate tenderneſs, ſpoiled her children! The conſcious father ſighed to think what conſequences might enſue, but ſubmitted to his wife.

On their return home, "Let us, my love," ſaid the Marquis, "think ſeriouſly on the ſtory the Viſcount has related to us, in order to avoid that which he ſuffers to be done."

THE TRIFLER,

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Thurſday, November 4, 1790.

IT cannot have eſcaped the thoughts of an attentive obſerver of the manners of mankind, that their moſt common errors are ſo ſubtilly compounded of vice and abſurdity, as to render it very difficult to diſtinguiſh the quantity of thoſe compounding parts. In *habits of expence*, we perceive ſuch an exact mixture and correſponding proportion both of vice and folly, that we are at a loſs whether to ſay that extravagance is more fooliſh than vicious, or more vicious than fooliſh.

No maxim is more generally acknowledged, than that "to contract debts, where we have not the proſpect of payment, is an action of great injuſtice;" and, were its conſequences ſeen at one view, it would be acknowledged to be a crime of deepeſt die. But it is equally certain, that while we are contracting debts which we have no hope of diſcharging, we are in the firſt inſtance doing ourſelves the greateſt poſſible injury, ſurrendering our liberty into the hands of men whoſe decent uſe of it will appear abuſe, and voluntarily reſigning our peace of mind and independence of ſituation. The injuſtice and the folly, therefore, of extravagance, go hand in hand together. It is impoſſible to ſeparate them. And when we conſider how convincing this appears to reaſon, we muſt lament that in ſome men there is an infatuation beyond the power of conviction, and a charm in faſhion and folly not to be bribed by the fear of ruin.

The time was when a diſtinction, that had been long eſtabliſhed, was carefully kept up between the *gentleman* and the *tradeſman*; when the *former* enjoyed the monopoly of folly,

when his vices were unenvied, his purſuits were uninterrupted, and when thoſe who ſhared in both were his equals. The *latter* was contented with the profits that trade ſupplied, a trade begun upon principles of œconomy, and carried on with that probability of ſucceſs almoſt amounting to a certainty, which ariſes from the union of punctuality, aſſiduity and honeſty. Fortunes were made, as they are called, and even families ennobled—but it required the labour of years to acquire a fortune, for nothing was left to chance; and fame and honour, if they came at all, came unſolicited. The plain honeſty, the watchful aſſiduity, the temperate frugality of the *tradeſman* ſtill were predominant. It had not then become a *term of reproach* to be a *tradeſman*.

Whether the frequent ſatires at the expence of tradeſmen in plays, which it muſt be confeſſed "make the manners" of the greater part of mankind, contributed to the revolution that took place ſome years ſince, I leave to others to determine. A tradeſman, indeed, is ſeldom to be found in a *play*, but as an object of contempt, as a miſer, a fool, a cuckold, &c. The barrier betwixt them and men of quality was always ſtrongly marked; it was not to be broken down without quitting all the *merchant*, all the *tradeſman*, and putting on the *man of faſhion*, with all his follies. Satire is powerful in any cauſe; in a bad cauſe almoſt always ſo. Tradeſmen began early to feel its force, and determined to wipe away the reproach. They wiſhed to atone for their former ſins, by ſacrificing at the ſhrine of a deity, whoſe worſhip they were ignorant of; their offerings were accordingly clumſily performed; men of quality *chuckled* at the fools, and wiſe men foreſaw ruin. And when the repentant votary, by his richneſs of his ſacrifices, had juſt appeaſed the anger of his idol, his creditors were ready to ſend him to jail, where time and repentance convinced him, that there are ſome diſtinctions in life never to be done away, and ſome honour which even wealth cannot purchaſe.

The conviction of this truth is unhappily confined to thoſe who ſtand leaſt in need of it, for there is now little or no diſtinction between the perſon of quality and the man of buſineſs. The latter begin life juſt where they ſhould leave off, and indulge the love of pleaſure before they have acquired the means. That which is neceſſary is neglected: that which is ſuperfluous is procured, if it can be purchaſed, or *beſpoke*, if it cannot be paid for. The equable flow of honeſt trade is too tardy for eager ambition; every merchant's coach that paſſes ſeems to tell the young tradeſman, that he is loſing time; to ſee a man of affluence, whoſe wealth has been procured by trade, is a *ſtimulus*—but not to induſtry, to patience, to perſeverance, and contentment. It is a prick to goad the ſides of ambition, and the young tradeſman imagines, that what the other enjoys in his old age, *he* ought to poſſeſs *now*. Difficulties are to be ſurmounted, without the aſſiſtance of age, connexions and experience; he ſees the object of his ambition, pomp and reſpect, but the ſteps that lead to it are to be overleaped. Scorning to plod on his progreſs through all its ſtages, he bethinks himſelf of *making a bold puſh*, and recollecting inſtances of fortunes ſuddenly acquired, he truſts that he will be as fortunate as others have been, and leaves the ſucceſs to chance. Obſerving, alſo, how much external ſhow adds credit to a character, how many are induced to truſt in appearances, and how ſucceſsful confidence is, he enlarges his ſphere of action, commences merchant without connexions, a man of quality without taſte, and a man of fortune without money.

Such

Such is the abſurd policy of the times; and when we conſider how general this ſpirit of adventure has become, we are not to be ſurpriſed that bankruptcies happen every day; that they take place where they are leaſt expected, and that the confidence between men of buſineſs muſt be gradually becoming leſs, as they can leſs truſt in each other. Although the old proverb, that "appearances are deceitful," may be very juſt, yet in many caſes it is neceſſary to truſt in a certain degree to them. We do not think a man *poor*, whoſe dreſs, houſe, and equipage beſpeak him to be rich. If we have no other means of knowing his ſituation, we muſt in a certain degree truſt to appearances, while, at the ſame time, the more inſtances that occur where ſuch appearances are groſsly deceitful, the more muſt we drop all confidence in men, and live in a cloſe and ſelfiſh ſecurity, forming no friendſhip, and checking the proper ſpirit of commercial adventures.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a few remarks from an eminent author, Dr. Brown—

"Induſtry, in its firſt ſtages, is *frugal* not *ungenerous*; its end being that of ſelf-preſervation and moderate engagement, its little ſuperfluities are often employed in acts of generoſity and beneficence. But the daily increaſe of wealth by induſtry, naturally increaſes the love of wealth. The paſſion of money being founded, not in ſenſe, but imagination, admits of no ſatiety, like thoſe which are called the natural paſſions. Thus the habit of ſaving money, beyond every other habit, gathers ſtrength by continual gratification. The attention of the whole man is immediately turned upon it, and every other purſuit held light when compared with the increaſe of wealth. Hence the natural character of the trader, when his final proſpect is the acquiſition of wealth, is that of Induſtry and Avarice."

Such was the character of the times forty years ago: when will it again be ſaid, that *Induſtry* and *Avarice* are leading principles with men in trade? The tranſition from the plodding of induſtry and the vice of extreme avarice, to extravagance and idleneſs, is a ſtrong proof of the predilection of men in favour of *extremes*.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Have often thought, that a kind of general account of books of eſtabliſhed character, where exceptionable paſſages were taken notice of and refuted, would be a work of infinite ſervice to the young reader; None of this kind, that I know of, have as yet appeared.—Though I diſclaim all intention of ſpeaking decidedly on any book, I hope you will admit the following ſhort critique into your magazine, and I ſhall occaſionally continue this plan by making ſome remarks on other books.

It is not by any means intended to point out exceptionable paſſages ſolely; the beauties of our writers and the elucidation of ſome pieces, which without a little ſtudy, are not eaſily underſtood, will at once afford a more extenſive and a more pleaſing field of ſpeculation.—But let it be remembered, that what may be advanced is done with diffidence, and I hope I ſhall be always open to conviction where correſpondents offer arguments in oppoſition to any opinions that are adopted.

HAWKINS' LIFE OF JOHNSON.

In this work, beſides the particular account given of the life of Dr Johnſon, memoirs of the lives and characters

ters of nearly all the learned men in Britain, for the greateſt part of this century, are interſperſed.

In general an air of candour and impartiality pervades this part of the work, but inſtances may be adduced where this is wanting.

In giving the character of an author, it is not expected that private converſations, that were entered into in the idea that they would never be revealed, ſhould be made public. The impropriety and baſeneſs of this practice is ſufficiently characterized, in a paper of the Adventurer, who mentions it in terms the moſt ſevere and pointed—yet of this kind, I am afraid, an impartial reader muſt denominate thoſe paſſages, which ſo particularly inform the public, of what paſſed at the literary club ſuch and ſuch a night, &c. &c.

Dr Goldſmith ſeems particularly to be the object of this writer's cenſure. Not content with telling the reader his little weakneſſes, which no man wants, he proceeds to inform us "that he had ſome wit, but no humour."

In a matter of this kind it was to be ſuppoſed, the public would have been allowed to judge for themſelves, as his writings are ſurely the beſt evidence of this. I ſhould only aſk any perſon who has read the Vicar of Wakefield, if the author has no humour?

30th October, 1790. CRITICUS JUNIOR.

ODE ON DESPAIR.

STROPHE.

WHAT ſhrieks burſt thro' the darken'd air!
The diſmal ſounds I hear again!—
Ah! ſee, encircled by his baleful train,
The black, grim-viſag'd Genius of Deſpair!
Yonder he ſtands! Around him wait,
In all the pomp of ſullen ſtate,
Remorſe and Guilt, whoſe troubled breaſt
Hope's flatt'ring gales ne'er lull to reſt;
While Conſcience acts the Torturer's part,
And gnaws with venom'd ſtings their heart.
And there, while Danger's giant form
Stalks thro' the horrors of the hurtling ſtorm,
(Whoſe howl what mortal unappall'd can hear?)
Shivers aghaſt the phantom Fear.
There Madneſs too, with ſhatter'd hair,
Wildly ſtreaming mocks the air;
His bloody eye-balls ſparkle fire,
And burſt with ineffectual ire,
While ſtill by fits he ſhakes his hundred chains,
Or grins a ghaſtly laugh, or roars along the plains.

ANTISTROPHE.

By the tranſient gleams of light
I ſee what yet eſcap'd my ſight!
I ſee a ſelf-devoted band,
Each holds a poniard in his hand;
Deſpondence marks each downcaſt face,
And ſad reflection's gloomy trace.
With banning voice, that rends the ſky
They call deſpair: Deſpair is nigh.
Far from the realms of chearful day
The night-born chieftain leads the way.
High on yon cliff's tremendous brow,
That ſhades the gulph of Death below,
A while they ſtand: Hell's ravening brood,
That glut their throats with human blood,
In one harſh ſcream their joy declare;
(The ſound ſtill vibrates in my ear)
Preluſive lightnings dart around,
And bellowing thunders ſhake the ground.
Amidſt the elemental ſhock
They deeply ſtrike the ſudden blow;
Then plunge impetuous from the rock,
And ſink beneath th' o'erwhelming tide below. JUNIUS.

THE

THE PARTING.

Addreſſed to MARIA.

ADIEU, my fair, this hapleſs day
Tears me from all my joys away,
Remov'd from love and thee:
Who knows—O! cauſe of all my pain,
If thou wilt hear me once complain,
Or loſe one thought on me!

Yet to regain my loſt repoſe,
My penſive mind ſhall ſooth its woes,
For ever fix'd on thee;
On thee ſhall every thought attend;
But wilt thou ever condeſcend
To fix one thought on me?

On diſtant ſhores my mournful groans
Shall aſk the melancholy ſtones,
Where can my chamber be?
From morn to eve my ſearch ſhall laſt,
But who can tell if thou wilt caſt
One ſingle thought on me?

In fancy'd ſcenes, the happy ſpot,
Where thou and bliſs were once my lot,
My cheated mind ſhall ſee;
A thouſand thoughts ſhall wake my pain
But who can tell if thou wilt deign
To fix one thought on me!

There ſhall I ſay, in yonder grove,
To all my tender tales of love,
Diſdainful would ſhe be;
Yet ſoon her hand I gently preſs'd,
Again I hop'd—but can her breaſt
Retain one thought of me?

Where'er thou go'ſt, in every land,
What numerous ſlaves at thy command
Thy conq'ring eyes ſhall ſee!
Ye Gods, who knows, if fair and young,
Thy heart, midſt ſuch a flattering throng,
Will keep one thought of me?

Yet think thy lover's only aim,
Was a pure, gen'rous, mutual flame,
And what his pains muſt be;
Think what he feels at this farewell,
Think, deareſt maid! Yet who can tell,
If e'er thou'lt think of me?

Abergavenny, Sept. 4.

WHIST.

From Amuſement, a Poem. By Henry James Pye, eſq.

BUT ſay, what faſhionable form appears,
Whoſe vacant brow reflection's aſpect wears?
Who rolls the eye with ſenſeleſs ſapience full,
In trifles wiſe, and venerably dull?—
I know him well—In midnight fumes enclos'd,
Of the *Virginian* weed, while *Folly* doz'd,
Dullneſs advanc'd with Aldermannic tread
In ſolemn ſilence, to the ideot's bed,
And in the produce of the ſtol'n embrace
The father's ſenſe and mother's wit we trace:
Both with a parent's love their offſpring kiſs'd,
Preſag'd his future fame, and call'd him *Whiſt*.
Far from the courtly race, in private bred,
With rural ſwains his early youth he led,
The chearing ſolace, by the wint'ry fire,
Of the fat parſon or the drunken ſquire;
Till, when each livelier game could charm no more,
And dear *Quadrille* itſelf became a bore,
Capricious taſte, with novel nonſenſe fraught,
To town this ſcientific ſtranger brought,
Taught him the courtly circle's ſmile to ſhare,
Till Faſhion bad him reign ſole monarch there.

Struck

Struck with amaze, his ſprightlier rivals fly
The chilling torpor of his gorgon eye;
Spadille no longer rears his ſable ſhield,
Pam drops his halberd, and forſakes the field.—
See where around the ſilent vot'ries ſit,
To radiant beauty blind, and deaf to wit;
Each vacant eye appears with wiſdom fraught,
Each ſolemn blockhead looks as if he thought.
Here coward Inſolence inſults the bold,
And ſelfiſh Av'rice boaſts his luſt of gold;
Ill-temper vents her ſpleen, without offence,
And pompous Dulneſs triumphs over Senſe.
Should ſome intruſive infant in the room
Diſturb, with jocund voice, the general gloom,
The parent's eye, with ſhort-liv'd frenzy wild,
Reproves the frolic of his wiſer child.--
O ſtrange extreme of fancy's wayward mood!
Diſtemper'd pleaſure's ſickly change of food,
Which, loathing every taſte of known delight,
Provokes, with traſh, her blunted appetite.

SONNET.

TO HOPE.

BY W. HAMILTON REID.

ALL thro' a weary wilderneſs of woe,
Where the ſad cypreſs intercepts the light;
Hope gleams athwart the paths we're doom'd to go,
Or from ſome eminence attracts the ſight.

With patient toil, the ſummit we attain,
However ſteep, encumber'd, or perplex'd;
Where oft we find a chearleſs, barren plain,
Or view the flatt'rer beck'ning to the next.

Such winning blandiſhments, ſuch matchleſs arts!
Againſt experience ſtill inſures her reign,
Like the poor earth-worm, ſever'd into parts,
The broken ſpirit they unite again.
E'en when Deſpair hath loſt the vap'riſh light,
He ſinks to trace it in the realms of night.

FROM ANACREON.

FAIN would I ſtrike the lyre to kings,
And give to War the ſounding ſtrings,
But lo! the chords rebellious prove,
And tremble with the notes of love.

In vain I quarrel with my lyre,
In vain I change the rebel wire;
Boldly I ſtrike to War again;
But love prevails through all the ſtrain.

O, ſince not maſter of the ſhell,
Ye kings, and ſons of War, farewell!
And ſince the Loves the ſongs require,
To Venus I reſign the lyre.

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THE TRIFLER,

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Thurſday, November 18, 1790.

ON THE OMNIPOTENCE OF FASHION —INSTINCT—DRESS—LANGUAGE —CONCLUSION—ON PEOPLE NOT SUBJECT TO FASHION—AND THEIR ADVANTAGES.

IT is agreed on all hands by political people, that a *ſupreme power* muſt be lodged ſomewhere, a ſovereign controuling power, which is to be exerted for the good of the whole—that power in deſpotic countries is generally lodged with the King, or a few of his miniſters—in a republic it reſides with a certain number; and in this country is conſidered as veſted in the King, Lords, and Commons. But ſince of late years more light has been thrown on the rights of the people, and their pre-eminence in the choice even of their ſupreme Magiſtrates, politicians have more than ever differed as to where the *Omnipotence of power* reſides.—I do not heſitate to ſay that it reſides in——

FASHION.

That power muſt ever be the greateſt, which over-rules the greateſt number of ſubjects: Faſhion governs the greateſt number in this country, and therefore I account the Omnipotence of Faſhion to be fully eſtabliſhed in thought, word and act. That power too, which controuls the thoughts, muſt be the greateſt of all powers; and men think with Faſhion, and therefore Faſhion muſt be the greateſt power, and greater ſtill when we conſider, that although a few may think and ſpeak contrary to Faſhion, yet all *act* according to its dictates.

What, in political affairs for inſtance, is the popularity of a Miniſter, but a Faſhion, which though it may laſte longer than a cap or a ribbon, is ultimately found to be fully as periſhable? what is the blind folly and madneſs which make our great men, our little men, and the vulgar at large, ruſh upon the horrors of a war, but a Faſhion? that, like other faſhions, we give up, not when we have done good with it, nor when we have gone far enough, but, when we are tired of it.—Faſhion, in ſhort, ſupplies the

place of inſtinct, habit, paſſions, appetite and moral principle. It approaches, indeed, neareſt to the definition given of *Inſtinct*, by our acute and ingenious countryman, in *the Elements of Moral Science*. "INSTINCT is a natural impulſe to certain actions which the animal performs without deliberation, without having any end in view, and frequently without knowing what it does." To a judicious reader I need not point out the particular paſſages in this definition which apply cloſeſt to Faſhion. My purpoſe in this paper is to expatiate on the *Omnipotence of Faſhion*, as apparent on the moral, immoral and *indifferent* government of the world.

With reſpect to dreſs, the ſubject is ſo hacknied that it is almoſt impoſſible to ſay any thing that has not been repeated an hundred times. The all-governing power of Faſhion in *dreſs* was the firſt acknowledgement made by mankind, and were we to trace the principle of action in this caſe, I queſtion whether we ought not to go back to the ſtate of Great Britain at the time of Julius Cæſar, or follow Captain Cook through the Pacific Ocean. We ſhould, I am afraid, find that uniformity of dreſs is almoſt always found among ſavage nations, and that this uniformity is deſtroyed when they come to be civilized in a ſmall degree, and again reſtored when they are (like ourſelves) poliſhed and refined in the higheſt degree. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that we are not ſo very uniform in dreſs as our forefathers; we ſometimes agree in colour, though we differ in ſhape, and *vice verſa*, and ſometimes we reſtrict the uniformity to a particular part of dreſs, while at other times, as during a general mourning, we preſcribe the whole to be uniform. But on dreſs it is unneceſſary to dwell.—The omnipotence of Faſhion is here acknowledged.

We ſhall, therefore, next conſider what Faſhion has done to our language, and here we find that its power "has increaſed, is increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed"—For this is a more ſerious affair than dreſs. Faſhion then has charged the crime of murder, and that the worſt ſpecies of it, deliberate murder on trifling or falſe pretences, into *an affair of honour*. The crime of adultery, with all its aggravations, becomes very eaſy when only *crim. con.* or an *affair of gallantry* — and ſeduction has by the ſame power been transformed unto *harmleſs attentions*, *badinage*, or *amuſement!* Gaming, the deſtructive tendency of which is fully allowed by all ranks, is not half the crime one would ſuppoſe it to be, becauſe it is only *keeping genteel company*, *venturing a cool hundred*, or *ſubſcribing to a club*—and a *Gambler* is not near ſo much an object of deteſtation ſince he was called the Keeper of, or Partner in a *Bank!*

Theſe are ſerious changes; and to theſe I might add the *power of carrying elections*, which conſiſts in giving ſums of money, often very large ones, to a number of people to induce them to perjure themſelves.—Faſhion is here ſo omnipotent, that the man who would ſcruple to *aſſiſt his friend* on ſuch an occaſion, would be in danger of hazarding the imputation of having "abandoned his principles"—for, among other *faſhions*, the faſhion of political attachment is a very extraordinary one.—It conſiſts in abandoning *mind*, attention, time and purſe, to one man, be he right or wrong. At elections, it is not uncommon for a man to profeſs himſelf *free*, at the moment he has yielded to temptation; and *independent*, while he is pocketing the price of his vote.

The power of Faſhion in language is indeed ſo extenſive, that I foreſee I cannot in one paper enter fully into the ſubject. Its effects principally are to change a harſh into a gentle term,

and

and a vice into a failing with a name so ludicrous as to take off all impression of its folly or pernicious tendency. Drunkenness, even in its highest state, is only being tipsy, a little how-came-ye so?—groggy—in for it—done over—queer—poky—half-seas-over—or perhaps the gentleman "has his beer aboard"—or—"has been dining"——To the ladies, fashionable language is very justifiably polite, for we have no *ugly* women, only a few are *plain* or *ordinary*—nor has it been less polite to the men, though I pretend not to say with as much propriety, for we have twenty *wild youths* for one profligate—and ten *men of gallantry*, for one who seduces an innocent woman, and robs her of her virtue—indeed, when she is robbed of it, she is no great sufferer in name, as the worst said of her is that "she is no better than she should be."

But Fashion, with all its power in making us change our words and epithets, has introduced a considerable degree of confusion into the world. Certain classes of men chuse to have phrases of their own, which will not correspond with the same words as used by others.—*The Good Man* is an instance of it—The Good Man in the city is a man reputed rich—The *Good Man* in the church is the man of piety—and a statesman who can find a person to do his *odd jobs* (alias his dirty work) reckons that person a *Good Man*—a sure man, one to be depended on.—A *good Woman* is with some a woman of piety—with others a *wife*—with the majority a term of reproach which is resented very highly—indeed, I know not if it be possible to affront a female of fashion more than by addressing her with "Good Woman"—This was one of the changes which Fashion brought about, when its Omnipotence annihilated all the *men* and *women* in the world, and planted it with *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*.

So much for the *Language* of Fashion—I might now proceed to the Religion of Fashion, the Politics of Fashion, the Morals of Fashion, but the undertaking would be too great for one paper, and I in general wish to avoid prolix continuations. There is, however, one description of people on whom Fashion has little or no effect, because they never submit to it without seeing some reason.—These are the people who think for themselves, who by having fixed principles are guarded against disguised error, and who by giving every thing its proper name, preserve the sense of its importance and consequences, whether as a vice or virtue.

[The existence of a newspaper is so very short, and people in general take so little care of them, that many valuable essays are frequently lost, which deserve to be preserved with care. The following very humourous letter appears to be one of those, which it were a pity to consign to oblivion, and we trust our readers will not be sorry that we have thus rescued it from the common fate of diurnal papers.]

MISFORTUNES *of a* MAN *who lives in a Musical Neighbourhood.*

SIR,

AMONG the numberless misfortunes of human life, there are some to be found for which mankind are disposed to allow no pity. On the contrary, they are apt to pass them by without notice, or, if they listen in the complaint, are more inclined to laughter than compassion. Whether my distresses be of this kind, you will be best able to judge when you have read my story.

I am, sir, one of that class of

men, who being conſtitutionally addicted to literary purſuits, and having ſuch a portion of the good things of this life, as enables me to enjoy my purſuits unmoleſted by the cares of the world, am conſequently more concerned with books than men, and ſolitude and quiet are to me indiſpenſible requiſites. As I conſider London as the mart of literature, as well as of politics and commerce, I prefer a houſe in town to one in the country, for that and many other reaſons, and ſhould be very happy in my preſent ſituation, which is central for all the haunts of literature, were it not that I have lately diſcovered that I am in the heart of a muſical neighbourhood, and environed by inſtruments of muſic.

Judge then, ſir, how I can with due attention, read, think, or write. *Before* me, right oppoſite, and at no great diſtance, are *two fiddles*, a *German flute*, and a *hautboy*. On *each ſide* is a *harpſichord*, with young performers; and *behind*, two gentlemen amuſe themſelves with learning to play the *French horn* and *clarinet*. What the buſineſs of my muſical neighbours is, I know not; but as they are aſſiduous in their melodious ſtudies from morning to night, I conceive they are, like myſelf, eaſy gentlemen, who can employ their time as they pleaſe.—Muſic would, in my ſituation, be an interruption, whether I liked it or not; but the misfortune is, I am paſſionately fond of it; and as moſt of my neighbours, particularly the *violiniſt* and *flute-player*, are really excellent ones; the firſt note they play is a ſignal for me to throw aſide my own labours and liſten to theirs. By this means my time paſſes unprofitably, all my ideas are confuſed; what I read, I read imperfectly, and remember faintly. Another miſchief is, that the performers around me generally play for their own amuſement, and without paying any attention to each other, ſo that often when I have a *concerto of Handel's* before me, I have *Poor Jack* on the right hand, the *Eaſter Hymn* on the left, and the *Grenadiers march* behind me. I have frequently the *Early Horn ſalutes the Morn*, at night, *May-day buds* in Auguſt, and *Nancy Dawſon* after divine ſervice on *Sundays*.

It would be ſome relief to me, were there any part of the day on which I could depend, but the truth is, my neighbours ſeem often to take advantage of each others abſence to keep me in a perpetual attention. And when I am waked in the morning with *God ſave the King*, I proceed to breakfaſt to the *Dead March in Saul*, while *Sweet Nan of Hampton Green* aſſiſts me in putting on a *clean ſhirt*.

When I take up a book I have no ſecurity that I ſhall be able to read two pages without interruption—and it is incredible how much inſtruction I am daily loſing in this way. I was but the other day reading Smollett's account of the *Revolution*, and had got king William ſafely landed at Torbay, when my ears were aſſailed (on purpoſe, I think) with "*O'er the water to Charley*;" and I ſhould have been able the ſame day to have read your paper throughout, had there not been "*a ſweet little Angel that ſits up aloft.*"—As to philoſophy, I appeal to you whether the *Duke of York's March* be conſiſtent with "*Man's free Agency*;" or whether it is poſſible to review the *Carteſian Hypotheſis* amidſt the craſh of a *full chorus*. And with *Rule Britannia* before me, and a *Sweet Bird* on each ſide, not to ſpeak of *Galloping dreary dun* on my rear, how was I to aſcertain proofs *a priori* or *a poſteriori*?—Amidſt ſo much *harmony*, how meditate on the *original formation of the world*,

world, or what *opera tune* can assist me in discussing the *moral fitness of things?*

As I amuse myself sometimes with writing short essays on various subjects, you may suppose this task must be rendered grievous. Indeed, sir, to tell you the plain truth, I have not for the last twelvemonth been able to finish one of them. In some I have got halfway, in some a third, or two thirds, when some favourite air came in the way, and my ideas flew off, never to return.—However, that my heirs and successors may not be astonished and puzzled to find so many imperfect papers, I have carefully noted down in each, at the place where I left off, the *tune* which was the cause of my interruption. Thus, one is entitled, "An Essay on Social and Personal Virtues"—broke off by the *Anacreontic Song*.—"A Metaphysical Tract on contingent Events," interrupted by the *Soldier tired*.—"And a familiar Treatise on Concubinage" rendered useless by the *Prince unable to conceal his pain*—and so forth.

Such, sir, is my unfortunate situation.—People say, why don't you remove? Alas! sir—removing is an unpleasant thing—and if I did, what security have I that I shall not again fall among musicians?——Indeed my family are now so infected with the neighbouring contagion, that I have a wife that sings ballads—one servant who chaunts the Litany—and another who has a very loud voice in church music; the very rooms are washed to the *Minuet in Ariadne*, and the stairs scrubbed to the *old hundred psalm tune*.

My only hopes are that this letter will excite the pity of my neighbours, which if it does, I shall ever acknowledge my obligation to you,

And am, sir, your's,

DUNS SCOTUS.

NEW LIFE OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

(Concluded from page 681.)

IT appears that Buchanan, for some time before his death, suffered not so much from the infirmities which usually attend old age, as from the languor and tediousness of life: for Thuanus tells us that in some of his letters to Vinetus, with whom he kept up an annual correspondence, he complained not so much of the inconveniences of old age as of being tired with living so long. *De senectutis incommodis non tam querebatur quam de vitæ longioris tædio.* He said that he had left the court, and was retired to Stirling, where he made but one thing his business, which was to quit with the least noise that might be, the company of those who were not like him, meaning the living, for he considered himself as dead. *Interea hoc unum satago, ut quam minimo cum strepitu, ex inæqualium meorum, hoc est, mortuus e vivorum contubernio demigrem.* This, indeed, soon after happened, for he died in the 76th year of his age, on the fifth of December, the same year in which he had published his History of Scotland. It is said, that when on his death-bed, being informed that the king was highly incensed against him for writing his book *De Jure Regni*, and his History of Scotland, he replied, he was not much concerned on that account, because he should soon be in a place which few kings entered. We are told also that, when dying, he called for his servant, whose name was Young, and asked him how much money he had of his; and finding that it was not sufficient to defray the expences of his funeral, he ordered him to distribute it among the poor: his servant then asked him who would

would be at the charge of burying him; upon which, Buchanan replied, that he was very indifferent about that point, for if he were once dead, if they would not bury him, they might let him lie where he was, or throw his corpſe where they pleaſed. He was accordingly buried at the expence of the city of Edinburgh.

Archbiſhop Spotſwood ſays of Buchanan, that "in his old age he applied himſelf to write the Scots Hiſtory, which he renewed with ſuch judgment and eloquence as no country can ſhew a better, only in this he is juſtly blamed, that he ſided with the factions of the time, and to juſtify the proceedings of the noblemen againſt the queen, he went ſo far in depreſſing the royal authority of princes, and allowing their controulment by ſubjects. His bitterneſs, alſo, in writing of the queen and of the times, all wiſe men have diſliked; but otherwiſe, no man hath merited better of his country for learning, nor thereby did bring it more glory. He was buried in the common burial-place, though worthy to have been laid in marble, and to have had ſome ſtatue erected to his memory; but ſuch pompous monuments in his life he was wont to ſcorn and deſpiſe, eſteeming it a greater credit, as it was ſaid of the Roman Cato, to have it aſked, "Why doth he lack a ſtatue?" than to have had one, though ever ſo glorious, erected."

Mr. Teiſſier ſays, that "it cannot be denied but Buchanan was a man of admirable eloquence, of rare prudence, and of an exquiſite judgment; he has written the hiſtory of Scotland with ſuch elegance and politeneſs that he ſurpaſſes all the writers of his age; and he has equalled the ancients themſelves, without excepting either Salluſt or Titus Livius: but he is accuſed by ſome of being an unfaithful hiſtorian, and to have ſhewn in his hiſtory an extreme averſion againſt Queen Mary Stuart; but his maſter-piece in his Paraphraſe upon the Pſalms, in which he outdid the moſt famous amongſt the French and Italians."

Mr. James Crawford, in his Hiſtory of the Houſe of Eſte, tells us that "Buchanan not only excelled all that went before him in his own country, but ſcarce had his equal in that learned age in which he lived. He ſpent the firſt flame and rage of his fancy in poetry, in which he did imitate Virgil in heroics, Ovid in elegiacs, Lucretius in philoſophy, Seneca in tragedies, Martial in epigrams, Horace and Juvenal in ſatires. He copied after theſe great maſters ſo perfectly, that nothing ever approached nearer the original, and his immortal Paraphraſe on the Pſalms doth ſhew that neither the conſtraint of limited matter, the darkneſs of expreſſion, nor the frequent return of the ſame or the like phraſes, could confine or exhauſt that vaſt genius. At laſt, in his old age, when his thoughts were purified by long reflection, and buſineſs and a true judgment came in the room of one of the richeſt fancies that ever was, he wrote our hiſtory with ſuch beauty of ſtyle, eaſineſs of expreſſion, and exactneſs in all its parts, that no ſervice or honour could have been done the nation like it, had he ended ſo noble a work as he begun, and carried it on till King James the Vth's death. But being unhappily engaged in a faction, and reſentment working violently upon him, he ſuffered himſelf to be ſo ſtrangely biaſſed that, in the relations he gives of many of the tranſactions of his own time, he may rather paſs for a ſatyriſt than an hiſtorian."

Biſhop Burnet, in his Hiſtory of the Reformation, ſays, that "in the writings of Buchanan there appears not only all the beauty and graces of the Latin tongue, but a vigour of mind and quickneſs of thought, far be-

beyond Bembo, or the other Italians, who at that time affected to revive the purity of the Roman ſtyle. It was but a feeble imitation of Tully in them, but his ſtyle is ſo natural and nervous, and his reflections on things are ſo ſolid, (beſides his immortal poems, in which he ſhews how well he could imitate all the Roman poets in their ſeveral ways of writing, that he who compares them will be often tempted to prefer the copy to the orinal) that he is juſtly reckoned the greateſt and the beſt of our modern authors."

The celebrated Thuanus obſerves, that "Buchanan, being old, began to write the hiſtory of his own country, and although, according to the genius of his nation, he ſometimes inveighs againſt crowned heads with ſeverity, yet that work is written with ſo much purity, ſpirit, and judgment, that it does not appear to be the production of a man who had paſſed all his days in the duſt of a ſchool, but of one who had been all his life-time converſant in the moſt important affairs of ſtate. Such was the greatneſs of his mind and the felicity of his genius, that the meanneſs of his condition and good fortune has not hindered Buchanan from forming juſt ſentiments of things of the greateſt moment, or from writing, concerning them, with a great deal of judgment."

Dr. Robertſon, ſpeaking of Buchanan's Hiſtory of Scotland, ſays, that "if his accuracy and impartiality had been, in any degree, equal to the elegance of his taſte and to the purity and vigour of his ſtyle, his hiſtory might be placed in a level with the moſt admired compoſitions of the ancients. But, inſtead of rejecting the improbable tales of chronicle writers, he was at the utmoſt pains to adorn them; and hath clothed with all the beauties and graces of fiction thoſe legends, which formerly had only its wildneſs and extravagance." In another place, the ſame celebrated hiſtorian obſerves, that "the happy genius of Buchanan, equally formed to excel in proſe and in verſe, more various, more original, and more elegant, than that of almoſt any other modern who writes Latin, reflects, with regard to this particular, the greateſt luſtre on his country."

Mr. Guthrie, however, another of his countrymen, does not ſeem to entertain ſo high an opinion of our author's poetical talents. "Authors," ſays he, "have been fond of exaggerating Buchanan's character in poetry, a province in which it cannot be denied he bore a conſiderable rank, but no ſuperior diſtinction. He may indeed be ſaid to have been a fine poet, but he was certainly not a great genius. He could execute a member, but he could not finiſh a whole; and hence his lines are beautiful, but his compoſitions ſlovenly. His poetical ſtyle is not ſo chaſte as that of Vida, his numbers are not ſo ſweet as thoſe of Strada, nor his fancy ſo beautiful as that of Angerianus; and yet the partiality of this countrymen has placed him at the head of modern Latin poery."

The teſtimony of Le Clerc appears to be more favourable. "There are few authors," ſays he, "who have ſucceeded equally well in writing both proſe and verſe. The poetic genius, and the ſtyle of poetry are ſo different from that genius which is requiſite to write well in proſe, and in the ſtyle of orators, that is very difficult to find united in the ſame perſon, thoſe talents which will enable him to write both in verſe and in proſe, at leaſt in ſuch a manner, as to excel equally in the one and in the other kind of writing. Cicero, the moſt excellent of all the Latin orators, furniſhes us with a remarkable inſtance of this; he being a very indifferent poet, though a moſt admirable orator. Nevertheleſs there have been found ſome moderns who have made excellent verſes, and who yet

yet have had not leſs merit as writers in proſe. Such, for example, was Hugo Grotius, whoſe books in verſe and in proſe are equally eſteemed: but there is no inſtance of this that I am acquainted with, more celebrated than that of George Buchanan, whoſe ſtyle, both in the one and the other manner of writing, ſurpaſſes that of Grotius; nor do I know of any perſon that in both theſe reſpects, is comparable to him."

Mr. Grainger, in his Biographical Hiſtory of England, ſpeaking of the wonderful Crichton, obſerves, that "if he had lived longer, and written more, it is probable that his works would not, like thoſe of his countryman, Buchanan, have continued unimpaired by time. Crichton ſhot up like the mountain pine; Buchanan ſlowly like the oak. The one is rather an object of temporary admiration; the other retains its ſtrength and beauty after it hath ſtood the ſhock of ages."

Buchanan's genius and learning have juſtly procured him, as a writer, the applauſe even of his enemies; but as a man, he has been expoſed to the moſt virulent invectives. Far from confining themſelves to truth, they have not even kept within the bounds of probability; and ſome of the calumnies which have been publiſhed againſt him, are calculated only to excite laughter. One of theſe, which is ſomewhat curious, we ſhall here give at full length, becauſe, as Bayle very juſtly obſerves, it will ſhew how far the confidence of lying publickly may be carried. The following are the words of Father Garaſſe; "I will relate to our new Atheiſts the miſerable end of a man of their belief and humour as to eating and drinking. The man I mean, was George Buchanan, a perfect Epicurean during his life, and a true Atheiſt at the hour of his death. This libertine having ſpent his youth in debauchery at Paris and Bourdeaux, minding ivy taverns, and tavern buſhes, more than the laurel of Parnaſſus, and being in his latter days recalled to Scotland, to inſtruct the young prince, who is now the moſt ſerene King of Great Britain, continuing his debauches of the belly, made ſhift to get the dropſy by immoderate drinking. Though it was ſaid of him by way of jeſt, that he was troubled *vino intercute*, and not *aqua intercute*. Sick as he was, he forbore not to drink as freely as he did when in health, and with as little water as he uſed formerly to drink at Bourdeaux. The phyſicians who were ordered to attend him by the king, their maſter, ſeeing their patient's exceſſes, told him very plainly, and with ſome warmth, that he did what he could to kill himſelf, and that if he continued the ſame courſe of life, he could not laſt above a fortnight or three weeks. He then deſired them to hold a conſultation among themſelves, to ſee how long he could live by abſtaining from wine, which they did, and their determination was, that if he could command himſelf ſo far, he might yet live five or ſix years; but he replied, "Get you gone with your preſcriptions and your diets, and know that I had rather live three weeks, and get drunk every day, than five or ſix years without taſting wine;" and immediately like a deſperate perſon, having diſmiſſed his phyſicians, he ordered a tun of Bourdeaux wine to be brought to the ſide of his bed, reſolving to ſee the bottom of it before he died; and he behaved ſo gallantly, that he drained it to the lees, literally fulfilling what is contained in that pretty epigram of Epigonous, on a frog, which having fallen into a veſſel full of wine, cried out,

"O! who are ſo ſoberly mad as to drink water?"

"Having death and the glaſs between his teeth, the miniſters viſited him to bring him to his right wits, and to pre-

prevail on him to die with ſome ſenſe of religion. One of them ended his exhortation by deſiring him to recite the Lord's prayer, upon which he opened his eyes, and ſtaring wildly at the miniſter, ſaid, "What is that which you call the Lord's prayer?" Thoſe who were preſent having replied that it was the *Pater Noſter*, and begged him, if he could not pronounce that, to repeat at leaſt ſome other Chriſtian prayer, that he might die like a good man, "as for me," ſaid he, in a firm and reſolute tone, "I never knew any other prayer than this:

"*Cinthia prima ſuis miſerum me cepit ocellis,*
Contactum nullis ante cupidinibus."

"Cinthia's bright eyes did firſt enthral my heart,
Untouch'd before by any female dart."

"And ſcarcely had he repeated ten or twelve verſes of that elegy of Propertius, when he expired in the midſt of bottles and glaſſes; and it may be ſaid of him, that in reality *purpuream vomit ille animam*, he vomited forth his purple ſoul; and ſuch is commonly the end of all Epicureans." The ſame ſtory is to be found in the *Grammaticus Profanus* of the Jeſuit Sandæus.

Another ſtory of the ſame kind, related by Bayle, from Moreri, is to the following purpoſe: The king having ſent his phyſicians to him, he refuſed to ſee them, and gave no better treatment to a miniſter, who found him employed in reading Pliny's Natural Hiſtory. The miniſter preſented him the Bible, but Buchanan rejected it with the utmoſt anger; and ſhewing him his Pliny, ſaid, "Go, I find more truth in this book than in all your ſcriptures." Thus did this Atheiſt end his days, and all Scotland has atteſted the truth of this fact. There are ſome lies which a man cannot read without indignation, ſays Bayle; but as for this, it is fitter to excite one's mirth than anger. Among the ſtories related of Buchanan, which deſerve no regard, may be mentioned that of his having expreſſed his ſorrow on his death-bed for what he had written againſt Mary, Queen of Scots. Mackenzie gives ſome countenance to this tale; but it appears to be entirely void of foundation. The learned John Le Clerc hath, indeed, very ably demonſtrated that there is much reaſon to conclude, that many of the ſevere cenſures thrown out againſt Buchanan were the reſult of ignorance, prejudice, and party animoſity. That he himſelf was influenced by ſome degree of partiality to the party with which he was connected, that he was ſometimes deceived by the reports of others, and that in the earlier part of his hiſtory, his zeal for the honour of his country has led him into ſome miſrepreſentations, may perhaps be admitted; but it does not appear that he wilfully and intentionally violated the truth, or that there is any juſt ground for queſtioning his integrity. Le Clerc obſerves, that as to the ſhare which Buchanan had in public affairs, we are told in the memoirs of Sir James Melvil, who was of the oppoſite party, that "he diſtinguiſhed "himſelf by his probity and mode-"ration." The prejudices of ſome writers againſt him have been very great. As he had ſatyriſed the prieſts, many of them became his inveterate enemies: he was generally odious to the bigotted advocates for the Romiſh church, and to the partiſans of Mary; and his free and manly ſpirit rendered him extremely diſagreeable to court flatterers, and the defenders of tyranny. His dialogue *De Jure Regni*, which contains ſome of the beſt and moſt rational principles of government, whatever may be thought of ſome particular ſentiments in it, and which diſplays uncommon acuteneſs and extent of knowledge, has been one

cauſe of the illiberal abuſe thrown out againſt him: but it is a performance that does him great honour, eſpecially as it was calculated to enforce found maxims of civil policy, in an age in which they were generally very little underſtood. The ingenious Dr. Gilbert Stuart, ſpeaking of Buchanan, ſays, "It has been reproached to this cultivated ſcholar, that he gives his ſentiments with too much liberty. I am ſurpriſed that ſo many critics have concurred in this cenſure. Is there a quality in an author ſo honourable, ſo uſeful, as that of expreſſing what he thinks! Is it proper that ſcience and learning ſhould be put in priſon, and diſhonoured by confinement and fetters? Miſerable is that nation, where literature is under any form but that of a republic."

The Hiſtory of Madam Tiquet, condemned for attempting the Aſſaſſination of her Huſband.

(Concluded from page 666.)

THE next day, Madam de Senonville came to ſee her, and as ſhe was going away, the other ſaid to her, Madam, I beg the favour of you to ſtay a little, they are juſt coming to apprehend me, and I would not chuſe to be alone on ſuch an emergency. Scarce had ſhe done ſpeaking, when the Sieur Deſſita, Lieutenant-Criminal, entered. She ſaid to him, without any emotion, Sir, you might have ſaved yourſelf the trouble of bringing with you ſo great a retinue; I was reſolved to ſtand my ground; and ſo far from having any mind to fly, I would have followed you though you had been all alone. Then ſhe begged him to ſeal up her houſe, for the ſecurity of her effects; and turning to her ſon, a boy of about eight or nine years old, who was greatly affrighted, cheared him up, by giving him money to divert him, and looking upon him with her uſual air of cheerfulneſs and ſerenity. This done, ſhe took leave of Madam de Senonville, and ſtepped into the coach with the Judge. As ſhe paſſed into the little market-place, ſhe obſerved a lady of her acquaintance, and courteouſly ſaluted her. Amidſt the Archers who guarded her, ſhe preſerved the ſame mien and air which ſhe uſed to have in the ordinary affairs of life; ſo that ſhe looked more like one going upon a party of pleaſure than to a priſon. However, as ſhe approached the Petit Chatelet, where ſhe was to be confined, ſhe changed colour; but in a moment after, ſhe recovered all the command of herſelf ſhe had before. From thence ſhe was brought before the Grand Chatelet, or Provoſt's Court, where Auguſtus Cattelain came of himſelf, moved by the inſtigation of his conſcience, to declare, in the face of juſtice, that three years before, ſhe had given him money to aſſaſſinate her huſband, and that the porter was in the plot. Both he and Cattelain were arreſted. There was not ſufficient evidence to convict Madam Tiquet of the laſt aſſaſſination; but there was enough to prove her guilty of contriving the firſt, and to condemn her to capital puniſhment, according to the laws of the land. Upon this foundation, the Judges condemned this unfortunate wretch, on the third of June 1699, to be beheaded, and the porter to be hanged.

The court confirmed the ſentence, which in ſubſtance was as follows:

"Whereas Dame Angelica Carlier, ſpouſe to the Sieur Tiquet, and James Moura, porter to the ſaid lady, have been duly attainted and convicted of having plotted, meditated, and concerted together, the aſſaſſination of the ſaid Sieur Tiquet, and for that effect, furniſhed Auguſtus Cattelain, a ſervant to ſtrangers, with ſums of money at different times; the ſaid Cate-

Carlier is hereby condemned to have her head chopped off, upon a ſcaffold to be erected for that purpoſe in the Place de Greve; and the ſaid Moura to be hanged and ſtrangled upon a gallows, &c. Their goods, all, and every one, to be confiſcated to the king, or to whom the right ſhall belong; and in caſe the confiſcation does not take place, the ſum of one hundred thouſand livres to be appropriated out of the ſaid effects to the king's uſe; and one hundred thouſand livres to be given, by way of a civil reparation and damages, to ſaid Sieur Tiquet, whereof he ſhall have the uſe during his natural life, and reverſion ſhall belong to the two children of the marriage. And before the execution, the ſaid Carlier and Moura ſhall be put to the torture ordinary and extraordinary, for diſcovery of their accomplices. Given the 17th of June 1699.

Auguſtus Cattelain was afterward condemned to the galleys for life. As for the other perſons accuſed, ſome of them were referred to a more ample information, and the reſt diſmiſſed.

Monſ. Tiquet being cured of his wounds, went to Verſailles, accompanied with his two children, and threw himſelf at the king's feet; "Sire, ſays he to him, I implore your clemency towards Madam Tiquet; be not more ſevere than God himſelf, who is diſpoſed to pardon her. Is the offence done to your juſtice greater than to me? I, her huſband, forgive her, my children lift up to you their pure and innocent hands in behalf of their mother. The crime is expiated by the qualms and horrors that the unfortunate lady, as a victim ready to be ſacrificed to juſtice, has already felt. In puniſhing guilt let not innocence be puniſhed." The king was inflexible. Then M. Tiquet confined himſelf to aſk his wife's confiſcated fortune, which he obtained, and thereby deſtroyed the whole merit of his interceſſion, becauſe he preferred his laſt petition in the ſame breath with the firſt.

Madam Tiquet's brother, who was a captain in the guards, as well as the Sieur de Mongeorge, did all that lay in their power to procure her pardon; the former employed people of the firſt rank to ſolicit for his ſiſter; and the king would have yielded to their entreaties, but the Archbiſhop of Paris, M. de Noailles, who was afterwards Cardinal, repreſented to him; "that the ſecurity of huſbands lives depended upon the puniſhment of this offender; for that the pardoning of her, would embolden others to commit a crime, which was already but too common, the Grand Penitentiary having his ears beaten over and over with confeſſions of women, who accuſed themſelves of having attempted the lives of their huſbands.' This remonſtrance determined the king to ſuffer juſtice to take its courſe on ſo notorious an example.

The altars ſet up in the ſtreets for the ſolemnity of the Corpus Chriſti proceſſion, on the eve of which feſtival Madam Tiquet had been condemned, occaſioned the execution to be deferred till Friday. She was conducted on that day to the torture-room. While ſhe was going thither, ſhe aſked if her cauſe was not yet determined. They anſwered, it would be determined very ſoon; for they had not hitherto given notice of the ſentence. The Sieur de la Chetardie, the Curate of S. Sulpitius, had come to ſee her, and endeavoured to inſpire her with ſentiments of religion the moſt ſuitable to the ſtate ſhe was in. But ſhe reſiſted all theſe impreſſions, and ſeemed to be hardened againſt every ſentiment of a ſincere penitent.

When ſhe was before the Lieu-

tenant Criminal, the ſentence was read to her: during which time ſhe was narrowly obſerved, to ſee what impreſſion ſuch a terrible judgement would make upon her. She heard it without once moving an eye-brow, or changing colour. The judge then addreſſing her, ſaid: "Madam, you have been hearing a ſentence which puts you into a ſtate very different from what you have been in: you was in an honourable ſtation; the pleaſures to which you have abandoned yourſelf, made life very charming to you and agreeable. Lo! you are now in the boſom of ignominy, and on the brink of ſuffering extreme puniſhment; what a vaſt difference, then, is between thoſe days of mirth and jollity, and this cruel, this doleful day of horror you now ſee! You will need, Madam, to ſummon all your reſolution to ſwallow down this bitter, but ſalutary cup, and to be able to ſay, with the royal prophet, *I will take this cup of ſalvation.* You ought to throw yourſelf upon the mercy of God, calling upon him, who alone can enable you to bear the weight of your croſs, and mingle ſweets with the baleful ingredients of your cup. If ſo, you may be reconciled to the thoughts of that death you are condemned to ſuffer, ſince you may conſider it only as a paſſage that leads into a better life."

Madame Tiquet anſwered the judge, that mortifying circumſtances made her perceive the difference between thoſe happy days ſhe had paſſed, and the preſent. 'I am, ſays ſhe to him, before you in the poſture of a ſupplicant; you, Sir, may well remember the time, when I made quite another figure in your preſence?" (alluding to his having been one of her admirers.) "For what remains, continued ſhe, I am not much diſmayed at my ſufferings; the day that terminates my life, will terminate my misfortunes; without daring death I will ſupport it with firmneſs of mind. I anſwered at the bar, without giving myſelf any trouble; I have heard my ſentence without ſhrinking; I will ſtill endeavour to be conſiſtent with myſelf upon the ſcaffold, and to my laſt expiring groan."

The Lieutenant Criminal adviſed her to acknowledge her crime, which ſhe had hitherto denied, and to reveal her accomplices, that ſhe might avoid the puniſhment of the rack. She declared at firſt, that ſhe would make no confeſſion; but when ſhe had the firſt pot of water given her, ſhe reflected that her obſtinacy would be of no avail to her; whereupon ſhe confeſſed all. She was aſked whether the Sieur de Mongeorge had any participation in her crime. She anſwered with ſome warmth, 'Ah! I took care not to let him into the ſecret, elſe I had loſt his eſteem for ever.'

Then the Curate of S. Sulpitius approached, and put her in a diſpoſition for meeting death. After he had anſwered ſome ſcruples which ſhe propoſed to him, ſhe prayed him very earneſtly to aſk pardon for her of her huſband, and to aſſure him, that ſhe died with the return of that tender affection which ſhe had for him at the beginning of their marriage.

There never was perhaps a greater confluence of people, than what crouded all the ſtreets through which Madame Tiquet was to paſs to the place of execution. Several perſons, who were ſtifled to death, paid dear for their curioſity. She was dreſſed in white, which colour heightened the luſtre of her beauty. She was drawn in a cart, accompanied with the porter, and their two confeſſors. When ſhe ſaw that prodigious multi-

tude

tude of people, all whoſe eyes were fixed upon her, as if they would have penetrated into the inmoſt receſſes of her ſoul, ſhe figured to herſelf the moſt terrible idea of her ignominy, and was ready to ſink under the thought of being thus ſet up for a ſpectacle of horror and reproach to all the world. Then her confeſſor ſaid to her, "Madam, turn your thoughts on heaven, where you hope to find admittance: drink this cup, with the ſame courage as Jeſus Chriſt drank his, who was as innocent as you are criminal. So great a model, and ſo glorious a reward of reſignation to the will of God, ſhould enable you to ſupport all this load of ignominy; let the objects which are viſible to the eye of faith, hide from you thoſe which you ſee with your bodily eyes. Conſider theſe temporary ſufferings as a reſource which God had preſerved in the treaſures of his providence, to ſave you from eternal death. Admire the riches of his goodneſs through the ſeverity of his juſtice, and acknowledge him moſt merciful, even in this his fatherly correction." Theſe words pronounced with a maſterly tone, recalled her former courage; ſhe liſted up her hood, which ſhe had let down to cover her face, and viewed the ſpectators with a modeſt eye, but firm and reſolute.

She entered into a very moving converſation with her porter, who aſked her pardon for having contributed to her death, by acknowledging his crime. She anſwered, That his aſking pardon was prepoſterous, ſince it was ſhe was guilty towards him by engaging him in ſo horrid a crime, and conſequently procuring him ſo ſad a recompence of his ſervices. They exhorted each other to die like Chriſtians, with an eloquence that flowed from the heart, and that was not the leſs ſtrong in the porter, for being the production of pure nature, without the help of education.

There were round the place of execution ſeveral ſcaffolds, ranged in the form of an amphitheatre. The whole court and city were convened to this mournful ſpectacle; the windows, the balconies, the battlements and tops of houſes, all were extremely crouded.

When ſhe arrived at the place, there fell ſuch a deluge of rain, that they were obliged to put a ſtop to the execution till the ſtorm was overblown. All the while ſhe had before her eyes the implements of her execution, and a mourning coach, in which her horſes were yoked, waiting to receive her body; yet all theſe horrid images of death did not ſtagger her reſolution. She ſaw the porter executed before her, and bitterly lamented his deſtiny, without appearing to make any reflection earthly upon her own. When ſhe was going to mount the ſcaffold, ſhe reached forth her hand to the executioner, that he might lend her his aſſiſtance; firſt putting it to her mouth; and accompanying it with a civil inclination of the head, which ſhewed that ſhe was very far from having any abhorrence towards him.

When ſhe was upon the ſcaffold, ſhe kiſſed the block, and acted with as much preſence of mind as if ſhe had been a player trained to act that part in a tragedy: ſhe adjuſted her hair, her head-dreſs, and in a moment put herſelf in the moſt proper attitude for receiving the ſtroke of death. The executioner was in ſuch diſorder, that he miſſed his aim thrice; and her head was no ſooner ſevered from her body, than an univerſal ſhriek was raiſed on all ſides.

Thus died Madame Tiquet, more like a Chriſtian heroine than a notorious criminal; according to the teſtimony her Confeſſor gives of her. Her head was ſuffered to lie for

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ſome time upon the ſcaffold, that this affecting ſpectacle might ſtrike a deeper impreſſion into the minds of all, eſpecially of the married women witneſſing the execution, who might poſſibly be tempted to commit the ſame horrid crime. It was turned towards the Town-houſe; and a lady who has given a relation of this tragical death, whereof ſhe was an eye-witneſs, ſays, there never was any thing finer than this head, and that ſhe was dazzled with its beauty.

Though this illuſtrious criminal was then forty-two years old, ſhe had preſerved all the luſtre of her beauty; and as ſhe died in her full ſtrength and vigour, death, in theſe firſt moments, ſeemed to have extinguiſhed none of the charms of her face.

During the time of the execution, the Sieur de Mongeorge was at Verſailles, walking in a penſive mood along the park. The King told him in the evening, he was overjoyed to hear that Madame Tiquet had juſtified him in public, and aſſured him that he never ſuſpected him. The Sieur thanked his Majeſty, and begged a licence for eight months to travel out of the kingdom, to be at a diſtance from all objects that might recal his grief.

On the Theology of the Sixth Book of Virgil's Eneid. *By Dr.* Beattie.

[From the Second Vol. of the Edinburgh *Philoſophical Tranſactions.*]

THE poetical beauties of Virgil's ſixth book are great and many; and a moſt agreeable taſk it would be to point them out: but that is not my preſent purpoſe. Nor do I intend to draw a compariſon of the ſentiments of our poet with thoſe of Homer, concerning a future ſtate. From Homer, no doubt, Virgil received the firſt hint of this epiſode; but the evocation of the ghoſts, in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey, is not in any degree ſo ſtriking, or ſo poetical, as Eneas's deſcent into the world of ſpirits. Nor does the former exhibit any diſtinct idea of retribution. In it all is dark and uncomfortable. "I would rather, ſays the ghoſt of Achilles, be the ſlave of a poor peaſant among the living, than reign ſole monarch of the dead:" a paſſage blamed, not without reaſon, by Plato, as unfriendly to virtue, and tending to debaſe the ſoul by an unmanly fear of death.

My deſign is, to give as plain an account as I can of the *theology* (if I may be allowed to call it ſo) of this part of Virgil's poem. And I ſhall make the poet his own interpreter, without truſting to commentators, or ſeeking unneceſſary illuſtrations from Plato, to whom Virgil, though he differs from him in many particulars, was indebted for the outlines of the ſyſtem, and who probably owed them to philoſophers of the Pythagorean ſchool.

The learned Biſhop Warburton has commented on this part of the Eneid. Many of his obſervations are pertinent, but ſome are fanciful; and in more places than one he ſeems to have miſunderſtood the author. His general poſition is, That what the poet ſays of Elyſium and the infernal regions, we are to underſtand as nothing more than a figurative account of the myſteries exhibited in the temple of Ceres at Eluſis; and that the poet meant in this way to tell us that Eneas had, like ſome other heroes or lawgivers of old, been initiated into thoſe myſteries. This theory he ſupports very ingeniouſly, but not, I believe, to the ſatisfaction of many readers. I admit there are allegories in the book, as I ſhall have occaſion to ſhow;

ſhow; but that the whole is an allegory, or rather an allegorical repreſentation of the Eleuſinian myſteries, I can no more ſuppoſe, than that the arrival at Carthage is an allegory, or the viſit to Evander, or the combat with Turnus, or any other of our hero's atchievements. I conſider this epiſode as truly epic, and as a part, though not a neceſſary part, of the poet's fable; and that he contrived it firſt, that he might embelliſh his work with a poetical account of a future ſtate; and ſecondly, and chiefly, that he might thence take an opportunity to introduce a compliment to his country, by celebrating the virtues of ſome of the great men it had produced. As theſe great men did not flouriſh till after the death of Eneas, there were but two ways in which the poet could make himſelf acquainted with them. One was, by cauſing ſome prieſt or ſoothſayer to prophecy concerning them; and the other, by ſo availing himſelf of the doctrines of pre-exiſtence and tranſmigration, then taught in ſome of the ſchools, as to exhibit in their pre-exiſtent ſtate, ſuch of the hero's poſterity as there might be occaſion for. He choſe the latter method; and has ſo managed it, that we muſt acknowledge the choice to have been judicious.

As the chief thing I have in view is, to illuſtrate the moral and theological ſentiments of my author, I need not take up much time, either in vindicating, or in apologizing for, his general fiction; I mean his laying the ſcenery of a future ſtate in the ſubterranean regions. That on the coaſt of Italy, in the neighbourhood of Cuma, there ſhould be a paſſage under ground, leading to the rivers Acheron, Cocytus, and Styx, and thence to Tartarus on the left hand, and Elyſium on the right; that in this Elyſium, though thus ſituated, there ſhould be a ſun and ſtars, and graſſy plains, and delightful groves and rivers, and two gates, the one of ivory, the other of horn, opening into the upper world at no great diſtance from the Cumæ above mentioned; and that in the ſubterranean ſpaces thus bounded, there ſhould be different ſorts of accommodation for all the ſhades or ſouls of the dead:—theſe, I ſay, are fables, which as they cannot, according to our way of judging, be reconciled to probability, or even to poſſibility, we muſt endeavour to acquieſce in the beſt way we can. So, in reading Ovid's ſtory of Phaeton, if we would enter into the poet's views, and be ſuitably affected with his narrative, we muſt ſuppoſe, what we know to be abſolutely impoſſible, that the ſun is driven about the world in a chariot, which, though made of gold and ſilver, and dragged by real horſes, and ſupported by nothing but air, yet paſſes along in a beaten highway, where the marks of the wheels are clearly diſcernible. Fables of this ſort, however inconſiſtent with the laws of nature, when rendered by the art of the poet conſiſtent with themſelves, it is not our intereſt to criticize too minutely; eſpecially if, like that now under conſideration, they abound in ſublime deſcription and inſtructive leſſons of morality. The fable then let us acquieſce in for a moment. Our dreams, while they laſt, we believe without inconvenience; and the ſcenery of this fable will not be more laſting than that of a dream.

As a ſort of apology for the wildneſs of ſome parts of this fable, it may be remarked, that formerly, at Cumæ, near which the Trojan fleet was now ſtationed, there lived a propheteſs called the Cumean Sybil; that in her neighbourhood, encompaſſed with thick woods, there was a lake called Avernus, which emitted peſtilential ſteams; that in the ſame parts of Italy there are many dreadful caverns, one of which is to this day called the Sybil's Grotto; and that for

for thoſe who knew nothing of the real ſize of the earth, or the final deſtination of man, it was not altogether abſurd to imagine, as all dead bodies return to the earth, that the ſubterranean regions might be the manſions of the ghoſts or ſhades of human beings departed.

The neceſſary ſacrifices being performed, and Eneas having found in the woods that golden bough which, being intended as a preſent to Proſerpine, was to ſerve him as a paſſport through her dominions; the Sybil or prieſteſs plunged into the cavern, calling to him to follow her, with his ſword drawn in his hand. They went a great way through a lonely region, where there was no more light than one travelling in a wood receives in a cloudy night from the moon. At length they arrived at the entrance of the infernal world, where a number of terrible beings reſided: Diſeaſe, Old Age, Fear, Famine, Poverty, and Death, and Labour, and War, and Diſcord; and ſuch monſtrous things as centaurs, gorgons, harpies and giants, one with three heads, and another with a hundred hands, and the chimera breathing fire, and the many-headed ſerpent of Lerna roaring hideouſly. By placing theſe at the entrance, the poet perhaps intended to ſignify, in the way of allegory, the horrors that accompany the near approach of death; or perhaps thoſe many evils, real and imaginary, which we muſt all paſs through in our way to the other world.

From this place to the river Styx was a region, in which the ghoſts of thoſe, whoſe bodies had not been honoured with the rites of ſepulture, were obliged to wander in a melancholy condition for the ſpace of an hundred years, before they could be permitted to paſs the river, or appear before any of the infernal judges. Here Eneas met with his old pilot Palinarus, who, in their laſt voyage, having fallen overboard in the night, and ſwam to the main land of Italy, was there murdered by the natives, who did not give themſelves the trouble to bury him, but threw his body into the ſea. He begged Eneas to take him under his protection, and procure him a paſſage over the Styx. "It cannot be, ſaid the Sybil; you muſt have patience. In the place where you were murdered, there will ſoon be prodigies, which will induce the natives to perform your funeral rites, and call a promontory after your name; and then you may paſs the river, but not before." Palinarus acquieſced, well pleaſed to hear that ſuch honours awaited him.

To inculcate this doctrine, that the ſoul would ſuffer for ſome time in another world, if the body were not decently buried in this, and that the neglect of the funeral ceremonies is offenſive to ſuperior beings, was a very warrantable fraud in the lawgivers of Greece and Egypt; as it would no doubt make the people attentive to a duty, whereof we find that ſavage nations are too apt to be forgetful.

Our two adventurers were now approaching the river; when Charon the ferryman, alarmed at the ſight of a living man in complete armour, called to the Trojan to ſtop, and give an account of himſelf. The Sybil pacified Charon, by declaring the name and quality of her fellow-traveller, and ſhowing the golden bough. They were then ferried over; and the three-headed dog Cerberus, preparing to attack them, was quieted with a cake which the prieſteſs had got ready for him, and which he had no ſooner ſwallowed than he fell aſleep.

What could have given riſe to this fable of Charon and his boat, it is not very material to inquire. Mythological writers have ſaid, That the Greeks learned it from the Egyptians, which is indeed probable enough; that

that the Egyptians framed both this, and ſome other fables relating to the dead, from certain cuſtoms peculiar to their country; that in particular there was, not far from Memphis, a famous burying-place, to which the dead bodies were conveyed in a boat acroſs the lake Acheruſia; and that Charon was a boatman who had long officiated in that ſervice. The learned Dr Blackwell ſays, in his life of Homer, that, in the old Egyptian language, *Charoni* ſignified ferryman.

The travellers had now before them a region which the poet calls *lugentes campi*, extending from the other ſide of the Styx to the road that leads to Elyſium on the right hand, and that which terminates in Tartarus on the left. Theſe melancholy plains muſt not be confounded with Tartarus. The latter is a place of eternal torment, prepared for thoſe who, in this world, had been guilty of great crimes; for there, ſays the poet, "Sedet, *æternum*que ſedebit infelix Theſeus." The former, though an uncomfortable region, is not a place of endleſs puniſhment, but a ſort of purgatory, in which all thoſe ſouls that are not conſigned to Tartarus, are doomed to undergo certain purifying pains, to prepare them for Elyſium. Theſe pains are more or leſs ſevere, and of longer or ſhorter duration, according to the degree of guilt committed in the upper world. The ſouls, on paſſing the Styx, appear before the judge Minos, who ſummons a council, either of ghoſts or of infernal deities, but whether as a jury or as witneſſes, we know not; and having informed himſelf of the lives and characters of thoſe who are brought before him, allots to each a ſuitable manſion in this purgatory.

The ſouls thus diſpoſed of, are—*firſt*, thoſe of good men, who after undergoing the neceſſary pains of purification, paſs into Elyſium, where they remain in a ſtate of happineſs for ever; *2dly*, of thoſe who have been of little or no uſe to mankind; *3dly*, of thoſe who have been cut off by an untimely death, ſo that the real characters could not be exactly aſcertained; *4thly*, of thoſe who, though guilty of crimes, had not committed any thing very atrocious; and, *laſtly*, of thoſe whoſe crimes, though atrocious, were conſidered as the effects, rather of an unhappy deſtiny, than of wilful depravation.

That the ſouls of good men, who were to have an eternal abode in Elyſium, were previouſly obliged to undergo purgation by ſuffering, is not expreſsly declared, but may be inferred from what Anchiſes ſays, "Quiſquſue ſuos patimur manes:" "every one of *us* undergoes what is inflicted on him by his *manes*;" that is, by thoſe deities of the nether world who were the diſpenſers of expiatory puniſhment. This is the original, or at leaſt the moſt uſual ſenſe of the word *manes*, which, however, ſometimes denotes metonymically, the infernal regions in general, and ſometimes, but more rarely, the ſouls or ſhades who inhabited thoſe regions. In Tartarus, it does not appear that the manes had any thing to do. The diſpenſers of puniſhment in that dreadful place were Tiſiphone and her ſiſter furies. The manes muſt have been a gentler ſort of beings. Some derive the word from *manus*, or *manis*, which they ſay (on what authority I know not) is an old adjective ſignifying *good*. The invocations of the manes practiſed at funerals, the altars that were erected to them, and theſe monumental inſcriptions which began with the words *Dis Manibus*, were all, no doubt, intended as acts of worſhip, or as compliments, to theſe deities, and ſuppoſed to incline them to mercy in their treatment of the perſons deceaſed, whoſe ſouls were now in their hands in purgatory. Horace tells us, that the Manes, as well as the gods above,

might be rendered placable by ſong —"Carmine di ſuperi placantur, carmine manes." But the furies were inexorable and mercileſs—"Neſciaque humanis precibus manſueſcere corda." And I do not find that worſhip, or any other honours, were, except by witches, paid them, though to mother Midnight, whoſe daughters they were, ſacrifice was occaſionally performed. Ovid ſays, indeed, that they relented on hearing the ſong of Orpheus, but aſſures us it was for the firſt time. Virgil, in his account of that affair, ſays only, that they were aſtoniſhed.

Here I cannot but remark how abſurd it is for *us* to begin an epitaph with the words *Dis Manibus*, or the letters *D. M.* which oftener than once I have ſeen on a modern tombſtone. Such an exordium may be claſſical; but, in a Chriſtian church-yard, an invocation to Proſerpine would not be more incongruous. Addiſon did well, when he adviſed the writers of his time not to ſacrifice their catechiſm to their poetry.

I ſaid, that the Manes ſeem to have had nothing to do in Tartarus. I am not ignorant, however, that Rueus and the common Dictionaries affirm, that the word ſometimes denotes the furies, and quote as an authority, "Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes." But this is not ſufficient authority. That verſe of Virgil relates to Orpheus looking behind him, when conducting his wife to the upper world; a fault, or infatuation, which was to be puniſhed, not by the ſcourge of the furies, but by calling back Eurydice to the ſhades below; and which the Manes, however placable, could not pardon, becauſe it was a direct violation of the treaty with Proſerpine.

It is ſomewhat difficult to underſtand diſtinctly what the ancients meant by the words *animæ*, *umbræ*, *ſimulacra*, which, in this diſcourſe, I call *ghoſts*, *ſhades* or *ſouls*. We know, that man conſiſts of a body and a ſoul, a material and an incorporeal part; the one, like all other bodies, inactive, the other the ſource of life, motion, and intelligence. But, on comparing the general doctrine of this ſixth book with a paſſage in the fourth Georgic, and with the eleventh of the Odyſſey, we find that our poet, following in part the opinions of Pythagoras and Plato, and partly too the repreſentations of Homer, ſuppoſed man to conſiſt of three ſubſtances; *firſt*, a vital and active principle, derived either from the Deity himſelf, or from that univerſal ſpirit whom he created in the beginning, who animates all nature, and of whom the vital principle of brutes is alſo, according to Virgil, an emanation; *2dly*, a ſhade or ghoſt, *umbra*, *anima*, *ſimulacrum*; *3dly* a body. At death, the vital principle was reunited to that univerſal ſpirit whereof it was originally a part; the body was burned or buried, and returned to the earth whence it came; and the ſhade or ghoſt went to the nether world, and appeared before Minos or Rhadamanthus, who aſſigned it ſuch a manſion of happineſs, or torment, or of expiatory ſuffering, as the perſon's behaviour on earth had merited, or his circumſtances with reſpect to pollution or purity required. Theſe ſhades or ghoſts were ſo far corporeal as to be viſible, but could not be touched; they retained the ſame appearance their bodies had before death; they had reaſon and ſpeech and conſciouſneſs, and a remembrance of their paſt lives; they could be happy or unhappy; retained all the paſſions and affections of humanity; and were capable (ſuch of them at leaſt as had not been atrocious criminals) of being purified from the pollutions of guilt by the operation of air, fire, and water.

The part of the *lugentes campi* which Æneas firſt paſſed through, after

ter croſſing the Styx, was peopled by the ſhades of infants, of perſons who had ſuffered death by a falſe accuſation, and of thoſe who had taken away their own lives. Theſe are all placed in the ſame neighbourhood, probably becauſe, having been cut off, as we ſay, before their time, they had not had the means, while on earth, of diſplaying their character in its full extent. This, however, is but conjecture; for the poet only mentions the circumſtance, without aſſigning a reaſon. The ſelf-murderers, who occupy this diſtrict, are termed *inſontes*, innocent or harmleſs; an epithet which the commentators do not underſtand, or at leaſt do not ſee the propriety of in this place. Virgil, we are ſure, did not mean to inſinuate, that ſelf-deſtroyers in general are guilty of no fault; for he places even theſe *inſontes*, who in reſpect of others were comparatively innocent, in an uncomfortable ſituation, and ſays, that they would now return to the earth if they could, and willingly ſubmit to poverty, and thoſe other evils, which when alive they thought inſupportable. By the word *inſontes*, therefore, as here applied, I underſtand ſuch unhappy perſons as had deſtroyed themſelves, without being chargeable with any other great wickedneſs. Had they been guilty of impiety, injuſtice, want of natural affection, or any groſs immorality, they would, according to our author's plan of retribution, have been conſigned to everlaſting puniſhment in Tartarus. But as we find them in a ſtate of expiatory ſuffering, and characteriſed by this epithet, we muſt, I think, ſuppoſe, that the poet here ſpeaks of that ſelf-deſtruction, which, being partly the effect of infirmity, was, in his judgment, the object of pity as well as of diſapprobation.

The Trojan and his guide were now arrived at that part of the melancholy plains, where the country, if I may call it ſo, ſeemed to open into a wider extent. Here was a diſtrict, where, in a myrtle grove, were wandering the ſhades of unhappy lovers. Here Eneas met with Dido, who had rejoined her huſband Sicheus; and here he ſaw ſeveral others, ſome of whom, by the by, had led ſuch lives on earth as would ſeem to deſerve a ſeverer doom than that of Virgil's purgatory.

Adjoining to the grove of lovers, and at the furtheſt extremity of theſe regions, was a province inhabited by ſeveral of his old acquaintance, who were glad to ſee him, and curious to know the occaſion of his coming. The Grecian ghoſts knew him likewiſe, and fled from before him, as they had been accuſtomed to do in the Trojan war. Here he ſaw the ſhade of his brother-in-law Deiphobus, in the ſame mangled condition in which his body had been left by the Greeks in the night of the burning of Troy. A long converſation enſued between the two friends, which was at laſt interrupted by the prieſteſs, who told Eneas that he had no further time to loſe. Be not angry, ſaid Deiphobus; I ſhall go away, return to my darkneſs, and there complete my term of penance.

Diſcedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

The words *explebo numerum* are variouſly interpreted; but the ſenſe is probably what is here given. Rueus is inclined to explain it thus, "Be not angry, great prieſteſs, I ſhall juſt wind up the laſt period of my diſcourſe, and then return to my darkneſs;" as if the poor mangled ghoſt of Deiphobus had been ambitious to diſtinguiſh itſelf at this time as a rhetorician, and well ſkilled in the art of rounding a period. Dryden underſtands the paſſage as I do. Serveus hints at the ſame interpretation, but ſeems to prefer another.

[To be continued.]

STERNE'S LA FLEUR.

NUMBER II.

" And how ſweetly would thy meek
" and courteous ſpirit, my *dear*
" Monk, have lent an ear to this
" poor Soul's complaint."

STERNE.

IN the Firſt Number of theſe ſhort mentions, it has been told, that, ſpirited away by the diſſolute, La Fleur's wife had forſaken her duty and her home together—this happened in March 1783.

La Fleur ſeems to have in vain endeavoured to acquieſce under his loſs.

Seven years have ineffectually flown—he ſtill *loves* and *laments* her.

Who was the man that with *trickſy inanity* lengthened out the SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY of Sterne by books of DULLNESS? Come forth, I have evidence againſt thee, that what thou haſt advanced is *untrue*. Italy, God knows! depraved enough with all the emaſculate vices of thoſe who exhauſt ſubordinate ſin—doomed to collect together *virtu* without VIRTUE, and COGNOSCENTI who *know* every thing but THEMSELVES—Italy ſaw little of Sterne in the Market-place—and, if he ſaw any thing there at which he grieved, he covered it with a veil, as too diſſolute to be tolerated in the pure pages of a BRITISH PRESS.

Many in this claſſic land he found as high in *goodneſs* as in *greatneſs*—who, proud only in their power to *pleaſe*, opened to him their muſeums, and welcomed him as he paſſed. Such were the noble families of Conti, Doria (ever illuſtrious), and Santa Cruza.

I haſten now to cloſe the remaining particulars of La Fleur.

From that period when he loſt his wife, he has frequently viſited this country (to whoſe natives he is extremely partial), ſometimes as a ſervant, at others as an expreſs. Where zeal and diligence were wanted, La Fleur was never wanting yet.

How the Writer of this became introduced to him, is already well known.—By much converſation, he has drawn a variety of particulars from him relative to the manners of Sterne, and the authenticity of the perſonal alluſions through his travels—by which the public will be enabled to judge of the ſplendid fertility of his FANCY either to *decorate* or *deſign*. Much ſhall be diſcovered of the habits of one who journeyed through life with *his feelings flying out before him*, and who writing as he felt, with little regard to the felicities of phraſe, or the contraction of his ideas, has obtained, and it is likely will ever hold, irreſiſtible ſovereignty over the *ſofter* affections of the ſoul.

Ignorance formerly delighted to attribute a *profundity* to his works, which ſurely, if it do exiſt, muſt be ſought and never found. They are valuable as exact draughts from nature of the *foibles* and *failings* that diminiſh, the PIETY and PHILANTHROPY that exalt, the moral conſequence of MAN.

The levity of Sterne is a lancet that lightly produces a *ſmart*, which we bluſh at while we acknowledge it. The ridicule of Voltaire is malevolent merriment, which applies a CAUSTIC to what is *feſtering*, and enjoys the pain of its corroſion.

They are both excellent ſatyriſts; but their fate is utterly diſſimilar. One is the favourite of the *gloomy growler* at his ſpecies; he who joys at diſcovered depravity—the other, of that beſt of men, who can readily find an extenuation for the foibles of other characters, in the FAULTS that he feels with ſenſibility about his own.

[To be concluded]

On

On FEMALE PRUDENCE.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

'Of all the paſſions giv'n us from above,
The nobleſt, ſofteſt, and the beſt is love,'

SAYS a celebrated poet, and I readily agree that love itſelf, when under the direction of reaſon, harmonizes the ſoul, and gives it a gentle, generous turn; but I can by no means approve of ſuch definitions of that paſſion as we find in plays, novels, and romances; in moſt of thoſe writings, the authors ſeem to lay out all their art in rendering that character moſt intereſting, which moſt ſets at defiance all the obligations, by the ſtrict obſervance of which, love alone can become a virtue. They dreſs their Cupid up in roſes, call him the god of ſoft deſires, and ever-ſpringing joys, yet at the ſame time give him the vindictive fury and the rage of Mars;—ſhew him impatient of controul, and trampling over all the ties of duty, friendſhip, or natural affection, yet make the motive ſanctify the crime. How fatal, how pernicious to a young and unexperienced mind muſt be ſuch maxims, eſpecially when dreſſed up in all the pomp of words! The beauty of the expreſſion ſteals upon the ſenſes, and every miſchief, every woe which love occaſions, appears a charm. Thoſe who feel the paſſion, are ſo far from endeavouring to repel its force, or being aſhamed of their attachments, however oppoſite to reaſon, that they indulge and take pride in turning into ridicule the remonſtrances of their more diſcerning friends. But what is yet more prepoſterous, and more evidently ſhows the ill effects of writing in this manner, is, that we often ſee girls, too young either to be addreſſed on the ſcore of love, or even to know what is meant by the paſſion, affect the languiſhment they read of, ſigh, fold their arms, neglect every uſeful learning, and attend to nothing but acquiring the reputation of being enough of a woman to know all the pains and delicacies of love.

Miſs Tendrilla is one of thoſe I have deſcribed. She was the other day invited to a concert, and as ſoon as the muſic began to ſtrike up, cried out in a kind of dying tone, yet loud enough to be heard by a great part of the aſſembly,

"If muſic be the food of love, play on."

A young lady happened to be with her, who is ſuppoſed to be very near entering into the married ſtate, but contents herſelf with diſcovering what ſentiments ſhe is poſſeſſed of in favour of her intended bridegroom only to thoſe intereſted in them. She bluſhed extremely at the extravagance of her companion, and the more ſo, as ſhe found the eyes of every one turned upon her, and by their ſmiles and whiſpers to each other, ſhewed that they imagined miſs had burſt into this exclamation merely on her account. A ſmart gentleman, in the next bench to them, took this opportunity of rallying her, very wittily as he thought, on the diſcovery her young confidante had made; and the poor lady was in the utmoſt confuſion, untill ſhe who had occaſioned it being vexed to find what ſhe had ſaid ſo much miſtaken, and that no notice was taken of herſelf, behaved in ſuch a manner as to leave no room to doubt which of them was the proper object of ridicule.

How eaſy were it now for a fortune-hunter to make prey of this bib-and-apron heroine! The leſs qualified he was to render her choice of him approved, and the more averſe

averſe her friends appeared to ſuch a match, the more would ſhe glory in a noble obſtinacy of contemning their advice, and ſacrificing her perſon and fortune to an imaginary paſſion for him; and one has no need of being a very great prophet to foretel, that if ſhe is not ſpeedily removed from thoſe who at preſent have the care of her, and ſome other methods taken than ſuch as have hitherto been made uſe of, to give her a more rational way of thinking, the wealth that her frugal parents have hoarded up, in order to purchaſe for her a laſting happineſs, will only prove the bait for her deſtruction.

I am ſorry to obſerve that of late years this humour has been ſtrangely prevalent among our young ladies, ſome of whom are ſcarce entered into their teens before they grow impatient for admiration, and to be diſtinguiſhed in love ſongs and verſes, expect to have a great buſtle made about them, and he who firſt attempts to perſuade them he is a lover, bids very fair for carrying his point. The eagerneſs of their wiſhes to be addreſſed, gives charms to the addreſs itſelf, which otherwiſe it would not have; and hence it follows, that when a young creature has ſuffered herſelf to fall a victim to the artifices of her pretended lover, and her own giddy whim, and is afterwards convinced of her error, ſhe looks back with no leſs wonder than ſhame on her paſt conduct, deteſts the object of her former imaginary paſſion, and wiſhes nothing more than to be eternally rid of the preſence of him ſhe once with ſo much tenderneſs purſued.

It is not, therefore, from that inconſtancy of nature which men charge upon our ſex, but from that romantic vein which makes us ſometimes imagine ourſelves lovers before we are ſo, that we frequently run ſuch lengths to ſhake off a yoke we have ſo precipitately put on. When once we truly love, we rarely change —we bear the frowns of fortune with fortitude and patience—we repent not of the choice we have made, whatever we ſuffer by it; and nothing but a long continued ſeries of ſlights and ill-uſage from the object of our affection can render him leſs dear.

To be well convinced of the ſincerity of the man they are about to marry, is a maxim, with great juſtice, always recommended to a young lady; but I ſay it is no leſs material for her future happineſs, as well as that of her intended partner, that ſhe ſhould be well aſſured of her own heart, and examine, with the utmoſt care, whether it be real tenderneſs, or a bare liking ſhe at preſent feels for him: and as this is not to be done all at once, I cannot approve of haſty marriages, or before perſons are of ſufficient age to be ſuppoſed capable of knowing their own minds.

Could *fourteen* have the power of judging of itſelf, or for itſelf, who that knew the beautiful *Marteſia* at that age, but would have depended on her conduct! *Marteſia*, deſcended of the moſt illuſtrious race, poſſeſſed of all that dignity of ſentiment befitting her high birth, endued by nature with a ſurprizing wit, judgment and penetration, and improved by every aid of education. *Marteſia*, the wonder and delight of all who ſaw or heard her, gave the admiring world the greateſt expectations that ſhe would one day be no leſs celebrated for all thoſe virtues which render amiable the conjugal ſtate, than ſhe at that time was for every other perfection that does honour to the ſex.

Yet how, alas! did all theſe charming hopes vaniſh into air! Many noble youths, her equals in birth and fortune, watched her increaſe

creaſe of years for declaring a paſſion, which they feared as yet would be rejected by thoſe who had the diſpoſal of her: but what their reſpect and timidity forbad them to attempt, a more daring and unſuſpected rival ventured at, and ſucceeded in. — Her unexperienced heart approved his perſon, and was pleaſed with the proteſtations he made her of it — In fine, the novelty of being addreſſed in that manner gave a double grace to all he ſaid, and ſhe never thought herſelf ſo happy as in his converſation. His frequent viſits at length were taken notice of: he was denied the privilege of ſeeing her, and ſhe was no longer permitted to go out without being accompanied by ſome perſon who was to be a ſpy upon her actions. She had a great ſpirit, impatient of controul, and this reſtraint ſerved only to heighten the inclination ſhe had before to favour him. She indulged the moſt romantic ideas of his merit and his love. Her own flying fancy invented a thouſand melancholy ſoliloquies, and ſet them down as made by him in this ſeparation. It is not, indeed, to be doubted, but that he was very much mortified at the impediment he found in the proſecution of his courtſhip; but whether he took this method of diſburthening his affliction, neither ſhe nor any body elſe could be aſſured. It cannot, however, be denied, that he purſued means much more efficacious for the attainment of his wiſhes. By bribes, promiſes, and entreaties, he prevailed on a perſon, who came frequently to the houſe, to convey his letters to her, and bring back her anſwers. This correſpondence was, perhaps, of greater ſervice to him than had the freedom of their interviews not been prevented. She conſented to be his, and to make good her word, ventured her life, by deſcending from a two pair of ſtairs window, by the help of quilts, blankets, and other things faſtened to it, at the dead of night. His coach and ſix waited to convey her at the end of the ſtreet, which reaching his houſe ſoon after break of day, his chaplain made them too faſt for any authority to ſeparate.

As he was of an ancient honourable family, and his eſtate very conſiderable, her friends in a ſhort time were reconciled to what was now irremediable, and they were looked upon as an extremely happy pair.— But ſoon, too ſoon, the fleeting pleaſures fled, and in their room anguiſh and bitterneſs of heart ſucceeded.

Marteſia in a viſit ſhe made to a lady of her intimate acquaintance, unfortunately happened to meet the young *Clermont;* he was returned from his travels, had a handſome perſon, an infinity of gaiety, and a certain ſomething in his air and deportment which had been deſtructive to the peace and reputation of many of our ſex. He was naturally of an amorous diſpoſition, and being ſo, felt all the force of charms, which had ſome effect even on the moſt cold and temperate. Emboldened by former ſucceſſes, the knowledge that *Marteſia* was another's did not hinder him from declaring to her the paſſion ſhe had inſpired him with. She found a ſecret ſatisfaction in hearing him, which ſhe was yet too young to conſider the danger of, and therefore endeavoured not to ſuppreſs until it became too powerful for her, even if ſhe had attempted it with all her might; but the truth is, ſhe began to experience in reality a flame which ſhe had but imagined herſelf poſſeſſed of for him, who was now her huſband, and was too much averſe to the giving herſelf pain, to combat with an inclination

nation which ſeemed to her fraught only with delights.

The houſe where their acquaintance firſt began, was now the ſcene of their future meetings. The miſtreſs of it was too great a friend to gallantry herſelf, to be any interruption to the happineſs they enjoyed in entertaining each other without witneſſes. How weak is virtue, when love and opportunity combine!—Though no woman could have more refined and delicate notions than *Marteſia*, yet all were ineffectual againſt the ſolicitations of her adorer *Clermont*. One fatal moment deſtroyed at once all her own exalted ideas of honour and reputation, and the principles inſtilled into her mind by her virtuous preceptors.

The conſequence of this amour was a total neglect of huſband, houſe and family.

Herſelf abandoned, all other duties were ſo too. So manifeſt a change was viſible to all that knew her, but moſt to her huſband, as moſt intereſted in it.—He truly loved, and believed himſelf truly beloved by her.—Loth was he to think his misfortune real, and endeavoured to find ſome other motive for the averſion ſhe now expreſſed for ſtaying at home, or going to any of thoſe places where they had been accuſtomed to viſit together; but ſhe either knew not how to diſſemble, or took ſo little pains to do it, that he was, in ſpite of himſelf, convinced that all that affection ſhe ſo lately had poſſeſſed, and given him teſtimony of, was now no more.—He examined all his actions, and could find nothing in any of them that gave occaſion for ſo ſad a reverſe. He complained to her one day, in the tendereſt terms, of the ſmall portion ſhe had of late allowed him of her converſation; intreated, that if by any inadvertency he had offended her, ſhe would acquaint him with his fault, which he aſſured her he would take care never to repeat; aſked if there was any thing in her ſettlement or jointure which ſhe could wiſh to have altered, and aſſured her that ſhe need but let him know her commands, to be inſtantly obeyed.

To all this ſhe replied with the moſt ſtabbing indifference—that ſhe knew not what he meant—that as ſhe had accuſed him with nothing, he had no reaſon to think ſhe was diſſatisfied—but that people could not be always in the ſame humour, and deſired he would not give himſelf or her the trouble of making any farther interrogatories.

He muſt have been inſenſible, as he is known to be the contrary, had ſuch a behaviour not opened his eyes; he no longer doubted of his fate, and reſolving, if poſſible, to find out the author of it, he cauſed her chair to be watched wherever ſhe went, and took ſuch effectual methods as ſoon informed him of the truth.

In the firſt emotions of his rage, he was for ſending a challenge to the deſtroyer of his happineſs; but in his cooler moments he rejected that deſign, as too injurious to the reputation of *Marteſia*, who was ſtill dear to him, and whom he flattered himſelf with being able one day to reclaim.

It is certain he put in practice every tender ſtratagem that love and wit could furniſh him with for that purpoſe; but ſhe appearing ſo far from being moved at any thing he either ſaid or did, that, on the contrary, her behaviour was every day more cold. He at laſt began to expoſtulate with her, gave her ſome hints that her late conduct was not unknown to him, and that though he was willing to forgive what was paſt, yet, as a huſband, it was not conſiſtent

ſiſtent with his character to bear any future inſults of that nature.—This put her beyond all patience; ſhe reproached him in the bittereſt terms for daring to harbour the leaſt ſuſpicions of her virtue, and cenſuring her innocent amuſements as crimes; and perhaps was glad of this opportunity of teſtifying her remorſe for having ever liſtened to his vows, and curſing before his face the hour that joined their hands

They now lived ſo ill a life together, that not having ſufficient proofs for a divorce, he parted beds, and though they continued in one houſe, behaved to each other as ſtrangers; never eat at the ſame table but when company was there, and then only to avoid the queſtions that would naturally have been aſked had it been otherwiſe, neither of them being deſirous the world ſhould know any thing of their diſagreement.

But while they continued to treat each other in a manner ſo little conformable to their firſt hopes, or their vows pledged at the holy altar, *Marteſia* became pregnant. This gave the firſt alarm to that indolence of nature ſhe hitherto had teſtified; her huſband would now have it in his power to ſue out a divorce, and though ſhe would have rejoiced to have been ſeparated from him on any other terms, yet ſhe could not ſupport the thought of being totally deprived of all reputation in the world. She was not ignorant of the cenſures ſhe incurred, but had pride and ſpirit enough to enable her to deſpiſe whatever was ſaid of her, while it was not backed by proof; but the glaring one ſhe was now about to give, ſtruck ſhame and confuſion to her ſoul. She had recourſe to that friend who was the confidante of her unhappy paſſion, who comforted her as well as ſhe could, and aſſured her when the hour of delivery approached, ſhe need have no more to do than to come directly to her houſe, where every thing ſhould be prepared for the reception of a woman in her condition.

To conceal the alteration in her ſhape, ſhe pretended indiſpoſition, ſaw little company, and wore only looſe gowns. At length the ſo much dreaded moment came upon her at the dead of night, and in the midſt of all that rack of nature, made yet more horrible by the agonies of her mind, ſhe roſe, rung for her woman, and telling her ſhe had a frightful dream concerning that lady, whom ſhe knew ſhe had the greateſt value for of any perſon upon earth, ordered her to get a chair, for ſhe could not be eaſy unleſs ſhe went and ſaw her herſelf. The woman was ſtrangely ſurprized, but her lady was always abſolute in her commands——A chair was brought, and without any other company, or attendants than her own diſtracted thoughts, ſhe was conveyed to the only aſylum where ſhe thought her ſhame might find a ſhelter.

A midwife being prepared before, ſhe was ſafely delivered of a daughter, who expired almoſt as ſoon as born; and, to prevent, as much as poſſible, all ſuſpicion of the truth, ſhe made herſelf be carried home, next morning, where ſhe went to bed, and lay ſeveral days, under pretence of having ſprained her ancle.

But not all the precautions ſhe had taken were effectual enough to prevent ſome people from gueſſing and whiſpering what had happened. Thoſe whoſe nearneſs in blood gave them a privilege of ſpeaking their minds, ſpared not to tell her all that was ſaid of her; and thoſe who durſt not take that liberty, ſhewed by their diſtant looks and reſerved behaviour, whenever ſhe came in preſence, how little they approved

her conduct. She was too diſcerning not to ſee into their thoughts, nor was her innate pride of any ſervice to keep up her ſpirits on the occaſion. To add to her diſcontent, *Clermont* grew every day more cool in his reſpects, and ſhe ſoon after learned he was on the point of marriage with one far inferior to himſelf in every charm both of mind and perſon. In fine, finding herſelf deſerted by her relations, and the greateſt part of her acquaintance, without love, without reſpect, and reduced to the pity of thoſe who, perhaps, had nothing but a greater ſhare of circumſpection to boaſt of, ſhe took a reſolution to quit England for ever; and having ſettled her affairs with her huſband, who by this time had entered into other amuſements, and it is very probable was very well ſatisfied to be eaſed of the conſtraint her preſence gave him, readily conſented to remit her the ſum agreed between them, to be paid yearly, to whatever part of the world ſhe choſe to reſide in; ſhe then took leave of a country of which ſhe had been the idol, and which now ſeemed too unjuſt in not being blind to what ſhe deſired ſhould be concealed.

Behold her now in a voluntary baniſhment from friends and country, and roaming round the world in fruitleſs ſearch of that tranquillity which ſhe could not have failed enjoying at home in the boſom of a conſort equally beloved as loving.—Unhappy, charming lady! Born and endowed with every quality to attract univerſal love and admiration, yet by one inadvertent ſtep undone and loſt to every thing the world holds dear, and only the more conſpicuouſly wretched, by having been conſpicuouſly amiable.

But, methinks, it would be hard to charge the blame of indiſcreet marriages on the young ladies themſelves. Parents are ſometimes, by an over caution, guilty of forcing them into things, which otherwiſe would be far diſtant from their thoughts. I am very certain it is not becauſe the Italian, Spaniſh, or Portugueſe women are ſo much warmer in their conſtitutions than thoſe of other nations, but becauſe they are ſo cruelly debarred from all converſation with the men, that makes them ſo readily accept the firſt offer that preſents itſelf. Where opportunities are ſcarce, they are glad to ſpeak their minds at once, and fear to deny, leſt it be not in their power afterwards to grant.

Even in Turkey, where our travellers boaſt of having had ſucceſs among the women, I have known ſeveral who are married to Engliſh gentlemen, and permitted to live after the cuſtom of our country, who have made very excellent wives.—In France, the people are, queſtionleſs, the gayeſt and moſt alert in the world, and allow the greateſt liberties to their women; yet to hear of a clandeſtine marriage among them is a kind of prodigy; and though no place affords ſcenes of gallantry equal to it in any degree of proportion, yet I believe there is none where fewer falſe ſteps are made.—Nature in all ages is abhorrent of reſtraint, but in youth eſpecially, as we are headſtrong and impetuous, it will hazard every thing to break through laws it had no hand in making. It therefore betrays a great want of policy as well as an unjuſt auſterity, to ſeclude a young lady, and ſhut her up from all intercourſe with men, for fear ſhe ſhould find one among them who might happen to pleaſe her too well. Chance may in a moment deſtroy all that the utmoſt care can do; and I ſay a woman is in a far leſs danger of loſing her heart, when every day ſurrounded with a variety of gay objects, than when by ſome accident

dent ſhe falls into the converſation of a ſingle one. A girl who is continually hearing fine things ſaid to her, regards them but as words of courſe; they may be flattering to her vanity for the preſent, but will leave no impreſſion behind them on her mind. But ſhe who is a ſtranger to the gallant manners with which polite perſons treat our ſex, greedily ſwallows the firſt civil thing ſaid to her, takes what perhaps is meant as a mere compliment, for a declaration of love, and replies to it in terms, which either expoſe her to the deſigns of him who ſpeaks, if he happens to have any in reality, or if he has not, to his ridicule in all company he comes into.

MATILDA.

Converſation in a Coffee-Houſe upon the Time Paſt, compared with the Time Preſent.

[From the Fifth Volume of Mr Cumberland's "Obſerver," juſt publiſhed.]

Ingeniis non ille favet plaud it que ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit. HORAT.

(Concluded from page 659.)

THE ſarcaſtic ſpeech of the old Snarler, with which we concluded our laſt paper, being undeſerved on the part of the perſon to whom it was applied, was very properly diſregarded; and the clergyman proceeded as follows:—

"The poets you have named will never be mentioned by me but with a degree of enthuſiaſm, which I ſhould rather expect to be accuſed of carrying to exceſs than of erring in the oppoſite extreme, had you not put me on my guard againſt partiality, by charging me with it beforehand.——I ſhall therefore, without further apology or preface, begin with Shakeſpeare, firſt named by you, and firſt in fame as well as time.——It would be madneſs in me to think of bringing any poet now living into competition with Shakeſpeare; but I hope it will not be thought madneſs, or any thing reſembling it, to obſerve to you, that it is not in the nature of things poſſible for any poet to appear in an age ſo poliſhed as this of ours, who can be brought into any critical compariſon with that extraordinary and eccentric genius.

"For let us conſider the two great ſtriking features of his drama, ſublimity and character. Now, ſublimity involves ſentiment and expreſſion: the firſt of theſe is in the ſoul of the poet; it is that portion of inſpiration, which we perſonify when we call it *the Muſe*. So far I am free to acknowledge there is no immediate reaſon to be given, why her viſits ſhould be confined to any age, nation or perſon; ſhe may fire the heart of the poet on the ſhores of Ionia three thouſand years ago, or on the banks of the Cam or Iſis at the preſent moment; but ſo far as language is concerned, I may venture to ſay, that modern diction will never ſtrike modern ears with that awful kind of magic, which antiquity gives to words and phraſes no longer in familiar uſe. In this reſpect our great dramatic poet hath an advantage over his diſtant deſcendants, which he owes to time, and which of courſe is one more than he is indebted for to his own pre-eminent genius. As for character, which I ſuggeſted as one of the two moſt ſtriking features of Shakeſpeare's drama (or in other words, the true and perfect delineation of nature), in this our poet is indeed a maſter unrivaled: yet who will not allow the happy coincidence of time for this perfection in a writer of the drama? The

different orders of men, which Shakeſpeare ſaw and copied, are in many inſtances extinct, and ſuch muſt have the charms of novelty at leaſt in our eyes. And has the modern dramatiſt the ſame rich and various field of character? The level manners of a poliſhed age furniſh little choice to an author, who now enters on the taſk, in which ſuch numbers have gone before him, and ſo exhauſted the materials, that it is juſtly to be wondered at, when any thing like variety can be ſtruck out. Dramatic characters are portraits drawn from nature, and if all the ſitters have a family likeneſs, the artiſt muſt either depart from the truth, or preſerve the reſemblance: in like manner the poet muſt either invent characters of which there is no counterpart in exiſtence, or expoſe himſelf to the danger of an inſipid and tireſome repetition. To add to his difficulties, it ſo happens, that the preſent age, whilſt it furniſhes leſs variety to his choice, requires more than ever for its own amuſement; the dignity of the ſtage muſt of courſe be proſtituted to the unnatural reſources of a wild imagination, and its propriety diſturbed. Muſic will ſupply thoſe reſources for a time; and accordingly we find the French and Engliſh theatres, in the dearth of character, feeding upon the airy diet of ſound; but this, with all the ſupport that ſpectacle can give, is but a flimſy ſubſtitute; while the public, whoſe taſte in the mean time becomes vitiated——

——*media inter carmina poſcunt*
Aut Urſum aut Pugiles——

the latter of which monſtrous proſtitutions we have lately ſeen our national ſtage moſt ſhamefully expoſed to.

"By comparing the different ages of poetry in our own country with thoſe of Greece, we ſhall find the effects agree in each; for as the refinement of manners took place, the language of poetry became alſo more refined, and with greater correctneſs had leſs energy and force. The ſtyle of the poet, like the characters of the people, takes a brighter poliſh, which, whilſt it ſmoothes away its former aſperities and protuberances, weakens the ſtaple of its fabric, and what it gives to the elegance and delicacy of its complexion, takes away from the ſtrength and ſturdineſs of its conſtitution. Whoever will compare Æſchylus with Euripides, and Ariſtophanes with Menander, will need no other illuſtration of this remark.

"Conſider only the inequalities of Shakeſpeare's dramas; examine not only one with another, but compare even ſcene with ſcene in the ſame play. Did ever the imagination of man run riot into ſuch wild and oppoſite extremes? Could this be done, or, being done, would it be ſuffered in the preſent age? How many of theſe plays, if acted as they were originally written, would now be permitted to paſs? Can we have a ſtronger proof of the barbarous taſte of thoſe times, in which Titus Andronicus firſt appeared, than the favour which that horrid ſpectacle was received with? Yet of this we are aſſured by Ben Johnſon. If this play was Shakeſpeare's, it was his firſt production, and ſome of his beſt commentators are of opinion it was actually written by him whilſt he reſided at Stratford upon Avon. Had this production been followed by Henry 6. Love's Labour Loſt, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Comedy of Errors, or ſome few others which our ſtage does not attempt to reform, that critic muſt have had a very ſingular degree of intuition, who had diſcovered in thoſe dramas a genius capable of producing the Macbeth. How would a young author be received in the preſent time, who was to make his firſt eſſay before the public with ſuch a piece as Titus Andronicus?

nicus? Now if we are warranted in ſaying there are ſeveral of Shakeſpeare's dramas which could not live upon our preſent ſtage at any rate, and few, if any, that would paſs without juſt cenſure in many parts, were they repreſented in their original ſtate, we muſt acknowledge it is with reaſon that our living authors, ſtanding in awe of their audiences, dare not aim at thoſe bold and irregular flights of imagination which carried our bard to ſuch a height of fame; and therefore it was, that I ventured awhile ago to ſay, there can be no poet in a poliſhed and critical age like this, who can be brought into any fair compariſon with ſo bold and eccentric a genius as Shakeſpeare, of whom we may ſay with Horace—

Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet,
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer,
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis metuitque lituram.

When I bring to my recollection the ſeveral periods of our Engliſh drama ſince the age of Shakeſpeare, I could name many dates, when it has been in hands far inferior to the preſent: and were it my purpoſe to enter into particulars, I ſhould not ſcruple to appeal to ſeveral dramatic productions within the compaſs of our own times; but as the taſk of ſeparating and ſelecting one from another amongſt our own contemporaries can never be a pleaſant taſk, nor one I would willingly engage in, I will content myſelf with referring to our ſtock of modern acting plays; many of which have paſſed the ordeal of critics (who ſpeak the ſame language with what I have juſt now heard, and are continually crying down thoſe they live with), may perhaps take their turn with poſterity, and be hereafter as partially overrated upon a compariſon with the productions of the age to come, as they are now undervalued when compared with thoſe of the ages paſt.

With regard to Milton, if we could not name any one epic poet of our nation ſince his time, it would be ſaying no more of us than may be ſaid of the world in general, from the æra of Homer to that of Virgil. Greece had one ſtandard Epic Poet; Rome had no more; England has her Milton. If Dryden pronounced that *the force of nature could no further go*, he was at once a good authority, and a ſtrong example of the aſſertion. If his genius ſhrunk from the undertaking, can we wonder that ſo few have taken it up? Yet we will not forget Leonidas, nor ſpeak ſlightly of its merit; and as death has removed the worthy author where he cannot hear our praiſes, the world may now, as in the caſe of Milton heretofore, be ſo much the more forward to beſtow them. If the Samſon Agoniſtes is nearer to the ſimplicity of its Grecian original than either our own Elfrida or Caractacus, thoſe dramas have a tender intereſt, a pathetic delicacy, which in that are wanting; and though Comus has every charm of language, it has a vein of allegory that impoveriſhes the mine.

The variety of Dryden's genius was ſuch as to preclude compariſon, were I diſpoſed to attempt it. Of his dramatic productions he himſelf declares, *that he never wrote any thing in that way to pleaſe himſelf, but his All for Love.* For ever under arms, he lived in a continual ſtate of poetic warfare with his contemporaries, galling and galled by turns: he ſubſiſted alſo by expedients; and neceſſity which forced his genius into quicker growth than was natural to it, made a rich harveſt but ſlovenly huſbandry: it drove him alſo into a duplicity of character that is painful to reflect upon; it put him ill at eaſe within himſelf,

ſelf, and verified the fable of the nightingale ſinging with a thorn at its breaſt.

Pope's verſification gave the laſt and finiſhing poliſh to our Engliſh poetry. His lyre, more ſweet than Dryden's, was leſs ſonorous; his touch more correct, but not ſo bold; his ſtrain more muſical in its tones, but not ſo ſtriking in its effect. Review him as a critic, and review him throughout, you will pronounce him the moſt perfect poet in our language: read him as an enthuſiaſt, and examine him in detail, you cannot refuſe him your approbation; but your rapture you will reſerve for Dryden.

But you will tell me, this does not apply to the queſtion in diſpute, and that, inſtead of ſettling precedency between your poets, it is time for me to produce my own. For this I ſhall beg your excuſe; my zeal for my contemporaries ſhall not hurry them into compariſons, which their own modeſty would revolt from; it hath prompted me to intrude upon your patience, whilſt I ſubmitted a few mitigating conſiderations in their behalf; not as an anſwer to your challenge, but as an effort to ſoften your contempt. I confeſs to you I have ſometimes flattered myſelf I have found the ſtrength of Dryden in our late Churchill, and the ſweetneſs of Pope in our lamented Goldſmith. Enraptured as I am with the lyre of Timotheus in the Feaſt of Alexander, I contemplate with awful delight Gray's enthuſiaſtic bard—

On a rock whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a maſter's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.

Let the living Muſes ſpeak for themſelves; I have all the warmth of a friend, but not the preſumption of a champion. The poets you now ſo loudly praiſe when dead, found the world as loud in defamation when living; you are now paying the debts of your predeceſſors, and atoning for their injuſtice; poſterity in like manner will atone for yours.

You mentioned the name of Addiſon in your liſt, not altogether as a poet I preſume, but rather as the man of morals, the reformer of manners, and the friend of religion. With affection I ſubſcribe my tribute to his literary fame, to his amiable character. In ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of ſtyle, in purity and perſpicuity of ſentiment, he is a model to all eſſayiſts. At the ſame time I feel the honeſt pride of a contemporary in recalling to your memory the name of Samuel Johnſon, who as a moral and religious eſſayiſt; as an acute and penetrating critic; as a nervous and elaborate poet, an excellent grammarian, and a general ſcholar, ranks with the firſt names in literature.

Not having named an hiſtorian in your liſt of illuſtrious men, you have precluded me from adverting to the hiſtories of Hume, Robertſon, Lyttelton, Henry, Gibbon, and others, who are a hoſt of writers which all antiquity cannot equal."

Here the the clergyman concluded: The converſation now grew deſultory and unintereſting, and I rerurned home.

Mr BURKE's LETTER ON THE *FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

This Letter, of which, from the celebrity of its author, great expectations have long been formed, has at length made its appearance; and if, from the curſory view we have as yet been able to give it, an opinion may be hazarded,

we

we will venture to ſay, that it will by no means diminiſh the fame, of which Mr Burke, as a literary man, has been long and deſervedly in poſſeſſion.

It might, perhaps, with much more juſtice than many formal and ſyſtematical treatiſes, have been entitled *An Eſſay on Government;* ſeeing that, in the courſe of a minute, accurate, and intereſting inveſtigation of the proceedings which have led to the preſent criſis in France, he takes the opportunity of introducing every rational principle, relative not only to the conſtitution of that kingdom, and the Britiſh Empire, but to all contracts between the people and their rulers: And this with ſo diſcriminating a ſpirit, and ſuch force and elegance of language, as at once to convince and delight the minds of his readers.

The following very ſpirited apoſtrophe may be claſſed among the higheſt beauties of Mr Burke's Letter. [*Courant.*

Though there are ſome good things in Burke's Book againſt the French Revolution, we are ſorry to ſee the talents of this once great man ſo much degenerated. The following *Rhapſody* on the French Queen, ſurpaſſes in *bombaſt* any thing we ever read of in ancient or modern authors: [*Advertiſer.*

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

"It is now ſixteen or ſeventeen years ſince I ſaw the Queen of France, then the Dauphineſs, at Verſailles, and ſurely never lighted on this orb, which ſhe hardly ſeemed to touch, a more delightful viſion. I ſaw her juſt above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated ſphere ſhe has juſt began to move in—glittering like the morning-ſtar, full of life, and ſplendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart muſt I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dread that, when ſhe added titles of veneration to thoſe of enthuſiaſtic, diſtant, reſpectful love, that ſhe ſhould ever be obliged to carry the ſharp antidote againſt diſgrace concealed in that boſom; but little did I dream that I ſhould have lived to ſee ſuch diſaſters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thouſand ſwords muſt have leaped from their ſcabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with inſult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of ſophiſters, œconomiſts, and calculators, has ſucceeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguiſhed for ever. Never, never more, ſhall we behold the generous loyalty to rank and ſex, that proud ſubmiſſion, that dignified obedience, that ſubordination of the heart which kept alive, even in ſervitude itſelf, the ſpirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurſe of manly ſentiment and heroic enterpriſe, is gone! It is gone, that ſenſibility of principle, that chaſtity of honour, which felt a ſtain like a wound, which inſpired courage whilſt it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itſelf loſt half its evil, by loſing all its groſſneſs."

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

After vindicating the characters of the King and Queen of France from the horrid inſinuations thrown out, Mr Burke proceeds——

"In England we give no credit to them. We are generous enemies; we are faithful allies. We ſpurn from us with diſguſt and indignation the ſlanders of thoſe who bring us their anecdotes, with the atteſtation of the flower de-luce on their ſhoulder. We have Lord George Gordon faſt in Newgate; and neither his being a public proſelyte to Judaiſm, nor his having, in his zeal againſt Catholic Prieſts, and all ſorts of eccleſiaſtics, raiſed a mob (excuſe the term, it is ſtill in uſe here) which pulled down all our priſons, have preſerved to him a liberty, of which he did not render himſelf worthy by a virtuous uſe of it.

We

We have rebuilt Newgate, and tenanted the manſion. We have priſons almoſt as ſtrong as the Baſtile, for thoſe who dare to libel the Queen of France. In this ſpiritual retreat, let the noble libeller remain Let him there meditate on his Thalmud, until he learns a conduct more becoming his birth and parts, and not ſo diſgraceful to the ancient religion to which he has become a proſelyte; or untill ſome perſons from your ſide of the water, to pleaſe your new Hebrew brethen, ſhall ranſom him. He may then be enabled to purchaſe, with the old boards of the ſynagogue, and a very ſmall poundage, on the long compound intereſt of the thirty pieces of ſilver, (Dr Price has ſhown us what miracles compound intereſt will perform in 1790 years) the lands which are lately diſcovered to have been uſurped by the Gallican Church. Send us your Popiſh Archbiſhop of Paris, and we will ſend you our Proteſtant Rabbin. We ſhall treat the perſon you ſend us in exchange like a gentleman and an honeſt man, as he is; but pray let him bring with him the fund of his hoſpitality, bounty, and charity; and, depend upon it, we ſhall never confiſcate a ſhilling of that honourable and pious fund, nor think of enriching the treaſury with the ſpoils of the poor-box."

ASSIGNATES.

On theſe, he ſays, "Let them rejoice in the applauſes of the Club at Dundee, for their wiſdom and patriotiſm in having thus applied the plunder of the citizens to the ſervice of the ſtate. I hear of no addreſs upon this ſubject from the Directors of the Bank of England, though their approbation would be of a *little* more weight in the ſcale of credit than that of the Club at Dundee. But to do juſtice to the Club, I believe the gentlemen who compoſe it to be wiſer than they appear; that they will be leſs liberal of their money than of their addreſſes; and that they would not give a dog's ear of their moſt rumpled and ragged Scotch paper, for twenty of your faireſt aſſignats."

We would not adviſe Mr Burke to go in the way of the French *Poiſſardes*. He ſtiles them "The *Furies of Hell*, in the abuſed ſhape of the vileſt of women."

If Mr Burke's principles of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance, had had weight on the public mind, at the time of the Reformation, we ſhould be at this moment the blind manacled ſlaves of the Church of Rome. They would equally in 1688, have prevented the glorious Revolution. They would, at the time of making the Act of Settlement, have prevented the exaltation of the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover to the throne of England. And, what is perſonal to Mr Burke, they *ought* to have made him an advocate for the American war.

For our parts, we have ſeen public men ſo often change their opinions and their principles, that our motto now is, NIL ADMIRARI—We are ſurpriſed at nothing that they ſay or do. [Advert.

Mr Burke (ſays another) has mixed and confounded Whiggiſm and Toryiſm, or, as the latter is now called, Ariſtocracy, in ſuch a manner, that we ſee a very ſmooth path opened for the Whig in power, to become a Whig out of power, and *vice verſa*. In a word, ſuch a work as the preſent, from any man but Mr Burke, would deſerve a place among the moſt valuable diſſertations on the conſtitution of Great Britain; but, coming from him, it leaves us altogether at a loſs to know what political principle and integrity mean, not to ſpeak of, what is intimately connected therewith, *conſiſtency!* [Packet.

Regulus; McDonald, and other poetical communications deferred to our next.

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ON ŒCONOMY AND EXTRAVAGANCE —DIFFICULTY OF FINDING THE MEDIUM—A CASE STATED—CONCLUSION, AS A NATIONAL OBJECT.

THERE are few queſtions in the ſolution of which men differ ſo much, as this, "Where œconomy "ends, and extravagance or luxury "begins?"—The obſtacles which lie in the way are ſo many, that perhaps the genius and ingenuity of man will never be able to afford ſuch an anſwer as ſhall be univerſally, or even generally acceptable. It is certain there *is* a happy medium between œconomy and exceſs, or extravagance; but how to diſcover that medium is yet a deſideratum. Like the Equator or the Horizon, it is a great, but imaginary line, which we calculate from and reaſon upon, without being able to ſay where it is, or how it is to be ſeen. We are moſt happy, indeed, in marking it out for others, like the Geographer, who wrote a hiſtory of the whole world, and was bewildered in a wood not ten miles from his own houſe. General rules have been laid down, but in terms ſo general as to defy particular application, and the utmoſt we can certainly aver is, that œconomy is a virtue and extravagance a vice.

In this uncertainty men wander about and about the unknown *medium*, without being able to diſcover it, and thus ruſh into the extremes of meanneſs or luxury, the one indeed more ſafe than the other, which has made ſo many prefer it; but both diſhonourable and uſeleſs.

It is firſt agreed, that what is œconomical in one man is meanneſs in another; and what is luxury in one is but decent expence in another, and all this is true: but this is ſuppoſing that œconomy is a paſſion, like hatred or anger, which is juſtifiable according to the *object*, and not the perſon; whereas œconomy is nothing elſe than ſuch a degree of prudence in the management of our worldly af-

fairs, as makes keep us from want, and does not deprive us of the decent neceſſaries of life. It is therefore the ſame in all men, be their ſituations in life what they may. But here it muſt be confeſſed an infinite variety occurs.

The loweſt rank, or the loweſt which I think it neceſſary to mention, is the day labourer. He earns eightpence, tenpence or a ſhilling per day. His œconomy, therefore, is to make this pittance ſupport him. If he marries, he muſt marry one who can, in her way, add to his income and provide for a family. The product of their joint labours never can exceed their wants, therefore they for ever remain ſtrangers to luxury; all they can do is to live upon what they have; they can ſpare nothing, and lay nothing by. In ſickneſs or diſtreſs they become objects of charity, and as ſuch a proviſion is made for them.

The mechanic is a degree above this; he may earn from 10 to 20 ſhillings per week, or more, but having no friends to advance a capital to *ſet up* as it is called, and become a maſter, he is doomed for life to live by the wages of his own labour. If his wages are the loweſt ſum we have ſtated, he too muſt be a ſtranger to luxury; he cannot be extravagant for a week without ſtarving; he finds his 10s. barely ſufficient to ſupport him in a creditable manner—If his wages be the higheſt ſum mentioned, and he is a ſingle man, he is now expoſed to the dangers of extravagance; he has more money than mere *neceſſity* craves; there is a *ſurplus* which as a ſingle man he thinks it no harm to ſpend; it is neceſſary therefore that ſuch a man ſhould know what œconomy means, but who ſhall teach him? A ſtring of moral precepts may be given —to which he will oppoſe a ſtring of paſſions, a love for ſociety, a taſte for dreſs, a reliſh for pleaſure. If he marries, and his wages are yet the ſame, all theſe indulgences muſt end, but he finds it difficult to ſurmount the deſire. He muſt, however, now turn œconomiſt, or ſtarve, and he finds that his utmoſt endeavours are barely ſufficient to procure bread to eat or raiment to put on. But there is no occaſion to teach this man œconomy. He is an œconomiſt by neceſſity, the line is drawn around him, he cannot ſtir beyond it.

By way of example, this man's caſe may ſtill ſerve to carry us up the hill of life. We ſhall ſuppoſe that he *is* the œconomiſt we have been mentioning, and that he is not only induſtrious and ſober, but renders himſelf by his ingenuity a perſon of importance to his maſter. His maſter, therefore, will be jealous of loſing him, and rather than hazard ſuch a loſs, will add ſomething to his wages, perhaps five ſhillings more *per* week. If he has not all his prudence about him, he will be calculating that here is £ 13 a year added to his income—the firſt ſymptoms of a deſire to exceed the line will now appear, but will be perhaps immediately checked by the good offices of his dame (for women in general, I think, in the *lower claſſes* of life I am *certain*, are more *reflecting* in ſuch caſes than men) She will repreſent to him that this addition will but add a very little to their comforts, perhaps a mouthful to each meal, and that they ſtill muſt carefully employ what they get, and ſhe ſtrengthens her advice with an argument which logic cannot reſiſt—another child! All now goes on as it ſhould do; they are prudent, ſober, and induſtrious; their wants and their means correſpond.

By a train of goodbehaviour, by induſtry which will always recommend itſelf, and by ingenuity which will always be improving, we ſhall ſuppoſe that he has now ſo far become neceſſary to his maſter, that the latter beſtows on him a ſmall

ſhare

ſhare of the buſineſs, at once to reward and ſecure his fidelity—Here he becomes more endangered; money flows in irregularly; he knew before what he had weekly, or yearly; he forgets now to calculate, or it comes in, in ſuch a manner, that he takes no account, unleſs at the end of the year; it increaſes the ſecond, the third year, &c. and ſo on. He is no longer a ſervant, he is a maſter, a partner in an increaſing and profitable buſineſs, to the ſupreme command of which he muſt arrive, if he lives, for he is fairly on the road.

It is now that the difficult queſtion, mentioned in the beginning of this paper, occurs, but he knows no more than his predeceſſors how to ſolve it. If the prudence which has hitherto accompanied him does not now depart to cheer another humble cot, he will conſider that if he has more money than he had before, he has a greater family to provide for, their proviſion depends yet ſo much on himſelf, that, in the event of his death, they muſt be reduced perhaps lower than before. He, therefore, begins to lay up ſomething for the evil day, and this when it accumulates to a certain proportion, will afford not only a ſupport towards the extenſion of buſineſs, but a certain dependence on which his family may hereafter rely.

This caſe, however, is put in the faireſt manner. This, I am ſorry to ſay, is not the general practice. Our manners have received a moſt pernicious taint from the infection of high life, and although we pretend not to know where real œconomy ends, yet we are no ſtrangers to the progreſs of extravagance. The want which induſtry cannot ſupply, the neceſſary wants of life which genius may deplore, and virtue be unable to procure, will be born with fortitude. The very ſtruggle will animate with a manly philoſophy—with ſomething higher, a Chriſtian reſignation—But the wants which prodigality brings, nothing can ſupply; a train of mean paſſions follow which deſtroy the virtue of the individual, and caſt a gloom on the character of the nation—Avarice, low ambition, beggared luxury, and ſelf-intereſt, are the tools by which men of power ſpread the influences of corruption far and wide. "What other effect," ſays an eminent author, "can naturally ariſe? For vanity, luxury and effeminacy (increaſed beyond all belief within theſe twenty years) as they are of a *ſelfiſh*, ſo they are of a craving and unſatisfied nature The preſent age of pleaſure and unmanly diſſipation hath created a train of new neceſſities, which in their demands outſtrip every poſſible ſupply." *Brown's Eſtimate*, Vol. I.

I have received a letter on the ſubject of this paper, which ſhall appear in my next.

An humble Defence of Old Maids —and Rules for leſſening the number of them.

THERE is an illiberality in ſome people's manner of thinking and talking on certain ſubjects, which ſeldom proceeds from knowledge, and can never be attributed to an enlightened mind. Such are they who condemn whole bodies of men, and attribute thoſe faults or vices to a whole ſociety, which are to be found only in a few individuals.—And ſuch are they who exerciſe their wit, their ſpleen, and their ill-nature at the expence of *old maids*. On this ſubject I beg leave to offer a few reflections, in hopes that I ſhall be accompanied by the candid and tender hearted part of man and womankind, however lightly others may treat what I am about to ſay.

That the number of *old maids* in this kingdom is very great, cannot well be doubted, and I think an attentive obſerver might ſee, and be able to prove, that this number is increaſing; that marriage, for certain reaſons to be conſidered hereafter, is diſcouraging and diſliked by many men, who ſeem to ſhun it as a man would ſhun the greateſt misfortune of life. I need not tell a ſenſible and well informed reader, that an old maid, merely as an old maid, is no proper object for cenſure or contempt—that it has been the misfortune not the fault of moſt of them that they have remained ſingle, while others have been married.—Marriage is a ſtate certainly allowed to be preferable to celibacy; there may be a few exceptions, but the majority of womankind may avow their ſentiments in favour of marriage, without hazarding the leaſt imputation on their delicacy or their good ſenſe. If then there are a certain number of females who for various reaſons have been rejected by mankind, or have had no offers which in common prudence they could accept, it follows that, as far as marriage is to be conſidered as a bleſſing, they are rather objects of pity than contempt. The ſtate of an old maid has always appeared to me to deſerve pity, and for the following reaſons. — Whatever may have been the original cauſe, whether the want of an offer, or an improper offer, which is much the ſame, when a ſingle woman arrives at that age at which ſhe is called an *old maid*, ſhe has none of thoſe endearments which connect females in ſociety; ſhe has probably, indeed the caſe is common, ſhe has outlived all her relations; ſhe lives a ſolitary pitileſs life; ſhe is looked down upon in company; if the pittance on which ſhe lives be conſiderable, intereſted perſons may *ſell* their attentions for the reverſion of her money; but if not, if from being the member of an opulent family, ſhe comes to diſtreſs, it happens in a thouſand inſtances that ſhe is allowed to languiſh in poverty.—If ſhe applies to public charity, ſhe is, perhaps, told that the pariſh workhouſe is open for her; but ſhe has no claims on any charities of a ſuperior kind; ſhe is not the widow of a citizen, a clergyman, or any perſon for whoſe widows a public proviſion is made. In a word, ſhe is one of thoſe perſons for whom few have compaſſion, and on whom even the charitable part of the world are apt to look cool. If her circumſtances be ſomewhat better than here deſcribed, if ſhe be an aunt, for inſtance, and has a ſmall annuity to live upon, ſhe is ſtill rather tolerated in the family than loved; the very children, if not taught, are at leaſt encouraged to join their taunts and jeers with thoſe of other people, and ſhe is conſidered on all occaſions as a butt for ridicule.

In theſe circumſtances can we ſuppoſe women to be devoid of feeling, inſenſible of their ſituation? Can we wonder if they acquire a peeviſh unevenneſs of temper, and certain peculiarities which are thought to belong excluſively to old maids? Or can we ſuppoſe them, labouring under ſo many diſcouragements and diſadvantages, to preſerve their temper, when even they who abound in all the good things of this life, are proud, peeviſh and ſullen? And what is it, if we will conſider the ſubject candidly and benevolently, what is it we ſee in the moſt diſagreeable old maid, but the frailties of human nature exaſperated by the aſperities of life, and by the reflection that all the pleaſing proſpects of life are for ever cloſed upon her? Are theſe then objects of contempt or ridicule? Surely not—

nothing

nothing is ridiculous but folly, nothing contemptible but vice.

It may now be worth while to enquire into the cauſes which occaſion the great number of old maids. I ſhall mention as many as occur to me at preſent, and without any order or method, for I am not yet clear which of them ought to be placed firſt as the principal cauſe. Some people, in endeavouring to aſcertain the proportion of males to females, have deſired us to look at a church, where we may ſee ſeven or ten females to one male. This, however, is not a fair method of reckoning; for though the males are not at church, they are ſomewhere elſe; they are taking their Sunday's jaunt, or lying in bed half the day, or ſotting in an alehouſe, or ſauntering in the fields.—We ſhall not, however, trouble ourſelves with calculations.

One cauſe why there are ſo many old maids, will, I dare ſay, naturally occur to my readers. Whereever there is an old batchelor, we may find an old maid to correſpond. The number of old batchelors is well known to be very great. They are men in general who have, from the number of their improper connections, acquired a diſlike to the ſex, and from a falſe notion of liberty, they avoid marriage as the greateſt ſlavery. I need not waſte my reader's time in expoſing the fallacy of this idea; it is in fact a mere principle of ſelf and cowardice; they are afraid of the trouble that attends a family, and they are too niggard of their time and attention to beſtow a little of each on the endearing female, or a groupe of little prattlers; and they vainly think that by remaining ſingle they are free from all the cares of life. A true old batchelor, however, of this deſcription, is the moſt ridiculous animal in the creation, and when he becomes to be ſick and helpleſs, where is there ſuch a peeviſh, comfortleſs, abandoned wretch on earth; for who can pity him who has lived only for himſelf?

2. Another cauſe, is the immenſe numbers of men who emigrate from the kingdom in ſearch of bread and employment in foreign climes, and the ſtill greater number who, in war, periſh by the ſword, by famine, by inhoſpitable countries, and even by peſtilence. A war is always obſerved to thin this country of ſingle men particularly, who are with ſome propriety deemed moſt fit to hazard their lives, having no families who may ſuffer by their death. This muſt undoubtedly very much add to the number of unmarried ladies.

3. A third cauſe I would derive from the improper conduct of parents, many of whom, afraid to truſt their children into the world, keep them immured in the walls of their own houſes, and never permit them to viſit but at the houſes of their neareſt relations. It is not uncommon to ſee a family of grown women ſitting for hours at their father's table without daring to ſpeak a word, if a ſtranger is in company. This is ſurely an improper method. A young man deſirous to marry, is alſo deſirous to know ſomething of the genius and temper of the lady he wiſhes to marry, but ſilence impoſed by conſtraint cannot ſhow this. A proper ſilence may be part of good breeding, but a perpetual ſilence cannot be conſidered as ſuch. A more common error in parents is, their bringing up their children with ideas of life and grandeur to which by birth and fortune they are not entitled. If handſome, theſe young ladies are taught to look up to gentlemen of rank and fortune; they are therefore ſent about to all public places, where they may diſplay their charms and catch a roving heart.

There

There is an indelicacy in all this, not to ſay worſe, which muſt ſhock the feelings of a prudent mother, and yet the caſe is ſo common, that I do not heſitate to rank this as one of the great cauſes of the increaſe of old maids.

4. The laſt I ſhall mention, which has ſome connection with the above, is the improper education of daughters.—On this ſo much has been ſaid, and ſo much written, that I muſt be brief. In one word then, the preſent faſhionable method of educating the daughters of tradeſmen, and people in the middling ranks of life, has a tendency to make them any thing but wives. It is to be remarked that thoſe men who are inclined to marry, are in general, the ſenſible, the induſtrious, and I may add the virtuous part of mankind. They naturally expect that the perſon they marry knows how to act as the miſtreſs of a houſehold, and the mother of a family. Theſe are not, however, the ſciences uſually taught, nor will a man of theſe expectations marry a woman merely for her beauty, or becauſe ſhe is a toaſt.—Men may occaſionally flirt with ſuch, walk with them, 'ſquire them to public places, and perhaps be proud to be ſeen with them. But when ſoberly diſpoſed to marry, we find them ſelect ſome unnoticed and obſcure female, proper for duties of which *great toaſts* have no idea, females who have not been the town-talk, nor have attracted attention by paragraphs in the newſpapers.—Parents, therefore, if they expect that their daughters ſhall avoid being old maids, muſt inſtruct them in the duties of a wife. The education of a boarding ſchool is not expected to do this—it cannot be acquired at the toilette, nor in the ball-room.

Theſe may appear harſh truths, but if they *are* truths, there is in that an ample apology for their harſhneſs.

Such are the cauſes, jointly conſidered, to which I attribute the increaſed numbers of old maids.—Some of them we ſee, ariſe from circumſtances not in our power to controul—but thoſe I have laſt mentioned may certainly admit of being altered for the better. At all events, old maids, as old maids, ought never to be the objects of contempt or ſcorn, unleſs it can be proved that their pride, arrogance, levity, or extravagance were in fault; and even when we ſee the remains of a celebrated toaſt exiſting in diſcontent, peeviſhneſs, and helpleſs complaining, we ſee an object of pity—for all men are agreed that the ſuffering ſinner is entitled to as much compaſſion as the ſuffering ſaint, becauſe the latter has conſolations which render her in part independent of our pity, while the former has only thoſe which we can adminiſter.

NESTOR.

Account of the Czar Peter III. *by the preſent King of Sweden.*

THIS prince, who for ſome time was only known in Europe, through the medium of the calumnies of his aſſaſſins—this prince, born and educated in Germany, had all the inclinations of his native country, and a contempt for his new ſubjects.—Maſter of Holſtein, a member conſequently of the German empire, he added weight to the Ruſſian crown, interfered in the German ſyſtem, in his own perſonal right, and fortified his influence with new alliances with the northern powers. Happily, this proſpect did not inſpire him with ambition; he was influenced only by a juſt reſentment againſt Denmark, and by

by his friendſhip for Frederick the Great. Policy leagued with his moderation. For, the ruinous war which Elizabeth waged againſt the king of Pruſſia, had coſt her three hundred thouſand men, and above thirty millions of roubles.

Though the third Peter had no other title to public eſteem than that of ſaving a prince, upon whoſe preſervation the maintenance of the political equilibre depended, his memory ſhould be regarded and eſteemed. In ſome venal writings, the productions of fanciful hiſtorians, his attachment to the king of Pruſſia was ridiculed as the effect of enthuſiaſm, and the puerile love of emulation:—but aſſuredly an enthuſiaſm for, and admiration of, the qualities of a man, who wrought ſuch prodigies of wiſdom and intrepidity, was very excuſable—and the heroiſm of friendſhip is a rare quality amongſt kings.

This profound reſpect, and regard, for Frederick the Great, demonſtrated judgment and ſenſibility in the third Peter; the enemies of Pruſſia, at Peterſburg, had ſignalized themſelves, by the perſecution of the young czar, during the reign of Elizabeth. This prince had accordingly counteracted their meaſures, and his ſubſequent conduct, in ſupporting the king of Pruſſia, was perfectly conſiſtent.—This laſt monarch was now in danger; the new Engliſh miniſter (Lord Bute) threatned him with deſertion, and his ſafety ſeemed to depend on his Turkiſh negociations, or the capricious motions of the Khan of the Tartars.

The firſt misfortune of this prince (Peter III.) was, to be adopted by Elizabeth to mount the throne one day.

The ſecond, to have been led from Holſtein, to become a ſlave at Elizabeth's court; and his wife was the third misfortune. Her Imperial aunt obtained the crown by a revolution ſtained with injuſtice, and was always in dread of a counter-revolution; her nephew was a priſoner of ſtate. The cabinet was barred, and its councils were concealed; all intercourſe was ſuſpected with him; his German ſervants were deprived of the comforts of his converſation, and their attachment was a principle of diſgrace; ſurrounded by enemies, the right of approach was only given to ſpies, obſervers, and betrayers of his converſation—his matrimonial miſunderſtanding left the prince without domeſtic conſolation, and reviewing ſome troops at Orienabaum, became his only recreation.

His complaints gave riſe to an intrigue, which ſerves to lead us thro' the mazes of thoſe deplorable events, which ultimately deprived the emperor of his ſcepter, and of his life.

The chancellor Beſtuchef, the great confidant of Elizabeth, was the Grand Duke's avowed enemy; his inſolence in contriving mortifications, made him tremble at the proſpect of a new reign; he formed the project of ſubſtituting the prince Paul, ſon of Catharine the Second, under her regency, in the place of Peter the Third. Beſtuchef preſuppoſed the ſucceſs of his plot, from a multitude of groundleſs calumnies againſt the Grand Duke, and the favourable reception of Elizabeth; and laſtly, upon the intention of Catharine to deprive her huſband of the crown, and to appropriate the regency to herſelf. It would be preſumptuous to advance, that this princeſs was concerned in this plot—but aſſuredly Beſtuchef muſt have believed it, or he never would have encountered her reſiſtance. Elizabeth, doubtful at firſt, reſumed a more dignified conduct, and ſupported her nephew againſt the chancellor; and an incautious expreſſion of the empreſs Elizabeth is ſtill cited, 'I know my nephew,' ſaid ſhe one day to the ſlanderers of the prince, 'I have nothing to fear from . good heart, I am not

ſo

ſo well acquainted with my niece."

Beſtuchef, afterwards diſgraced by Elizabeth, was excepted out of the amneſty, upon the acceſſion of the third Peter; but upon the indulgence of Catharine, he was recalled from exile.

The preceding facts, which repoſe upon the authority of authentic hiſtorians, deſcribe the firſt clouds of that tempeſt, in which the third Peter was involved; prudence could alone preſerve him from the rocks and breakers through which he paſſed;—but amongſt his other virtues, he found one, namely, confidence, which cauſed his deſtruction.

Notwithſtanding the reproaches juſtly caſt upon that monarch, from the exceſs of his good qualities, ſpite of the blame with which he is attacked, upon the unfortunate career of his debaucheries, and of the ſlanders which hatred and remorſe have attached to his memory, few princes have began to reign with more wiſdom; his firſt public actions expiated the defects of many preceeding years, and they had only ſix months duration.

Siberia, and the ſtate priſons, were filled with diſtinguiſhed captives, victims of the favourites, and miniſters of Elizabeth—the emperor redreſſed their wrongs—the illuſtrious Munich was recalled, and reinſtated—Biron, Leſtock, and ſome of thoſe who had offended him in the late reign, were reſtored to liberty, by a prince who extended his clemency to the inſolent favourites of his aunt—the firſt qualities of his government were juſtice and clemency—and his magnanimity to ſome Pruſſian officers, whom the fortune of war had deprived of liberty, and who groaned in extreme ſervitude, is too well known to be recorded.

The commencement of his reign promiſed zeal for promoting order, and diſcovered application, vigilance, and activity—he was early at the ſenate, at the different offices, and ſet an example of induſtry, by his ſuperintendance of various departments; the firſt Peter was his model, and his plans formed the chart of his legiſlation—to him Ruſſia owes the wiſeſt ordinances which have decorated that government.

Not ſatisfied with limiting the deſpotiſm of his officers, he abridged his own power, by aboliſhing the ſecret council of chancery, a ſtate inquiſition, which, upon the leaſt ſuſpicion, impriſoned, tortured, or executed, natives and ſtrangers. He was a warm friend to toleration; and he framed that memorable decree which enfranchiſed the nobles from compulſive ſervice, and permitted them to travel, without the royal permiſſion.

Theſe traits exhibit the character of Peter III. in a new point of view, and afford a very ſtriking example of the light that is uſually thrown on truth by time.

Precipitation, however, the king of Sweden obſerves, accompanied ſome of his ſalutary innovations; particularly thoſe relating to the clergy; which, though juſt, reaſonable, and political in themſelves, ſhocked the cuſtoms and manners of the country, and furniſhed pretexts for rendering his government unpopular.

The regiments of Iſmailoff and Preobrazinſki, formed a body of guards, in barracks in Peterſburgh, licentious and ill diſciplined; their want of ſubordination enervated their loyalty; and in former revolutions they were ſold to the higheſt purchaſer. Peter the Third conceiving, that a rigorous diſcipline would ſecure their obedience, and prevent the diſorders of a body ſo badly organized, introduced the Pruſſian diſcipline, modelled them after his Holſtein guards, and ſecured order by ſeverity: had this diſcipline been firmly eſtabliſhed, their fidelity would have been ſecured; corrup-

ruption is difficult in a corps inured to the daily detail of their duty; but the reformation was of neceſſity entruſted to German, in preference to Ruſſian, officers. Theſe ſtrangers were conſidered as uſurpers; their favour became the object of ridicule, and the national troops were inſtigated to revolt, by the ignorant pride of being offended at foreign inſtruction.

When we reflect, that many of theſe wiſe regulations were in that ſhort period of ſix months, which put a period to the reign of their author, we are affected by pity, and with horror.

Some of theſe innovations deſerve public gratitude, others, the reproach of precipitation—though a ſovereign deſpot, this prince excelled in acts of bounty, and of juſtice. His enterprizes againſt Denmark were more natural, and leſs pernicious, than the war againſt Pruſſia, foſtered by the perſonal hatred of Elizabeth, and her miniſter. The private life of Peter, it is true, was disfigured by the exceſſes of the table, which ultimately might have rendered him contemptible; but where is the king or the individual, whoſe infirmities are not relieved by ſome good qualities?—Does not equity hold the balance of good, and of bad qualities?—If the virtues and defects of the Emperor were weighed, who is there could juſtify his dethronement, and his death? Is the leaſt equality viſible, between the diſcontents he produced, and his unfortunate exit? A warm friend, a good father, an indulgent huſband, but too eaſy, too confident, and too open to thoſe traitors, upon whom his favours were laviſhed; at the end of ſix months, he experienced a fate, which ten years ſtained with crimes, and with tyranny, could have ſcarcely juſtified.

Our author having detailed the intrigues that led to the death of the Czar, ſays,

" To his laſt day, even to his laſt hour, Peter preſerved his magnanimous, fatal ſecurity, and confidence; his Ruſſian guards were corrupted by Orlof, and Rozamouſky; Catherine was miſtreſs of the Capital, and his officers were ſeduced by ſlanders againſt their ſovereign. Already had the conſpirators impiouſly counteracted their fidelity, by ſwearing and binding themſelves in the moſt ſolemn manner, to commit high treaſon—and the archbiſhop of Novogorod preſided in the ſolemnization of this ceremony, under the auſpices of the Empreſs. At length the Emperor's friends were arreſted, and the people were deceived by the artful reports, that the prince had died by a fall from his horſe, before Peter ſuſpended the enterprize at Peterſburg.

" He was then at the Orienabaum. Spite of the baſeneſs and ſervile infidelity of many nobles, of military and civil officers, he had ſtill ſome reſolute friends,—the chancellor of Woronzof, the various mareſchal Munich, and his faithful Holſtein troops;—affairs were not yet deſperate—the intrepid Munich counſelled Peter to march directly to Peterſburgh, at the head of the German troops:—" I ſhall precede you," ſaid the generous veteran, and my dead body ſhall be a rampart to your ſacred perſon." Poſſibly ſuch a reſolution would have cruſhed the conſpirators;—the ſame ſervile ſpirit which had proſtrated the nobles, the people, and the ſoldiery, would have reduced them to their lawful ſovereign, marching to vindicate his crown with his ſword, and with the abilities of Munich.

" But, alas! irreſolution ſuperſeded courage; not that Peter wanted ſpirit, but he was diſtracted by diſcordant councils—in his train were emiſſaries of the Empreſs, bathing the hands of this prince with deceitful tears, affecting to repreſent the dangers

he incurred, and inviting him to the Empreſs, and deprecating reſiſtance. This perfidy accompliſhed what treachery had commenced; and thus Peter, ſurrounded by traitors, was entangled in their ſnares, and a prey to uncertainty, when every moment was precious, and called for deciſion.

" Europe, and poſterity, will never forget the cruel fate of this monarch, in the flower of his age—dragged into captivity, and expiring in the ferocious hands of his wife, and his own confidants. The humane compaſſionated his misfortunes; and none were inſenſible of his ſufferings, ſave only thoſe from whom he had a claim to ſuccour and to conſolation.

" On the contrary, outrages of every kind were offered to him: by delivering himſelf up voluntarily to her, who during fourteen years, had the honour to be the partner of his bed, it ſeemed he was protected by all that is moſt ſacred amongſt men. His perſon, committed to the diſcretion of the Empreſs, became a depoſit, upon which it was no longer permitted to form attacks—it neither belonged to his enemies, by the rights of war, nor by that of the laws; and from the moment Peter had ſurrendered, without compulſion, every abode of Catherine ſhould have been an inviolable aſylum for him:—alas! this illuſion, by which he had been dazzled, was of a ſhort duration.

" He had been defamed by a manifeſto of June the twenty eighth;—hardly arrived at Peterhof, he became a priſoner, and felt the humiliation of being ſecretly viſited by count Panin, that frivolous and verſatile miniſter, loaded with praiſes by hireling gazetteers—that Panin, who had dared to dictate to his maſter, and benefactor, to a ſovereign, who was a priſoner, an act of abdication, and of diſhonour; an act conceived in the moſt humiliating expreſſions—that Panin, in fine, who forced the deſcendant of Peter the Firſt to take his oath in the preſence of the Almighty, and renounce his crown, to ſign with his own hand ſuch a monument of audaciouſneſs, and infamy.

" Notwithſtanding this abdication, which ſerved as a new title for preſerving his life, and liberty, the emperor, that very night, was confined in the caſtle of Robſcha. Whilſt her huſband entered this tomb, the empreſs ſurpriſed Peterſburgh with the noiſe and buſtle of a triumphal entry.

" But this pageant was not ſufficient to ſtifle the ſenſibility of the multitude; diſloyalty, in a vaſt number of them, was rapidly ſucceeded by remorſe, and by compaſſion. The people, who are always good when left to their natural impulſe, were ſhocked at hearing that their ſovereign had juſt paſſed from a throne, into the horrors of an eternal priſon. The ſoldiery manifeſted their emotions, every one was affected by the remembrance of Peter's virtues, and his faults were forgotten, as the diſpleaſure hourly increaſed; the Empreſs was threatened with a frightful reverſe..... But let us draw a veil over this melancholy ſcene, which put an end to his inquietudes; let us not repeat, that the ſeventh day of his captivity, Peter the Third was no more; that he contended for his unhappy life, with the ferocious courtiers who penetrated into the fortreſs; that the ſcreams of his convulſive agonies were heard; that two days after, ſome ſtrangers ſaw the walls ſtained with the Emperor's blood; and that one of the principal performers in this tragedy had been purſued for years, by the idea of his expiring ſovereign, and exhibited a ſhocking ſpectacle in Peterſburgh, of remorſe, and of inſanity."

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Account of Rio de Janeiro, *from* White's Voyage *to New South Wales.*

RIO de JANEIRO is ſaid to derive its name from being diſcovered on St. Januarius's day. It is the capital of the Portugueze ſettlements in South America, and is ſituated on the weſt ſide of a river, or bay. Except that part which fronts the water, the city is ſurrounded by high mountains, of the moſt romantic form the imagination can faſhion to itſelf any idea. The houſes are commonly two, and ſometimes three ſtories high, of which, even though inhabited by the moſt wealthy and reſpectable families, the lower part is always appropriated to ſhops, and to the uſe of the ſervants and ſlaves (which are here extremely numerous) the family rather chuſing to reſide in the upper part, that they might live in a leſs confined air. To every houſe there is a balcony, with a lattice-work before it; and the ſame before all the windows.

The churches are very numerous, elegant, and richly decorated; ſome of them are built and ornamented in a modern ſtile, and that in a manner which proclaims the genius, taſte, and judgment of the architects and artiſts. Two or three of the handſomeſt are at this time unfiniſhed, or repairing; and they appear to go on but very ſlowly, notwithſtanding large ſums are conſtantly collecting for their completion. As they are erected, or repaired, by charitable contributions, public proceſſions are frequently made for that purpoſe; and the mendicant friars, belonging to them, likewiſe exert themſelves in their line. At theſe proceſſions, which are not unfrequent, perſons of every age and deſcription aſſiſt. They uſually take place after it is dark, when thoſe who are joined in it are dreſſed in a kind of cloak, adapted to religious purpoſes, and carry a lanthorn, fixed at the end of a pole of a convenient length; ſo that, upon theſe occaſions, you ſometimes ſee three or four hundred moving lights in the ſtreets at the ſame time, which has an uncommon and a pleaſing effect. Conſiderable ſums are collected by this method. At the corner of every ſtreet, about ten feet from the ground, is placed the image of a ſaint, which is the object of the common people's adoration.

The town is well ſupplied with water from the neighbouring mountains, which is conveyed over a deep valley, by an aqueduct formed of arches of a ſtupendous height. The principal fountain is cloſe to the ſea, in a kind of ſquare near the palace, where ſhips water at a good wharf, nearly in the ſame manner as at Teneriffe, and with equal expedition and convenience. On the oppoſite ſide of the fountain are cocks, from which the people in the neighbourhood are ſupplied. This convenient and capital watering place is ſo near the palace, that, when diſputes or contentions ariſe between the boats crews of different ſhips, the ſlaves, &c. they are ſuppreſſed and adjuſted by the ſoldiers on guard, who in the Portugueze ſervice have great power, and often treat the people with no little ſeverity.

While we ſtaid at this place, we made ſeveral ſhort excurſions into the country, but did not go near the mines, as we knew the attempt would not only prove hazardous, but ineffectual.

From its complicated ſtate, I could learn but few particulars relative to the government of Brazil. The viceroy is inveſted with great power and authority, ſubject, in ſome caſes, to an appeal to the court of Liſbon; but, like a wiſe and prudent ruler, he ſeldom exerts it unleſs in inſtances, where ſound judgment and true policy render it expedient and neceſſa-

ry. He is a man of little parade, and appears not to be very fond of pomp and grandeur, except on public days, when it is not to be diſpenſed with. When he goes abroad, for amuſement, or to take the air, his guard conſiſts of only ſeven dragoons; but on public occaſions, he makes his appearance in a grander ſtile. I once ſaw him go in ſtate to one of the courts of juſtice; and, though it was ſituated not a hundred yards from his palace, he was attended with a troop of horſe. His ſtate carriage is tolerably neat, but by no means elegant or ſuperb; it was drawn by four horſes, irregularly mottled.

Carriages are pretty common at this place; there is ſcarce a family of reſpectability without one. They are moſtly of the chaiſe kind, and drawn in general by mules, which are found to anſwer better than horſes, being more indefatigable and ſurer-footed, conſequently better calculated to aſcend their ſteep hills and mountains.

The military force of Brazil conſiſts of a troop of horſe, which ſerve as guards for the viceroy, twelve regiments of regulars from Europe, and ſix raiſed in the country: theſe laſt enliſt men of a mixed colour, which the former are by no means ſuffered to do. Beſides the foregoing, there are twelve regiments of militia always embodied. This whole force, regulars and militia, except thoſe on outports and other needful duties, appear early in the morning on every firſt day of the month, before the palace, where they undergo a general muſter, and review of arms and neceſſaries. The private men, although they are conſidered as perſons of great conſequence by the populace, are, on the other hand, equally ſubmiſſive and obedient to their officers. This ſtrict diſcipline and regularity, as the city is in a great meaſure under military orders, renders the inhabitants extremely civil and polite to the officers, who, in return, ſtudy to be on the moſt agreeable and happy terms with them. A captain's guard (independent of the cavalry, who are always in readineſs to attend the viceroy) is mounted every day at the palace.

On both ſides of the river which forms the bay, or harbour, the country is picturesque and beautiful to a degree, abounding with the moſt luxuriant flowers and aromatic ſhrubs. Birds of a lovely and rich plumage are ſeen hopping from tree to tree in great numbers, together with an endleſs variety of inſects, whoſe exquiſite beauty and gaudy colours exceed all deſcription. There is little appearance of cultivation in the parts we viſited; the land ſeemed chiefly paſturage. The cattle here are ſmall, and when killed do not produce ſuch beef as is to be met with in England; it is not, however, by any means ſo bad as it is repreſented by ſome travellers to be; on the contrary, I have ſeen and eat here tolerably, good, ſweet, and well-taſted beef. I never ſaw any mutton; they have indeed a few ſheep, but they are ſmall, thin, and lean. The gardens furniſh moſt ſorts of European productions, ſuch as cabbages, lettuces, parſley, leeks, white radiſhes, beans, peaſe, kidney-beans, turnips, water-melons, excellent pumpkins, and pine-apples, of a ſmall and indifferent kind. The country likewiſe produces, in the moſt unbounded degree, limes, acid, and ſweet lemons, oranges of an immenſe ſize and exquiſite flavour, plantains, bananas, yams, cocoa-nuts, caſhoo apples and nuts, and ſome mangos. For the uſe of the ſlaves and poorer ſort of people, the capado is cultivated in great plenty; but this cannot be done through a want of corn for bread, as I never ſaw finer flour than at this place, which is plentiful and remarkably cheap.

The riches of this country, ariſing from

from the mines, are certainly very great: to go near, or to get a ſight of theſe inexhauſtible treaſures, is impoſſible, as every paſs leading to them is ſtrongly guarded, and even a perſon taken on the road, unleſs he can give a clear and unequivocal account of himſelf and his buſineſs, is impriſoned, and perhaps compelled ever after to work in theſe ſubterraneous cavities which avarice, or an ill-timed and fatal curioſity may have prompted him to approach.

In addition to the above ſource of wealth, the country produces excellent tobacco, and likewiſe ſugar-canes, from which the inhabitants make good ſugar, and draw a ſpirit called *aqua-dente*. This ſpirit, by proper management, and being kept till it is a proper age, becomes tolerable rum. As it is ſold very cheap, the commodore purchaſed a hundred pipes of it, for the uſe of the garriſon, when arrived at New South Wales. Precious and valuable ſtones are alſo found here: indeed they are ſo very plenty that a certain quantity only is ſuffered to be collected annually. At the jewellers and lapidaries, of which occupation there are many in Rio, I ſaw ſome valuable diamonds, and a great number of excellent topazes, with many other ſorts of ſtones of inferior value. Several topazes were purchaſed by myſelf and others, but we choſe to buy them wrought, in order to avoid impoſition, which is not unfrequent when the ſtones are ſold in a rough ſtate. One of the principal ſtreets of this city is nearly occupied by jewellers and workers of theſe ſtones; and I obſerved that perſons of a ſimilar profeſſion generally reſided in the ſame ſtreet.

The manufactures here are very few, and thoſe by no means extenſive. All kinds of European goods ſell at an immoderate price, notwithſtanding the ſhops are well ſtored with them.

The Brazil, or native Indians, are very adroit at making elegant cotton hammocks, of various dyes and forms. It was formerly the cuſtom of the principal people of Rio to be carried about in theſe hammocks, but that faſhion is ſucceeded by the uſe of the ſedan chairs, which are now very common among them; but they are of a more clumſy form than thoſe uſed in England. The chair is ſuſpended from an aukward piece of wood, borne on the ſhoulders of two ſlaves, and elevated ſufficiently to be clear of the inequalities of the ſtreet. In carrying, the foremoſt ſlave takes the pavement, and the other the ſtreet, one keeping a little before the other; ſo that the chair is moved forward in a ſide-long direction, and very unlike the procedure of the London chairmen. Theſe fellows, who get on at a great rate, never take the wall of the foot paſſengers, nor incommode them in the ſmalleſt degree.

The inhabitants in general are a pleaſant, chearful people, inclining more to corpulency than thoſe of Portugal; and, as far as we could judge, very favourably inclined to the Engliſh. The men are ſtraight and well proportioned. They do not accuſtom themſelves to high living, nor indulge much in the juice of the grape.

The women, when young, are remarkably thin, pale, and delicately ſhaped; but after marriage they generally incline to be luſty, without loſing their conſtitutional pale, or rather ſallow appearance. They have regular and better teeth than are uſually obſervable in warm climates, where ſweet productions are plentiful. They have likewiſe the moſt lovely, piercing, dark eyes; in the captivating uſe of which they are by no means unſkilled. Upon the whole, the women of this country are very engaging; and rendered more ſo by their free, eaſy, and unreſtrained mauner. Both ſexes

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are extremely fond of ſuffering their hair, which is black, to grow to a prodigious length. The ladies wear it plaited, and tied up in a kind of a club, or large lump; a mode of hair-dreſſing that does not ſeem to correſpond with their delicate and feminine appearances. Cuſtom, however, reconciles us to the moſt *outre* faſhions, and what we thought unbecoming, the Portugueſe conſidered as highly ornamental. I was one day at a gentleman's houſe, to whom I expreſſed my wonder at the prodigious quantity of hair worn by the ladies; adding, that I did not conceive it poſſible for it to be all of their own growth. The gentleman aſſured me that it was; and, in order to convince me that it was ſo, he called his wife, and untied her hair, which, notwithſtanding it was in plaits, dragged at leaſt two inches upon the floor as ſhe walked along. I offered my ſervice to tie it up again, which was politely accepted, and conſidered as a compliment by both. It has been ſaid that the Portugueſe are a jealous people; a diſpoſition I never could even perceive among any of thoſe with whom I had the pleaſure of forming an acquaintance; on the contrary, they ſeemed ſenſible of, and pleaſed with, every kind of attention paid to their wives or daughters.

[In our laſt we gave ſome Extracts from Mr Burke's Publication on the Revolution in France— We truſt the following Remarks, (which are evidently the production of no mean pen) will be acceptable.]

I HAVE read Mr Burke's pamphlet with a conſiderable degree of attention, and know not whether I ought moſt to admire the keenneſs of its ſatire, the brilliancy of its language, the ſublimity of many of its ideas, or the beautiful and conſtitutional ſentiments with which it abounds, on government and order. At the ſame time, I cannot help being ſtruck with the dark and prejudicial colouring that Mr B. has beſtowed on all the circumſtances of the French Revolution. His publication, indeed, with reſpect to this particular, reminds me of the ſtate of an Eaſtern Monarch; all magnificence and injuſtice.

I cannot conceive how any perſon can object to Mr Burke on his general conſtitutional opinions relative to the government of this country. On the contrary, I think thoſe opinions will be handed down to poſterity, and be frequently quoted, as parliamentary oracles, by future legiſlators. But how far they can be made to apply to the preſent particular caſe of France, with any degree of juſtice and propriety, as a means of ridiculing the conduct of that country, is a matter that I am totally unable to imagine; becauſe, though our form of government be, perhaps, the beſt in theory that could poſſibly be conſtructed, and though it be likewiſe almoſt as good (Mr Fox ſays better) in practice as it is in theory, yet the French have been obliged to frame *their* legiſlature after a different plan, not from preference, but, ſo far as I can judge, from comparing all circumſtances properly together, from that moſt cogent of all motives, *Neceſſity*. This plainly appears to me to have been their reaſon for aboliſhing the intermediate orders of the State; and placing the Eccleſiaſtical poſſeſſions in the hands of the public. The nobles of a deſpotic ſtate are not like the nobles of a free country, who feel their own dignity, and at the ſame time feel the reſpect due to the independent character of the Commons. Thoſe of France, taught from their cradles to believe themſelves a ſuperior race of men, and long fixed in habits of unreſiſted oppreſſion, would not patiently have ſuffered a Court of Parliamentary Ju-

Judicature, ſelected from the body of people whom they had been accuſtomed to deſpiſe, to act, like our lower Houſe, as a check upon them, or to be entruſted with any ſhare in the privilege of framing laws for the nation. While they had much authority, they abuſed it; and, equally with the clergy, proved their jealouſy and diſdain, (at the commencement of the Revolution), of the powers and conduct of the Commons. It was, therefore, *neceſſary*, when the national diſtreſſes were too great to need the further aggravation of internal hoſtility between thoſe perſons who had aſſembled only to relieve them, to melt the three orders into one maſs, and to conſtitute that legiſlative body which has been termed the National Aſſembly. It was not to be aſked whether the abolition of any intermediate powers would be an act of injuſtice to a particular claſs of perſons, however elevated, or however meritorious, but whether the exigency of affairs did not demand it, and whether a contrary conduct would not be productive of a much more material evil to the people at large? If the ſubſequent decree that aboliſhed all hereditary titles and diſtinctions be an addition to that injuſtice, and equally repugnant to our Conſtitutional Principles, it was at leaſt an act of policy, rendered indiſpenſible by peculiar circumſtances, and put into practice in order that the people might not, by ſuffering former prejudices in favour of high rank, to ſteal imperceptibly into their minds, be prepared on any deſperate attempt to effect a Counter-Revolution, to flock to the old ſtandard, and in order likewiſe that the new Government might acquire additional ſtrength againſt the ill effects of intrigues and libels, by the ſtill firmer attachment of the citizens in general, who would naturally be inclined to ſupport with their lives that ſyſtem which teaches them that their dignity and ſtate in life is equal to that of any character whatever.

The converſion of the Eccleſiaſtical poſſeſſions to national purpoſes, which Mr Burke laments as an act of ſuch extreme cruelty, was the only *practicable* means perhaps of ſaving the finances from total ruin. If the clergy, "when the terms of that tremendous proſcription hung over them, made an offer of a contribution, through the Archbiſhop of Aix, which for its extravagance ought not to have been accepted," the extravagance of the offer only proves the enormous extent of Eccleſiaſtical Wealth, at a moment when the reſt of the nation were groaning under the oppreſſion of the ſterneſt poverty. That wealth was either acquired by unjuſt encroachments, when the Clergy abuſed the authority which they derived from the influence of their function; or granted by expediency, when their poſſeſſion of it was found to be the means, either immediate or remote, of anſwering any particular national purpoſes. If it were unjuſtly obtained, it has long ſince been high time that they ſhould reſtore what was not their right: If granted by State Expediency, the ſame Expediency which gave it may take it away. For Expediency, like Fate, muſt be obeyed; and if her voice is ſo powerful that even in the land of liberty itſelf, ſhe can ſanction the impreſs of ſeamen and the extenſion of the Exciſe Laws, ſhe may in France, at this moment, be allowed to do any thing. If the French clergy had been ejected from their ſituations, naked and helpleſs, totally without proviſion and without protection, Mr Burke might then have been juſtified in the ſeverity of his anger, and the dolorouſneſs of his lamentation. The idea of this confiſcation, as he calls it, being effected from a mere wiſh to *deſtroy* the *Church*, abſtracted from

from any circumſtance of ſervice to the State, is childiſh and ridiculous. The aſſertion of this being the motive for the National Aſſembly's not accepting the offer of the Clergy in lieu of the Eccleſiaſtical poſſeſſions, is equally ſo, however elegantly the aſſertion may be worded. The reaſon of their refuſing the offer, was, becauſe they did not ſee any neceſſity, in a moment of national indigence, of accepting a ſmaller ſum when they could fairly obtain a greater.

The ruined ſtate of the national finances, the aggravation of the diſtreſſes of the people, heightened by their ſenſe of the rigours of a deſpotick government, to which they had otherwiſe, perhaps, continued to ſubmit, the admiration and attachment that the moſt enlightened French writers have, of late, taught them to feel for the bleſſings of liberty, and the poſſibility, which the example of America has evinced, of obtaining freedom, whenever circumſtances rendered its acquiſition deſirable, appear to me to have rendered a Revolution in France inevitable. — Mr Burke himſelf ſeems to admit the neceſſity of a Revolution; but, ſays he, "Why did they not adhere to that Revolution in the form of government which took place when the King aſſembled the States?" The ſtatement of one ſimple, but material fact, which Mr Burke has ſunk, but which I well remember to have taken place, before the preſent Revolution in France, furniſhes an ample anſwer; and likewiſe diſarms Mr B—— of every plea for extolling the Monarch ſo highly for his generoſity in giving his ſubjects a free Conſtitution himſelf, by calling the States together, and for inveighing ſo bitterly againſt thoſe ſubjects for the baſe ingratitude of their ſubſequent conduct towards their Royal Benefactor. The King called the States together, not as an act of generoſity, but of neceſſity; the ruinous condition of the nation required it. Under pretence of giving them parliamentary privileges, in the moſt dignified ſenſe of the word, (I mean deliberative, and if I err not legiſlative powers) he hoped that France would derive from their collective wiſdom ſome means of reſtoration to its priſtine health, which his own Miniſters found themſelves totally unable to preſcribe. Actuated with this view, he did certainly eſtabliſh a ſyſtem of liberal Government; but as ſoon as that Government began to exerciſe its functions, and to diſcuſs the important objects that came before them with a freedom inſeparable from the nature of their inſtitution, were not their councils and eſtabliſhments turned into a ſubject of mockery and inſult, by the proclamation of the Regal Menace, and the interference of the military, commanded by Royal Order to prevent the continuance of their proceedings? I will not attribute ſo weak and imprudent a ſtep to the influence of the Queen, who knew that the eſtabliſhment of ſuch a conſtitution would prevent the execution of her political intrigues, and fruſtrate her ambitious hopes of continuing one of their interior wheels in the machine of the government of the country; but allowing ſuch a meaſure to ariſe only from a want of magnanimity in the King, could it be ſuppoſed that men, once taught to reſpect the high nature of their office, and ſanctioned to conſider the diſcuſſion and alleviation of the national diſtreſs as their duty, would tamely diſperſe, as if they had been only playing at Parliament, like ſo many ſchool-boys, for the mere amuſement of their maſter, who was to break up the game whenever he choſe it, on the impulſe of tyranny or caprice?

In ridiculing the preſent National Aſſemby, as compoſed for the moſt part of mean characters, Mr B. appears to form an unfair judgment.

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In ſo large a body, there muſt no doubt be many inequalities; but the National Aſſembly certainly contains many men who held high offices in Church and State under the old Government. The purifying mode of election for conſtituting any perſon a repreſentative, (by which a ſmaller body of electors is choſen from a large maſs, and another from them, previous to the election of a Member of the National Aſſembly) ſeems to have a tendency directly oppoſite to that of ſelecting mean characters for the high office of national repreſentation. In ſo great an Aſſembly, ſome inferior characters there may be; but I think Mr B. muſt aggravate the fact when he ſays, that they conſtitute the chief part of the Aſſembly. When he ſays, that the Aſſembly is formed principally of deſpicable Attornies, and paltry country Curates, may he not, taking advantage of ſome ambiguous French phraſes, err intentionally? I know that the French word which I generally render *Sollicitor*, may likewiſe be tranſlated *Attorney*; and I doubt whether the word *Cure*, implies a clerical ſituation equally humble with that of our Curates. If I am right in this conjecture, a Frenchman might as well ſay, that our Houſe of Commons is in a great meaſure compoſed of a ſet of noiſy Barriſters, better verſed in the little quirks of the law, than the general principles of the Conſtitution; and taking advantage of Mr Whitbread's profeſſion, he might add, that it is, generally ſpeaking, ſo contemptible, that they uſually chooſe no better than a *brewer* for the office of Chairman of their Committees.

Mr Burke talks highly of the cruelty of the French. But when was a *violent* Revolution produced without ſome act of cruelty? He inveighs againſt the villainy of the Royal Proceſſion from Verſailles to Paris, and the circumſtance of making the King in a protracted journey, a public ſpectacle. But did not the intrigues at Verſailles render it abſolutely *neceſſary* to have the King in Paris? and was it poſſible on ſuch an occaſion to have the road otherwiſe than thronged, and the journey of courſe otherwiſe than protracted for a longer ſpace of time than it had elſe needed? Could it be wondered at, that, at the time when the great cauſe had nothing to dread but from the party, and the policy of the Queen, ſome men, whoſe zeal outran their judgment, ſhould in the moment of rage, attempt to aſſaſſinate her? The mention of her beauty, (as well as her deſcent) not more beautiful than Mr B.'s deſcription of it, is nothing elſe but an appeal to the paſſions. Is her beauty any defence for her crimes? If her attempted aſſaſſination had been countenanced by any men of power or talents, ſhe would not now have exiſted. Why are the National Aſſembly to be abuſed on account of the madneſs of ſome furies, *poiſſardes*? If our billingſgates, on any occaſion of a public nature, were to collect together, and commit any act of violence, ought our Houſe of Commons to be cenſured? Did the National Aſſembly conſign people without a trial, *a la lanterne*? Theſe things were the actions of the mob, and as Mr Sheridan obſerved, only prove the height to which the effects of the former deſpotiſm had ariſen, and the exceſs of the oppreſſion of the people, which could drive them to the commiſſion of ſuch crimes.

In my humble conception, Mr Burke is equally wrong in ridiculing the attention of the National Aſſembly to addreſſes, which our Houſe of Commons would reject. Our Houſe of Commons ought to be no ſtandard to them, becauſe it is firmly eſtabliſhed, and may reject what it pleaſes on the ground of the informality of the application, while the National

Aſſembly ought to attend to every thing coming from a collective body, whether of players or of artiſans, becauſe its great aim at its beginning muſt be to conciliate the public by every means in its power. If the ſacrifice of ſilver ſhoe-buckles, trinkets, &c. appear to us contemptible, why ſhould France deſpiſe it, when almoſt deſtitute of riches, ſhe found the gift aid her ſhattered finances? If the Revolution in France was attended with more bloodſhed than ours, it was becauſe ours was (as Mr Burke obſerves) only to prevent the breach of a good Conſtitution, while theirs was an effort to change the Conſtitution itſelf; and ſurely the repair of a good houſe may be done without noiſe, but ſome violence muſt be expected in the deſtruction of an habitation which is too rotten for further ſervice. Mr Burke paints all the marking features of the late Revolution with evidently too much diſtortion; and it would have been more juſt if, inſtead of attacking the French for their conduct, he had wondered how, *conſidering the circumſtances in which they were placed*, they could have acted ſo nobly as they have done. Inſtead of this, he ſeems to conſider the conductors of the buſineſs as the moſt horrid characters that nature could produce, and reminds me of Dante, who, in his Poem, entitled "*L' Inferna*," has taken care to place all the perſons whom he hates in hell.

Claims to the proper Qualifications for a Huſband.

SIR,

I Was ſo much pleaſed with reading the letter of your correſpondent *Ingenua*, in a former Magazine, that I immediately determined to ſend you a counterpart to it from myſelf. Although I very much admired the liſt of qualifications for a wife given in your former Magazine, I could not have ſuppoſed that a lady ſhould be ſo ſoon found who poſſeſſed thoſe qualifications, had I not ſeen *Ingenua's* letter. Now, ſir, as in that ſame Magazine there appeared a liſt of the mental and perſonal qualifications of a huſband, I am reſolved to let *Ingenua* know how very near I come to thoſe, and ſhall therefore notice them one by one with all that openneſs and ſincerity for which the family of the *Candids* (my family) have ſo long been celebrated.

The firſt on the liſt are, "Great piety, good-ſenſe, and good-nature." The firſt I muſt certainly decline anſwering; for any man to profeſs himſelf to be *greatly pious* would argue that he was not ſo—but this much I will venture to ſay, and it is ſaying a great deal as times go—I do not think it diſgraceful to be ſeen at church joining in every part of the devotion. I never bluſhed, though I have been ſometimes detected in the very fact of—reading a chapter of the bible—more I cannot aver. As to good-ſenſe and good-nature, if I have the firſt, the latter muſt follow of courſe, and whether I have or not, muſt as yet remain a ſecret—a ſecret which, if *Ingenua* can find out, ſhe is very welcome to make what uſe of ſhe pleaſes.

"He muſt look like a gentleman, and behave like one." This I believe I may do, at leaſt I have always been treated like a gentleman, which is ſome preſumptive proof that I look like one.—"He muſt have a freſh complexion, and be very tall; ſhort, by no means whatever; middle-ſized, paſſable."—As Ingenua has given her height, I muſt in conſcience give mine, which is juſt five feet ſeven inches—and if this ſhould not pleaſe, I ſhall be very much mortified, as I can make no additions either of *head* or heels.

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The next condition ſtartled me.—"He muſt be rich, very rich if poſſible."—I have enough, it is true, both for ſelf and family, ſhould I have one, but as to *very rich*, I could have wiſhed that the "ſingle lady" had explained how many thouſands go to compoſe a very rich man, for people differ widely on this head. "Poor, by no means, in ſpirit."—This I agree to; I always hated your poor-ſpirited wretches, and did not liberality too often border on profuſion, I would prefer the thoughtleſſneſs of youth in this reſpect to that narrow and unnatural ſavingneſs which bars the door of the heart againſt every generous paſſion, and deadens the fineſt feelings of our nature.

"A decent ſhare of love, juſt tinctured with a little jealouſy, ſufficient to make the wife believe he ſets ſome value upon her; but no ſuſpicion of any kind whatever, nor upon any provocation whatever."—Theſe are hard terms: but as this decent ſhare of love, and tincture of jealouſy are, by agreement, to appear after marriage, I cannot till then determine how far ſuch conditions may ſuit. But poſitively I muſt declare that, on certain provocations, I *will* be ſuſpicious, although thoſe provocations I take for granted are to be great ones.

"Well, but not critically ſkilled in the ways of women."—That is, miſs Ingenua, I am to forget all my experience, and be little better than a fool. No, no. But this I agree to, as I never knew the ways of any women but the beſt of the ſex, I hope that my critical ſkill will be no exception, ſince I deteſt the maxim of lord Cheſterfield's diſciples, which conſiſts in arguing from the worſt againſt the beſt of the ſex.

"In ſpelling very correct, that he may be better able to inſtruct me if I ſhould want it."—This I can at leaſt boaſt of, but I ſhould be ſorry to have the trouble of correcting my wife's blunders, and I am not quite certain that ſhe may always be in the humour to attend to me.

"In ſome parts of arithmetic very able," &c. I agree to the whole of this. In addition and multiplication of all the joys and comforts of the married ſtate, I ſhall do my beſt—and am confident I ſhall not be unſucceſsful.

"He muſt be able to play tolerably well on the fiddle, &c. but no particular intimacy with Italian ſcrapers, ſingers, and eſpecially women."—I cannot boaſt of my muſical abilities, but I have ever conſidered theſe Italian ſingers, eſpecially women, as a ſet of people who are invited for immenſe ſums to come to this country, and dupe John Bull out of his money and ſenſes.—The ſingle lady need, therefore, be under no apprehenſions on this head.

"Skilful in the uſe of the ſword, but not of a quarrelſome temper."—I know how to uſe the ſword, although I never had occaſion to put my ſkill to a ſerious trial; as to my temper, it is the ſweeteſt poſſible, eſpecially when matters go as I would have them. If in a paſſion, it is a very ſhort-lived one—I ſay all I have to ſay, and it is over in five minutes.

"Ready to accept a challenge, but backward to give one." The former of thoſe is an odd condition for a lady to demand, and if ſhe perſiſts in it, we muſt never come together, for though on certain occaſions I can make allowances for the falſe honour which prevails among men, and regret the cruel neceſſity impoſed on military men in this reſpect, yet I muſt bow to laws of divine origin and ſuperior controul.

"No enemy to wit and good-hu-

humour."—So far from it, that I consider both as the sweetners of life—I hate the whole generation of *humdrums*—wit and good-humour are perfectly consistent with religion and morality—they are consistent with wisdom, and no disgrace to philosophy.

"Not always good-natured abroad, and ill-natured home."—O dear! no—by no means.—That is one of the characteristics of a brutal husband, one of those very valiant fellows, who after being beat by his mistress, comes home and beats his wife in revenge. These are monsters in society.

"More skillful in the theoretic, than in the practical part of wife-governing." Can't say much to this. If the wife cannot govern herself, she will not profit much by the government of another, much less of a husband.

"To wine and snuff no objection, but no chewing of tobacco, or smoaking, at any rate."—In this likewise I can please the "SINGLE LADY." I have an aversion to smoking, but I always carry a box, and can upon occasions carry a bottle, though always better without it.

"No enthusiasm for whist, and no gambler or drunkard." I am happy to say I can give perfect satisfaction in all these points, which are very properly noticed here, as nine-tenths of all family miseries proceed from one or other of those causes.

"Fonder much of staying at home than of going abroad." This will very much depend on the lady—let her therefore look to it.

"A thorough knowledge of his own failings."—This letter must here speak for itself—"but no particular acquaintance with mine."—If the SINGLE LADY has failings, and will take care to conceal them, I faithfully promise never to attempt any knowledge of them; and if she either corrects them, or hides them from me, she may always keep me in perfect ignorance. At the same time where I *do* discover a failing, if it be of importance, I cannot promise to be blind, or even silent; but every thing shall be done with perfect discretion. Secrecy and honour may be depended on!—"Generous, but not extravagant." This has been already considered. Generosity without extravagance is one of the most difficult things in the world, and the difficulty with many people lies in keeping generosity and justice within sight of each other. "Generosity," says Goldsmith, is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture."—It is very apt, therefore, to exceed, and thereby produce extravagance and injustice.

"An admirer of the fine arts, but not too profuse in the purchase of pictures, &c." I have the most profound admiration for the fine arts, but a most profound contempt for those genteel pickpockets, who impose on the credulous, copies for originals, and originals of daubers for the works of eminent men.

"A lover of poetry, &c."—granted—"As much learning, Greek, and Latin, as he pleases, but not to think me his inferior, because I have no knowledge in the dead languages." The latter I conceive to be perfectly unjust and ridiculous.—Although I partly agree with Milton, that one tongue is sufficient for one woman, yet I see no reason why that one tongue may not speak several languages. In the following, for instance, I would wish my wife to be perfect; the language of good-nature, the language of affection, the language of common sense, and the language of domestic duty.—Whether these be *dead* languages, I leave to my readers to determine.

"Not to deny me a coach if he can

can afford it, or allow one if he can't." To the firſt I can ſay nothing at preſent—as to the laſt I have fully made up my mind.

I have now examined all the qualifications mentioned by the SINGLE LADY, and I hope I have anſwered them with impartiality. INGENUA, therefore, is diſpoſed to—but I will ſay no more at preſent, unleſs that

I am, ſir, your's,

THOMAS CANDID.

Obſervations on the generally prevailing Doctrines of Life and Death.

[In a Letter from Dr. B. FRANKLIN to M. DUBOURG, the French Tranſlator of his Works]

YOUR obſervations on the cauſes of death, and the experiments which you propoſe for recalling to life thoſe who appear to be killed by lightning, demonſtrate equally your ſagacity and your humanity. It appears that the doctrines of life and death in general, are yet but little underſtood.

A toad buried in ſand will live, it is ſaid, till the ſand becomes petrified; and then, being incloſed in the ſtone, it may ſtill live for we know not how many ages. The facts which are cited in ſupport of this opinion are too numerous, and too circumſtantial, not to deſerve a certain degree of credit. As we are accuſtomed to ſee all the animals with which we are acquainted, eat and drink, it appears to us difficult to conceive how a toad can be ſupported in ſuch a dungeon: but if we reflect, that the neceſſity of nouriſhment which animals experience in their ordinary ſtate, proceeds from the continual waſte of their ſubſtance by perſpiration, it will appear leſs incredible, that ſome animals in a torpid ſtate, perſpiring leſs becauſe they uſe no exerciſe, ſhould have leſs need of aliment; and that others, which are covered with ſcales or ſhells, which ſtop perſpiration, ſuch as land and ſea turtles, ſerpents, and ſome ſpecies of fiſh, ſhould be able to ſubſiſt a conſiderable time without any nouriſhment whatever.—A plant, with its flowers, fades and dies immediately, if expoſed to the air without having its roots immerſed in a humid ſoil, from which it may draw a ſufficient quantity of moiſture to ſupply that which exhales from its ſubſtance, and is carried off continually by the air. Perhaps, however, if it were buried in quickſilver, it might preſerve for a conſiderable ſpace of time its vegetable life, its ſmell and colour. If this be the caſe, it might prove a commodious method of tranſporting from diſtant countries thoſe delicate plants which are unable to ſuſtain the inclemency of the weather at ſea, and which require particular care and attention.

I have ſeen an inſtance of common flies preſerved in a manner ſomewhat ſimilar. They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be ſent hither (to London). At the opening of one of the bottles, at the houſe of a friend where I then was, three drowned flies fell into the firſt glaſs which was filled. Having heard it remarked, that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the ſun, I propoſed making the experiment upon theſe: They were therefore expoſed to the ſun upon a ſieve, which had been employed to ſtrain them out of the wine. In leſs than three hours, two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by ſome convulſive motions in the thighs, and at length they raiſed themſelves upon their legs, wiped their eyes with their fore feet, beat and bruſhed their wings with their

their hind feet, and ſoon after began to fly, finding themſelves in Old England without knowing how they came hither. The third continued lifeleſs till ſun-ſet, when loſing all hopes of him, he was thrown away.

I wiſh it were poſſible from this inſtance, to invent a method of embalming drowned perſons, in ſuch a manner that they might be recalled to life at any period, however diſtant: for, having a very ardent deſire to ſee and obſerve the ſtate of America an hundred years hence, I ſhould prefer to an ordinary death, the being immerſed in a caſk of Madeira wine, with a few friends, till that time, to be then recalled to life by the ſolar warmth of my dear country! But ſince in all probability we live in an age too early and too near the infancy of ſcience to hope to ſee ſuch an art brought in our time to its perfection, I muſt for the preſent content myſelf with the treat which you are ſo kind as to promiſe me, of the reſurrection of a fowl or a turkey-cock.

Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone, *one of the Original Settlers at Kentucke; containing the Wars with the Indians on the Ohio, from* 1769, *to the Year* 1784; *and the firſt Eſtabliſhment and Progreſs of the Settlement on that River.*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IT was on the firſt of May 1769 that I reſigned my domeſtic happineſs, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, to wander thro' the wilderneſs of America, in queſt of the country of Kentucke, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joſeph Holden, James Money, and William Cool. On the 7th of June, after travelling through a mountainous wilderneſs in a weſtern direction, we found ourſelves on Red river, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians; and from the top of an eminence ſaw with pleaſure the beautiful level of Kentucke. For ſome time we had experienced the moſt uncomfortable weather. We now encamped, made a ſhelter to defend us from the inclement ſeaſon, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found abundance of wild beaſts in this vaſt foreſt.—The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on other ſettlements, browzing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on theſe extenſive plains. We ſaw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the ſalt ſprings were amazing. In this foreſt, the habitation of beaſts of every American kind, we hunted with ſucceſs until December.

On the 22d of December, John Stuart and I had a pleaſing ramble; but Fortune changed the day at the cloſe of it. We had paſſed through a great foreſt, in which ſtood myriads of trees, ſome gay with bloſſoms, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a ſeries of wonders, and a fund of delight. Here ſhe diſplayed her ingenuity and induſtry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully coloured, elegantly ſhaped, and charmingly flavoured; and we were diverted with numberleſs animals preſenting themſelves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucke river, as we aſcended the brow of a ſmall hill, a number of Indians ruſhed out of a thick cane-brake, and made us priſoners. The Indians plundered us, and kept us in confinement ſeven days.—During this, we diſcovered no uneaſineſs or deſire to eſcape, which made them leſs ſuſpicious; but in the dead of night, as we lay by a large fire in a thick cane-brake, when ſleep had locked up their ſenſes, my ſituation not diſpoſing me to reſt, I gently

gently awoke my companion. We ſeized this favourable opportunity, and departed, directing our courſe towards our old camp, but found it plundered, and our company diſperſed, or gone home.

About this time my brother, Squire Boone, with another adventurer, who came to explore the country ſhortly after us, was wandering through the foreſt, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithſtanding our unfortunate circumſtances, and our danger ous ſituation, ſurrounded with hoſtile ſavages, our meeting fortunately in the wilderneſs gave us the moſt ſenſible ſatisfaction. Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stuart, was killed by the ſavages; and the man that came with my brother returned home by himſelf. We were then in a dangerous helpleſs ſituation, expoſed daily to perils and death amongſt ſavages and wild beaſts, not a white man in the country but ourſelves.

Thus many hundred miles from our families, in the howling wilderneſs, we did not continue in a ſtate of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter ſtorms. We met with no diſturbance during the winter. On the firſt of May 1770, my brother returned home by himſelf for a new recruit of horſes and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, ſalt, or ſugar, or even a horſe or dog.—I paſſed a few days uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have diſpoſed me to melancholy, if I had indulged the thought.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, when the diverſity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming ſeaſon, expelled every gloomy thought. Juſt at the cloſe of day, the gentle gales ceaſed; a profound calm enſued; not a breath ſhook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the ſummit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with aſtoniſhing delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand I ſurveyed the famous Ohio ruling in ſilent dignity, and marking the weſtern boundary of Kentucke with inconceiveable grandeur. At a vaſt diſtance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were ſtill.—I kindled a fire, near a fountain of ſweet water, and feaſted on the loin of a buck which a few hours before I had killed. The ſhades of night ſoon overſpread the hemiſphere, and the earth ſeemed to gaſp after the hovering moiſture. My excurſion had fatigued my body, and amuſed my mind. I laid me down to ſleep, and awoke not until the ſun had chaſed away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a conſiderable part of the country, each day equally pleaſed as at firſt; after which I returned to my old camp, which had not been diſturbed in my abſence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often repoſed in thick cane-brakes to avoid the ſavages, who, I believe, often viſited my camp, but, fortunately for me, in my abſence. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and ſtately ſtructures, could afford ſo much pleaſure to my mind as the beauties of Nature I found in this country.

Until the 27th of July I ſpent the time in an uninterrupted ſcene of ſylvan pleaſures, when my brother to my great felicity, met me, according to appointment, at our old camp. Soon after we left the place, and proceeded to Cumberland river, reconnoitring that part of the country, and giving names to the different rivers.

In March 1771, I returned home to my family, being determined to bring them as ſoon as poſſible, at the riſk of my life and fortune, to reſide in Kentucke, which I eſteemed a ſecond Paradiſe.

On

On my return I found my family in happy circumſtances. I ſold my farm at Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us; and on the 25th of September 1773 we bade farewel to our friends, and proceeded on our journey to Kentucke, in company with five more families, and forty men that joined us in Powell's Valley, which is 150 miles from the now ſettled parts of Kentucke; but this promiſing beginning was ſoon overcaſt with a cloud of adverſity.

On the tenth of October, the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed ſix and wounded one man. Of theſe my eldeſt ſon was one that fell in the action. Though we repulſed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair ſcattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and ſo diſcouraged the whole company, that we retreated forty miles to Clench river. We had paſſed over two mountains, Powell's and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland mountain, when this adverſe fortune overtook us. Theſe mountains are in the wilderneſs, in paſſing from the old ſettlements in Virginia to Kentucke, are ranged in a ſouth-weſt and north-eaſt direction, are of great length and breadth, and not far diſtant from each other. Over them, Nature hath formed paſſes, leſs difficult than might be expected from the view of ſuch huge piles. The aſpect of theſe cliffs is ſo wild and horrid, that it is impoſſible to behold them without terror.

Until the 6th of June 1774 I remained with my family on the Clench, when I and Michael Stoner were ſolicited by Governor Dunmore of Virginia, to conduct a number of ſurveyors to the Falls of Ohio. This was a tour of near eight hundred miles, and took us ſixty-two days.—On my return, Governor Dunmore gave me the command of three garriſons, during the campaign againſt the Shawaneſe.

[To be continued.]

REVIEW.

New Spain, or Love in Mexico: An Opera, in Three Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal in the Hay-market. 8vo. p. 61. pr. 1s. 6d. Robinſons. 1790.

AS in an opera the whole dependance is placed on the muſic, dramatic authors find no difficulty in ſtringing together ſcenes which have no other connexion, than as they mutually aſſiſt in the introduction of ſongs. An opera, therefore, is liable to no laws of criticiſm, and an author, with a good compoſer, and a full orcheſtra to ſupport him, may bid defiance to the whole body of critics. Of the preſent opera we can therefore only ſay, that there is more wit and ſprightlineſs in the dialogue than we uſually meet with, a fable better connected, and much more taſte diſplayed in the poetical department.

The following ſcene reminds us of Foote's manner.

'Don Lopez *and* Secretary *remain.*

'*Secretary.* Well, my old dad that is to be, now ceremony is over, tip us your daddle.

'*Don Lopez (withdrawing his hand.)* Ha!—why, who am I, you dog? do you know me?

'*Secretary.* Do you know *me*, if you come to that? Am not I a Commiſſary?—Did you ever know a Governor refuſe to ſhake hands with a Commiſſary—'tis too ridiculous——

Don Lopez. Am not I an Hidalgo from the Mountains of Arragon, and an old Chriſtian?

'*Secretary.* And is not a Commiſſary a Chriſtian too?

'*Don Lopez.* Scarcely ſo—I think.

'*Secretary.* Poh! Poh; this is carrying the jeſt a little too far—we are alone you know—why, friend Lopez, you are as diſtant as if I was of your paltry nobility.

'*Don Lopez.* Why, thou ſalter down of old bullocks——

Se-

'*Secretary.* The older they are, the fitter to die ——

'*Don Lopez.* And for thy poiſon libelled by the harmleſs denomination of rum.——

'*Secretary.* You cannot ſay that's old, I'm ſure.

'*Don Lopez.* No—by St. Anthony, 'tis new enough to do its duty —Grape ſhot is a fool to it—thou exterminator of thy fellow creatures!

'*Secretary.* All heroes have been ſo.

'*Don Lopez.* For ſlaughter in the tented field, commend me to a bit of paper called a Victualling Contract ——the ſword of Alexander himſelf was but a conſtable's ſtaff to it—That ever Don Lopez Antonio Perez de Valcabro de Redio de Montralva de la Vega, ſhou'd think of marrying his daughter to a retailer of rancid pork.

'*Secretary.* Then you won't ſhake hands?—There's a new contract.

'*Don Lopez.* Vaniſh miſcreant, or I'll break your bones.

'*Secretary.* But one word more —*(gets up to his ear) Snacks!*

Don Lopez. Ah! you comical dog—you have ſuch a winning way with you—but ſtill I'll break your bones if you don't dine with me to-day.'

Nor we preſume will the following ſpecimen of the poetry be unacceptable.

' 'Tis pleaſant to ſee, when my Lord obtains
  A poſt in adminiſtration,
How the love of his country, which boils in his veins,
Infects each dear relation.
Up his couſins, flock by dozens,
One is proud of ſupporting a place,
Juſt that it may not fall into diſgrace.
One wou'd finger the Treaſury plumbs,
Juſt to keep him from biting his thumbs,
If they juggle for titles and ſuch pretty things,
If they lie or they flatter for ſtars or for ſtrings,
  Oh! 'tis all for the good of the nation.

But ſhou'd my Lord at length for his gains
  Be charg'd with peculation,
How his crime corrupts the pure blood in the veins
  Of every dear relation.
Down his couſins, drop by dozens,
Then they find that a ſnug little place
May lie now and then in the road to diſgrace,
That they had better been ſucking their thumbs,
Than liming their fingers with Treaſury plumbs,
And if ſome more reſolv'd upon taking their *ſwing*,
Tho' their *ſtars* are eclips'd, find their end in a *ſtring*,
  Why, 'tis all for the good of the nation.'

'Zempoalla, Indians, *and* Alkmonoak *chain'd.*

'SONG. ALKMONOAK.

'The ſun ſets in night, and the ſtars ſhun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the ſon of Alkmonoak ſhall never complain.

'Remember the wood where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away;
When the flame riſes faſt—you'll exult in my pain,
But the ſon of Alkmonoak ſhall never complain.

'I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,
And thy ſon, O Almonoak, has ſcorn'd to complain.

'CHORUS of INDIANS.

'Where the foreſt deep and dread
Mocks the ſun with endleſs ſhade,
Save amid the matted twine,
Where the dog-ſnake baſks ſupine;
Through the gloom unhallow'd, where
We mark the ſullen eye-ball glare;
As the tiger thwarts our way,
Crouching low in cruel play;
Where the ſhe-bear licks her brood;
Where the yell, which ſhakes the wood,
Betrays the wolf, with famine gaunt,
Lies the hunters dangerous haunt.'

The Garden; or the Art of laying out Grounds. Tranſlated from the French of the Abbe de Lille. Small 8vo. 188 pages. price 4s. ſewed. Cadell. 1789.

AT a time when a Gothic taſte in gardening prevailed over all Europe, Lord Bacon dropped ſome hints, in his eſſays, which even now may be read with pleaſure by perſons of taſte, whom reaſon has brought back to nature; and Milton's Paradiſe was a delightful pleaſure ground, which his fancy laid out;—ſtepping forward as it were with the happy ſtride, and eagle-eye of genius, to anticipate the time, when art ſhould aſſiſt and not conceal nature. But Bacon reaſoned, and even Milton deſcribed in vain the artleſs beauties of paradiſe, ſtill the lion couched in yew, wearifome uniformity or puerile conceits proved that ſimplicity of taſte muſt ariſe from principles not obvious to uncultivated minds. Pope's ridicule, however, ſoon brought the ſubject down to vulgar capacities; and juſter notions more univerſally diffuſed, beginning to have ſome effect on practice, our gardens were no longer decked like court beauties with cumbrous ornaments and barbarous magnificence; unleſs indeed ſome rich citizen choſe to crowd fountains, grots, and caſcades into a ſpot of ground not much larger than his counting houſe.

It would be deviating from our track to mark the fopperies of modern taſte, or the idle luxury of endeavouring to give eaſtern charms to a temperate climate, whilſt welcome ſunſhine is ſhut out.—Equally abſurd likewiſe appears the vain parade of making waters ſpring in dry places, and a ſober flat aſſume a wild aſpect, which ſo far from melting into the adjoining country, looks like a patch on a modeſt face. An Engliſh garden is ſeldom ſuſceptible of improvements calculated to raiſe ſublime ideas, and when they were introduced

ced, they look like the fuſtian rant of impotence. A ſmall garden can only be made pretty and convenient; a large one may ſometimes mount from beauty to grandeur, in two or three of our fineſt counties, or in Wales, where the landſcapes are often very pictureſque; but the Alps, American woods, and far-extending ruins of whole cities and provinces, mock our puny endeavours to excite terrour and ſooth that ſublime melancholy, which rather ariſes from conſtitution than philoſophy. Dr. Johnſon ſpeaks of Shenſtone's improvements with that cold ſupercilious contempt which would have clearly proved that he had not a poetic eye, if the whole tenour of his criticiſms did not tend to ſhew that he never felt the magic power of either poetry or muſic.—He reaſoned, and he reaſoned well, when his abilities were not cramped by the vain deſire of ſaying all that could be ſaid on both ſides of the queſtion; but when he attempted to perſonify, inſtead of deſcribing a paſſion, he became a mere declaimer. The poet will ever be enamoured of nature, and mark her enchanting variety as he 'muſes along;' but the world is filled with people who feel by rule, and only ſee what others have ſeen: and if deviating from the beaten path they chooſe to become men of taſte, treatiſes on poetry, gardening, &c. only 'make thoſe coxcombs whom nature meant for fools.'—Not that we mean to inveigh againſt a general diffuſion of taſte—only it is neceſſary to obſerve, that this delicate plant grows up gradually in the mind, and will ſeldom thrive unleſs it is ſupported by virtue.

We have wandered from our book, though not from the ſubject.—The preſent free tranſlation of an elegant poem deſerves great praiſe, and the precepts it contains are happily illuſtrated in ſmooth numbers. In the prefatory addreſs the tranſlator obſerves, that 'On the ſubject of the following poem ſo much as been alalready obſerved, as well by the moſt philoſophic, as by the moſt ingenious admirers of rural beauty in our own and other languages, that he who either comes from neceſſity or inclination, to the intereſting but preoccupied theme, has little left but obvious repetitions that diſappoint the imagination, or unimportant varieties that offend the judgment.'

This is a modeſt obſervation, but carried, perhaps, too far; as the poem before us in ſome meaſure contradicts it; for the author with great delicacy of taſte has dreſſed old truths in a new and graceful garb, and given the intereſt of novelty without the diſtortion of art. We were pleaſed, but never ſurpriſed or hurt by the tranſitions, and many little pertinent epiſodes enlivened the didactic deſcriptions, which ſeldom appeared tedious. We ſhall only add ſome ſpecimens. Page 10.

'The wildeſt waſte with warmeſt charms may glow;
A ſhady robe o'er naked nature throw;
Where'er immur'd ſhe lies in gloomy night,
Quick let the ax admit the beaming light;
Where ſtagnant fens in putrid torpor ſleep,
Let lakes ſpread wide, or fertile rivers ſweep;
Thus o'er the ground your hands ſhall plenty ſhow'r,
And health ſhall glow where ſickneſs pin'd before;
Tho' dry the ſite, ſearch, dig, explore the ſoil,
Where leaſt you hope the bubbling fount may boil.
Thus when I've tortur'd long my aching brains,
And curs'd the frigid dulneſs of my ſtrains,

Sudden one happy thought my Muſe inſpires,
And the recruited verſe with ardour fires.
Nor charm the eye alone; with nobler art
Awake the ſoul, and intereſt the heart.
Do you the viewleſs ties of being know,
That link the chain of nature here below?
Have you the ſilent muſic underſtood
That breathes around from hill and vale and flood?
That muſic we require, from grave to gay,
From bold to fair, let juſt tranſition ſtray.
Be grand or ſimple, be ſublime or chaſte,
Each tone unite, and charm each various taſte.
The canvaſs then ſhall drink a richer dye,
The bard there burn with inſpiration high,
Till his rapt eyes in finer frenzy roll;
There ſhall the ſage to peace becalm his ſoul;
Remember'd joys the happy heart ſhall cheer,
And the wretch feel the lux'ry of a tear.
For pathos oft ſee forms fantaſtic join'd;
To dare is common; ſenſe to few confin'd,
E'en charms themſelves become, when ill applied,
A chaos of diſcordant parts allied;
The unharmonious tones together jar;
Contraſt and contradiction differ far.
Beſides, ſuch pictures narrow bounds diſdain,
Then bid your canvas ſtretch a ſpacious plain;
Nor let the mountains, lakes, and woods appear
Frame-cramp'd within a narrow-compaſs'd ſquare.
Laugh at the fool, whoſe taſte abſurd and vain,
With palpable deluſion, dares enchain
Regions immenſe in one poor acre's lines,
Strange parody of Nature's bold deſigns.'

It were to be wiſhed that ſome young heirs, who with ſacrilegious hand deſtroy the venerable growth of time, would pay a little attention to the following remonſtrance. P. 35.

'Tis not enough that grove or wood contain,
Within the centre of their deep domain,
Their rich or ſavage elegance, but round
Their ſkirts ſhould fair embelliſhments be found.
Weak ſymmetry ſhould ne'er their bounds confine,
Nor verdant ramparts hide the bold deſign.
But let their num'rous families be ſeen,
And the keen eye pierce deep the inmoſt ſcene.
Here ſtrong in youth let ſome their branches rear;
While others bend decrepid, knotty, bare;
Theſe creep, and thoſe o'er all the foreſt reign,
And of the ſap their tributaries drain.
A various ſcene! where manners, life and age,
Depictur'd ſtrong, the thinking mind engage.
Why mid theſe ſcenes ſhould mounds of green appear,
That ſtill unchanging, vacant features wear,

And with dull ſameneſs tire the aching ſight?
O may variety, the ſole delight
Of every human eye, break each rude tool,
That cramps free nature with a ſervile rule!
'Deep boſom'd ſwells, or jutting ſhades between
Along the woody ſkirts ſhould intervene.
Cold ſymmetry th' indignant eyes diſdain,
There to the fartheſt bounds they glance amain;
But love to view, with ever-new ſurpriſe,
The charms that from thoſe varied ſkirts ariſe;
Now loſt amid the deep'ning maze they ſtray,
Then out again purſue the winding way,
And on the pictures, which this chain compoſe,
From ſpace to ſpace enraptur'd they repoſe.
More noble looks the wood, and as we range,
At every ſtep the varying proſpects change.
'Trace then your plan, and mark with judgment chaſte
Each tree you ſacrifice to rigid taſte.
Nor yet too ſoon enforce the ruthleſs law,
With grief condemn, and execute with awe.
Ah! think how ſlowly works the hand of time!
How gradual they rear'd their boughs ſublime!
Nor wealth revives the violated ſhade,
Nor pow'r avails to cool thy ſultry head.
'Yet oft with wanton waſte, th' ungrateful heir,
Deaf to remorſe, without a paſſing care,
Looks on their faded forms, as low they lie
Upon th' indignant earth, and with'ring die.
Swift from his groves, Love ſpeeds his headlong way,
And muſing Melancholy dares not ſtay.
Oh! by thoſe ſhades, beneath whoſe ev'ning bow'rs
The village dancers tripp'd the frolic hours;
By thoſe deep tufts, that ſhroud your fathers' tombs,
Spare, ye profane, their venerable glooms!
To violate their ſacred age, beware,
Which e'en the aweſtruck hand of time doth ſpare.
Too ſoon, alas! to fate their ſtrength muſt yield,
Too ſoon ſhall younger trees uſurp the field!
The ax will fall; on earth's cold boſom laid,
Defil'd with duſt, their treſſes fair ſhall fade.'

POETRY.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Song, ſung at the Anniverſary of the St. Andrew's Society of Aberdeen, 30th November 1790.

ALL hail to the day that auſpicious returns,
Our country's bleak regions to cheer!

Tho,

Tho' Nature the Winter's wild ravages mourns,
Let joy ſhed its influence here.
Far hence be the frowns and the murmurs of care,
Let each breaſt catch the Patriot flame,
What ſoul but aſpires in our raptures to ſhare,
When *Scotia* and Freedom's the theme!

II.

Tho' cold are our hills, and tho' barren our plains,
Our climate tho' rude and ſevere,
Yet health, roſy health, ſtrings the nerves of our ſwains,
And ſmiles on the cheeks of our fair;
And Freedom, bleſt Freedom, the gift of a God,
From regions more fertile exil'd,
'Mid our woods and our wilds had of old her abode,
And our clime of its rigours beguil'd.

III.

In hoſtile array when Rome's Legions appear'd,
Her voice ſounded loud o'er the heath,
On our hills her proud ſtandard exulting ſhe rear'd,
And her motto was "Conqueſt or Death!"
Our anceſtors heard, and re-echo'd the ſounds,
"To conquer or die be our doom!"
Unmov'd as their mountains, 'twas theirs to ſet bounds
To the pow'r and ambition of Rome.

IV.

Their laurels, bequeath'd from the ſire to the ſon,
Thro' ages unfading have bloom'd,
The rays of their glory unclouded have ſhone,
And their country's bleak ſhores have illum'd;
What heroes unnumber'd have crouded the ſcene,
Well Europe's proud annals can tell,
For Freedom, regardleſs of danger and pain,
How they fought, how they bled, how they fell!

V.

And now that the tempeſt of War o'er the land
No more ſpreads its kindling alarms,
In the ſoft cares of Peace let us join hand in hand,
And in Arts be as great as in Arms;
Supported by Freedom, may Commerce increaſe,
And our ſhores her rich treaſures invite,
May Science, extending the bleſſings of Peace,
Diffuſe the mild beams of her light.

VI.

And lo! where a wreath of unfading renown
For Saint Andrew the Virtues entwine,
Thoſe virtues, protected by him, that have grown,
Round his head ſhedding luſtre divine.
O'er the pale cheek of Poverty long be it ours
Again to ſhed Health's roſy bloom,
And the eye that a torrent of miſery pours,
With joy and with hope to relume.

'Mong

VII.

'Mong nations the firſt, as in Freedom, in Worth,
May CALEDON ſtill be proclaim'd,
Her Daughters as bright as the morn of the North,
And her Sons as their fore-fathers fam'd.
Let the tools of a faction, the minions of pow'r,
Court the ſmiles of Ambition and Wealth,
Her favours on ſlaves partial Fortune may ſhow'r;
Be ours Independence and Health.

VIII.

Nor let the cold wiſh by a Briton be breath'd,
Which from ſelfiſh affection has birth,
Thoſe bleſſings, to us by our Fathers bequeath'd,
May they cheer all the Nations on Earth!
May Fame's loudeſt trump to each region proclaim,
That the reign of the Deſpot ſhall ceaſe,
And mankind ſhall welcome, with joyous acclaim,
The Æra of Freedom and Peace!

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. I. ODE II.

Written in January, 1784.

SUCH horrid ſhowers of hail and ſnow
Have uſher'd in the preſent year,
Such ſtorms above, and floods below,
That pious folks began to fear
All nature would have gone to rack,
And Noah's days were coming back.

It muſt have been an awful ſight
To ſee another ark begun,
The clumſy oſtrich take her flight,
And elephants from India run
To Calais, and, from thence to Dover
With the firſt ferry-boat fly over;

And then, how queer to ſee them all
Parading on the banks of Thames—
The panther, tyger, and jackall,
So ready when they heard their names;
The hare and rabbit ſkipping near them,
And ſheep ſecure, no wolf will tear them.

And now ſuppoſe the deluge come,
The ſcaly monſters leave the ſea;
Along our lovely meadows roam,
The ſhark entangled in a tree
And where a *Chatham* fir'd the ſoul,
Their ſlimy bulk the dolphins roll.

And, ſure, if any former nation
Has ever met with ſuch a doom,
Well may the preſent generation
Be looking for a wat'ry tomb:
Methuſalem's were ſhocking times—
But ſtill they wanted half our crimes.

Our bankrupt ſons will hear, with ſhame,
The bitter tale of Engliſh glory;
And, while our debts enſure our fame
Sincerely curſe both Wig and Tory;
And pity and deſpiſe the quarrels
Which coſt ſo dear for North and Charles.

But what expedient ſhall we try
To tear us from the jaws of ruin?
Alas! what patriot can deny
His zeal promoted our undoing?
One party made all mankind foes,
The other triumph'd in our woes.

Lochabar.

For

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

YE fanciful viſions of night,
Ye ſcenes I with rapture could view,
Ah why are ye fled from my ſight,
When from you ſuch pleaſure I drew?

Did ye vaniſh to teach me to bear
The future caprices of fate?
To ſhew, tho' her favours be near,
She often purſues us with hate?

On thoſe who in affluence flow,
And ſeldom misfortune who ſee,
Well might ye the leſſon beſtow;
'Twas needleſs to give it to me.

Oh! return and deceive me once more,
Give me back what ſo lately ye ſhow'd,
Nor now let me longer deplore,
The loſs of what oft ye've beſtow'd.

Again ſet me down in the ſhade,
(That hides me from Phœbus's glare,)
The grotto, the grove, or the glade,
But be ſure that my Phœbe be there.

With her let me traverſe the vale,
Where the pine and the apple-tree grows,
While I cut from the flow'r-planted dale
The violet, narciſſus and roſe.

And muſt I ſolicit in vain?
No more to return are ye flown?
But why of your abſence complain?
Ye remind me of what I have known.

In my youth were my proſpects moſt fair,
Dear proſpects I view'd with delight,
But they went like a bubble of air,
And they fled like the viſions of night.

Donald Mc Donald.

Iſle of Lewis.

The Editors of the Aberdeen Magazine, reſpectfully acquaint the Patrons of that Work, that in compliance with the ſuggeſtions of many friends, the Magazine will be publiſhed MONTHLY *in future.—The Magazine for January* 1791, *will be publiſhed on the firſt of February, and the ſubſequent ones on the firſt day of every Month.*

Each Magazine will contain 64 *pages, price Sixpence, being a far greater quantity for that money than any other periodical Publication in Great Britain.*

Further particulars of this arrangement will be afterwards publiſhed.

THE

ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. LXXVII.] Thurſday December 16, 1790. [Price 3d.

THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER LXXVII.

Thurſday, December 16, 1790.

MISFORTUNE OF KEEPING GOOD COMPANY—THE GOOD MAN—GREAT MAN—SURE MAN—HONEST FELLOW—WELL-MEANING MAN &c.

I Was about to proceed with the ſubject of my former paper, when I received the following letter, which, if my readers are of my opinion, will not prove an unpleaſing ſubſtitute.

To the AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

What I now ſend you appeared ſome years ago, but in a very imperfect ſhape, in a Memoir of that time; I have ſince accidentally recovered the copy, and it is very much at your ſervice, if you think it meet to fill up a corner, or ſupply an accidental deficiency in your Triflers.

I preſume to trouble you with my diſaſtrous ſtory. My calamities have been of a kind ſo uncommon, and ſo unexpected, that I am afraid I ſhall be pitied twenty times for once that I ſhall be believed. But there is a ſpirit of liberality in the world at preſent, and no ſchemer or innovator, however fanciful, is rejected without a hearing,—And yet I am ſufficiently aware that your readers as well as yourſelf, Sir, will not be a little ſurprized when I tell them that all the misfortunes of a long chequered life have proceeded from the *beſt of men.* My connection with ſuch has almoſt ruined me. Goodneſs, wiſdom, learning, yea, piety itſelf have contributed to my downfall; the evils flowing from theſe amiable qualities have been ſo rapid in their progreſs, that I heſitate not to declare, that all the vices of which devils are ſaid to be poſſeſſed could not have done me ſo much miſchief. But you ſhall judge for yourſelf.

What my profeſſion is, or my age, or even my ſex, although that may appear in the courſe of my letter, I do not think it material to relate. My ſituations in life have been many, and with every change of ſituation came a freſh calamity, and all, Sir, owing to my unhappy acquaintance with the beſt of mankind.

The firſt who did me miſchief was a GOOD MAN. What a Good Man was in former days, it is not for me to determine, but I muſt affirm that there is not a more dangerous character now on earth. I intruſted this *Good Man* with a conſiderable ſum of money, the profits of much induſtry, and the reward of much commercial anxiety and fatigue. The *Good Man* took my money, and gave me receipts for it. Every one ſaid I was peculiarly fortunate in finding ſuch a man to take care of my money—On 'Change, at Lloyd's and every where, he was a *good man*. Within a few months, the Good Man waddled out of the Alley, a lame duck. But ſtill, he was a *good man*. Waddling was not a ſin; it did not amount to bankruptcy; there was no commiſſion nor ſeizure of effects. Yet, when I came to enquire into my truſt, I found that I *might have* received fifteen *per cent.* for my money, had not ſtocks fallen; but, as that was the caſe, the *Good Man* had applied my money to the *good* purpoſe of paying his differences, which notwithſtanding his *goodneſs* never accompliſhed—Mark the Sequel—I was carried to the King's Bench—and he is now a *good man* again.

Tired of *Good Men*, I was induced to apply to a GREAT MAN. In the words *Great Man*, I thought there was ſuch an aſſemblage of the dignities of human nature, that I could not help flattering myſelf with hopes of ſucceſs. During my attendance on this *Great Man*, I acquired the arts of adulation and bowing—indeed, for a time, I could not ſtand upright—and became gifted with a greater ſtock of patience than falls to the common lot of humanity; but after I had conſumed many days and much money in paying court to him, he diſappointed me at laſt, by breaking his promiſe—and yet he was then, is now, and perhaps ever more will be a *Great Man*—a very *Great Man* who bears on his ſhoulders the cares of weighty empires.

GOOD MEN and GREAT MEN had well nigh ruined me completely, when I happened to hear a man praiſed for being a SURE MAN, a man that knew what's what—I jumped at the joyful ſounds—ſuch a man, thought I, muſt ſoon do my buſineſs—A *Sure Man* was preciſely the man I wanted, and I chearfully made my applications to him. He was very particular in his enquiries concerning my fortune, and when he found how much it amounted to in *hard caſh* (and it was no great deal) he urged me earneſtly to embark with him in a grand ſcheme that ſhould enrich us both—aſtoniſh the bulls and bears—make the Bank tremble, and the Quaker brokers curſe—and even cauſe us to be paragraphed in the papers. Ever unſuſpicious and ſanguine, I entruſted my little all to him. The ſcheme failed—I loſt all I was worth—he did not, as he hazarded but a part—All my golden hopes vaniſhed—we were neither of us enriched—the bulls and bears were not aſtoniſhed—the Bank ſtood firm—the Quaker brokers dealt ſtill in *yea*, and *nay*, and the newſpapers took no notice of us. But what I had loſt, was irrecoverably loſt. Yet when I offered to borrow a ſmall ſupply, the author of my diſtreſs refuſed ſo much as a fixpence. On my complaining of his ingratitude, "O!" ſaid my friends, "we don't wonder at that—he is a *Sure Man!*" and to be ſure (excuſe the pun, Sir) he ruined me at that time.

During my confinement in the King's Bench, in which delightful habitation my *friends generouſly* ſupported me, I met with an HONEST FELLOW. Such a man could not fail to recommend himſelf, but I thought his being there was a reproach to the laws—Neither Good Men,

Men, nor Great Men, nor Sure Men, had acted with integrity, but here, thought I, I ſhall meet with genuine honeſty. The *Honeſt Fellow*, within the ſpace of two weeks, coſt me ſeveral pounds in dinners and wine, and before the month ended, my conſtitution was ſo much impaired by keeping company with this *Honeſt Fellow*, that I was obliged to ſacrifice his honeſty to my own health—I complained of this too—but to what purpoſe? Every one told me he was an *honeſt fellow*—and ſome added, that he was a *d—nd honeſt fellow*.

Nor yet entirely diſguſted with what appeared praiſe-worthy, I conceived an affection for the company of a SENSIBLE MAN. All the world ſaid he was a *Senſible Man*—"Then he would talk! Good Gods, how he would talk!"—But on my becoming more intimate with this *ſenſible man*, I found that *Senſe* was a greater enemy, if poſſible, than *goodneſs*, *greatneſs*, or *honeſty*. After leading me into a thouſand ſcrapes, we were taken up for an open attempt to ſtorm a round houſe, in order to reſcue a drunken companion. I was ſet free, paying a ſwinging fine; and every body ſaid it was a pity that my companion ſhould have been involved, for he was a *Senſible Man*.

Youth, vivacity and plenty of money made me, after all this, ambitious of the acquaintance of a MAN OF SPIRIT. No character appeared ſo amiable—But I certainly was born to be deſtroyed by the angelic virtues of man. This connexion was more pernicious than any of the former, for I learned to curſe, ſwear, act the bully, give challenges, fight duels, raviſh virgins, cuckold huſbands, and laugh at religion—and yet, when any of my friends tricks were related, the general voice gave it, that he was certainly a MAN OF SPIRIT.

My next connexion was leſs dangerous, but more troubleſome. It was with a WELL-MEANING MAN. This involved me in as many difficulties as all my good friends put together, and what was very provoking, I could never reſent any thing, becauſe he always *meant well*. He made me buy Lottery Tickets, which all came up blanks, and he comforted me, with reminding me that one of the *twenty thouſands* was the next number to one of my blanks. He made me likewiſe buy houſes. Two of them were burnt, and we found, though too late, that they were not inſured. If ſick, he loaded me with medicines, and filled my houſe with nurſes, apothecaries, pills and phyſic vials, until I was almoſt poiſoned by the ſtench, and ruined by the expence. And yet it was *nem. con.* agreed that Mr —— was a *well-meaning man*. I once diſpatched him on an embaſſy to my miſtreſs, giving him two letters, one for her father, and one for her dear ſelf. What does he, Sir, but like a true Marplot, delivers the father's letter to the daughter, and the daughter's to the father, ſo that I was fairly baffled in that quarter. Another time I had a fall from a horſe—I was taken up inſenſible. While in this ſituation, he poured half a pint of brandy down my throat, with a view to bring me to myſelf, as he called it—the brandy threw me into a fever which had almoſt coſt me my life—indeed, I believe I ſhould have died, but that my evil ſtars reſerved me to be tormented by another good and amiable character, A MAN THAT KNOWS THE WORLD. No more deſtructive character exiſts, good as it may ſeem. As his knowledge extended only to the bad part of mankind and womankind, you cannot wonder that he ſoon reduced me to a diſagreeable ſituation. And yet, when I opened my diſtreſſes to any perſon, I was always told that he was a *man that knew the world*.

Theſe, Mr Trifler, are ſome of the good, great and amiable characters,

which have nearly accompliſhed my deſtruction. How I extricated myſelf from all my difficulties, may poſſibly be the ſubject of a future letter—mean time,

I am, Sir,

Yours,

B. BEARALL.

Account of Blue Monday, *obſerved in* Germany *as a Holiday.*

IT was formerly, and in many countries it is ſtill the cuſtom in Germany, for the journeymen, &c. employed in the lower kinds of trade, to conſider every Monday as a day ſet apart for idleneſs, and no inducement can prevail upon them to apply themſelves to work. Perhaps the cuſtom was derived from the *poſtfeſtum* mentioned in the canon law; and the expreſſion "Blue Monday" is ſuppoſed by ſome to have its origin in the bruiſes occaſioned by the fiſt and cudgels which were in frequent uſe among the drunken and diſorderly; but, as we meet with a Blue Tueſday likewiſe, the derivation ſeems more probable which occurs in a manuſcript Thuringian Chronicle.

In the ſixteenth century, it was the cuſtom in Germany to ornament the churches on faſt-days with blue; and at this period the tradeſmen began to keep their faſts by neglecting their work. This was not only uſual among the maſter tradeſmen, but they indulged their ſervants likewiſe in the ſame privilege. For want of employment, the common people had recourſe to drinking; and, inſtead of faſting, it ſoon became a common proverb, Heute blauer Fraffmontag, "To-day is feaſting Monday." This national cuſtom, which was originally confined to innocent amuſements on the evenings of the faſt-days, ſoon extended itſelf to every Monday in the year. Blue Monday was now eſtabliſhed; and the abuſe prevailed to ſuch a degree, that the day was ſoon diſtinguiſhed by debaucheries of every kind, by tumults, and frequently by murders. The perpetrators of ſuch acts were threatened with the ſevereſt puniſhment; but all the territorial edicts were fruitleſs, till the matter was ſeriouſly taken up by the diet. This was occaſioned by the company of ſhoemakers at Augſburg, in 1726, who excited their fellow-tradeſmen at Wurtſburg, by letters, to be riotous. The magiſtrates at firſt prohibited the correſpondence: this prohibition they conſidered as an infringement of their rights. The rioters were ſoon joined, as uſual, by a number of ill diſpoſed perſons, who ill treated all who oppoſed them, and made the affair of a ſtill more ſerious nature, by encouraging the ſame conduct in other towns. At laſt, upwards of a hundred members of this unconſtitutional ſociety left the town, and ſent information to Leipſic, Dreſden, Berlin, &c. of their proceedings in the following terms: "We have been under the neceſſity of adopting this meaſure to preſerve our right; and inform you that no man who is an honeſt fellow (brauer kerl) will ever go again to work at Augſburg: if he does, he may expect the conſequences, and that ſoon." This cauſed a general alarm throughout the couutry. The abuſes which prevailed among the tradeſmen were of too much conſequence to the towns of Germany, and trade in general, not to be noticed at the diet. An edict was publiſhed in 1731, by virtue of which, not only every abuſe was to be remedied, but the cuſtom of keeping Blue Monday aboliſhed entirely. The edict was but little attended to, except in Brandenburg. In many places it was not even promulgated. The emperor Francis renewed it in 1764, and a decree of the empire was paſſed

paſſed to aboliſh Blue Monday in 1771-2; but notwithſtanding this, the old cuſtom prevails, and every Monday throughout the year, in moſt of the German territories, is ſtill Blue. In the hereditary dominions of Auſtria, not only laws have been enforced, but various other means have been adopted, for this ſalutary purpoſe. Even in the Univerſity of Gottingen, in the Hanoverian dominions, where there is more Aufklarung, as the Germans admirably expreſs themſelves, or a higher ſtate of refinement, this cuſtom is ſtill ſo prevalent, that I believe I may venture to affirm, that no journeymen tailor can be prevailed upon to work on Monday by any proſpect of reward, but generally devotes that day to the joys of Bacchus.

An Account of Mr JOHN MOODY, *of Drury lane Theatre.*

OF this very excellent performer we ſhould have been glad to have given a more copious account than it is at preſent in our power.—With a degree of diffidence not often to be found in a theatre, he declared, on being applied to for ſome materials for his life, that he conſidered himſelf as too unimportant a ſubject for public attention on paper, and that his utmoſt ambition was to experience the public favour in his profeſſion.—With this anſwer we are obliged to acquieſce, and therefore are under the neceſſity of ſeeking for information from other quarters. We truſt, if we are leſs circumſtantial than we wiſh to be, we ſhall afford no reaſon to charge us with inaccuracy.

The country which gave birth to Mr. Moody has been diſputed. While ſome confidently declare him to be a native of Ireland, and even fix upon the place where he was born, others aſſert that he firſt drew his breath in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. Of the early part of his life we know nothing, except that he once mentioned to a perſon, from whom the information came to us, that he had a narrow eſcape from being forced into the Rebellion in 1745. One of his biographers aſſerts, that, ſoon after his appearance on the ſtage, he embarked for Jamaica, where he performed for ſome years. The firſt authentic intelligence we hear of him as an actor, is as a member of the Norwich Company, where his line was totally different from that in which he has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in London. In the round which that Company took, he was the principal tragedian, and performed both the heroes and lovers. Romeo and Hamlet, Richard the IIId., Caſtalio, Jaffier, Young Bevil, and other capital characters, had no other repreſentative, and he acquitted himſelf at leaſt to the ſatisfaction of a country audience.

The following anecdote we received from a perſon whoſe information, we believe, may be relied on: At one of the towns where the Norwich Company performed, the Play of Meaſure for Meaſure was acted; the part of the Duke by Mr. Peterſon, that of Claudio by Mr. Moody. In the the ſcene where the Duke endeavours to reconcile Claudio to the reſignation of life, juſt as he began the famous ſpeech "Reaſon thus with Life, &c." he dropped down in an apoplectic fit, and died immediately. Peterſon was an actor in the Goodman's Fields Company the ſeaſon in which Mr. Garrick appeared, and performed Buckingham to his Richard.—He alſo wrote a Farce called "The Raree Show, or the Fox Trapt," printed and acted, both at York and Cheſter, in 1739 and 1740. He once was offered an engagement at Drury-Lane, which he declined.

His firſt appearance at Drury-lane, as far as we can truſt our recollection, was

was in the character of Henry the Eighth, at a benefit, in the year 1758 or 1759. In the latter year he fixed his reputation as an actor, by his performance of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Love A-la-mode; and at the ſame period repreſented with great effect, the Ruſtic in Harlequin's Invaſion. In 1761, he further added to his reputation, by his excellent performance of Capt. O' Cutter in The Jealous Wife; and the Iriſhman in The Regiſter Office. So faultleſs was his manner of performing Iriſh characters at this time conſidered, as to draw from Mr. Churchill the following eulogium in "The Roſciad."

Long from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their ſport with partial view;
Form'd general notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people as for vices known,
Which from their country baniſh'd ſeek our own.
At length howe'er, the ſlaviſh chain is broke,
And ſenſe awaken'd ſcorns the antient joke.
Taught by thee, MOODY, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their Follies, from their Virtues praiſe.

Theſe lines Mr. Moody has always conſidered as his paſſport to the Temple of Fame. So long as they exiſt, he profeſſes himſelf indifferent to the praiſe or cenſure of inferior writers.

After Mr. Moody had been a few years on the London Theatre, his activity in defence of the property of his employers, embroiled him in a diſpute which occaſioned a temporary diſmiſſion from the ſtage, to which he was not reſtored, until he had publiſhed an apology, which now lies before us, in terms more humiliating than, we think, the nature of the offence demanded. — This tranſaction appears to be the moſt important in Mr. Moody's ſtage life; and therefore we ſhall be more particular in our account of it.

The diſputes ariſing from the taking of half-price are within the recollection of many of our readers. On the 25th of January 1763, the mal-contents who called themſelves the Town, determined to bring their demand to an iſſue. On that day a printed paper was induſtriouſly diſperſed in the Taverns, Coffee-houſes, &c. complaining of the Managers of the Theatres refuſing admittance at the end of the third act of a play for half-price. At Drury-lane Theatre, in the evening, upon the drawing up of the curtain, when Meſſrs. O'Brien and Holland began the play of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," they were interrupted by a confuſed noiſe; upon which Mr. Garrick came upon the ſtage and attempted to ſpeak, but an uproar immediately began; and the ladies withdrawing, the benches were torn up, the glaſs luſtres broke and thrown upon the ſtage, and a total confuſion enſued, which prevented the play from going on, and about nine o'clock the houſe was cleared, the money being returned.

On this occaſion Mr. Moody conſidered himſelf bound to protect the Theatre from miſchief, and endeavoured to ſecure ſome of the rioters; one in particular, who with a lighted torch menaced to ſet fire to the houſe. This was an offence not to be overlooked, and accordingly an atonement was to be demanded at the proper ſeaſon.

Wedneſday morning the following Addreſs to the Public appeared in the Public Advertiſer:

"The Managers of Drury-lane "Theatre having been ſuddenly cal-"led upon laſt night, to anſwer the "charge

" charge of an innovation in regard " to their prices, Mr. Garrick ac- " quainted the audience, *That he was* " *not conſcious that the Managers had* " *done any thing in this reſpect, in* " *which they were not fully authoriz-* " *ed by the eſtabliſhed uſage of the The-* " *apre; and that if there had been the* " *ſlighteſt innovation, it ſhould be recti-* " *fied.*—And this unexpected com- " plaint being grounded on the aſſer- " tions contained in a printed paper, " which had been, the ſame day, in- " duſtriouſly circulated in coffee- " houſes, and diſtributed through " every part of the theatre, Mr. Gar- " rick promiſed to publiſh a full an- " ſwer to the charges contained in " that paper; but the clamour ſtill " continuing, the performance of the " play was entirely prevented. The " Managers therefore find themſelves " under the neceſſity of informing the " Public, that a full and ſatisfactory " anſwer will be publiſhed according- " ly: and it is hoped that they will, " with their uſual candour, ſuſpend " their judgment on this occaſion till " the appearance of ſuch anſwer, " which will be in a few days."

At night when the third muſic began at Drury lane, the audience inſiſted on *Britons Strike Home*, and *The Roaſt Beef of Old England*, which were played accordingly. Mr. Holland coming in to ſpeak the Prologue to Elvira, he was hiſſed off. Mr. Garrick immediately came on, but could not obtain a hearing. After a confuſed uproar, which laſted ſome time, during which he remained on the ſtage, in a ſtate of mind that may be more eaſily conceived than expreſſed, a hundred voices calling out, *Hear him! Hear him!* while as many others called out, *Hear the Pit!* he was aſked from the Pit, " Whether he would anſwer the queſtions' that ſhould be put to him?" He reſpectfully ſaid, " He would." The following queſtion was then put: " *Will you, or will you not, give admittance for half price, after the third Act, except during the firſt winter of a new Pantomime?*" Mr. Garrick wanted to explain the reaſons of his conduct, in aſking full prices during the firſt run of a new play, but could not obtain leave: He was required to give an explicit anſwer, *Yes* or *No*. After again attempting to ſpeak to explain his conduct, he called out, in ſome agony, not without a mixture of indignation, we may ſuppoſe, at the uncandid treatment he had received, *Yes*; and the audience expreſſed their triumph in the manner they uſually expreſs their applauſe.

Mr. Aikman, an actor who had incurred ſome diſpleaſure on the preceding night, was next called upon to make an acknowledgment; which he did.

Mr. Moody* was then called upon to apologize for the offence he had given. He, imagining that he ſhould bring the audience into good humour by a laughable abſurdity in the tone and language of a low bred Iriſhman, ſaid, " He was very ſorry that he had diſpleaſed them by ſaving their lives in putting out the fire." This ſpeech was ſo ill taken, that it rather inflamed than cooled the rage of the rioters; and they loudly and vehemently inſiſted that he ſhould go down on his knees and aſk their pardon.—Mr. Moody was ſo far from complying with this poſitive command, that he had the courage abſolutely to refuſe, ſaying, " I will not by G—!" When he came off the ſtage Mr. Garrick was ſo pleaſed with his behaviour that he received him with open arms, and aſſured him, that " whilſt he was maſter of a guinea, he ſhould be paid his income; but that if he had been ſo mean as to ſubmit to the required abaſement, he would never have forgiven him."

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* This Account is taken from Davies's Life of Garrick.

" The

" The tumult was ſo great on Mr. Moody's refuſing to comply with the demand of the audience, that to appeaſe their wrath, Mr. Garrick promiſed he ſhould not appear on the ſtage again during the time he was under their diſpleaſure.

" Mr. Moody's ſituation was by no means eligible: he was reduced to the neceſſity of either taking leave of the capital, and joining the inite-rant actors in the country, or of depending upon the generoſity of the Manager. He could expect no mercy from the gentlemen who had enjoined ſo ſevere a penance for an act of duty: he was therefore determined, after weighing all conſequences, to ſeek redreſs from the original plotter of all the miſchief, Mr. Fitzpatrick himſelf.

" He waited upon him at his chambers in the Temple. The interview was extraordinary, and part of it will appear to moſt advantage in dialogue. That gentleman ſeemed ſomewhat ſurpriſed when Mr. Moody addreſſed him in theſe words: " I ſuppoſe, Sir, you know me?"

Fitzpatrick. " Very well, Sir; and how came I by the honour of this viſit?"

Moody. " How dare you aſk me that queſtion, when you know what paſſed at Drury-lane laſt night, where I was called upon by you to diſhonour myſelf by aſking pardon of the audience upon my knees?"

Fitzp. " No, Sir; I was not the perſon who ſpoke to you."

Moody. " You did, Sir; I ſaw you, and heard you; and what crime had I committed, to be obliged to ſtoop to ſuch an ignominious ſubmiſſion? I had prevented a wretch from ſetting fire to the playhouſe; and had eſpouſed the cauſe of a gentleman in whoſe ſervice I had enliſted."

Fitzp. " I do not underſtand being treated in this manner in my own houſe."

Moody. " Sir, I will attend you where you pleaſe; for, be aſſured, I will not leave you till you have ſatisfied me one way or other."

" Mr. Fitzpatrick, perceiving that Mr. Moody was determined to exact ſatisfaction, aſked him what reparation he wiſhed to have. Mr. Moody ſaid, he expected, that he would ſign his name to a paper, and repair the injury, by acknowledging that he had acted towards him in a moſt unjuſt and improper manner; at the ſame time that he would requeſt his friends not to inſiſt on the penance preſcribed to Mr. Moody, but to receive him to favour, on his making any reaſonable excuſe.

" Mr. Fitzpatrick now aſſumed the man; he declared that no power on earth ſhould prevail on him to ſign ſuch a writing. Mr. Moody then renewed his poſitive reſolution to right himſelf. After ſome further altercation, Mr. Fitzpatrick propoſed to ſerve Mr. Moody in another way, and perhaps more effectually than the ſigning any inſtrument whatever.— " I know Mr. Moody (ſaid Mr. Fitz- " patrick) goes to the Jamaica cof- " fee-houſe; I will meet him there " to-morrow morning, and fix upon " a proper method to accommodate " matters to his entire ſatisfaction."

" Mr. Fitzpatrick did not meet Mr. Moody. However, he ſent a gentleman to him with whom he was well acquainted, and one very willing and able to bring about a reconciliation between the audience and the actor. Mr. Fitzpatrick now began to view his conduct with impartial eyes; and, to make ſome amends for his paſt outrageous conduct to the actor and Manager, he wrote a letter to Mr. Garrick, in a ſtrain very condeſcending, and to a proud man very humiliating. The chief purpoſe of this epiſtle was to acquaint him, that whenever he thought proper to introduce Mr. Moody to the audience, he

and

and all his friends would attend, and contribute to his being reinſtated in the favour of the public."

In this manner this troubleſome affair concluded, and Mr. Moody returned to the ſtage, on which he has remained ever ſince, equally in the favour of the Manager and of the Town. In 1771 he added further to his reputation by his performance of Major O'Flaherty in The Weſt Indian; and in his line of characters is not likely to leave an equal, or even a ſucceſſor to be compared in any manner with him.

Mr. Moody poſſeſſes in an eminent degree the friendſhip of many reſpectable perſons, by whom he is much eſteemed. He lives partly in the country, where he employs himſelf in attending to a farm, to which he devotes his vacant hours in which he is not wanted at the Theatres; and by his prudence is ſuppoſed to have ſecured to himſelf that ſtate of independence which will enable him to enjoy the decline of life with comfort and dignity, free from the cares and turmoils of a public life.

Interview between Mr Bruce, and Tenſa Chriſtos, an Abyſſinian Prieſt.

TENSA CHRISTOS, who was one of the Chief prieſts of Gondar, was a native of Gojam, and conſequently of the low church, or a follower of Abba Euſtathius; in other words, as great an enemy as poſſible to the Catholic, or as they will call it, *the religion of the Franks*. He was, however, reputed a perſon of great probity and ſanctity of manners, and had been on all occaſions rather civil and friendly to me when we met, though evidently not deſirous of any intimate connections of friendſhip; and as I, on my part, expected little advantage from connecting myſelf with a man of his principles, I very willingly kept at all poſſible diſtance; that I might run no riſk of diſobliging him was my only aim.

This prieſt came often to the Iteghe's and Ayto Aylo's, with both of whom he was much in favour, and here I now happened to meet him, when I was taking my leave in the evening. I beg of you, ſays he, Yagoube, as a favour, to tell me, now you are immediately going away from this country, and you can anſwer me without fear, Are you really a Frank, or are you not? Sir, ſaid I, I do not know what you mean by fear; I ſhould as little decline anſwering you any queſtion you have to aſk, had I ten years to ſtay, as now I am to quit this country to-morrow: I came recommended, and I was well received by the king and Ras Michael: I neither taught nor preached; no man ever heard me ſay a word about my particular mode of worſhip; and as often as my duty has called me, I have never failed to attend divine ſervice as it is eſtabliſhed in this country. What is the ground of fear that I ſhould have, while under the king's protection, and when I conform in every ſhape to the laws, religion, and cuſtoms of Abyſſinia? True, ſays Tenſa Chriſtos, I do not ſay you ſhould be alarmed; whatever your faith is, I would defend you myſelf; the Iteghe knows I always ſpoke well of you, but will you gratify an old man's curioſity, in telling me whether or not you really are a Frank, Catholic, or Jeſuit?

I have too great a regard, replied I, to the requeſt of a man ſo good and virtuous as you, not to have anſwered you the queſtion at whatever time you could have aſked me; and I do now declare to you, by the word of a Chriſtian, that my countrymen and I are more diſtant in matters of religion, from thoſe you call Catholics, Jeſuits, or Franks, than

you and your Abyſſinians are; and that a prieſt of my religion, preaching in any country ſubject to thoſe Franks, would as certainly be brought to the gallows as if he had committed murder, and juſt as ſpeedily as you would ſtone a Catholic prieſt preaching here in the midſt of Gondar. They do preciſely by us as you do by them, ſo they have no reaſon to complain. And, ſays he, don't you do the ſame to them? No, replied I; every man in our country is allowed to ſerve God in his own way; and as long as their teachers confine themſelves to what the ſacred books have told them, they can teach no ill, and therefore deſerve no puniſhment. No religion, indeed, teaches a man evil, but, when forgetting this, they preach againſt government, curſe the king, abſolve his ſubjects from allegiance, or incite them to rebellion, as being lawful, the ſword of the civil power cuts them off, without any blame falling upon their religion, becauſe theſe things were done in contradiction to what their prieſts, from the ſcripture, ſhould have taught them were truly the tenets of that very religion.

The Iteghe now interpoſed: What do you think, Tenſa Chriſtos, if Yagoube is not a prieſt, ſhould he not be one? Madam, ſays he, I have one queſtion more to inquire of him, and that ſhall be all, nor would I aſk it if he was not going away to-morrow. It is an unfair one, then ſaid I, but out with it; I cannot ſuffer in the opinion of good men, by anſwering directly a queſtion which you put to me out of curioſity. It ſeems then, ſays he, you are not a Frank, but you think, your own religion a better one than theirs; you are not of our religion, however, for you ſay we are nearer the Catholics than you; now what objection have you to our religion, and what is your opinion of it?

As far as I am informed, ſaid I, I think well of it: it is the ancient Greek church, under St Athanaſius, ſucceſſor to St Mark, in the chair of Alexandria. This being the caſe, you cannot have a better, as you have the religion neareſt to that of the apoſtles, and, as I have before ſaid, no religion teaches a man evil, much leſs can your religion give you ſuch inſtruction, if you have not corrupted it; and if you have, it is no longer the religion of St Athanaſius, or the Apoſtles, therefore liable to error. And now, Tenſa Chriſtos, let me aſk you two queſtions; you are in no fear of anſwering, neither are you in danger, though not about to leave the country, Does your religion permit you to marry one ſiſter, to divorce her and marry the other, and then, keeping the aunt, to marry the niece likewiſe? Does St Athanaſius teach you to marry one, two, or three wives, and divorce them as often as you pleaſe? to marry others, and then go back to the former again? No, replied he. Then as you do this daily, anſwered I, you certainly are not living in this one inſtance according to the religion of St Athanaſius. Now I aſk you, If any prieſt, truly Chriſtian, from our parts, (not a Frank, but agreeing in every thing elſe with you,) was to preach againſt this, and ſome ſuch like practices, frequently uſed in Abyſſinia, could this prieſt live amongſt you, or how would you treat him? Stone him to death, ſays Ayto Aylo, who was ſitting by; ſtone him to death like a Frank, or a Jeſuit; he ſhould not live a week. Yagoube is hard upon me, continued Tenſa Chriſtos, turning to the Iteghe, but I am ſorry to ſay with truth, I fear they never would abandon the fleſh-pots of Egypt, their ancient inheritance; for the teaching of any prieſt, however perfect his religion might be, or pure his life, or however corrupt their manners,

ners. Then Tenſa Chriſtos, ſaid I, do not be over ſure but that ſhedding the blood of thoſe Franks as you call them, may be criminal in the ſight of God. As their religion has ſo far ſerved them, as to prevent the practice of ſome horrid crimes, that are common here, yours hath not yet had that effect upon you; if you do not want precept, perhaps you may want example; theſe Franks are very capable of ſhewing you this laſt, and your religion inſtructs you to imitate them.

All this time there was not the ſmalleſt noiſe in the room, in which above a hundred people were preſent; but, as I wiſhed this converſation to go no further, and was afraid of ſome queſtion about the Virgin Mary, I got up, and paſſing to the other ſide of the room, I ſtood by Tenſa Chriſtos, ſaying to him, And now, holy father, I have one, laſt favour, to aſk you, which is your forgiveneſs, if I have at any time offended you; your bleſſing, now that I am immediately to depart, if I have not; and your prayers while on my long and dangerous journey, through countries of Infidels and Pagans.

A hum of applauſe ſounded all throughout the room. The Iteghe ſaid ſomething, but what, I did not hear. Tenſa Chriſtos was ſurpriſed apparently at my humility, which he had not expected, and cried out, with tears in his eyes, Is it poſſible, Yagoube, that you believe my prayers can do you any good? I ſhould not be a Chriſtian, as I profeſs to be, Father, replied I, if I had any doubt of the effect of good mens prayers. So ſaying, I ſtooped to kiſs his hand, when he laid a ſmall iron croſs upon my head, and, to my great ſurpriſe, inſtead of a benediction, repeated the Lord's prayer. I was afraid he would have kept me ſtooping till he ſhould add the ten commandments likewiſe, when he concluded, "Gzier y' Baracuc," May God bleſs you. After which, I made my obeiſance to the Iteghe, and immediately withdrew, is not being the cuſtom, at public audiences, to ſalute any one in the preſence of the ſovereign.

Twenty greaſy monks, however, had placed themſelves in my way as I went out, that they might have the credit of giving me the bleſſing likewiſe after Tenſa Chriſtos. As I had very little faith in the prayers of theſe drones, I had ſome reluctance to kiſs their greaſy hands and ſleeves; however, in running this diſagreeable gauntlet, I gave them my bleſſing in Engliſh,—Lord ſend you all a halter, as he did to Abba Salama, (meaning the Acab Saat.) But they, thinking I was recommending them to the patriarch Abba Salama, pronounced at random, with great ſeeming devotion, their Amen,—So be it.

ON GOOD-NATURE:

A SCHOOL EXERCISE, WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

Good-nature and Good-ſenſe ſhould always join. POPE.

WHEN we range through the various walks of life, and examine the different characters of mankind around us, we ſhall be aſtoniſhed to find how diſproportionate to each other are the degrees in which praiſe and merit are commonly diſtributed. Many ſhall we meet with who have their full quota of the one without the leaſt particle of the other, and *vice verſa*.—There hath crept into the minds of the generality, an unaccountable proneneſs to confound appearances and realities, true merit and the pretence to it. To theſe ſuperficial obſervers, bawbles and jewels, virtue and its counterfeits, are equally valuable. But all is not gold

that glitters, nor *all* real excellence which paſſes for ſuch.--Well ſays the Poet, " he that would ſearch for pearls muſt dive below "—Yes: the ſoul is the infallible teſt of the man, and every external accompliſhment comparatively mean and beggarly. But the bulk of mankind are little able and leſs diſpoſed to engage in ſo nice and laborious a work as the inveſtigation of the characters of thoſe, whoſe deſerts they nevertheleſs decide upon in a peremptory manner; of conſequence, the moſt reſpectable names are frequently beſtowed upon the leaſt deſerving, while real merit paſſes unnoticed and in ſilence.—Hence the modiſh dialect of converſation is now ſwelled with ſuch fantaſtic expreſſions, that a man muſt have been ſome time converſant in the *beau monde* to be able to gueſs at their meaning. For example, though it be inconteſtibly true, yet who would at firſt ſight imagine that *a man of nice honour* means neither more nor leſs than a deliberate murderer; *a very honeſt fellow*, a very drunken one; and that the name of *a good-natured man* has either no ſignification at all, or ſignifies a fool? Upon the laſt of theſe characters, ſo frequently proſtituted to the vileſt purpoſes, yet of ſo great and manifeſt a real value, it may be worth while to be a little more particular.

And though it be a quality than which none is more difficult to be found, or where found more ennobling, yet who is there of whom it hath not been ſaid, *he is the beſt-natured man alive?* This ſtrong expreſſion is now thrown out at random, and paid and returned like bows and compliments.—Were we to form our judgment of mankind from this particular, we ſhould imagine them to be in a moſt happy condition indeed.

Common decency and good manners are ſometimes miſtaken for this amiable accompliſhment. One who, when introduced into company, makes his honours gracefully, is *a good ſort of a man*. He then perhaps anſwers a few trifling queſtions, and keeps up the tattle of converſation with readineſs and propriety—inſtantly he commences *a pretty fellow*. But if theſe be accompanied with a few gracious and unmeaning ſimpers—O Lud! he is *a perfectly good-natured man!*

Good-humour is frequently palmed upon us for Good-nature; one who talks much, laughs heartily (perhaps at his own folly), flatters egregiouſly, takes the tone of the company, good, bad or indifferent, and thus ſhews himſelf poſſeſſed, at leaſt for the time being, of a fine flow of ſpirits, is without heſitation honoured with this title. But prithee, let us attend him home. There ten to one but you will find his good-humour baniſhed, languor, fullenneſs, and ill-nature ſupplying its place, and moſt powerfully exerted upon his inferiors and domeſtics.

All paſſionate people are reckoned extremely good-natured. However often and high their paſſions riſe, and whatever bad conſequence it may produce, yet we ſhall probably be told, that a man of this ſtamp, when cool, is the beſt-natured fellow in the univerſe; which indeed is another way of telling us he is ſo when he is not otherwiſe. Surely, had theſe men the leaſt ſpark of Good-nature in them, they would in their lucid intervals deſire to be locked up for the reſt of their lives, that they might do no more miſchief.

But there is one claſs of men to whom this virtue is generally attributed, who are at the ſame time the moſt pitiable and the moſt ridiculous of all others. They poſſeſs indeed a very high degree of benevolence and humanity, but it is of a kind which proceeds not from ſentiment but imbecility, and a ſlaviſh fear of offending the importunate: the intereſt, the

fortune

fortune, the heart, all that ſuch people can call their own, is equally the property of every comer, friend, ſtranger or foe; they laugh this minute with one, cry the next with another; and thus go on, like a horſe in a mill, in an everlaſting circle of weeping, rejoicing and ſympathiſing with it matters not whom. Whatever company they are in, its will is theirs; they pimp for the whoremaſter, aſſiſt the drunkard in his infamous ſcrapes, and lend him money for his unjuſtifiable wants:

Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar. POPE.

But even this end they cannot obtain. Their eſtates, however great, muſt by ſuch courſes be ſoon diſſipated, and their pretended friends, who buzzed about them like ſummer-flies in the ſun-ſhine, inſtantly vaniſh upon the leaſt appearance of the tempeſt of adverſity. The good, who might have been permanently attached to them, cannot but be alienated, when they ſee them ſacrifice their health, their fortune and their virtue to the very dregs of their ſpecies. To ſum up their character: In proſperity they are the dupes of knaves and ſharpers, and in the poverty to which they are thereby reduced, the objects of univerſal contempt.

Is Good-nature then a thing really vicious and deſpicable? No. It is, on the contrary, one of the principal duties of moral, one of the beſt preparatives for ſocial life. Without it, man is a torment to himſelf, obnoxious to all about him, and diſapproved by his Maker: but in proportion to the degree in which he poſſeſſes it, he becomes contented and happy in his ſtation, agreeable and uſeful to his friends and acquaintance, acceptable to, and in a ſort reſembling, God himſelf.

Man is placed in the world in the different moral capacities of ſuperior, inferior, and equal; ſubject to his great Creator and thoſe placed above him in the order of ſociety; aſſociate with thoſe of his own rank; maſter of his ſervants and dependants; and lord of the animal creation. As far as he diſplays the tender and benevolent feelings in diſcharging the duties of theſe ſeveral ſtations, ſo far he dignifies humanity, and merits the noble title of *good natured*. The firſt and moſt important of them is that in which we ſtand of creatures to a Creator: and even here, where we ſhould leaſt expect it, good-nature and the tender feelings are of the laſt conſequence. God, in the manifeſtations he hath made of himſelf to mankind, hath diſtinguiſhed himſelf as the beſt and moſt amiable of beings, whoſe very eſſence is love. He hath declared our beſt ſervice to conſiſt in the exerciſe of this affection towards him, and prefers a voluntary ſervice to the moſt coſtly oblation. "Perfect love (ſaith an Apoſtle) caſteth out fear;" and the whole tenor of ſcripture repreſents complacency and acquieſcence in the divine attributes and conduct as the higheſt perfection of rational beings; ſo that, as the poet well obſerves,

—Who but wiſhes to ſubvert the laws
Of order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe. POPE.

The relations in which we ſtand to our fellow men include all the three original ones; nor are the various duties of loyal ſubjects, agreeable companions, and good maſters, any or the leaſt momentous incumbent on humanity. As the ſubjects of a ſtate, Good-nature obliges us to love, honour and obey the heads of that in which we have had the fortune to be born. If its conſtitution be free and glorious, and its ſituation among its neighbours exalted and honourable, it equally requires us to do our utmoſt

to

to render them durable and permanent; if otherwiſe, to exert every nerve for their remedy: ſtill loth, however, to run the length of a party, as fully conſcious of the deſtructive tendency of civil broils.

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patriâ mori, is a maxim it ſtrongly enforces; leading us with equal willingneſs to oppoſe her foes, whether internal or external, whenever her innovated liberties or injured honour demand ſuch ſervice. Good-nature too makes the moſt agreeable companions: in converſation it gives a grace to the drieſt, ſpirit to the coldeſt, and life to the moſt dull. It unites companions almoſt inſeparable by ſtill cloſer ties. It ſuffers not adverſity, impriſonment, ſcarcely death itſelf, to part them for a moment. Still more, it renders us humane maſters, diligent ſervants; beneficent if rich, grateful if poor.—In ſhort, in every ſtation it leads us to act by that beſt of principles,

Homo ſum: nihil humanum a me alienum puto. TERENCE.

But this quality extends beyond the bounds of human nature. Every ſpecies of creatures, even the minuteſt inſect, hath a claim upon our ſympathy and kindneſs. They are the objects of the divine benevolence, and this is a ſufficient reaſon to awaken ours. They diſcover ſuch ſtrong indications of their ſenſibility as demand our tenderneſs and compaſſion:

—The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſuff'rance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
SHAKESPEARE.

But how little this is attended to, the numberleſs beings daily tortured out of exiſtence by the moſt wanton and unneceſſary cruelties plainly evince. Many have tempers ſo hardened to the impreſſions of humanity as to practiſe without the leaſt remorſe, or indeed with a ſeeming delight, the tormenting of inſects and other animals. Not to mention cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and other ſuch diverſions, which every man of common reflection cannot but cenſure, what ſhall we ſay to hunting, ſhooting, and fiſhing, though indeed much more generally practiſed? Reaſon ſeems to condemn every method of deſtroying creatures for our ſport or diſguſt.—We muſt indeed put to death many for our food, and ſtill more upon account of their noxiouſneſs; but ſurely to do it with reluctance does much more honour to humanity than the turning it into a ſource of entertainment. In ſhort, the whole animal creation calls for our benevolence, and as far as we withhold it, ſo far are we deficient in the very duties of humanity.

Thus univerſal, thus important is the godlike quality of Good-nature. Let it then be the ſubject of our unwearied endeavours to take off the guiſe from impoſtors who would paſs themſelves upon us under this ſacred title—the buſineſs of our future lives aſſiduouſly to cultivate this moſt glorious attribute of our nature, and

Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon,
Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence.
POPE.

Hints for the Management of Political Tropes.

MR. EDITOR,

IN theſe ſtrange times, it cannot ſurely eſcape your obſervation, that politics conſtitute the chief end of man. From the ſecretary on the bench to the cobler in the ſtall, you hear nothing but treaties, bills, reforms, votes, cenſures and debates. If you aſſume the haughtineſs of a courtier, and

and dwell in the inmoſt parts of St. James's, you find yourſelf at the helm of government, and if you take the ſwiftneſs of a *pigeon*, and fly to the uttermoſt parts of Whitechapel, you have reaſon to wonder his Majeſty does not chuſe his privy counſellors from behind the counter, and create ſecretaries and firſt lords from grocers and firſt fidlers. No ſituation can confine the *linguo-motive* abilities of men. You have chancellors and lawyers where the world ſees only chandlers and labourers, and the national debt is often paid by an inhabitant of the King's-Bench.

As the general converſation of mankind turns inceſſantly upon one topic, we are not to wonder if trope, metaphor, and ſimile ſhould often appear. We are not to wonder that all the flowers, and even all the weeds, trees, foreſts, and blighted fruit of rhetoric ſhould appear. The newſpapers, thoſe ſovereign cordials to a political mind, thoſe epiſpaſtics to the ſluggiſh blood, and inert nerves of Engliſhmen, generally dictate the opinions of the day.

Ruminating laſt night, in my gown and ſlippers, on theſe weighty concerns, I could not help thinking that he might do a ſervice to the public who ſhould reduce political language to ſome ſtandard, and arrange the metaphors of politics in a certain regular progreſs. My abilities, I confeſs, are woefully unequal to the taſk; my political career has been but ſhort, nor have I performed many of thoſe feats which diſtinguiſh the forward patriots of the day. I never deſtroyed above one fleet, nor captured Jamaica above twice. I made only three arrangements of miniſtry previous to the laſt change, and I do not remember that I ever proceeded further in liquidating the national debt, than by propoſing to annihilate it. Twice, indeed, I impeached a certain noble lord, and I conquered America for near two months. But, alas! theſe were but trifling ſervices, and ſhow my practice to have been but ſcanty. I ſhall, therefore, content myſelf with throwing out a few looſe hints concerning my intended plan of arranging the metaphors of politics, to do which which we muſt conſider what the moſt common metaphors are.

Firſt, Mr. Editor, government is compared to a SHIP. Hence we hear of the *helm*, which I take to be the Treaſury Bench. *Storms* are not unfrequent alſo, particularly the dreadful hurricanes of *contrary* winds, and it is a remarkable property of thoſe winds, that they blow from all quarters at once. Thus a few weeks ago, they blowed from the eaſt, and from the ſouth, and had not the *maſter* of the veſſel called all hands on deck, and promiſed to promote them, it is an hundred to one but the *veſſel* muſt have foundered. Beſides ſtorms from without, the veſſel ſometimes *ſprings a leak*, and if the mariners are not able to ſtop it, the *proprietors* of the ſhip impute it to their negligence, and diſmiſs them from their ſervice. This metaphor of the ſhip is not unfrequent, but it is rather unfortunate, as we hear often of her having more ſail than ballaſt, that the mariners ſometimes run her aſhore, or turn pirates and injure the proprietors. Beſides, in ſome caſes, ſhe has truſted more to her *guns* than to the fair cuſtom of trade, and not unfrequently (but let this be *among ourſelves*, Mr. Editor) her *bills of lading* are made up from falſe eſtimates. At preſent, ſince the peace, ſhe is laid up in dock, and they are buſied in repairing her. Very good judges pronounce that ſhe wears exceeding well, and only wants careful hands to man her.

Secondly, Government has been compared to a HORSE. Hence we hear of the *reins* of government. I do not profeſs myſelf to be enamoured of this metaphor. As a *horſe* government has

has often ſlung his rider, and no ſooner did he arrive at the *goal* of *peace* than he fell down on his knees, and was beat and bruiſed by the other horſes in the courſe, particularly by a French horſe, remarkable for his ſwiftneſs in running. At preſent, miniſtry ſeem likely enough to keep the ſaddle, as they have got a new invention of *Indian* ſtirrups. Much will depend on the horſe's moving in an equable pace. The galloping during the American war was certainly detrimental, and he was diſtanced in every heat. The knowing ones never indeed were ſo palpably taken in, the reaſon of which I take to be, that the rider did not know the uſe of the bridle, and juſt as he was turning to ride home, an *Iriſh* rogue came behind and cut off his tail, on purpoſe to make chair-bottoms for the *grand convention*. At preſent *cropped* horſes are in faſhion, and it muſt be confeſſed our horſe is not ſingular, for he ſeems *cropped* of all his ſenſes.

Thirdly, and laſtly, for I wiſh not to be tedious, government is compared to a Body. Hence we hear of the *conſtitution*, and that miniſtry could not *ſtomach* this or that, and that they had *digeſted* this or that bill. According to this metaphor, it appears that bleeding has been repeatedly employed to cure the diſeaſes of the conſtitution, but that inſtead of curing it has increaſed the malady, and brought on a weakneſs that threatens a ſpeedy diſſolution. The reaſon of this was not that bleeding was abſolutely improper, but it was taken from a wrong part of the body.

The *cephalic vein*, which goes to the head, ſhould have been pricked, inſtead of which they opened the veſſels in the lower extremities, and let out ſuch a quantity of blood, as to weaken the tone of the ſtomach; a ſevere *mortification* was the conſequence, and the limb was obliged to be *amputated*; nor was this *amputation* well performed, for the ſurgeon cut off more than was neceſſary; nay, ſome are of opinion, that the limb might have been ſaved, had they applied *lenitives* before the *ſcarlet* fever took place.

The food by which the conſtitution is upheld has often been complained of. Tender ſtomachs, ſuch as thoſe of convaleſcents, cannot bear ſtrong meats; the *receipt tax*, for inſtance, although twice ſerved up in different ſhapes, does not agree with the ſtomach, producing *windy* complaints. *Reform bills*, too, are rather high ſeaſoned, and increaſe the bulk of the body without adding to its ſtrength. The uſe of *tea* has often proved detrimental, particularly in the year 1775, when the patient voided a large quantity of blood.

Different modes of cure are now adopted. Some are for *epipaſtics*, to cure the lethargic ſtate of the ſolids, and others are for leaving all to nature, having but little courage to attempt a new mode. Some uſe *bitters* made up in *budgets*, but they generlaly produce bad effects. Others are for indulging the patient in all his different longings, juſt as unhappy perſons who have habituated their conſtitution to ſpirits are obliged at length to increaſe their doſe, and find that nature cannot do without it.

Theſe, Mr. Editor, may ſerve as ſpecimens of metaphorical diſcourſes, which are held in all faſhionable places of political reſort. My reaſon for wiſhing that the metaphors were ſtudied and properly arranged is, that they are often abſurdly mixed. For inſtance, the *ſhip* and the *horſe* are often joined, and ſometimes we hear of the *ſhip* and the *members*, and the *horſe* all in one. We are likewiſe often at a loſs to know how to tranſlate plain language into metaphorical. *Ex. Gr.* Is the receipt tax a *vomit*, or a *bliſter?* Is it a part of the *horſe whip*, or a ſtirrup? Is it a part of the *ballaſt*, or only part of the *cabin* ſtores? The India bills too—are they *ſtrengtheners*

or

or *purgers?* Are they *ſhoes* for the *horſe*, or a *bridle*, or are they, which I ſuſpect to be the caſe, a new *ſaddle?* Are they *port holes* for miniſterial *guns*, or *floating batteries* for oppoſition? *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Theſe, Mr. Editor, are alarming difficulties. I know not what your learned men are about, but I cannot help ſaying that it is the duty of ſome of them to apply their minds to this ſubject. The great importance of it appears from this, that when we are diſpoſed to cenſure government, we may uſe the language of metaphor, without danger of loſing our ears, or being confined in Newgate, whereas, if we uſe plain language, we may endanger our lives, fortunes, and liberty, nay, even that moſt important of all ſpecies of liberty, the liberty of eating, ſo dear and ſo grateful to the feelings of an Engliſhman.

That you will properly recommend this ſubject to public notice, is the particular requeſt of,

Mr. Editor,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

TIMOTHY TROPELOVE.

Somewhere, Dec. 5, 1790.

CHEAP MOURNING.

"FIVE *per cent.* cheaper than any where elſe in London."

Coachman! (cried I) draw up to that ſhop—five *per cent.* is an object with a large family, who are *mournfully* ſtudying to look lovely in *black.*

'I bought a piece of ſilk for my wife's gown—Go on coachman.'

"TEN *per* cent. cheaper than any where elſe in London."

'Hey day! What! *Ten per* cent. cheaper than *five per* cent.—A ſaving of fifteen *per* cent. by all that's ſacred—

I bought a piece for waiſtcoat and breeches—'You may go home now, coachman.'

"FIFTEEN *per* cent. cheaper than any where elſe."

'Holloa! Stop—drive up to that ſhop over the way—*Fifteen per* cent. cheaper than *ten per* cent. and *ten per* cent. cheaper than *five*—Zooks! here's an honeſt fellow—my ſervants ſhall all wear black.

I bought very decent mourning for Molly and Betty—'Go on again, coachman.'

Ruminating on the uncommon integrity of the ſhopkeepers on *ſuch* an occaſion, my eye ſuddenly caught, in large letters—

"TWENTY *per* cent. cheaper than at any ſhop in London!"

Praiſe be to the Gods that I was born in ſuch an age!—I will preſent my nieces and nephews with complete mournings—for here I have it for nothing—*Twenty* per cent. cheaper than *fifteen*—*fifteen* per cent. cheaper than *ten*—*ten* than *five*—and *five* than *any other ſhop* in London.

Gracious powers! Is there a man ſo honeſt as to ſell cheaper than I can calculate?—What a pity my ſtupid coachman did not drive this way firſt—but he ſhall ſtop me no where elſe, for I ſuppoſe the next ſhopkeeper will toſs *mourning* into the coach *gratis.*

Twenty — fifteen — ten — five — "This is the houſe that Jack built —this is the malt, &c.

Yours,

SAM SARCASM.

Memoirs of Victor Claude-Antoine Robert Comte de Parades, *a Spy in England during the American War.*

THIS in many reſpects extraordinary perſon, who was initiat-

ed into the moſt important ſecrets of the Cabinet of Verſailles, was conſidered by many as nothing more than a bold adventurer. He aſſerted that he was deſcended from a noble family in Spain; but many maintained that he was the ſon of a paſtry cook at Phaizburgh, named Richard. The latter opinion gained moſt credit.—He ſays of himſelf, "Born with a mind of ardour and ſenſibility, the obſcurity with which my infancy was enveloped could not long ſubſiſt: I felt the neceſſity of making myſelf a name, when I learnt from a reſpected friend that my birth gave me a title to one. This I was reſolved my conduct ſhould prove me worthy to bear." Mr Dartus, chief engineer at Befort, who is ſtill living, and was formerly a friend of Parades the father, atteſts the truth of the Count's deſcent, and thus relates his hiſtory.

The father of our hero was chief engineer at Hunningue. He was actually deſcended from an ancient and noble family in Spain. His name was Robert de Parades. One branch of this family ſtill exiſts in Spain; that which came into France quitted the name of Parades, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, and retained that of Robert only. About 1760, M. Parades obtained letters patent, permitting him and his children to reſume the name of Parades. He had been privately married to one Henrietta Oderſon, a native of Ireland, by whom he had one ſon, born at Luquet in Bigorre, about the end of 1752, or beginning of 1753. She died two days after the birth of her ſon, and was buried at the ſame place. M. de Parades died at Hunningue, without its being publicly known that he had ever been married. His ſon paſſed his infancy in the houſe of one Richard, a paſtry-cook at Phaizburgh, who brought him up as one of his own children, under the direction of M. Lambert an engineer, to whom Parades, at his death, had entruſted his ſon, with the ſecret of his birth and family. This truſt M. Lambert left to Mr Dartus, who afterwards revealed the ſecret of his birth to young Robert, and made him aſſume the name of Parades. From the office of Mr Lambert the young Robert was removed to that of Mr Dartus, and to theſe two officers of diſtinguiſhed merit he was indebted for the cultivation of theſe talents which he afterwards diſplayed. After his ſervices to the French Court had procured him the honour of an apartment in the Baſtile, on being ſet at liberty he was enjoined to quit the name of Parades. But this was a mere miniſterial injunction, not founded on any judicial proceſs. It is a fact, that at his death he was in poſſeſſion of a certificate of his birth, one of his mother's death, and a deed executed, in conſequence of a lawſuit between him and Meſſrs. Frazer de Vilas and their ſiſters, who had taken poſſeſſion of the effects of their uncle, Parades the father, as his heirs. By this deed Meſſrs. de Vilas acknowledged Parades as the ſon of their uncle, and reſtored his patrimony. It is ſtrongly in favour of the Count's claim, that this deed was executed after his quitting the Baſtile, when the public opinion had almoſt ſtripped him of his name and title; and it cannot reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that, under ſuch circumſtances, any family, particularly one conſiſting of officers in the army, would have acknowledged him as a true Parades, had he been an uſurper of the name. By his will Count de Parades made Meſſrs. F. de Vilas and their ſiſters reſiduary legatees, and they took poſſeſſion of his effects as heirs at law. But to return to his life.

In 1774, the ſubject of theſe memoirs went to Switzerland, and thence to the Lower Valais, under the name of Robert. Here he was well receiv-

ed

ed by M. de Chaignon, French *Charge des Affaires*, and employed his talents as an engineer on different occaſions. Whilſt thus occupied, his active mind planned the grand ſcheme of a communication between Geneva and Vicentino, by means of the Rhone, which would have opened France an immenſe trade to the Venetian territories.—The French miniſtry readily embraced the project, and nothing was wanting but the conſent of the republic of Valais. The happy natives of that country however, rich in the fewneſs of their wants, dreaded too much the corruption of their manners by that luxury attendant on commerce, to liſten to the propoſal; and thus the ſcheme proved abortive.

It was the beginning of 1778 when *Robert* arrived at Paris, where he announced himſelf as *Count de Parades*. France was then on the eve of a war with Great Britain. Deſirous of a commiſſion in the army, though it was rather late for him to enter it in the common way, our hero conceived he might facilitate his deſign by viſiting England. He did ſo.—Having examined every thing, and made minutes of what he thought eſſential, he returned to Paris. M. de Sartine commended his zeal, but was deſirous of more particular information. Parades went again to England, procured further intelligence, and again returned to Paris. For theſe two journeys he received 25,000 livres (1041.l), and was once more diſpatched to ſettle correſpondences in caſe of a war, and to make ſeveral neceſſary arrangements. On his arrival at London he engaged a man in his ſervice for a certain ſum of money down, and 100l. per month. This man introduced him to two Portugueſe Jews, who entered into the plot, and quitted London with him for a third tour. Early in the morning after his arrival at Plymouth he viſited the citadel. Having made ſome obſervations, and taken ſome ſketches, accompanied with his guide, a centinel obſerving two ſtrangers at an early hour, whom he had not ſeen enter, informed the guard. The ſerjeant with two ſoldiers came to him, aſked him what he did there, and obſerved, that he ought to have known nobody was permitted to viſit that place. Parades anſwered, that he was ignorant of it, being a ſtranger, and that his guide, who was one of the town, ſhould not have led him thither. "Seize that raſcal!" ſaid the ſerjeant to his ſoldiers, "and carry him to the guard-houſe." Immediately they took him by the collar, and were leading him off, when Parades put his hand in his pocket, took out ten guineas, gave them to the ſerjeant, and ſaid, "Let the poor fellow go, no doubt he knew no better."—The money blinded the ſerjeant's eyes. "Drive that fellow out of the place," ſaid he to the ſoldiers, "and do not let him come here again." Then, turning to Parades, "Perhaps your Lordſhip wiſhes to ſee the fort; it ſhall be my duty to conduct you." Here Parades continued making his obſervations from ſeven o'clock till four, when the ſerjeant accompanied him to his inn, where he gave him a couple of guineas more and diſmiſſed him.

The Count's principal agent was not leſs active. He hired a veſſel, the captain of which engaged punctually to obey the orders of the French miniſtry, on condition of being paid 800l. a month, and that all the prizes he ſhould take from the French or Americans ſhould belong to him and his crew. Having ſettled his different arrangements, the expence of which amounted to about 1250l. per month, Parades returned to France.

M. de Sartine agreed to every thing he had done, except with reſpect to the article of captures, which he abſolutely rejected. The Count returned to London. A new veſſel of 14 guns was purchaſed and fitted out;

and his captain informed him, that he could gain over a man who held an office under Government, and could render him the moſt eſſential ſervices. This man was ſounded, found fit for the purpoſe, and promiſed for 150l. per month to furniſh him with all the orders iſſued by the admiralty, or received there.

The firſt advice he received was, that twelve ſhips of the line were to be fitted out at Plymouth, deſtined for America, under the command of Admiral Byron. The Engliſh miniſter being informed that a French ſquadron of twenty-five ſhips had ſailed from Breſt, Admiral Keppel was ordered to put to ſea from Portſmouth with all the ſhips there, which amounted to twenty, to watch the French fleet, without engaging them, and to favour Byron's voyage by keeping them at bay. As ſoon as the latter had gotten out of their reach, he was to return to Portſmouth to continue his equipment. Intelligence of all this was diſpatched to M. de Sartine, and by him to the Count d'Orvilliers; but the latter, doubting the authenticity of it, and fearing he ſhould have 32 ſhips to engage inſtead of twenty, remained idle, and gave Byron an opportunity to proceed on his voyage. When Byron was out of danger, he diſpatched a frigate to Admiral Keppel, who immediately returned to Portſmouth to complete his armament.

Parades viſited France again, on this occaſion, but ſtaid only two days at Verſailles. On his return to London, his veſſel being equipped, he went with her to Spithead. A fleet from India being expected daily, Keppel was ordered to put to ſea to cover its arrival, which he did July 10, 1778, a frigate being diſpatched to meet it with inſtructions. Parades ſent advice of this to France, and followed Keppel himſelf till the 19th, when he left them to ſeek d'Orvilliers, whom he fell in with the 21ſt, and gave his diſpatches to a frigate. The blowing weather drove the Count from his ſtation, whilſt Keppel was manœuvring to ſecure the expected fleet; but on the 27th, the two ſquadrons being very near each other, the former gave orders for the attack. The event of this ſkirmiſh is well known. The French returned into port, and the following day the Engliſh merchantmen paſſed the field of battle without interruption.

The winter approaching, Parades turned his thoughts towards Plymouth, and formed a plan for delivering it into the hands of the French. For this purpoſe he gained to his intereſts the ſerjeant whom we have already mentioned. He then ſailed for Portſmouth, reconnoitring the coaſt as he went, and anchored oppoſite to Yarmouth. Deeming it of importance to render himſelf maſter of Hurſt Caſtle, which commands the entrance of the Needles, he propoſed to his Captain, without acquainting him with his deſign, to prevail on the garriſon to let them depoſit ſmuggled goods there. This, for a certain ſhare of the profits, was readily agreed to; and thus he ſecured admiſſion for any number of troops in diſguiſe by night, whenever he might require it. To be aſſured of the event, he landed goods more than once, and was always admitted on making the ſignals agreed on. Having completed his ſurvey of the Iſle of Wight and Portſmouth, he left Spithead, landed at Havre, and ſent his veſſel on to the Thames.

Parades was now rewarded with a brevet of Captain of Horſe, and a penſion of 10,000 liv. (416l. 13s. 4d.) All his meaſures were approved, and the additional expences incurred, which were upwards of 300l. a month, were provided for. He did not return to London till Sept. 12. Having viſited his ſeveral agents, with all of whom he

he was perfectly ſatisfied, he went over to Ireland, and took a view of ſome of the principal forts, but ſoon returned to London. A large fleet of merchantmen being aſſembled in the Downs, he ſent advice of their deſtination to France, and two days before they were to depart, he ſailed for Breſt. A violent gale of wind, however, aroſe, juſt as he had paſſed the iſland of Portland, in which his veſſel was driven aſhore and loſt, with great part of the crew.

Parades immediately purchaſed another veſſel, and ſailed for Portſmouth. Arriving at night, he anchored in the midſt of the fleet without exciting the leaſt ſuſpicion. This ſuggeſted to him another ſcheme, which he imparted to M. de Sartine, by whom it was approved. It was to carry in a fire-ſhip with him as a prize, whilſt his Captain conducted another, and thus deſtroy a great part of the fleet at anchor. Parades was eager for the execution of the grand deſigns he had planned, and the Miniſter equally avowed their importance: but ſome of the circumſtances appearing very extraordinary, he accepted Parades' offer of conducting a confidential perſon, to aſſure him of the truth. M. de Berthois, an officer of the artillery, was choſen for this purpoſe. On their arrival at Plymouth, the drunkenneſs of the Captain led them into a ſcrape, which had like to have terminated unpleaſantly, but Parades' addreſs extricated them. M. de Berthois having viſited the different places at which Parades had correſpondence, and found every thing anſwerable to the deſigns, they returned to France.

Parades required only 4000 men for Plymouth, 1500 for Hurſt Caſtle, two ſhips of the line, two frigates, and two fire-ſhips. The ſecurity of the Engliſh, and the precautions taken, rendered their ſucceſs certain.—But the Miniſter thought the ſcheme too narrow. An army of 30,000 men was aſſembled; and inſtead of two millions of livres, fifty millions were ſpent to do nothing. The fleet was equipped, and ſailed from Breſt. Inſtead however of repairing immediately to Plymouth, the time was ſpent in endeavouring to meet the Spaniſh fleet; and when they did arrive off that town, the officers appeared to be all united in oppoſing the deſires of the Commander in Chief, to whom they had conceived a diſlike, as he had rank in the army, ſo that nothing was attempted. Thus ended the grandeſt enterprize planned throughout the war.

Sick with vexation at ſeeing his plan prove abortive, and himſelf the victim of little jealouſies, Parades returned to France. He did not give up his deſign, however, but again propoſed it to M. de Sartine. Nothing being determined on the ſubject, he mentioned it to the Count d'Aranda, who approving it, he aſked permiſſion to propoſe it to the Court of Spain. This he was expreſsly forbidden. He then wiſhed to undertake it as a private concern, ſome of his friends engaging with him to defray the expence of the undertaking: but this propoſal was alſo rejected.

The continual expences which Parades was obliged to defray having made him conſiderably in arrear, for by this time he had acquired a conſiderable fortune by gratifications, penſions, and ſeveral profitable purchaſes he had made, he was preſſing for re-payment. The ſcheme againſt Plymouth having failed, and theſe repeated ſolicitations not being very agreeable to the Miniſter, it was thought the ſhorteſt and moſt convenient ſtep to ſend Parades to the Baſtile, on pretence of having diſcloſed ſecrets of State. Thither he was conducted on the 5th of April 1780.

In vain did the Count's wife ſolicit his enlargement. It was not till the 15th

15th of May 1781 that he was releaſed, after having experienced the moſt rigorous treatment, and undergone the ſtricteſt examinations, in all of which nothing appeared to criminate him. On his arrival at home, he found his only child juſt dead, his affairs in diſorder, and himſelf, though conſiderable ſums were owing to him from Government, without money, and without credit. He had expended, agreeably to the Miniſter's directions, 1,280,020 liv. (53,334l. 3s. 4d.) he had received only 692,400 liv. (28,850l.) of courſe there were due to him 587,620 liv. (24,484l. 3s. 4d.

On his diſmiſſion from the Baſtile, he was enjoined to quit his name, not to leave the kingdom, and not to go within forty leagues of any ſeaport. All this was a mere miniſterial injunction, however, and not founded on any judicial proceſs. Parades paid no regard to it. He ſtill bore the title of Count de Parades, and in 1784 he viſited St. Domingo, to look after an eſtate which in his proſperity he had purchaſed of the Marſhal de Noailles. The vexations he had experienced, and his natural activity, co-operated with the heat of the climate to ſhorten his days, and he died the year following. His widow returned to France, where ſhe ſtill lives retired in the country.

STERNE'S LA FLEUR.

(Concluded from page 710.)

NUMBER III.

" Thou art not for the faſhion of
theſe times,
" Where none will ſweat but for pro-
motion." SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT LA FLEUR KNEW OF STERNE.

THE Writer of theſe papers, in converſing with the very amiable deſerving ſubject of them, was particularly ſolicitous to draw from La Fleur the apparent temper of Sterne; and above all, a confirmation of ſuch traits in the *Sentimental Journey* as indicate the refinement of his feelings, and the exquiſite ſenſibility of his ſoul. Much of this was above the reach of La Fleur's mind: —he frankly acknowledged, that a variety of paſſages in the travels were ſo worked upon by this Child of Whim and Verſatility, that he knew not *what to make of them*.

" There were moments," ſaid La Fleur, " in which my maſter appeared ſunk into the deepeſt dejection—when his calls upon me for my ſervices were ſo ſeldom, that I ſometimes apprehenſively preſſed in upon his privacy, to ſuggeſt what I thought might divert his melancholy. He uſed to ſmile at my well-meant zeal, and I could ſee was happy to be relieved. At others—he ſeemed to have received a *new Soul*—he launched into the levity natural *a mon pays*," ſaid La Fleur, " and cried gaily enough, " *Vive la Bagatelle!*" It was in one of theſe moments that he became acquainted with the GRISETTE at the glove ſhop—ſhe afterwards viſited him at his lodgings, where La Fleur made not a ſingle remark;—but upon naming the Fille de Chambre, his *other* viſitant, he exclaimed, " It was certainly a pity, ſhe was ſo pretty and *petite*."

The lady mentioned under the initial L. was the Marquiſe Lamberti: to the intereſt of this Lady he was indebted for the Paſſport, which began to make him ſeriouſly uneaſy. Count de B. (Breteuil) notwithſtanding the Shakeſpeare, La Fleur thinks would have troubled himſelf little about him. Choiſeul was Miniſter at the time.

POOR MARIA!

was, alas! no fiction—" When we cam

e

came up to her," ſaid he, "ſhe was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the *duſt upon her head* —and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accoſting her with tenderneſs, and raiſing her in his arms, ſhe collected herſelf, and reſumed ſome little compoſure—told him her tale of miſery, and wept upon his breaſt—my maſter *ſobb'd aloud*. I ſaw her gently diſengage herſelf from his arms, and ſhe ſung him the Service to the *Virgin*—my poor maſter covered his face with his hands, and walked by her ſide to the cottage where ſhe lived—there he talked earneſtly to the old woman.

"Every day," ſaid La Fleur, "while we ſtayed there, I carried them *meat* and *drink* from the hotel; and when we departed from *Moulines*, my maſter left his bleſſings and ſome money with the mother—*How much*," added he, "I know not—HE ALWAYS GAVE MORE THAN HE COULD AFFORD!"

Sterne was frequently at a loſs upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war-time; and he had wrongly eſtimated his expences—he had reckoned along the *poſt roads*, without adverting to the WRETCHEDNESS that was to call upon him in his way.

"At many of our ſtages my maſter has turned to me with tears in his eyes—"Theſe poor people oppreſs me, La Fleur! how ſhall I relieve them!"

Paris and its endleſs varieties detained them near FOUR MONTHS.

"*An Engliſhman does not travel to ſee Engliſhmen.*"

This maxim of Sterne was ſufficiently verified through all his journeyings; he never viſited them at all——civilities, whenever they met, were all their intercourſe together. He delighted to mix with the natives *alone* of the countries he paſſed through.

He wrote *much*, and to a late hour. I told La Fleur of the inconſiderable quantity he had *publiſhed*—he expreſſed extreme ſurpriſe. "I know," ſaid he, "upon our return from this tour there was a large trunk completely filled with papers."

"Do you know any thing of their tendency, La Fleur?"

"Yes—they were miſcellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he had viſited; and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the moſt elaborate enquiries into the differing governments of the towns, and the characteriſtic peculiarities of the Italians of the various States."

To effect this, he read much; for the collections of the Patrons of Literature were open to him; he obſerved MORE. Singular as it may ſeem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to ſpeak *Italian*. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his maſter, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable.—"I the more wondered at this," ſaid La Fleur, "as he muſt have underſtood the Latin."

The above hints, which certainly are faithful remarks, leave us to regret, that whoever had the diſpoſition of his papers after his death, ſhould have executed a truſt either ſo negligently or unſkilfully, which, properly performed, would no doubt have enriched the world with much valuable reſearch and original remark, and conſigned to merited oblivion a thouſand TOMES of *tedious travelling*, which preſent not the ſmalleſt particle of either.

God is my record, there is no nation under Heaven where there is more *wit* and *variety* of character to feed the mind with, than in England.

STERNE.

WITH this maxim, the reſult of

ex-

experimental proof, did Sterne chooſe to deter the locomotive folly of his countrymen.

Where a hoard of grief preſſes upon the heart, which ſtagnation may root, and exerciſe probably diſſipate, the ſooner a man puts himſelf in motion, and the ſwifter his ſpeed, the better. Whether ſuch were Sterne's neceſſities, I know not; but he paſſed through much of Italy *a la hate*.

Turin indeed detained him *ſix weeks*. He then viſited Milan, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, paſſing only a few days at each.

Florence ſeduced him by her world of wonders—he ſaw and remarked upon every thing worthy a traveller's notice—his ſtay here was a week.

To Sienna he went with a view odd enough—Liſten, O ye VIRTUOSI, ye DILETTANTI, ye COGNOSCENTI, you who feaſt upon *petrifaction* and *pavement*, and *medals* and *muſic*, to the purpoſe for which Sterne ſtaid eight days at Sienna. His was not indeed of *your* kidney.

The women alone, and worthily, drew him thither. They are the moſt beautiful of the Italian dames. He indulged himſelf in the delightful contemplation of the varieties and ſhades, as it were, of *ſoul*, diſcriminating the prominent features, perfect oval, and intellectual eye, of the moſt ex preſſive countenances under Heaven.

You alſo are employed—about WHAT?

At Rome he had particular attentions paid him—the Pope honoured him with ſeveral unreſerved conferences, and graciouſly permitted the graves, extreme curioſities, to be opened for his reſearches. This, it muſt be noted, is a particular favour.

Sterne uſed to paſs, while at Rome, where he ſtayed four months, much of his time in the delightful gardens of the VILLA MEDICI; there he was accuſtomed daily to ſtroll, and either read or ruminate undiſturbedly and alone. His ſojourn at Rome, however, was lengthened by neceſſity—remittances failed him dreadfully, and, at laſt, ſuſpicion began to point at this *ſentimental ſtranger*. His recommendatory letters then ſtood him in much ſtead; they were to ſuch as never patroniſe in vain; to the noble families of Conti, Doria, and Santa Cruza. By their countenance, much probable miſchief was prevented. He however certainly rejoiced at his departure.

Money, without which moſt of us go but an unpropitious journey, let our road be as it may, through *life*—money at laſt received, carried him on to

Naples. It may be ſome ſatisfaction to future travellers to be informed, that Sterne lodged there at the Caſa da Manoel, fronting the ocean. He had an introduction to Prince Cardito l'Offredo, who received him with his wonted politeneſs. Here he reſted only three days. Meſſina then received him. From Milan he preſſed on to Venice, and returning by the way of Germany, he viſited Vienna, Frankfort, Bruſſels, and, eager for home, made the beſt of this way. For thoſe who may have viſited Italy, Germany can have but few attractions any how.

Enough, no doubt, he might ſee, that forbad a near inſpection; but the only ſurpriſing ſubject that has occurred to the writer through this tracement of his wanderings, is, that he did not viſit La Grande Chartreuſe, and yet Sterne's imagination was *ſublime* and *poetic;* that place where Gray felt the

PRÆSENTIOREM et conſpicimus DEUM,
Per invias Rupes, fera per Juga
Clivoſque *præruptos ſonantes*
Inter *Aquas*, NEMORUMQUE NOCTEM.

He paſſed, in his way from Lyons to Pont Beauvoiſin, within a few leagues; but hurry or heedleſſneſs car-

carried him along without ſtopping.

His reflections here would, under his powers to adorn, have produced a charming picture of *melancholy man*, ſtarving amid the plenteous prodigalities of PROVIDENCE, and ſteeling his boſom againſt feelings that GOD and NATURE ordained him to employ in ſoftening the ſorrows and reciprocating the kindneſſes of men, in *ſearching* VIRTUE—in *active* USE.

An excellent writer of the preſent day has, however, rendered the loſs leſs lamented, by a treatment of the ſubject in a manner mixed up of PIETY and PATHOS.

ALAS! POOR YORICK! *Shakeſpeare.*

AND it ſhall all apply. For would not any man who ſurveys the VULGAR and the VAIN riſing into fortune, without a SENTIMENT that is not ſordid, or a VALUE that is not *ſubſerviency*, exclaim *Alas!* upon the little of the world's wealth attained by the powers of Sterne?

POOR, who can more fairly appropriate? Ah! Yorick, thy *poverty* was as unqueſtionable as thy WIT!

Travelling with a couple of coats, a *voiture* for his vehicle, and a drummer for his retinue, goes but ſlowly towards the confidence or the civilities of people proud of their ſplendour, and ſedulous for ſtate.—Embarraſſments were many: money, never reckoned upon, when benevolence or neceſſity opened the purſe, was as eaſy of flight from him as others.—Oppreſſed with claims which the HAUGHTY hear and diſregard, the PRUDENT paſs on and refuſe to hear, and the philoſopher anſwers with compaſſion when he has nothing elſe left to give—no wonder Sterne's circumſtances made him uneaſy, ſo calculated as he was

TO FEEL FOR ALL MANKIND.

As I have here ſet the boundary of theſe *memoranda*, let me haſten to add what few particulars remain upon memory unmentioned.

THE STARLING,

who ſo pathetically tells the readers of his travels, "*that it could not get out*"—never ſpoke but in *Fancy's ſabling ear*.—Valued perhaps from occurring ſenſation, Sterne conſigned him to the care of La Fleur, who brought him ſafely over to Britain; "but perhaps," ſaid La Fleur, "*he had forgot his note*—certain it is I never heard him ſpeak"

An aſſertion has been malevolently ſent abroad under the ſanction of Dr. Johnſon's name, affirming Sterne to have been *licentious* and *diſſolute* in converſation. If he were ſo, it muſt have been confined to his own country. The teſtimony of La Fleur ſtands thus far againſt the aſperſion.—"His converſation with women was of the moſt intereſting kind," ſaid he; "he uſually *left* them ſerious, if he did not *find* them ſo."

"During our travels, I do not pretend to ſay that he lived like an Anchoret, but it was abſolutely a fact, that with the *diſſolute* of the SEX (who in other countries are ſomewhat more ſought after than in our own) he *never aſſociated at all*." How he mixed up the *morality* of his mind, God knows! *Un entretien par Amour* merely, he got through as well as he was able.

THE DEAD ASS

was no invention—the mourner was as ſimple and affecting as Sterne has told. La Fleur remembers the circumſtance perfectly.

Of that ludicrous ſtory, which my readers will recollect by the mention of the *corking pins*, at which ſo many have ſmiled, and ſo many *(I hope)* have bluſhed—my *fair countrywomen* muſt be told that the circumſtances are *not* true.

TO MONKS

Sterne never exhibited any particular ſympathy. La Fleur remembers ſeveral preſſing in upon him, to all of whom his anſwer was the ſame—

Mon pere, je ſuis occupe. Je ſuis pauvre comme vous.

Such are the *notitia* which I have collected together from a faithful affectionate follower of a writer in many reſpects inimitable. It may be ſaid, they are not of much importance, by many—of none, perhaps, by *more*—the *vulgar* ever outnumber the *valuable*. Some there are, who will not reject my ſlender preſent—*they* who, with a great man, are happy to be told that "Milton faſtened his ſhoes with *latchets*."

All matter of *amuſement* is comparatively alone of importance. He who would paſs theſe mentions by, as of *inſufficient moment*, for the rambling reveries of airy *ſpeculation*, may be no wiſer or better a man than him, who follows with fond admiration in the *footſteps* of *erratic Genius*. To the abſtracted *Man* of *Metaphyſics*, who *doubts* when he ſhould *feel*, and prefers to *exerciſe of impulſe* the *reaſoning upon its cauſe*, what can I ſay but this—My employment, compared with his, is of *higher moment*. I have attempted to lead men to cultivate the ſenſibilities of Nature and the rewards of Benevolence—He freezes the mind down to *apathy*, until, torpid and unaſſailable, it liſtens no longer to the language of *Love* or the fidelity of *Friendſhip;* but, robbed of all confidence either in the *Creature* or the *Creator*, ſinks an inſipid compound into *equalizing duſt* and *believed annihilation*.

If I have been read with attention, I am thankful; if with pleaſure, I am proud; if any one acknowledge himſelf obliged by the communications, I may reaſonably rejoice; if any feel their ſenſibilities awakened, I am *happy*—for *that* purpoſe have I written.

THE WRITER.

On the Theology of the Sixth Book of Virgil's Eneid. *By Dr.* Beattie.

[Concluded from page 709.]

THE two travellers having paſſed through the melancholy plains, were now come to a place, where one road went off to the left, and another to the right; the former leading to Tartarus, the latter to Elyſium. They were going to Elyſium on a viſit to Anchiſes; but before they ſtruck off to the right, the prieſteſs took this opportunity to deſcribe Tartarus, the gates of which were in view, but which Eneas could not enter, as they were never opened but for the reception of thoſe wicked ſouls, whom the judge Rhadamanthus, after making them confeſs the crimes they had committed in the upper world, thought proper to condemn to eternal puniſhment. When this dreadful ſentence was paſſed, they were ſeized on by Tiſiphone and the other furies, the adamantine gates opened with a tremendous ſound, and the criminals were thrown into an immenſe dungeon, ſtretching downwards twice as far as from hell to heaven.

The deſcription of Tartarus is wrought up in a ſtyle of terrible ſublimity, ſuch as never was equalled by any other poet, except by Milton, in the firſt and ſecond books of Paradiſe Loſt. In the intrinſic grandeur of his images, the Engliſh poet may be thought to have excelled the Roman; but in one reſpect the Roman has the advantage. By means of a more muſical language, he has been enabled to embelliſh his narration with a ſonorous magnificence of harmony, whereof the Engliſh tongne, even when modulated by Milton, is not ſuſceptible.

The mouth of the Tartarean gulf was encircled with three walls ſo ſtrong, as to be proof againſt every

aſſault

aſſault of men or gods; and theſe walls were ſurrounded by Phlegethon, a river of tempeſtuous flame. Sleepleſs, before the gate, day and night, and full in Eneas's view, ſat the fury Tiſiphone in bloody attire. From within iſſued ſuch an uproar of terrifying noiſes, that the hero, though at a diſtance, heard it with horror; the cries of the tormented, the ſound of the ſcourge, the craſh of iron engines, and the clanking of chains dragged along. Tell me, ſaid he, O virgin, what clamours, what puniſhments are thoſe, and for what crimes they are inflicted. This gives the prieſteſs occaſion to deſcribe what was paſſing in the regions of torment; with which Hecate had made her acquainted, when ſhe gave her the ſuperintendence of the groves of Avernus. The perſons there puniſhed had all perpetrated enormous crimes; among which are reckoned, acts of impiety, want of natural affection, cruel treatment of parents, the defrauding of clients or dependents, and the hoarding up of wealth to the injury of friends and relations. Here too adultery is puniſhed, even though the criminal ſhould have already ſuffered death for it in the upper world. Other crimes here puniſhed are, rebellion, inceſt, the various ſorts of injuſtice and treachery, the venality of lawgivers, ſubverſion of the liberties of our country, ſacrificing the public good to private intereſt, and many other forms of wickedneſs, whereof the Sybil declares it was impoſſible for her to give a particular enumeration.

The puniſhments are various. Of one enormous offender, the intrails are continually devoured by a vulture, and continually growing to be again devoured; an apt emblem to expreſs the pangs of a guilty conſcience, and which puts one in mind of the never-dying worm mentioned in Scripture. Some are in the eternal apprehenſion of being cruſhed by a black rock, which hangs over them, and ſeems to be every moment beginning to fall. Some are perpetually employed in rolling a huge maſs of ſtone; ſome are ſtretched out on a whirling wheel; and ſome, agoniſing with eternal hunger, have a ſumptuous banquet ſet before them, which they no ſooner attempt to touch, than a gigantic fury ſtarts up, brandiſhing a torch, and denouncing vengeance in a voice of thunder.

There is nothing in Virgil more explicit than the account of Tartarus; and I know not why it has been ſo generally miſunderſtood. Dr Warburton ſays, in one place, that Eneas ſaw the ſights of Tartarus at a diſtance, and, in another, that Eneas paſſed through Tartarus. In fact, he did neither. He could not paſs through without entering; and this, we are told, was to him impoſſible: "Nulli fas caſto ſceleratum inſiſtere "limen." And though he had been permitted to enter, he could not paſs through, without firſt croſſing a river of fire, and then deſcending into an immenſe gulph, twice as deep beneath the level of the other regions of darkneſs, as thoſe are remote from heaven. It was equally impoſſible for him to ſee from a diſtance what was doing in ſuch a gulph, even though the gate that led to it had been open, which, however, at this time, happened to be ſhut. "You ſee, ſaid the Sybil, what a centinel ſits without in the porch, (meaning Tiſiphone;) another, ſtill more dreadful, has her ſtation within;" which, as he could not ſee it, ſhe informs him is a huge ſerpent, or hydra, with fifty heads. An opening of the gate is indeed mentioned, which Rueus underſtands to have taken place at the very time when the Trojan and the Sybil were looking as it. But that is a miſtake. The Sybil only tells her companion, that, when Rhadamanthus has made the

criminals confeſs their guilt, then at length *(tum demum)* the gate opens for their reception into the place of torment. It is ſtrange that Rueus and Dr Warburton did not ſee that this is the obvious import of the words of Virgil; and that, if we do not underſtand them in this ſenſe, the paſſage muſt appear confuſed, if not ungrammatical. In a word; of the inſide of Tartarus the Trojan hero ſaw nothing; he ſaw the outſide only, the walls, the gates, the tower of iron, &c. and theſe he ſaw at ſome diſtance. What was paſſing within, he learns from the Sybil's information.

"And now, ſays ſhe, let us be going. Yonder, on the right hand, is the palace of Proſerpine, where, in the vaulted porch that fronts us, we are commanded to depoſit the golden bough." This ceremony Eneas performs, after having ſprinkled himſelf with pure water; which was cuſtomary with thoſe who made offerings to the gods.

They then went onward to Elyſium, the gay ſcenery of which, immediately ſucceeding the gloom of purgatory and the horrors of Tartarus, is ſo charming, that every reader feels himſelf refreſhed by it. Here were groves, and plains, and meadows, clothed with perpetual verdure, the abodes of tranquility and joy, and illuminated by a ſun and ſtars of the moſt refulgent beauty. Here were feaſting, and dancing, and muſic, and poets accompanying their verſes with the harmony of the lyre. Here thoſe warlike exerciſes were renewed, in which the heroes while on earth had ſo much delighted; and here were horſes, and chariots, and arms, and every thing that could gratify an heroic mind. It muſt be owned, that all this is very inadequate to the deſires and the capacity of an immortal ſoul: but Virgil had heard of nothing better; and it was impoſſible for him to deſcribe what he could not conceive.

In this Elyſium, which, with all its imperfection, is, as well as the infernal world, founded on the beſt ideas of retributive juſtice that could be expected from a pagan, the poet places, in a ſtate of endleſs felicity, "the ſhades of the pure and the pious; of heroes who have died in defence of their country; of ingenious men who have employed their talents in adorning human life with elegant arts, or in recommending piety and virtue; and of all who, by acts of beneficence, have merited the love and the gratitude of their fellow-creatures."

To a company of theſe happy beings, who had flocked round the two ſtrangers, and eſpecially to the poet Muſeus, whom ſhe knew, the Sybil addreſſed herſelf, deſiring to be informed where Anchiſes reſided. We have no certain habitations, returned the poet; we wander about, and amuſe ourſelves, wherever we pleaſe; but follow me to yonder riſing ground, and I ſhall put you in a path that will conduct you to him.

Some writers blame Virgil for not making Eneas find Homer in this part of Elyſium; and inſinuate, that the Roman poet muſt have been both invidious and ungrateful, in neglecting ſuch an opportunity of doing honour to his great maſter, to whom he owed ſo much. Thoſe critics do not conſider that Eneas was dead an hundred years before Homer was born. Our poet has been cenſured for a *ſuppoſed* anachroniſm, in making Eneas and Dido contemporary; and here he is found fault with for having judiciouſly avoided a *real* anachroniſm.

It chanced that Anchiſes was at this time in a remote valley, reviewing, in their ſtate of pre-exiſtence, ſome of his poſterity, who were afterwards to diſtinguiſh themſelves in the Roman republic. When he ſaw his

ſon

ſon advancing towards him, he held forth both his hands, gave him an affectionate welcome, and wept for joy. The hero would have embraced his father; but found that the ſhade, though viſible, eluded the touch.

After a ſhort converſation, Eneas happening to ſee, in a grove thro' which a river was flowing, an innumerable multitude of human beings flying about, aſked his father who they were, and what river it was. The river, ſaid he, is Lethe, of which thoſe ſouls are taking a draught, being about to return to the upper world, in order to animate new bodies. Is it to be imagined, exclaims Eneas, that ſouls ſhould ever leave this happy place, and go back to the impriſonment of the body, and all the wretchedneſs of mortality? I will explain the whole matter to you, replies Anchiſes.

Know, then, that all the parts of this viſible univerſe, the heavens, and earth, and ſky, the ſun, moon and ſtars, are, like one vaſt body, animated by an univerſal ſpirit, whereof the ſouls, or vital principles, of all animals, of men and beaſts, of fiſhes and fowl, are emanations. This vital principle is, in every animal, the ſource of ſenſation and motion; but, from the influence that the body has over it, becomes ſubject to inordinate paſſions, and forgetful of its heavenly original. The ſoul of man, in particular, (for nothing further is ſaid of the other animals) contracts, while ſhut up in the dark priſon of the body, a degree of debaſement which does not leave it at death, and from which the ſufferings of a ſubſequent ſtate of purgation are neceſſary to purify it. Theſe are of different kinds and degrees, according to the different degrees and kinds of guilt or impurity which the ſoul has contracted. Some ſouls are expoſed to the beating of winds, ſome are waſhed in water, and ſome purified by fire. Every one of us, (ſays Anchiſes, including himſelf) ſuffers his own peculiar pains of purification. Then we are ſent into this vaſt Elyſium, and a few of us remain in the eternal poſſeſſion of it. The reſt continue here, till by the air and tranquility of the place, they have entirely got the better of the impurity contracted in the world, have had every impreſſion of the pains of purgatory worn out, and are reſtored to their original ſimplicity of nature. Thus refined, they are, at the end of a thouſand years, ſummoned by a divine agent, or god, to meet in one great aſſembly, where they drink of Lethe to waſh away remembrance, and then, in compliance with their own inclination, are ſent back to the earth to animate new bodies.

Having ended this account, Anchiſes, with his ſon and the Sybil, paſſes to a riſing ground, and points out, in a ſtate of pre-exiſtence, a proceſſion of Roman heroes, who were in due time to deſcend from him; briefly deſcribing their ſeveral characters, in a moſt ſublime ſtrain of poetical prophecy.

I ſhall ſubjoin a few remarks on the concluding ſcene of this noble epiſode;—on the gates of horn and ivory. Theſe gates have given no little trouble to critics, both ancient and modern; who, after all, ſeem to have been not very fortunate in their conjectures. This is owing, not to obſcurity in the poet, but to the refinement of thoſe interpreters, who miſtook a plain paſſage for a profound allegory, and were determined to find a ſecret meaning in it. The gate of ivory, ſay they, tranſmits falſe dreams, and that of horn true ones; and Eneas and his companion are diſmiſſed from Elyſium, and let into the upper world, through the ivory gate. What can this imply, but that the poet meant to inſinuate, that every thing he had ſaid concerning a

ſtate

ſtate of future retribution, was nothing more than a fallacious dream? And, in ſupport of this conjecture, they generally quote from the Georgic three verſes, to prove that Virgil was in his heart an Epicurean, and conſequently diſbelieved both a future ſtate and a providence. The verſes are—"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas. Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum, Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari."

Now, in the *firſt* place, it does not appear to me, that theſe lines can prove their author ever to have been an Epicurean, or that he meant to ſay more than "Happy is the man whoſe mind philoſophy has raiſed above the fear of death, as well as above all other fears." For, in the Georgic, he not only recommends religion and prayer, which Epicureans could not do conſiſtently with their principles, but again and again aſſerts a providence; and, in terms equally elegant and juſt, vindicates the Divine wiſdom in eſtabliſhing phyſical evil as the means of improving and elevating the mind of man. But does he not, in his ſixth eclogue, give an account of the formation of the world according to the Epicurean theory? He does: and he makes it part of the ſong of a drunkard: no proof that he held it in very high eſteem.

But *2dly*, Suppoſing our poet's admiration of Lucretius might have made him formerly partial to the tenets of Epicurus, it does not follow that he continued ſo to the end of his life, or that he was ſo while employed upon the Eneid. The duties of religion, and the ſuperintending care of providence, are by no other Pagan author ſo warmly enforced as in this poem; and the energy with which, in the ſixth book, and in one paſſage of the eighth, (v. 666.) he aſſerts a future retribution, ſeems to prove, that he was ſo far in earneſt with regard to this matter, as to believe that it was not, as the Epicureans affirmed, either abſurd or improbable.

Let it be remarked, in the *third* place, that no poet ever thought of ſo prepoſterous a method of pleaſing and inſtructing his readers, as firſt to employ all his ſkill in adorning his fable, and then tell them, that they ought not to believe a word of it. The true poet's aim is very different. He adapts himſelf to the opinions that prevail among the people for whom he writes, that they may the more eaſily acquieſce in his narrative; or he is careful, at leaſt, to make his fable conſiſtent with itſelf, in order to give it as much as poſſible the *appearance* of ſerioufneſs and truth. We know that the ſcenery of the Sixth book is wholly fictitious; but the Romans did not certainly know how far it might be ſo: founded as it was on ancient tradition, which no hiſtory they had could overturn; and on philoſophical opinions, which they had never heard confuted, and which, where Revelation was unknown, might ſeem reſpectable, on account of the abilities of Pythagoras, Plato, and other great men who had taught them.

To which I may add, *4thly*, as an argument deciſive of the preſent queſtion, That if Virgil wiſhed his countrymen to believe him to have been *not* in earneſt in what he had told them of a pre-exiſtent and future ſtate, he muſt alſo have wiſhed them to underſtand, that the compliments he had been paying to the moſt favourite characters among their anceſtors were equally inſincere; and that what he had ſaid of the virtues of Camillus, Brutus, Cato, Scipio, and even Auguſtus himſelf, was altogether viſionary, and had as good a right to a paſſage through the ivory-gate, as any other falſehood. Had Octavia underſtood this to be the poet's

poet's meaning, ſhe would not have rewarded him ſo liberally for his matchleſs encomium on the younger Marcellus. Had this indeed been his meaning, all the latter part of the ſixth book would have been a ſtudied inſult upon Auguſtus, and the other heroes here celebrated, as well as on the whole Roman people. Strange, that the moſt judicious writer in the world ſhould commit ſuch a blunder in the moſt celebrated part of a poem which he had conſecrated to the honour of his country, and particularly to that of his great patron Auguſtus!

We muſt therefore admit, either that Virgil had loſt his ſenſes, or, which is more probable, that, in ſending Eneas and the Sybil through the ivory-gate, he intended no ſarcaſtic reflections either on his country or on his poetry. In a word, we muſt admit, that, in this part of his fable, he was juſt as much in earneſt as in any other; and that there was no more *joke* in Eneas's *aſcent* through the gate of ivory, than in his *deſcent* through the cave of Avernus. How then are we to underſtand this adventure of the gate? I anſwer, By making the poet his own interpreter, and not ſeeking to find things in his book which we have no good reaſon to think were ever in his head.

In the nineteenth book of the Odyſſey, Penelope, ſpeaking of dreams, ſays to her nurſe, there are two gates by which they are tranſmitted to us; one made of horn, through which the true dreams paſs, and the other of ivory, which emits falſe dreams. This thought Homer probably derived from ſome Egyptian cuſtom or tradition, which one might diſcuſs with many quotations and much appearance of learning; and this, no doubt, gave Virgil the hint of the paſſage now before us. But Virgil's account differs from Homer's more than the commentators ſeem to be aware of. Homer does not ſay in what part of the world his gates are; Virgil's are in Italy, not far from Cumæ, and are ſaid to be the outlet from Elyſium into the upper world; a wild fiction no doubt, but not more wild than that of making the cave of Avernus the inlet from the upper world into the nether. Homer's gates are the gates of dreams; Virgil calls his the gates of ſleep. The former are not ſaid to tranſmit any thing but dreams; of the latter, one tranſmits dreams, and the other *real ghoſts* or *ſhades*. For thus, though all the commentators are againſt me, I muſt underſtand the words *umbris veris*; becauſe in Virgil *umbra* often ſignifies a *ghoſt*, but never in him nor in any other good writer, (ſo far as I know) a *dream*. If it be aſked, what ghoſts they were that uſed to paſs this way; the anſwer is eaſy: they were thoſe who, after having been a thouſand years in Elyſium, and taken a draught of Lethe, were ſent back to the upper world to animate new bodies. If again it were aſked, whether ſuch beings might not be of ſo ſubtile a nature as to work their way into the upper world without paſſing through a gate; I ſhould anſwer, that viſible ſubſtances, which might be purified by fire, or waſhed in water, and could not get over the river Styx but in a boat, muſt be ſo far material at leaſt, as to be capable of confinement, and conſequently of being ſet at liberty.

The *falſa inſomnia* that go out by the ivory gate, may mean, either *deceitful dreams*, or *dreams in general*, that is, unſubſtantial things, as oppoſed to realities; which laſt I take to be the preferable ſignification. Be this, however, as it will, Eneas and the Sybil were neither ghoſts nor dreams, but human fleſh and blood; and could no more be ſuppoſed to partake of the qualities alluded to in the *name* of the gate by which Anchiſes diſmiſſed them, than a man is ſuppoſed to be lame for having paſſed through Cripplegate,

Cripplegate, or than the Lord Mayor of London, by entering in proceſſion through *Temple* bar, is ſuppoſed to have become a better churchman than before, or a better lawyer. Through one or other of the gates of ſleep the Trojan and his guide muſt paſs, or they never could return to the upper world at all; and that gate the poet probably made choice of which firſt occurred to him; and that probably would firſt occur which ſounded beſt in his verſe: or perhaps one might ſay, in the way of conjecture, that he thought fit to open the ivory gate, becauſe the other, being appropriated to the purified ghoſts, might not be ſo well ſuited to mere mortals. This is certain, that, though the ablative *eburna* ſtands very gracefully in the 898th line, the ablative *cornea* could not; becauſe, being the foot *amphimacer*, it can have no place in a regular hexameter.

As to the analogy that ſome critics have fancied between horn and truth, and between falſehood and ivory, it is ſo whimſical, and ſo abſurd, that I need not mention it.

And now, by removing the miſt of allegory from Virgil's gates, I flatter myſelf, that I have made theſe verſes ſomewhat more intelligible than they have been generally ſuppoſed to be; that I have proved the latter part of this epiſode to be conſiſtent with the reſt of it; and that I have vindicated a favourite author from the heavy charges of impiety and ill-manners, whereof, however repugnant to his general character, it would not be eaſy for thoſe to clear him who follow the common, though leſs obvious, interpretations.

Poetry.

ALWYN;

OR, THE SUICIDE.

IN a ſmall cottage, thatch'd with ſtraw,
The ſhepherd Alwyn liv'd,
Who from his care of herds and flocks
His maintenance receiv'd.
Bleſt with a wife he fondly lov'd,
With induſtry and health,
With joy he kiſs'd his ſmiling babes,
And diſregarded wealth.
One night the rain in torrents fell,
The wind tempeſtuous blew,
And, when the morning dawn appear'd,
Alwyn his ſorrows knew:
'Twas then he ſaw his fallen roof
Lie level'd with the ground;
But greater pangs afflict his mind—
Nor wife nor babes are found!
"What then," cries Alwyn, muſt *I* here
"My wretched fate bemoan?
"Of wife—of children thus bereft,
"Muſt *I* remain alone?
"No—let me rather try to ſeek
"That ſafe and pleaſant ſhore,
"Where all the wretched are at peace,
"And griefs are known no more!"
With theſe perturbed thoughts, he flew
To where the river flow'd;
About to plunge, a friendly arm
Its timely aid beſtow'd— (God,
"Forbear, raſh man, to tempt thy
"By yielding up thy breath!
"Nor dare *from his right hand to ſnatch*
"*The inſtrument of Death.* [cry'd,
"Look up—behold" the ſtranger
"Behold thy babes!—thy wife!
"Yet theſe would'ſt thou have madly left,
"And thrown away thy life!"
"Oh, heartfelt bliſs!" the ſhepherd cry'd,
"What gratitude is due!
"By your aſſiſtance thus preſerv'd,
"My wife—my babes—for you!
"O let us join to praiſe that *Pow'r*
"From whence this bleſſing came—
"*His* will be done for evermore,
"And *Hallow'd be his name!*"

W. P. T.

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Means of deſtroying Inſects, or preventing their Increaſe.

IT is a general obſervation, that all animals, many uſeful plants, and even fiſhes, ſuffer greatly by the ravages of inſects, which have often been more deſtructive than even the ſword; and though Natural Hiſtorians have been very accurate in deſcribing them, few have given any account of the means of preventing their increaſe, or of deſtroying them. —This neglect has induced me to collect a few obſervations on record upon this ſubject; and ſome which have occurred to myſelf. I requeſt, that you will grant them a place in your very uſeful publication; for I flatter myſelf that, by others following this example, a foundation may be laid, which in a few years may afford much uſeful information.

Every animal, by a law of Nature, nouriſhes, and often harbours, its peculiar inſect. If we conſider the damages we ſuſtain from their inſatiable rapacity, it is happy that they have many enemies which alſo prey on them. Thus a ſparrow and its mate deſtroy many inſects when they have young. It is probable, in purſuit of ſuch reptiles, that we are viſited by ſome of our beautiful ſongſters.

The queſtion is, whence theſe numerous ſwarms of inſects proceed? There ſeems to be a general law for producing the inſects peculiar to each animal and plant, and even to inſects themſelves. Is it not probable that, for good purpoſes, the infinitely wiſe Creator did at the creation ſo form all organized bodies, as at certain times, and in certain circumſtances, to contain, or diſcharge from their bodies, particles which may coaleſce into other bodies poſſeſſing a living principle? When theſe are produced, they are enabled afterwards to produce their kind, as Buffon obſerves of eels in paſte, which do not appear to be produced by other eels; yet, though they are not propagated themſelves, they fail not to engender other eels; for, by opening them with the point of a lancet, we diſcover ſmall eels iſſuing in great numbers out of their bodies. See Mr Adam's excellent Eſſays on Agriculture, v. II. p. 170— When we revolve in our minds the general hiſtory of animation, we ſhall find many circumſtances which are to

us inconceivable; but ſhall we thence conclude that they cannot be as their appearance indicates?

Let us ſuppoſe a cold North-eaſt wind, for inſtance, in ſpring, to come on ſuddenly, when the juices of plants circulate freely in their capillary veſſels. The cold is known to ſtop the early circulation of the juices of plants. On the return of warmth, the circulation is reſtored, and the ſtagnated juices are extravaſated. The organic particles, in theſe juices, are collected into the ſtamina of the inſect peculiar to each plant: and thus the infinite number of caterpillars in ſpring are produced. This effect may proceed from any other cauſe which interrupts the circulation, or ſtops the perſpirable matter on the barks. In animals, in the ſame manner, the component particles of the inſects peculiar to the animal may reſt on, or in, the ſkin, by the neglect of not keeping them clean.

It is generally obſerved, that inſects ſeldom appear on either animals or vegetables while they are in perfect health, and have due care beſtowed on them. When they appear, the cauſe ſhould be enquired into, in order that ſuch calamities may be as much as poſſible prevented in future. Thus the louſe is peculiar to man, when cleanlineſs and care are wanting; or in ſecond childhood, when attended with poverty. A louſe is a king's companion, ſaid a moſt worthy king, eſpecially in a camp. By the ſleek ſkins of horſes on whom due care is taken, we ſee the advantage of keeping them clean. Plants, in well-cultivated fields, are ſeldom liable to become the prey of inſects. It appears from ſuch inſtances, that, both in animals and vegetables, care in their infant ſtate is of eſſential ſervice.

Inſtead of pointing out the particular inconveniences which inſects bring on animals or vegetables, I ſhall now mention ſuch ſubſtances as have been generally obſerved to be efficacious in driving away or in deſtroying them. Mercury, and its various preparations, may be reckoned one of the moſt generally uſeful. Sulphur is alſo uſeful. Oils of all kinds have been often and deſervedly recommended. Tobacco is not leſs remarkable for its utility. As early as the time of the Romans, ſhell-fiſh were obſerved to be at leaſt very diſagreeable to inſects. Of the application of theſe in order.

Mercury is known to kill or drive away lice from the human body; and it may probably be of equal efficacy in ridding other animals of their inſects. For inſtance, ſheep having a ſmall quantity of mercurial ointment rubbed on their ſkins, on the ſides, between the fore-legs and the body, it may kill or drive away the inſect peculiar to them. Sulphur is recommended to be added to the mercurial ointment. Thus, not only the inſect peculiar to them, but alſo the ſcab, may be cured. See the Tranſactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, London, vol. VII. VIII. p. 90. In the Tranſactions of the ſame Society, vol. V. VI. p. 59. Mr Ailway directed, that in the winter, the walls, the frames, &c. of his green and hot-houſes ſhould be well waſhed with the following mixture: Take of corroſive ſublimate mercury four ounces, and diſſolve it in two gallons of water. Theſe houſes had been greatly infeſted with red ſpiders and ants. After having been waſhed with the above mixture, neither were to be ſeen next ſummer. This waſh may be uſed on old garden walls, and to the roots of fruit-trees infeſted with inſects, if made weaker. It may deſtroy the tender leaves of plants, though not the roots. One pint and a half, poured four months ago on a ſtandard currant-tree, as near the ſtem as I could, had no bad effect either on the leaves or the tree. This waſh

waſh will effectually deſtroy that diſagreeable inſect the bug, and all other inſects of a tender cuticle. This waſh will not in the leaſt hurt the colour of bed-furniture or hangings. Care muſt be taken that the waſh be applied into every crevice or folding of the furniture with a painter's bruſh. It will ſometimes be neceſſary to repeat the waſh, as ſome of the "ova" of bugs may remain concealed, notwithſtanding the utmoſt care.

Some of the Weſt India iſlands were much infeſted with large ants, which greatly hurted the ſugar canes. I was informed by a gentleman from thence, that they diſſolved corroſive ſublimate mercury in rum, in the proportion of two drams to a pint of ſpirits. They poured this ſolution on dry powder ſugar; and when the ſugar was dried, they laid it in the paths of the ants. They ate it, and were deſtroyed. Might not this practice be imitated, by laying ſugar thus prepared on paper or pieces of thin boards near the root of fruit-trees infeſted by inſects, eſpecially when the fruit is ripening? The papers or boards might be taken in during the night, or when it rained. The ſugar ſhould be coloured with indigo, or other ſubſtance, thereby to mark it as a ſubſtance to be avoided by curious idlers.

We are informed that a perſon in Philadelphia employed brimſtone in the following manner:—Having cleared all round the roots of trees infeſted with caterpillars or other inſects, he ſtrewed ſome flower of brimſtone round the roots, and covered it with a thin ſprinkling of fine mould, that it might not be blown away by the wind, yet ſo that the ſun might operate through, and cauſe the brimſtone to fumigate. Thus he deſtroyed the caterpillars. One pound he found ſufficient for two hundred trees. In that hot climate the ſun may perhaps have that effect; but it ſcarcely will in this. He alſo employed ſulphur in the following manner, to drive inſects from tall trees. He ſplit the end of a pole, and put in the ſlit ſome matches, ſet them on fire, and held them under the parts of the trees chiefly affected. A pole thus armed, he found, would anſwer for three or four trees. Brimſtone thus mixed with damp ſtraw, and ſet on fire, for inſtance, in a hop-ground infeſted with the fly, might be of uſe to drive away the fly.

The itch is ſuppoſed to proceed from a very ſmall inſect which neſtles under the ſkin, and proceeds no farther into the habit; and is therefore attended with no dangerous conſequences. Brimſtone made into an ointment with hogs-lard is a ſure remedy. Whether the cure proceeds from the brimſtone or the oily lard, I ſhall not determine.

Sheep are liable to an eruption on the ſkin, known by the name of the ſcab. The brimſtone, when added to the mercurial ointment recommended for that diſorder in the Tranſactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, vol. VII. p. 90. might perhaps render the application more efficacious and leſs dangerous.

The natives of hot countries are taught by experience, that an unctuous covering on their bodies prevents the bites of muſkitoes and all gnats. The White inhabitants in ſuch countries are not ſufficiently careful in preventing the leaſt ſtagnant water near their dwellings, in which the Muſkitoes are bred; even in the waſte water thrown out they are produced. Dr Franklin, that accurate obſerver, informed me, that by a careful attention to this circumſtance, he guarded his family in Philadelphia from ſuch inſects: and that one day ſeeing a number of muſkitoes in his library, he found on enquiry, that one of his ſervants had taken the cover off a tub placed near his window for

receiving rain water. On ſuch an occaſion the remedy is eaſy, viz. ſhutting the room up for the day, ſo that the muſkitoes cannot come at any water, in which time they die. Tho' this caution may ſeem trifling to us who live in a mild climate, it is far otherwiſe in hot countries.

Oils being known to be moſt efficacious in deſtroying inſects, may not the uſe of it be extended to the deſtruction of worms in the bowels of horſes, where they may occaſion the violent pain they ſeem ſometimes to ſuffer? If the horſe was for ſome time kept faſting, and a large quantity of oil, ſuppoſe a pint, was given, if worms are the cauſe, the oil may in that caſe kill them. If I may venture into another line, may I not aſk, whether the uſe of it is not too little attended to as an anthelmintic medicine in the caſe of worms in the human body? Being injected by gliſter, it is known to bring away the aſcarides, a ſmall worm which ſeldom aſcends higher than the rectum, or the laſt gut.

Flowers, leaves, and fruit, on plants, are known to be devoured by caterpillars. Theſe are deſtroyed by oils, which cloſe the lateral pores by which they breathe. For this purpoſe it is adviſed, that, on the approach of ſpring, a cloth dipped in train-oil be laid on ſuch parts of the tree in which there is the leaſt appearance of them.

We are informed, in the Memoirs of the Society of Agriculture at Paris, that oil of turpentine, when applied to animals which were covered with inſects, deſtroyed the inſects without hurting the animal. The author tried it on ſeveral trees, mixed with fine earth ſo as to incorporate them well, then adding water, ſtill ſtirring them carefully till the whole was brought to ſome degree of fluidity. In this mixture he dipped branches of fruit-trees on which there were inſects, and thereby deſtroyed not only the eggs, but alſo the inſects, without hurting the leaves. This compoſition may be got off by waſhing, or the firſt heavy ſhower. From theſe experiments the author thinks, that oil of turpentine may with equal efficacy be employed for killing various kinds of lice on domeſtic animals.

We are informed, in the Tranſactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, vol. V. p. 45. that Mr Winter, among other experiments on turnep ſeed, ſteeped the ſeed twenty four hours in a ſufficient quantity of train oil. He then drained the oil from the ſeed, which he mixed with a quantity of fine-ſifted earth, and immediately ſowed it in drills. When the plants began to appear on the ſurface, the ground was ſown with ſoot. He found that ſeed ſteeped in lintſeed-oil anſwered equally well. The turneps the leaſt injured by the fly were thoſe that grew from ſeed ſteeped as above, which grew ſo luxuriantly as to produce rough leaves ſeveral days prior to the moſt flouriſhing of any of his other experiments, and were the better enabled to withſtand the fly's attack. The leaves of theſe turneps were a conſiderable deal larger. The ſeed was drilled an inch and a half deep, and at a foot diſtance in the rows. Train oil is apt to kill the leaves of plants which have been injured by inſects, but lintſeed-oil has not that effect, though equally deſtructive to the inſects. The train-oil ſeems to act both as an oil, and by its diſagreeable ſmell it prevents inſects approaching it. In this reſpect it may be ſucceſsfully uſed to prevent field-mice or other vermin preying on acorns, cheſtnuts, or other ſeeds ſteeped in it before they are ſown.

When thus giving directions for preventing the fly on turneps, a late experiment ſhould be mentioned, by the

the diſcloſing of which, a man gained a conſiderable reward. His ſecret was, running a roller over the ground early in the morning, while the dew remained on the ground, on the firſt appearance of the fly. The dew entangled the flies ſo much, that they could not make their eſcape, and were therefore cruſhed to death. As the roller may leave the ſurface of the earth too hard, ſome very properly adviſe to fix ſome boughs of elder in a gate or hurdle, to be drawn over the field; and if the boughs have been before fumigated with the ſmoke of tobacco, or tincture of aſſafœtida, the ſucceſs will be the ſurer. The moſt certain method of preventing the hurt done by the fly is to raiſe the plants in a nurſery, and at a proper age to tranſplant them, being carried to the ground in a wheelbarrow filled with manure ſoftened with water ſo as to admit the plants. This method will ſecure their more ſpeedy growth. In the nurſery the attack of the fly may be prevented by ſprinkling ſoot or quicklime on the ground. The utility of tranſplanting turneps is evident by the practice of tranſplanting the turnep-rooted cabbage. They who are diſcouraged from this practice by the expence attending it, do not reflect that the hoeing is prevented, and the plants grow the better, being ſet in freſh earth.

Before I proceed to direct the uſe of the laſt means mentioned, viz. tobacco, for deſtroying inſects in turneps, let me here mention an experiment made by a worthy and ingenious man, Mr Green, of her Majeſty's Flower-Garden at Kew. He contrived a pair of bellows, ſimilar to that employed in recovering people ſeemingly drowned. It has a cavity in the nozzle, in which ſome tobacco is put, a live coal over it. The bellows being then worked, the tobacco is ſet on the fire, and the ſmoke is directed to any particular ſpot. A lady was fond of having the moſs-roſe in her dreſſing-room, but was prevented having it on account of the green inſects which conſtantly adhere to that plant. To remedy this inconvenience, Mr Green had a box made large enough to contain a pot in which a plant of the moſs-roſe grew. In one end of the box was a hole, to admit the nozzle of the bellows; the bellows was worked, and the ſmoke was received into the box. When the tobacco was conſumed, the nozzle was withdrawn, and a cork being put into the hole, the box thus remained till morning, when the inſects were all laid dead on the earth. Being ſwept off, the plant was in a ſtate fit for a dreſſing room. Many plants thus infeſted with inſects may be too large, or otherwiſe ſo placed as not to be put into a box. In this caſe it occurred to me, that being ſprinkled with an infuſion of tobacco in water might in ſome degree anſwer the ſame purpoſe. On trial I found it anſwer, and I thus freed other plants of their inſects. I alſo uſed it on trees of eaſy acceſs with advantage. Train-oil is ſo inimical to tender plants or leaves, that it deſtroys them if inſects have in the leaſt hurt them; whereas the infuſion, inſtead of killing the leaves, promoted a freſh vegetation.

Fruit-trees often become the prey of inſects. Thoſe againſt a wall, or in eſpaliers, being eaſily come at, much of the miſchief may be prevented by cutting off the leaves ſo ſoon as they are obſerved to be curled; for then freſh eggs are laid on them, probably by butterflies. If ſprinkled with the infuſion of tobacco, it will prevent their coming to life. After the fruit is formed, the infuſion muſt not be uſed, leſt the taſte and ſmell may remain. The ſciſſars are then the proper remedies, which ladies may employ as an amuſement, and may thereby preſent fruit to their friends

friends of their own preſerving. A lye of the aſhes of plants ſprinkled on the leaves may have a good effect, as alſo on other pot-herbs, which are often the prey of caterpillars. As many inſects, beſides thoſe bred on the leaves or in the walls, may deſtroy the fruit, the ſugar with the corroſive ſublimate, as already deſcribed, may be laid in the way of other inſects, to all which it will prove a ſpeedy death. Diligent inſpection into their retreats is the moſt certain means of preventing the loſs ſuſtained by ſnails. Ants are prevented riſing up the trees, by laying round the roots powdered chalk, or any other ſubſtance which by intangling their feet prevents their croſſing it. Care ſhould be taken to deſtroy their neſts every where near the garden.

Hops are now become an article of ſo great conſequence, that they deſerve our particular attention. Early in the growth, when the vines begin to aſcend the poles, a black fly preys on the leaves, frequently in ſuch numbers, as, by deſtroying the leaves, to interrupt the vegetation, much of the food of plants being abſorbed by the leaves. I know by experiments that the infuſion of tobacco deſtroys them, or at leaſt drives them away ſo effectually, that I have ſeen a plant, almoſt totally ſtripped of its leaves, ſhoot out freſh leaves after the uſe of it. If care be not taken, they will again fall on the freſh leaves. As the flies lodge on the lower ſide of the leaves, they are protected from ſtorms of rain, and therefore the infuſion muſt be driven upwards by a forcing pump. As it is ſaid that the expence of tobacco is too great, perhaps lime-water, or even water by itſelf, driven ſtrongly againſt the leaves, might drive them away. The labour attending ſuch experiments in a large plantation diſcourages others, without reflecting that, if ſuch means are uſed early, the flies may more eaſily be got rid of.—Free ventilation is undoubtedly beneficial to all plants; and hence perhaps the particular advantages of drilling corn in rows a little diſtant. If alleys ſomewhat larger than common were made in the plantations of hops, there might be ſufficient ſpaces left where the alleys croſs one another to admit of ſetting damp ſtraw, or other materials mixed with brimſtone, ſoot, &c. on fire. Smoke itſelf is ſaid to prevent the fly, and, if ſo, it will ſtill act more powerfully when mixed with ſuch materials. It has been obſerved in Sweden, that the hops grow naturally among heaps of ſtones or fragments of rocks. They therefore adviſe to cover the ground round their roots with ſtones, which will prevent the inſects laying their eggs near the roots in the ground, where they lay them to be protected during the winter. The ſtones will alſo preſerve moiſture at the roots during the ſummer. A rope cannot be drawn acroſs a plantation of hops, as it can acroſs a field of corn, in caſe of mildew. Here water to waſh off the clammy juice that intices and feeds inſects ſeems to be the only remedy. The plantation being well ventilated, may at leaſt prevent the frequency of it. The forcing pump will moſt effectually waſh off this exudation.

Beſides inſects, there are other animals which are deſtructive to corn and graſs. Various animals deſtroy the roots of graſs to a conſiderable diſtance. Strong lime-water poured on the earth kills them, and ſoon brings up fine ſweet graſs. Moles are of that number. An old writer on agriculture adviſes to bore a hole in a walnut-ſhell, and fill the ſame with chaff, roſin, and brimſtone; ſet them on fire in a hole newly dug, ſo that the wind may blow the ſmoke into it, and other holes being ſhut up, and the ſmoke will either kill them or drive them away. He alſo adviſes

adviſes to put a live mole in an earthen pot, which ſet in the earth to the brim; and the mole, finding he cannot eſcape, will cry, which will bring all thoſe within hearing to help him out, and ſo may be taken. In March, which is the time of their breeding, numbers of their young-ones may be deſtroyed by turning up their neſts, which are generally in the largeſt hills; and the old ones, who will come to look after their young, may be alſo deſtroyed. The ſmell of a weaſel will drive them away.

Oil in which lupins have been ſteepped will kill ants. Brimſtone, mixed with rags and the earth of their hills, all ſet on fire, will drive them away.

It is an obſervation of the Romans, that weevils, and other creatures of that kind, have a great averſion to river craw-fiſh. In France, they throw live lobſters on wheat in granaries when infeſted with them; and in a few hours the weevils will come from all parts, diſperſing themſelves on the walls, and thus are eaſily deſtroyed. It is ſaid that rue, or the juice of it, in poultry-houſes, will drive away weaſels.

When hedges are thin, they may be thickened in the following manner: Gather the ſeeds of the bramble and white-thorn (being ripe,) mix them with the meal of tares and water till they are of the thickneſs of honey. This is laid on old ropes or veam, ſo to remain all the winter. In the Autumn dig trenches a foot and a half deep, where the hedge is to be thickened, or made to remain ſo all the winter. At the end of February, lay the rope in the trench, covered with fine mould, watering them if neceſſary; and ſo will they in thirty days come up. In Spain, they rub the ſeeds of the white-mulberry on ropes of baſs, and in the ſame manner lay the ropes in trenches, and the young plants ſpring up. This practice may be advantageouſly followed in England, now that the raiſing of ſilk worms is generally purſued.

Though ſeemingly foreign to the ſubject, I cannot help highly cenſuring the neglect of permitting ivy-vines, which grow on foreſt-trees, to remain attached to them. Their roots entering into the bark rob the trees of much of their nouriſhment; they in a manner ſtrangle their ſupporters, by impeding the circulation of their juices, and in time deſtroy the trees. They ſhould be torn up by the roots; for, if any part of them adhere to the tree, they will ſpread, as they obtain nouriſhment by their adhering roots.

Having already mentioned Mr Green, I ſhall here add another inſtance of his ingenuity. As it takes ſome time to rear up flowering-ſhrubs or plants from the ſeed, he diſcovered a more expeditious method. For this purpoſe, he had a box made of ſuch a ſize as he deſired. The joining of the ſeveral parts were dove-tailed into one another, and the joinings were covered with pitch, ſo as to become water-tight. He filled the box, perhaps, half full of rich mould, and added water enough to render it ſo moiſt as that the water remained on the ſurface. In this mould he ſet cuttings of the plants he wiſhed to rear, and over them he laid a cover of glaſs in a frame, which fitted ſo exactly that the water could not exhale. In this ſituation, expoſed to the warmth of the ſun, the cuttings made freſh roots; and he obſerved, that in proportion as the ſhoots roſe upwards, freſh roots grew downwards. The cuttings were kept in this ſtate till he judged that they had taken ſufficient roots to bear being tranſplanted. And in this manner he was conſtantly ſupplied with plenty of blowing plants.

AGRICOLA.

On Converſation.

THE uſe and abuſe of ſpeech are ſubjects which have often employed the pens of moral writers; yet in ancient or modern writing I know nothing ſuperior to a few inſtructions on this ſubject which the truly celebrated ſir Matthew Hale gave to his children. They contain, perhaps, every thing that the ſubject will allow of, in the way of general advice, and are ſo plain, perſpicuous, and uſeful, that I have often been aſtoniſhed to find that many people of no confined reading have never peruſed them, and that ſome who pretend to much knowledge of books, have never heard of them. Indeed, when the paſſion for novelty prevails, which is not a little the caſe in our day, many valuable compoſitions will be conſigned to oblivion. From a deſire, however, that this Magazine may be a repoſitory of all that is uſeful and elegant in any period or nation, I have endeavoured to bring theſe inſtructions into notice, by tranſcribing part of them in this paper, confident that they will not be the leſs acceptable, becauſe written by a man who was a great ornament to the age he lived in, and as a judge poſterity have recogniſed him for juſt, upright, and learned beyond compariſon.

I ſhall adviſe you, ſays ſir Matthew, how you are to entertain the ſpeeches of others according to the different varieties thereof; and how you are to manage and order your own ſpeech.

Firſt; Obſerve and mark as well as you may, what is the temper and diſpoſition of thoſe perſons, whoſe ſpeeches you hear, whether they be grave, ſerious, ſober, wiſe, diſcreet perſons; if they be ſuch, their ſpeeches commonly are like themſelves, and will deſerve your attention and obſervation. But if they be light, impertinent, vain, paſſionate perſons, their ſpeech is for the moſt part accordingly, and the beſt advantage that you will gain by their ſpeech, is but thereby to learn their diſpoſitions, to diſcern their failings, and to make yourſelves the more cautious, both in your converſation with them, and in your own ſpeech and deportment, for in the unſeemlineſs of their ſpeech you may better diſcern and avoid the like in yourſelves.

If any perſon, that you do not very well know to be a perſon of truth, ſobriety, and weight, relate ſtrange ſtories, be not too ready or eaſy to believe them, nor report them after him. And yet (unleſs he be one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him; or if the neceſſity of the occaſion require you to declare your opinion of what is ſo reported, let it be modeſtly and gently, not too bluntly or coarſely; by this means, on the one ſide you ſhall avoid being abuſed by your too much credulity; on the other ſide you ſhall avoid quarrels and diſtaſte. If any man ſpeak any thing to the diſadvantage or reproach of one that is abſent, be not too ready to believe it, only obſerve and remember it, for it may be it is not true, or it is not all true, or ſome other circumſtances were mingled with it, which might give the buſineſs reported a juſtification.

If any perſon report unto you ſome injury done to you by another, either in words or deeds, do not be over haſty in believing it, nor ſuddenly angry with the perſon ſo accuſed; for poſſibly it may be falſe or miſtaken; and how unſeemly a thing will it be, when your credulity and paſſion ſhall perchance carry you, upon a ſuppoſed injury, to do wrong to him that hath done

you

you none; or at leaſt, when the bottom and truth of the accuſation is known, you will be aſhamed of your paſſion: believe not a report, till the party accuſed be heard; and if the report be true, yet be not tranſported either with paſſion, haſty anger, or revenge, for that will be your own torment and perturbation. Ever when a perſon is accuſed or reputed to have injured you, before you give yourſelf leave to be angry, think with yourſelf, why ſhould I be angry before I am certain it is true? Or if it be true, how can I tell how much I ſhould be angry till I know the whole matter? Though it may be he hath done me wrong, yet poſſibly it is not ſo much as it is repreſented, or it was done by miſtake, or, it may be, he is ſorry for it: I will not be angry till I know if there be cauſe, and if there be cauſe, yet I will not be angry till I know the whole cauſe, for till then (if I muſt be angry at all) I know not how much to be angry; it may be it is not worth my anger, or if it be, it may be it deſerves but little. This will keep your mind and carriage upon ſuch occaſions in a due temper and order; and will diſappoint malicious or officious talebearers.

If a man whoſe integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary profeſſions and promiſes, give him as kind thanks as may be, but give not much credit to it. Caſt about with yourſelf what may be the reaſon of this wonderful kindneſs; it is twenty to one but you will find ſomething that he aims at, beſides kindneſs to you. It may be he hath ſomething to beg or buy of you, or to ſell you, or ſome ſuch bargain that ſpeaks out at leaſt his own advantage and not yours; and if he ſerves his turn upon you, or if he be diſappointed, his kindneſs will ſuddenly grow cool.

If a man flatter and commend you to your face, or to one that he thinks will tell you of it, it is a thouſand to one, either he hath deceived and abuſed you ſome way, or means to do ſo. Remember the fable of the fox, commending the ſinging of the crow, when ſhe had ſomewhat in her mouth that the fox liked.

If a perſon be choleric, paſſionate, and give you ill-language, remember; 1. Rather to pity him than to be moved into anger and paſſion with him, for moſt certainly that man is in a diſtemper or diſorder; obſerve him calmly, and you ſhall ſee him in ſo much perturbation and diſturbance, that you will eaſily believe he is not a pattern to be imitated by you, and therefore return not choler, nor anger for angry words; for you do but put yourſelf into a kind of phrenzy becauſe you ſee him ſo. 2. Be ſure you return not reproach for reproach; it doth but kindle more heat, and you will find ſilence, or at leaſt very gentle words, the moſt exquiſite revenge of reproaches that can be, for either it will cure the diſtemper in the other, and make him ſee and be ſorry for his paſſion, or it will torment him with more perturbation and diſturbance. But, however, it keeps your innocence, gives you deſerved reputation of wiſdom and moderation, and keeps up the ſerenity and compoſure of your mind; whereas paſſion and anger do make a man unfit for any thing that becomes him as a man, or as a Chriſtian.

Some men are excellent in knowledge of huſbandry, ſome of planting, ſome of gardening, ſome in the mathematics, ſome in one kind, ſome in another. In all your converſations, learn as near as you can wherein the ſkill and excellence of any perſon lies, and put him upon talk

talk of that ſubject, and obſerve it, and keep it in memory or writing: by this means you will glean up the worth and excellence of every perſon you meet with, and at an eaſy rate put together that which may be for your uſe upon all occaſions.

Converſe not with a liar or a ſwearer, a man of unchaſte or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at leaſt it will hazard your reputation. And if it doth neither, yet will fill your memory with ſuch diſcourſes that will be troubleſome to you in after time, and the returns of the remembrance of the paſſages which you long ſince heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts ſhould be better employed.

Secondly; Relative to your own ſpeech—let your ſpeech be TRUE; never ſpeak any thing for a truth, which you know or believe to be falſe; your tongue was given to ſpeak truth. A lie is an offence againſt humanity itſelf; for where there is no truth, there can be no ſafe ſociety between man and man; and it is an injury to the ſpeaker, for beſides the baſe diſreputation it caſts upon him, it doth in time bring a man to that baſeneſs of mind that can ſcarce tell how to ſpeak truth, or to avoid lying, even when he hath no colour of neceſſity for it; and in time he comes to ſuch a paſs, that as another man cannot believe he tells a truth, ſo he himſelf ſcarce knows when he tells a lye; and obſerve it, a lye ever returns with ſhame and diſcovery at the laſt.

As you muſt be careful not to lye, ſo you muſt avoid coming near it; you muſt not equivocate, you muſt not ſpeak that abſolutely which you have but by hear-ſay, or relation; you muſt not ſpeak that as upon knowledge, which you have but by conjecture or opinion only.

Let your words be few, eſpecially when your betters or ſtrangers, or men of more experience, or underſtanding, are in place, for you do yourſelf at once two great miſchiefs. You betray and diſcover your own weakneſs and folly; and you rob yourſelf of that opportunity which you might otherwiſe have to gain knowledge, wiſdom, and experience, by hearing thoſe that you ſilence by your impertinent talking. Be not over-earneſt, loud, or violent in talking, for it is unſeemly, and earneſt loud talking makes you overſhoot and loſe your buſineſs. When you ſhould be conſidering and pondering your thoughts, and how to expreſs them ſignificantly, to the purpoſe, you are ſtriving to keep your tongue going, and to ſilence an opponent, not with reaſon, but with noiſe. Be careful not to interrupt another in his talk; hear him out, you will underſtand him the better, and be able to give him the better anſwers; it may be, if you will give him leave, he will ſay ſomething more than you have yet heard, or well underſtand, or that which you did not expect.

Always before you ſpeak, eſpecially where the buſineſs is of moment, conſider before hand, weigh the ſenſe of your mind, which you intend to utter; think upon the expreſſions you intend to uſe, that they be ſignificant, pertinent, and inoffenſive; and whereas it is the ordinary courſe of inconſiderate perſons to ſpeak their words, and then to think, or not to think till they ſpeak; think firſt and ſpeak after, if it be in any matter of moment or ſerioufneſs.

Be willing to ſpeak well of the abſent, if you do not know they deſerve ill; by this means you ſhall make yourſelf many friends; and ſometimes an undeſerved commendation is not loſt to the party

to

to whom it is given. I have known ſome men, that have met with an undeſerved commendation, out of chance of being worſe than they have been reported, ſecretly to take up practices anſwerable to their commendations, and ſo to make themſelves as good as they are reported. Be ſure you give not an ill report to any that you are not ſure deſerves it; and in moſt caſes, though a man deſerves ill, yet you ſhould be ſparing to report him ſo; in ſome caſes, indeed, you are bound in honeſty and juſtice to give that account concerning the demerit or defaults of a perſon that he deſerves; as namely, when you are called to give teſtimony for the ending of a diſpute, or when the concealing of it may harden a perſon in an evil way, or bring another into danger; in ſuch caſes the very duty of charity binds you to ſpeak your knowledge, nay your probable fear or ſuſpicion of ſuch a perſon, ſo it be done for prevention of greater inconvenience, and in love, and eſpecially if the diſcovery be made to a perſon that hath a ſuperintendence, care, or authority over the perſon complained of; for this is an act of love and duty. But for any perſon maliciouſly, buſily, and with intent to ſcandalize another, to be whiſpering tales and ſtories to the prejudice of another, this is a fault. If you know any good of any perſon, ſpeak it as you have an opportunity. If you know any evil, ſpeak it, if it be really and prudently done for the good of him, and the ſafety of others; otherwiſe rather chuſe to ſay nothing than to ſay any thing reproachfully, maliciouſly, or officiouſly to his prejudice.

Avoid ſcoffing, and bitter jeering and jeſting, eſpecially at your friend's condition, credit, deformity or natural defects of any perſon, for theſe leave a deep impreſſion, and are a moſt apparent injuſtice; for were you ſo uſed, you would take it inwardly and amiſs, and many times ſuch an injury coſts one dear, when he little thinks of it.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, bitter, menacing, or ſpiteful words to any perſon, nay not to ſervants, or other perſons of an inferior condition, and that upon theſe conſiderations: there is not the meaneſt perſon but you may ſtand in need of him in one kind, or at ſome time or other; good words make good friends, bad words make enemies; it is the beſt prudence in the world to make as many friends as honeſtly you can, eſpecially when it may be done as ſo eaſy a rate as a good word; and it is the greateſt folly that can be to make an enemy by ill words, which do not at all any good to the party that uſes them. Ill words provoke ill words again, and commonly ſuch ill words as are gained by ſuch a provocation, eſpecially of an inferior, ſtick cloſer, and wound deeper, than ſuch as come unprovoked by ill language, or from an equal. Where faults are committed, they may, and by a ſuperior muſt be reproved, but let it be done without reproaches, or bitterneſs, otherwiſe it loſes its due end and uſe, and inſtead of reforming the offence, exaſperates the offender, and makes him worſe, becauſe it diſcovers your own weakneſs when you are reprehending another, and lays you juſtly open to his reproof, and makes your own but ſcorned and diſeſteemed.

If there be occaſion for you to ſpeak in any company, always be careful, if you ſpeak at all, to ſpeak lateſt, eſpecially if ſtrangers are in company, for by this means you will have the advantage of having the ſenſe, judgment, temper, and relations of others, which may be a great light and help to you in order-

ing your ſpeech, and you will better know the inclination of the company, and ſpeak with more advantage and acceptation, and with more ſecurity againſt giving offence.—Be careful that you commend not yourſelves; it is the moſt uſeleſs and unpleaſant thing that can be. You ſhould avoid flattery from others, but eſpecially decline flattering yourſelves; it is a ſign your reputation is ſmall and ſinking.

NESTOR.

MAXIMS ON GOVERNMENT:

From Mr. Burke's Letter on the French Revolution.

RELIGION is the baſis of civil ſociety, and the ſource of all good and all comfort.

The natural progreſs of the paſſions, from frailty to vice, ought to be prevented by a watchful eye and a firm hand.

When men are habitually convinced that no evil can be acceptable, either in the act or the permiſſion, to him whoſe eſſence is good, they will be the better able to extirpate out of the minds of all magiſtrates, civil, eccleſiaſtical, or military, any thing that bears the leaſt reſemblance to a proud and lawleſs domination.

Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exiſt in total independence of it. It is a contrivance of human wiſdom to provide for human wants; and in this ſenſe the *reſtraints* on men, as well as their *liberties*, are to be reckoned among their rights.

Whatever each man can ſeparately do, without treſpaſſing on others, he has a right to do for himſelf; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which ſociety, with all its combinations of ſkill and force, can do in his favour. But as to the ſhare of power, authority, and direction, which each individual ought to have in the management of the ſtate, that I muſt deny to be amongſt the direct original rights of man in civil ſociety—It is a thing to be ſettled by convention.

Society is indeed a contract—but it is not a partnerſhip in things ſubſervient only to the groſs animal exiſtence of a temporary and periſhable nature.—It is a partnerſhip not only between thoſe who are living, but between thoſe who are dead, and thoſe who are to be born.

A perfect democracy is the moſt ſhameleſs thing in the world. As it is the moſt ſhameleſs, it is alſo the moſt fearleſs No man apprehends in his perſon he can be made ſubject to puniſhment.

Ariſtotle obſerves, that a Democracy has many ſtriking points of reſemblance with a Tyranny.

Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wiſhes to level all the artificial inſtitutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive eſteem—It is a ſour, malignant, envious diſpoſition, without taſte for the reality, or for any image or repreſentation of virtue, that ſees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flouriſhed in ſplendour and honour.

A State without the means of ſome change, is without the means of its conſervation. But when the advantages of the poſſeſſion and of the project are on a par, there is no motive for a change.

The evils of inconſtancy and verſatility are ten thouſand times worſe than thoſe of obſtinacy and the blindeſt prejudice.

Rage and Frenzy will pull down more in half an hour, than Prudence, Deliberation, and Foreſight can build up in an hundred years.

In

In all mutations (if mutations there muſt be) the circumſtance which will ſerve moſt to blunt the edge of their miſchief, and to promote what good may be in them, is, that they ſhould find us with our minds tenacious of juſtice, and tender of property.

A man full of warm ſpeculative benevolence may wiſh his ſociety otherwiſe conſtituted than he finds it; but a good patriot and a true politician always conſiders how he ſhall make the moſt of the *exiſting materials* of his country. A diſpoſition to preſerve, and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my ſtandard of a Stateſman. Every thing elſe is vulgar in the conception, and perilous in the execution.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when ſubjects are rebels from principle.

Some part of the wealth of a country is as uſefully employed as it can be in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the public ornament—it is the public conſolation—it nouriſhes the public hope.

Nothing is a due and adequate repreſentation of a State that does not repreſent its ability as well as its property.

I have never yet ſeen any plan which has not been mended by the obſervations of thoſe who were much inferior in underſtanding to the perſon who took the lead in the buſineſs.

REVIEW.

A complimentary Epiſtle to James Bruce, Eſq. the Abyſſinian Traveller. By Peter Pindar, Eſq. 4to, 2s. 6d. Kearſley.

PERER PINDAR's Muſe continues to go on untired, though we do not conſider the preſent Epiſtle as one of his happieſt exertions. Several of the ſame perſons who have formerly been the objects of his ſatire are again brought to the poſt, and receive again the diſcipline of his poetical cat-a-nine tails. Some parts of this performance are not without pleaſantry, ſuch as Mr. Bruce himſelf might ſmile at. Others, however, are not calculated to excite very agreeable ſenſations. The following lines may ſerve to ſhew how the Abyſſinian traveller is treated:

Mid thoſe fair iſles*, the Happy Iſles of old,
Plains that the ghoſts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
Theſe eyes have ſeen; but, let me truth confeſs,
No royal ſpectre came theſe eyes to bleſs:
To no one chieftain phantom too, I vow,
With reverence did I ever make my bow;
Gone to make room, poor ghoſts, ſo Fate inclines,
For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.
But had thy foot, illuſtrious Trav'ller, trod,
Like me, the precincts of th' Elyſian ſod,
Full of enquiry, eaſy, unconfounded,
By Spectres hadſt thou quickly been ſurrounded;
Then had we heard thy book of wonder boaſt,
How Bruce the brave ſhook hands with every ghoſt!
In vain did I phœnomena purſue;
For wonder waits upon the choſen few.
Whate'er I ſaw requir'd no witch's ſtorm—
Slight deeds that Nature could with eaſe perform!

* The Canaries, or the Inſulæ Fortunatæ of the Ancients.

Audacious,

Audacious, to purloin my fleſh and fiſh,
No golden eagles hopp'd into my diſh;
Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
To mark my figure left their oozy bed;
Nor loaded camels, to provoke my ſtare,
Sublimely whirl'd, like ſtraws, amid the air;
Nor, happy in a ſtomach form'd of ſteel,
On roaring lions have I made a meal:
Unequal *mine* with lions bones to cope;
Thy jaws can only on ſuch viands ope.
O hadſt thou trod, like me, the happy iſle
Whoſe † mountain treats all mountains with a ſmile,
Bold hadſt thou climb'd th' aſcent, an eaſy matter,
And, nobly daring, ſous'd into the *crater*;
Then out again hadſt vaulted with a hop,
Quick as a ſweeper from a chimney top!
O had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The iſle ‡ which glads the heart with richeſt wine!
Beneath its vines, with common cluſters crown'd,
At eve my wand'ring ſteps a paſſage found,
Where roſe the hut, and neither rich nor poor,
The wife and huſband, ſeated at the door,
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of muſic to the ſetting ſun;
Where, bleſt, a tender offspring, rang'd around,
Join'd their ſmall voices to the ſilver ſound.
But had thine eye this ſimple ſcene explor'd,
The man at once had ſprung a ſcepter'd lord;
Princes and princeſſes the *bearns* had been,
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
Their golden harps had raviſh'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the muſic of the ſpheres.
So kind is Nature always pleas'd to be
When viſited by favourites like *thee!*

Our readers, we believe, will be better pleaſed with the following "Ode to the Glow-Worm," which, however, ſeems to have little connection with the main ſubject of this pamphlet.

Bright Stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in ſafety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, O nightly be thy ſplendor giv'n:
O could a wiſh of mine the ſkies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry ſweeteſt dew of heav'n!
Say, doſt thou kindly light the fairy train
Amidſt their gambols on the ſtilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moiſten'd blade?
What lamp ſo fit, ſo pure as thine,
Amidſt the gentle elfin band to ſhine,
And chace the horrors of the midnight ſhade!
Oh! may no feather'd foe diſturb thy bow'r,

† Teneriffe. ‡ Madeira.

And

And with barbarian beak thy life devour:
Oh! may no ruthleſs torrent of the ſky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy ſeat,
Nor tempeſts tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midſt the humming myriads die.
Queen of the inſect world, what leaves delight?
Of ſuch theſe willing hands a bow'r ſhall form,
To guard thee from the ruſhing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the ſtorm.
Sweet Child of Stillneſs, 'midſt the awful calm
Of pauſing Nature thou art pleaſed to dwell;
In happy ſilence to enjoy thy balm,
And ſhed thro' life a luſtre round thy cell.
How different Man, the imp of noiſe and ſtrife,
Who courts the ſtorm that tears and darkens life;
Bleſt when the paſſions wild the ſoul invade;
How nobler far to bid thoſe whirlwinds ceaſe,
To taſte, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And ſhine in ſolitude and ſhade!

A Letter from a Father to a Daughter, on the Subject of Matrimony.

My dear Child,

YOU are arrived at an age when moſt young women think of matrimony; nor are ſuch thoughts at your time of life inconſiſtent with your years, or improper, if not too ſanguine. If you are reſolved againſt a connection of that kind, and determined on a ſingle life, my advice is unneceſſary, but can do you no harm; if, on the contrary, you have formed no reſolutions in prejudice to that ſtate, the little looſe hints I have thrown together, as they ſuggeſted themſelves to my memory, and are the reſult of experience, may be of uſe to you in life.

There are a variety of authors who have very ably treated this ſubject, but I have forbore turning to them, chooſing rather to give you my own genuine ſentiments.

Before marriage (in my mind,) you cannot be too cautious and quick-ſighted, nor afterwards too blind, to your huſband's failings and imperfections, if he has any.

The ſatire contained in the following lines, I would charitably hope is not ſo *general* as the ingenious author ſeems to think.

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falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel, and inconſtant:
When a man talks of love, with caution
truſt him;
But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive you."

As marriage is productive moſt commonly of children, enlarges your family, and of courſe increaſes your expences, it is certainly prudent there ſhould be ſome proviſion made for theſe accumulating incidents; it is, therefore, an act of neceſſity to conſider beforehand, and provide for theſe extraordinary contingencies. To anſwer theſe ends, it will be indiſpenſably neceſſary, that there ſhould be an adequate income of one ſide to the other, no matter which; for, believe me, though

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though it is a vulgar maxim, that when poverty comes in at one door, love goes out at the other, yet it is no leſs true.

Never marry without your parents *conſent;* and if they love you as they ought to do, and prefer your happineſs before your intereſt, they will never force you to marry againſt your *own.*

Too great a diſparity in age may form a convenient union, but ſeldom a happy one; youth and age can never agree any more than fire and water, without an uncommon ſhare of prudence on the woman's ſide, which few young women poſſeſs; you will at beſt but look on him as a father, and perhaps a mild complacency and indulgent treatment from him may command reſpect and eſteem, if you have any gratitude, but will rarely produce that love and union of ſouls ſo requiſite in the married ſtate.

On the contrary, if you marry a boy, you can expect nothing but a childiſh levity, a fooliſh inſipidity, and a wavering inconſtancy. He will ſoon find thoſe charms, his youthful imagination fancied you poſſeſſed ſuperior to any other of your ſex, common to all of them.—The heat of his unbridled paſſions will poſſibly hurry him into exceſſes, and he will leave you nights and days by yourſelf to bewail your folly at leiſure, while he is forming vicious connections, that may reduce you to want, and at length deſert you, perhaps, for ſome infamous woman, after he has ſquandered away your whole fortune in riot and debauchery, and entailed on you and your poſterity miſery and diſeaſe.

If you value every thing that is dear to you, never unite yourſelf with an *infidel;* his example will be infectious to you, and he will laugh at all religion, till he has made you have as little as himſelf. What ſecurity have you for his *faith, truth,* or *honour,* for he can have no principle to guide him, who has no fear of the Deity, no belief in a future exiſtence, no dread of an hereafter?

When I adviſe you againſt marrying a man of no *religion* at all, I would equally guard you againſt ſplitting on another rock, though not altogether perhaps of ſo fatal a conſequence, which is uniting yourſelf with a man of a different perſuaſion, whoſe religious principles are diametrically oppoſite (in ſome points) to yours, more particularly one of thoſe bigotted catholics, who if he fails in making a convert of you to his own abſurd and impious doctrine, will be eternally perſecuting you with that uncharitable ſentence, that all are damned who differ from him in their religious tenets, and that it is impoſſible to be ſaved out of the pale of his church.

Never marry a low illiterate man, of mean birth, for you will not only be aſhamed to own him for a huſband, but be ſhunned by all your friends and acquaintance; his *ignorance, pride,* and *meanneſs* (for there is a pride in the meaneſt) will be an eternal fund of diſcord, which will produce hatred, and irreconcileable animoſity, and in a few months you will heartily deſpiſe the man, as much as you fancied you loved him; where then will you fly for ſhelter, when you find yourſelf abandoned by all your friends and relations? You will then, though too late, curſe your ill-fated ſtars that degraded yourſelf and family, by forming ſo deſpicable a connection, doomed and devoted to miſery and contempt all your life, by ſo ill-conſidered an union.

For many reaſons never marry a *fool,* becauſe you think you can manage him the better; it is like a man riding on an aſs preferable to a horſe,

horſe, becauſe he can govern the former: depend on it a fool is always obſtinate and untractable, perverſe, full of conceit, and wiſe in his own eyes; you can never (with all your inſtructions and perſuaſions, and even your good example) model him into any thing, but he will retain his primitive ignorance, and remain a blockhead all his life.—He never opens his mouth in company, but you are in fear for him, and bluſh for the conſequence; whereas, on the other hand, a ſenſible man will inform your mind and improve your underſtanding, will always treat you with that reſpect due to your ſex; he will be an agreeable companion to you in all your innocent amuſements, will ſweeten ſociety, and make life glide on imperceptibly. He will help to ſmooth all the rugged paths that we muſt inevitably meet with in our journey through life; he will be a real friend and comforter in any diſtreſs or affliction, and will give you ſuch wholeſome leſſons, as will alleviate your griefs, and make the misfortunes of the world, to which we are all ſo liable, ſit light and eaſy In ſhort, his good ſenſe is the beſt ſecurity you can have for his being a kind huſband and a tender father.

For heaven's ſake never marry a *Fop;* he will be too fond of himſelf to be fond of you, and he will dedicate ſo much of his time to ornamenting the outſide of his head, that there will remain very little leiſure to furniſh the inſide.

I have no need I think to guard you againſt marrying a *ſloven:* he is too odious and diſguſting to fear your having any attachment in his favour.

There is another thing to be conſidered equally as eſſential as any thing I have before mentioned, and in every reſpect neceſſary to render that ſtate happy, I mean a parity or ſimilitude of tempers and diſpoſitions, without which you will always be jarring. When a young woman fears or fancies ſhe has a predilection in favour of one man preferably to all others, ſhe ſhould endeavour to ſtifle the growing paſſion, till ſhe has made herſelf thoroughly acquainted with the natural temper and diſpoſition of his mind; and if ſhe is happy enough to find them out, and they correſpond with her own feelings, ſuch a match may be ſaid to be made in Heaven. Though if we may be allowed to judge from the number of matches we ſee now a-days, one would be led to conclude they were made in an oppoſite place (too indelicate to mention) from their unhappy conſequences.

To conclude—with this univerſal maxim—never beſtow your *hand* where you cannot give your *heart;* and remember conſtancy in every condition is requiſite, but more eſſentially ſo in a married woman; and if you expect your huſband to be ſo, you cannot be too careful in your conduct as a wife; never give him the leaſt room for ſuſpicion (the very bane of love), but always meet him with a pleaſing countenance. Conduct yourſelf with decency and propriety, let all your words and actions be open, free, and unreſerved, make *him* and only *him* your confidant; truſt no female friend with your ſecrets, if you have any; but a truly good wife will have no ſecrets from her huſband; ſhe will lodge all her little cares and concerns in *his* breaſt, where ſhe is ſure they will find a friendly aſylum.

I ſhall cloſe *my* ſentiments (and my letter at the ſame time) with *thoſe* of a very ingenious author on this ſubject.

" A happy marriage has in it all the pleaſures of friendſhip, all the enjoyments of ſenſe and reaſon, and, indeed, all the ſweets of life: nothing

is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which paſſes on this ſtate of life. It is, indeed, only happy in thoſe who can look down with ſcorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a conſtant and uniform courſe of virtue."

That you may in every ſtate of life, my dear child, be as happy as is conſiſtent with humanity, is the ſincere wiſh of

An affectionate father,

Twickenham. W. H.

Hints on the Marriage State.

Addreſſed to the late Miſs ——.

"Form'd by the Graces lovelineſs itſelf:
When with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart." Thomson.

Madam,

THE excellent opinion I always entertained for your amiable diſpoſition and accompliſhments could not prevent me giving you a few thoughts on that ſtate you have lately, and I hope, *happily* entered. The taſk, I confeſs, is very difficult, when writing to one, who, I am ſenſible, poſſeſſes every feminine excellence, natural and acquired,

"Where meeken'd ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell."

But allowing this, I make no other apology for the liberty here taken, than relying on that candour, humanity, and liberality of ſentiment, I have witneſſed with admiration in *your* converſation; nor, ſurely, would diſpleaſure ariſe on the moſt harmonious ſymmetry of features, for what I now undertake from a real eſteem for your merits, and ſuch, I wiſh you to think, was my reaſon in addreſſing a young lady for whoſe improving converſation, frankneſs, and good-nature, I ſhall always agreeably remember! I do not mean to flatter, or I could ſay much more of a thouſand attractive graces adorning a ſituation in which fortune enables you to appear, as a conſpicuous and deſerving member. From this agreeable topic, I muſt unwillingly withdraw my pen, and perform a part which nothing but a ſincere regard for the future happineſs of a worthy woman tempts me to accompliſh. I take for granted your late marriage was the offſpring of love, and that you ſtill preſerve a warm affection for the object of your choice; yet, amiable ——, there *may* come a time when the tender aſſiduity of the lover will change: this does not *always* happen, but, however, I think you cannot be too well prepared againſt it; before marriage there are many nameleſs little foibles which the *partial* eye will overlook, though *afterwards* familiarity makes them conſpicuous; ſuch, when perceived, let your good-nature paſs unnoticed, remembering *all* perfections are not the lot of man, and by no reſervedneſs of conduct ſhew yourſelf ſenſible to faults from which the beſt are never free; but do you endeavour to excel in thoſe things that appear in him deficient, as the contraſt will ſhew theſe defects, and make the attraction of your huſband cheerfully amend, by imitating what appears in you ſo eſtimable.—In the marriage ſtate there certainly requires a great deal of care to make it happy and laſting; the moſt frivolous failings may appear

to

to both from a contrariety of manners or difference in education, which frequently occaſion unmeaning and fooliſh diſſenſions; but it is the duty of every prudent woman, if her huſband is too obſtinate and impolitic to give up theſe trifles, not to let them be a cauſe of interrupting domeſtic happineſs; for, if good ſenſe and reaſon can have no influence, paſſion is ſure to be attended with diſadvantage, and perhaps occaſions the moſt ſerious conſequences, by undermining that peace which can alone conſtitute ſatisfaction. Thus the lady may require her carriage to go out immediately, her huſband refuſes, and words enſue; then diſtruſt ſhall gain admittance, and the folly end by a *ſeparate maintenance!* What can be more ridiculous? *You*, I am certain, would not wiſh to have the leaſt altercation; but there *are* times, dear madam, when the moſt calm may be liable to provocation. Women in marriage *generally* are more unhappy than men, and it may originate from their *ſuperior ſenſibility*, and the *attentions received in the ſingle ſtate*, as occaſioning the difference. It is true, women have not in marriage that ſuperiority they formerly obtained, and if a huſband does not ſupply its place with extraordinary attention, they deem themſelves neglected, and imagine the world diſapproves the marriage, when it only envies the good fortune of the happy man, who is united to the amiable object in that ſtate which death only is likely to diſſolve! What ſort of being *your* huſband is, I have not the happineſs of knowing, but from the endowments of the lady, the choice cannot be an improper one, and if *he* poſſeſſes good-nature and tenderneſs, *you* will never be unhappy. Experience is yet to come, wherein your judgment muſt inſtruct, but pardon me if I proceed a ſtep further by recommending a little book containing much neceſſary information.—Such is the work deſcribing *the conduct of a married life*, written in a *Series of Letters*, by *the honourable Juliana Seymour*. May it be the means of teaching by *theory* each part of the marriage ſtate you cannot by *practice* yet learn. That your happineſs may long continue, I ſincerely wiſh, and I do not doubt but that you now better enjoy it in your viſit to the romantic and beautiful ſcenery of *North Wales*, than formerly at the *Bath* and other aſſemblies; indeed, few women poſſeſs ſuch a ſource of amuſement as your mind furniſhes, where to a taſte for reading you join the harmony of muſic, and a voice pleaſing as, I truſt, will be the continuance of matrimony, in which, with thoſe we love, is preferable in a cottage in the *Vale of Clwyd*, to the moſt ſplendid manſion in the gay metropolis of *London!* May every earthly felicity await on that diſtinguiſhed excellence, ſo much and *deſervealy* eſteemed by

E. MONTFORD.

A friendly Letter written, and once intended for a Caution to a young Lady, againſt the Impropriety of forming imprudent Connections.

Dear Miſs,

IF my feelings were known to you on the preſent occaſion, no anger would, I am ſure, accrue to me for venturing *once more* to mention what gives continual diſquiet and uneaſineſs; yet, painful as the taſk is, I ſhould think myſelf unworthy the friendſhip I profeſſed, was I not to ſpeak of every thing likely to prove hereafter conducive towards your happineſs; and, indeed, it would

" hurt me very much" ſhould you ſuppoſe *another* motive, more than friendſhip, was my inducement; but without deceit, be aſſured, though my affection has *not*, nor, I think, *will* change, yet a proper ſenſe of honour muſt ever keep it in due bounds, from either diſgracing, or cauſing myſelf to appear contemptible in your eyes, by the repetition of a partiality which *this motive alone* obliges me to renounce, whilſt a ſecret attachment will remain with *unchangeable fidelity*, until the heart now beating with apprehenſive ſolicitude ſhall be no more. Yes my dear ——, ſorrow and unhappineſs will deſtroy the ſtrongeſt conſtitution, even when unimpaired by indiſcretion, which Heaven knows never happened through any fault of mine.—Let me, now my boſom is warm, imprint on your mind a few important truths deſerving the moſt ſerious attention, and remind you of ſome things formerly noticed; particularly in obſerving a ſtrict propriety in the governance of your conduct, which cannot be effected without you form prudential friendſhips on the baſis of virtue, and take a real pleaſure in eſteeming thoſe ſuch, who are in their twofold character of public and private, true friends to modeſty; but carefully avoid others inſtilling precepts contrary to this bright jewel, the moſt lovely and agreeable ornament that beſt adorns the fair-ſex! For, if your mind be once debauched, there only wants temptations to bring perſonal deſtruction! Chuſe, therefore, for companions or friends, women of diſcretion, nor be ſo eaſily led from a miſtaken good-nature into any private or apparently imprudent ſchemes, highly dangerous to your reputation, and, what is more dreadful, they will in the end moſt aſſuredly make you the unfortunate prey to *ſeduction!*—No woman without regarding her own character can be ſuppoſed to have any for yours; abhor then ſuch an acquaintance like the moſt dangerous enemy, as experience will inform when, through imprudence, you fall, a victim to *your own* indiſcretion! Whether you attend to this, it is impoſſible I ſhould know, but, however, let me very ſtrongly recommend it as being a neceſſary eſſential to that modeſt reputation every female ſhould poſſeſs; as your companion, by the many opportunities ſhe has, may either taint your morals, or preſerve their purity.—Need I mention which is the moſt worthy of approbation, when the leaſt good-ſenſe may diſtinguiſh the difference?—I will aſk you this queſtion—is the married or ſingle ſtate your ambition? If the former, be prudent, or elſe, believe me, you can never gain your wiſhes; but, if the latter is your favourite, you need only indulge in diſſipated guilt, and then the conſequence will be *nothing more* than a *frivolous* thing, thought by many of no value—*eternal wretchedneſs!* Will you fall into this? God forbid! Charity, and a ſincere regard for your merit, bids me hope it will be avoided.—I exhort you, by every endearing tie, *to beware* and behold the *preſent danger*, of which I have ſome very particular, though *private* reaſons, to be apprehenſive.—Let caution direct you, and remember not to pay with ingratitude the tender anxiety of your parents, in becoming "*the child of deſtruction!*"——Can you wiſh to break their hearts by *fatal* diſobedience? No, eſteemed ——, this can never be the intention of your amiable diſpoſition, nor wouldſt thou wiſh to render the evening of their days afflicted by ſorrow! May you *always* preſerve their peace, and with theirs your own, by attaining moral perfections eſtimable,

eſtimable, by the modeſt part of the fair-ſex, and revered by ours!—Heaven grant this ardent wiſh I entertain for your felicity be not diſappointed! Nor, let me, if it is inevitable, live to ſee you fall like a blaſted flower, unpitied by the world, the glory of a villain, and the diſgrace of female excellence! Oh? ſay you will exert yourſelf, and be watchful of what I fear, but truſt your prudence will avoid—from being the dupe of villany! *This* I am anxious to prevent, and have written the above not as a lover, but in the ſincerity of friendſhip, and as ſuch value it from

Yours affectionately,

October 10, 1790. } FLORIZEL.

REVIEW.

De l'Inde. *Of India; or Reflections on the Means which France ought to employ with reſpect to her Poſſeſſions in Aſia.* Paris. 1790.

At a time when the affairs of India engroſs ſo much of the attention of the miniſtry of this country, the opinion of a Frenchman on the French poſſeſſions in that part of the world cannot fail to be entertaining, and may be inſtructive. The author of this work is a perſon employed in ſome part of the French adminiſtration.

"It is already agreed," ſays the author, in an advertiſement, "that to hope or to obtain great ſucceſs beyond the Cape of Good Hope, it is neceſſary to have a chief eſtabliſhment, at which, in time of peace, the principal part of our military forces may be kept. Among thoſe which belong to us, Pondicherry and the iſle of France are the only ones which claim this preference: each of them has its zealous partizans, and even enthuſiaſts. The king's council has already decided in favour of the iſle of France: but Pondicherry has juſt preſented a moſt lively remonſtrance againſt this determination, to the National Aſſembly."

The author reduces the examination of all the queſtions on this head to two points, which conſtitute the two parts of his work. 1ſt. "What, after the events of the three laſt wars, is the political utility of the iſle of France? 2d. What degree of importance ſhould the government attach to the policy of India? Ought it to attend to a ſyſtem of offence at the iſle of France, and a ſyſtem of defence at Pondicherry?"

The author proceeds to give an hiſtorical detail of the operations of France in India, during the three laſt wars of 1744, 1756, and 1778, in which the faults committed by the India Company in the two former, the wrongs committed by many chiefs and by the adminiſtration, in all, and the exploits and ſucceſs of ſome officers are mentioned.

"Le Bourdonnais, the creator of the ſettlement on the iſle of France, ſhewed his great genius, made uſe of every reſource, and exhibited the greateſt intrepidity in the war of 1744. If his diſpoſition had been ſufficiently pliant to have acknowledged the power of Dupleix, and to have acted in concert with a man of his temper, France would have acquired an immenſe power in India. Lally, governor of Pondicherry, and commander of the land forces, was undoubtedly guilty of prevarication: after his condemnation, it appeared that he was badly ſeconded in the war of 1756. Our commander, De Suffrein, acquired immortal glory in the war of 1778, which reſtored our affairs in India."

From

From all the author's facts, it is eaſy to conclude that it was from the iſle of France that the French and Dutch were ſuccoured in India, during theſe wars, and that they would, by means of this iſland, have acquired a great preponderance, if their operations had been better combined and conducted.

The author confeſſes that he is indebted to a military officer, well known for his talents and impartiality, and who has travelled in India during the late war, not only for a chart of India, annexed to the work, but for the greater part of the hiſtorical facts in the ſecond part.

"When, at the peace of 1762, the Engliſh reſtored Pondicherry, &c. to France, which could be of no ſervice to them in the extenſion of their commerce, it was evident that this place was held by France only becauſe ſhe had a project of a military eſtabliſhment in India, and Pondicherry was preferred, notwithſtanding the danger ariſing from its vicinity to Madraſs. They proceeded to rebuild this city, which was only a heap of ruins, and inſtead of reducing it, by which it could have been more eaſily fortified, they laboured to rebuild it on the old foundation. Some difficulties aroſe which did not permit them to complete above 8 or 900 toiſes of the fortification, and there remained ſtill 4500 toiſes to be done when M. de Bellecombe arrived in quality of governor, to replace M. Lauriſton, which was but a ſhort time before the Engliſh came to lay ſiege to it. Bellecombe defended himſelf ſome time, but was obliged to ſurrender, and all the reſt of the French poſſeſſions were ſoon after reduced.

"It is not eaſy to believe that, Pondicherry being placed in the midſt of the Engliſh forces in India, they will ever allow France time to fortify it ſufficient to rival their power. Supposing the French were to attempt it, the Engliſh have too much power in India to permit it to be effected.

"The partiſans of Pondicherry pretend that our fate in India depends on poſſeſſing it. We cannot, ſay, they, perform any one operation in India without one capital place where we can diſembark, ſtow our ammunition, &c. and eſtabliſh hoſpitals. This is the ſyſtem we ought to oppoſe to the prodigious power of the Engliſh in India."

The author, in reply to this objection, which, if not well founded, is, at leaſt, ſpecious, takes a geographical, military, and political view, of the ſtate of thoſe powers in India with which we may have connections. In doing this, he forms an analyſis of all Indoſtan, an immenſe country, divided into many ſtates, among which the five following powers are the moſt diſtinguiſhed; the Engliſh India Company, the ſucceſſor of Hyder Ali, the Soubath of the Decan, the Little Marattas, and the Mogul. Of theſe the Engliſh Company is undoubtedly the firſt, whether conſidered as military or commercial, for the immenſe extent of territory they poſſeſs. It is aſſerted that the Engliſh have now in India 13,000 European and 100,000 native troops.

We ſhall not follow our author in the enumeration of the countries this company and the other powers poſſeſs, nor in the calculation of their forces, in infantry, cavalry, &c. We cannot help being ſurprized to ſee the Mogul placed laſt. Formerly his immenſe territories included all Indoſtan and the Peninſula, but ſuch is his preſent ſtate of weakneſs and decay, that he ſcarcely deſerves to be claſſed among the military powers. There are ſome other ſovereigns in Indoſtan, but of no great conſequence.

After having developed the intereſt of each, the author ſhews that the ſituation of India has been unſtable ever ſince

ſince the departure of Mr. La Bourdonnais, and that it is wrong to found a plan on a baſis ſo unſtable.

He then gives his opinion that the powers of France in India ſhould be united at the iſle of France, and not at Pondicherry: the inconveniences of which ſettlement he points out with reſpect to its vicinity to the Engliſh, and ſhews the ſums it would coſt to fortify it well, and the difficulty of placing it out of danger from their attacks, who will be conſtantly augmenting their forces; as, having loſt their poſſeſſions in America, they will turn their attention more than ever to India.

France, this writer aſſerts, ought only to have factories in India, under chiefs who were capable of obſerving the conduct of the powers, and able to adviſe any neceſſary operation which might be purſued from the iſle of France.

This work concludes with a piece of advice equally conſiſtent with ſound philoſophy and wiſe policy.

"Let us be careful (ſays he) not to alarm the native princes by a thirſt for extenſive territories. What aſſiſtance can they afford us, unleſs we are able to drive out the Engliſh, and to fix ourſelves in their place? The real conqueror of this part of the world will be him, who, after having deprived his rivals of the territories they have invaded, ſhall reſtore them to the princes who have been deſpoiled of them, and on no other ſtipulations than what are neceſſary in favour of our commerce."

Account of a living Bitch, born totally deprived of her two fore Legs.

IN the month of July, 1788, a Spaniſh bitch, of a black colour, with reddiſh ſpots, brought forth eight little puppies. As ſhe had been pretty free in the choice of her huſbands, the puppies were very much mixed, and very little like herſelf: they ſlightly looked at them, and ſelected four to be kept. After they had removed the others, it was obſerved that one of them was a bitch puppy, deprived of her fore legs. It was imagined it would not live; but this defect in the make did not prevent it from growing as faſt as the other puppies of the ſame litter: ſhe is now two years old, and has been long at her full growth.

This animal is much like a wolf dog, but longer; her hair is long, rough, and brown; her tail like a fox, not only in the ſhape but in the manner in which ſhe carries it. Some perſons think that the dam has been viſited by a fox, but all naturaliſts know the marked antipathy between the dog and a fox, and the uſeleſs attempts made by M. de Buffon to bring them to produce together.

This animal is very fond, and will follow any one on her two hinder paws, which, as ſhe walks, are far aſunder, and the claws very open. If ſhe wants to go faſt, ſhe makes uſe of the lower part of her neck, to ſupport the fore part of her body, then, by leaping and ſpringing forward, ſhe gets on pretty quick: but this method of going ſeems to fatigue her very much, and every time her neck touches the ground, it ſeems to affect her reſpiration; and to keep her head and mouth from ſtriking, ſhe is obliged to have the muſcles of her neck always contracted, in order to keep her head up.

On hearing any noiſe, ſhe keeps herſelf in an erect poſition for a conſiderable time. If ſhe wants to go up ſtairs, ſhe leaps from ſtep to ſtep, ſupporting her fore parts by the lower part of her neck, and readily gets up; but has no means of getting down again. It is not eaſy, by feeling, to learn the conformation of the bones of

of this animal; yet, when ſhe ſits up, as ſome dogs are taught to do, a ſenſible motion may be perceived under the ſkin, at the place from whence the fore legs ſhould naturally proceed; but this probably may ariſe only from a motion of the muſcles. In 1789 ſhe littered, and had ſix puppies, but none of them participated of the mother's defect.

Poetry.

To the EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

By inſerting the following Lines in your Magazine, you will oblige a Conſtant Reader, STREPHON.

ON CYNTHIA's DEPARTURE.

Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor.
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abſtulit error!
Quem fugis, ah demens? Virg.

WHILE ſkilful Bards attune their lays,
And ſing whom they eſteem;
Cynthia claims my Muſe's praiſe,
Fair Cynthia is my theme.

But ah! how e'er ſhall I diſcloſe
The beauties of her face,
Where blend the lilly and the roſe,
To heighten every grace?

Cynthia's native charms appear
More elegant than art:
The painted fluſh, the ſnareful leer
Ne'er penetrate the heart.

Graceful as Thalia is my fair,
Her ſkin like mountain ſnow;
To youthful Hebe's I compare
Her cheeks where roſes blow.

Her coral lip, and radiant eye,
Ten thouſand charms impart;
And, while they draw from each a ſigh,
They ſteal from each a heart.

Unconſcious of fair Cynthia's flight,
I ponder'd long in vain;
Paſſing in dull ſuſpenſe the night,
The day in anxious pain.

My throbbing heart, for her I lov'd,
Uncertain pulſes wrought:
While deep diſtreſs my boſom mov'd,
My mind reluctant thought;

Sweet Cynthia's gone, alas! no more
Her ſight my hope ſhall feed:
Now all my flatt'ring joys are o'er,
And ſorrows now ſucceed.

The Graces and the wandering Loves,
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chuſe the Fauns; or in deep groves
To wound admiring ſwains.

With their bright Miſtreſs there they ſtray,
She turns her careleſs eyes
From daily conqueſts; yet each day
She conquers while ſhe flies.

O! Cynthia, think, what tender fears,
Diſtract fond Strephon's heart;
Think! think the woes his boſom ſhares,
The pangs he feels ſo ſmart!

Perhaps thy heart, fops ſtrive to win,
And with feign'd paſſion ſue;
Oh! caſt one tender thought on him,
Who thouſands does on you.

Venus, implor'd by moving prayer,
To aid a lover's pain:
Haſte, haſte, thy harneſs'd doves prepare,
And bring the fair again.

But daring youth, thy theme give o'er,
Paſſion may fire thee on:
Some worthier ſwain may her adore,
Who ſmiles on him alone.

The fair for whom theſe lines I write
Whom I do love ſo well;
Her beauteous form, her winning mien,

My

My heart ſhall only tell.

For her may every joy unite,
Which fleeting days ſupply,
Nor may ſhe in her happy hours
On hope beſtow a ſigh.

This lovely Nymph ye gods preſerve,
And from all ills defend:
May Virtue be her guardian ſtill,
Kind Heaven exalt her mind.

Aberdeen, Decr. 24th, 1790.

For the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

QUEEN MARY IN *PRISON.*

THO' in this lonely tow'r confin'd,
My ſenſes often roam,
Tho' all around me are unkind,
My heart is ſtill at home.
My vanity and open mien,
Have wrought all MARY's woes,
Had prudence my beſt talent been,
I wou'd have marr'd my foes.
O but my very ſoul does bleed,
Not for my daily woes,
But for my friends, who juſtly dread
The vengeance of my foes.
The blood, which dances through this frame,
The Crowns which I have wore,
Command me to ſupport the name,
Which Stewarts have always bore.
Had they been guiltleſs of their crimes,
No Murray would have been;
Nor would Eliza held the reins,
To ruin Scotland's Queen.
In all the horrors of my ſtate,
Grant me a ſoul ſerene,
Supply the dignity of ſtate,
And let me not complain.
Malice and envy when in power,
Cruſh virtue for a time,
But ah! how fatal is the hour,
When it muſt ſink or ſhine.
Fanatics may injure my fame,
By politics inſpir'd;
But ſacred truth will ſave my ſhame,
With heavenly ardour fir'd.
The ſplendour of the Court of France,
With all its vain parade.
Shall not my ſpirits more enhance.
I bleſs this awful ſhade.
With joy my ſoul would fly from clay,
Were none but I undone;
My hopes are far above their ſway,
And let thy will be done.
While miſery of every kind
Can wander for its aid:
A Scottiſh Queen muſt be confin'd,
By treachery betray'd!
O Scotland, thou art grown cold,
Thy ſons are not the ſame,
Whom many gallant Kings of old,
Have marſhall'd on the plain.
Truſt not the phantoms of my foes,
Buchanan's wicked creed;
My heart with conſcious honour glows,
You ſee my body bleed.

REGULUS.

December 23d, 1790.

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE, OR, A PANEGYRIC upon the WORLD.

" *Quam male conſueſcit, quam ſe parat ille cruori*
" *Impius humano; vitali qui gutturæ cultro*
" *Rumpit, et immotas probet mugitibus mores!*" OVID.

" PRIDE was not made for man," ſome preacher ſays,
Yet pride, alas! directs us all our days.
The happier brutes we venture to contemn,
And thank our ſtars we were not made like them;
Yet every fault the four-foot race have known,
From Adam downward centers in our own:

And

And ſince below the laſh they ſilent bend—
Let truth proceed their virtues to defend.
With what ſurpriſe poſterity ſhall ſee,
A *panegyric* penn'd without a fee!

What right have we to trample on the weak,
Or ſtab a lamb becauſe he cannot ſpeak?
The driver of a cart is proud to ſhow,
His horſe obeys the better for a blow.
The generous faithful dog we dare deſpiſe,
For we alone were made to mount the ſkies;
And when his ſirloin to the board is borne,
Forget the honeſt ox once plough'd to raiſe our corn.
The Dutchman's model in an ant we ſee,
And China's wiſdom animates the bee.
The very fondeſt votaries of love,
Can but at diſtance imitate th dove,
And where's the maſon would ſucceed ſo well,
As beavers in the building of their cell?
As far in moral worth as ſtrength and ſize,
See the ſage elephant beyond us riſe!
Our ſavage hunger deſolates the earth—
The miſeries we make, afford us mirth.
For us, below the ſurface of the pole,
Where no ray vibrates, and no billows roll,
The herring ſpawns—for us the camel toils,
The pheaſant fattens, and the lobſter boils.
Nor can his mail defend the turtle's ſize;
A worm is baited—and the dolphin dies.
To Kilda's cliff, the gannet ſoars in vain,
The ſhark lies vanquiſh'd on his ſubject main.
From his dark den the rugged bear we chaſe,
The rapid buck falls breathleſs from the race,
The frog—the ſeal—the viper—and the boar,
The crocodile himſelf we can devour.
From his profoundeſt deeps we drag the whale,
And forty blackbirds furniſh half a meal.
Thus land, and air, the foreſt, and the flood,
Are all unpeopl'd to ſupply our food.
We ſtile ourſelves the MASTERS of the globe,
Nay, boaſt a ſerious right to kill and rob.
Noah procur'd a charter to deſtroy,
And we, his heirs, that pious truſt enjoy:
The prieſt a ſanction to the knife imparts,
And ſolemn canting ſteels our ſtupid hearts.

Our fare while ſlaughter every day ſupplies,
We ſtill humanity pretend to prize:
We brand the name of Nero with diſgrace,
And ſay, his deeds reproach the human race;
Becauſe he burn'd that den of robbers, Rome,
And gave a female fiend her proper doom.
Voracious murd'rer! view yon deſart hive,
Where not one citizen is left alive!
All in black heaps beneath thy vengeance roll'd,
As Judah's judges butcher'd young and old!
Nor had thoſe innocents offended thee,
Nor gave *neceſſity* an honeſt plea.
The prince of quadrupeds finds ample food,
Without the baleful art of ſhedding blood:

Wit

With all, infernal Nero ever ſpilt,
His utmoſt crimes can ſcarce approach thy guilt,
Vaunt as thou wilt about thy right divine—
The wolf may plead a better far than thine.

O might bold Juvenal my breaſt inſpire
With all his ſacred, his immortal fire,
To trace the progreſs ſince the world began,
Through all his freaks of that poor puppet—Man!
To ſhake his coward heart with conſcious fear,
And rend, with hoſtile truth, the tyrant's ear.
Compar'd to us—the peacock is not vain,
Compar'd to us the tyger is humane.
No ſpaniel ever ſhook with ſo much fear,
As bankrupt farmers when the term draws near;
And though the hog-ſtye ſeems a horrid ſcene—
Five hundred nations are not half ſo clean.
An ape might learn the ſcience of grimace
From ſome field preacher, bawling faith and grace;
But when embattled ſects through ages bleed,
To prop ſome trivial antiquated creed,
Sure, this is madneſs to the brutes unknown,
And hell muſt teſtify 'tis all our own.

Of all the victims of the preſent ſcene,
Man feels the ſhorteſt joy,—the ſharpeſt pain.
On yon poor aſs we turn contemptuous eyes,
And his calm patience pity and deſpiſe—
But yet he never ſwills the heady bowl,
'Till every frantic paſſion tears his ſoul;
On thiſtles, graſs, and ſtraw, content he lives,
And each pure ſtream a precious beverage gives.
For him no dappled dame has broke her heart,
No batter'd bawd refines each damning art,
No dark attorney whets the vulture quill,
No hungry quack rears up a monſtrous bill.
No pulpit mountebank o'erſets his brains,
No rooted pox ſhoots venom through his veins.
What ills afflict him, nature hath beſtow'd—
He never madly multiplies the load.

If what the Scriptures teach us are not true,
That virtue ſhall hereafter reap her due—
If Cato's worth is nothing but a name,
And good and bad are in the grave the ſame—
If Shakeſpeare's intellect be gone to duſt,
And keen Voltaire ſurvives but in his buſt;
His envied wound if Hampden has forgot,
And Frederick ſleeps, unconſcious why he fought;
If Howard ſhall not from the ſilent grave,
Survey that happineſs his goodneſs gave;
Nor Hawke review the glorious path he trode,
But moulder with a Swift, or Chatham's clod;
Vaunt as you pleaſe of Nature's bounteous plan,
I'd rather be a piſmire than a man.
This doubt, ſo terrible to human pride,
Reaſon's dim ruſh-light never can decide.
The all-comforting eye of Faith alone,
Aſſures our riſe to worlds beyond our own.

L. R.

THE TRIFLER,

Number LXXVIII.

Thurſday, December 30, 1790.

HOWEVER juſt the obſervation may be, that thoughtleſsneſs is a diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the age, there are readers who are not enemies to reflection, and there are times when few men can baniſh it. The concluſion of a year naturally leads us to a retroſpect of our conduct, and in ſome meaſure alſo bends our eye to the future. It has been a cuſtom, with me, in my former papers, to adapt the ſubject of ſome one paper to particular ſeaſons of the year. I truſt that thoſe papers were not the more diſagreeable, becauſe their tendency was to recall proper thoughts on the approach of another year.

It is not neceſſary, that our thoughts ſhould be, on this occaſion, entirely filled with melancholy, nor that we ſhould damp the joys of the ſeaſon, by a ſuſpicious dread, leaſt we never ſee another. Gratitude and thankfulneſs ought principally to guide our reflections. As every year adds to our knowledge of the value of worldly things, ſo from the various diſpenſations of Providence towards others, we may derive comfort and ſatisfaction. The ways of men are not in general ſo deſirable, that we ſhould wiſh for ever to walk in them, and the preſent ſtate of manners is not ſuch that we ſhould wiſh for ever to be connected with.

Let us reflect, then, how often mercy and tenderneſs have been exerted towards us in the courſe of the now expiring year. While ſome have been arreſted in the rapid progreſs of folly and immortality, we remain behind to take a leſſon from their fate. And when we recollect how often we have been guilty of the ſame errors, in the midſt of which they have been cut off, we ought to wonder at the goodneſs of that Being who has protected us, and demonſtrate our gratitude by penitence and amendment ——not harden our hearts by an obſtinate neglect of ſo many admonitions. When we indulged the intemperance of our paſſions, they were not permitted to overcome us, and while we ſought danger with all the eagerneſs of madneſs and infatuation, an inviſible, yet powerful hand was ſtretched out to protect us. In the midſt of our many follies, in the commiſſion of crimes, and in the healthy hour of intoxication, He was mindful of us, whom we lightly eſteemed. While many hundreds around us fell ſacrifices to their folly, and their intemperate irregularity, while we ſmiled on the approach of death, and even were cool and deliberate on its preſence in others, we were not doomed to ſhare their fate, but ſpared to improve the leſſon, to think on our own danger, and fly from it.

To many this year has, no doubt, brought an acquiſition of wealth, of power, or domeſtic comforts. Here ariſes another ſource of gratitude. What could our proud hearts have done, had we been among the number of thoſe who at the ſame time were depreſſed by poverty, by neglect, by unforeſeen misfortunes? While we were of the number who ſucceeded in our endeavours, and progreſs through life, many have been permitted to fall from opulence to poverty, from health to long and painful diſeaſe, from power to contempt, and from opulence to degeneracy. Many whoſe reputation was like ours, whoſe hopes were as ſanguine, and whoſe fears were as ſeldom, have fallen before unforeſeen temptation, and, from living happily have died ignominiouſly. Where was the difference between them and us? Let us, then, be grateful and humble, and not pre-

preſumptuous in our fancied conſequence, ſo as to flatter ourſelves, that there is any integrity independent on the aſſiſtance of Him who made us, as we are, helpleſs without his aſſiſtance, all powerful by his bleſſing.

In the remembrance of the actions of a paſt year, the folly of miſpent time ſtrikes us in a very forcible degree. How many hours and days have we waſted in pleaſures on which we cannot look with ſatisfaction, or in errors of which we are aſhamed? How often have we waſted health, the greateſt of human bleſſings, and abuſed that precious time, not one minute of which we can recall? The ſhortneſs and uncertainty of our time are ſubjects which have been ſo frequently inculcated, and are themſelves ſo obvious to our ſenſes, that it is not neceſſary to enter on them in this paper.

Let us then, without any precipitate and inconſiderate reſolutions of amendment, which are moſt frequently broken before they are completed, let us, I ſay, gradually wean ourſelves from thoſe indulgences which tend not to ſatisfaction, and from an attachment to pleaſures which never repay us on reflection. For, the many days and years of divine forbearance will only ſerve to aggravate our pain when we come, as we all muſt, to the ſerious meditation of ſolitude, or the death-bed. He that weighs the pleaſures of the world, and knows their true value, can beſt enjoy them. The ignorant only are deceived by the ſpecious appearance of human delights. The glare of pomp, the attractions of riches, the ſplendour of high rank, and the reputation of dreſs, gallantry, and manners, are but ſo many deluſions to catch the approbation of the vulgar; but the ornaments that never fade, are thoſe of a well-formed and ſerious mind. The reputation that never dies, is that of integrity and humanity, and the comforts, which cannot be taken from us, are a conſcience void of offence, and a confidence in Divine power and favour.

When we take an impartial ſurvey of the world, we find the ordinary comforts of life, ſuch as liberty, free religion and laws, held out to us, and powerfully reconciling us to our ſtation. But we ſee thoſe bleſſings abuſed in every degree, in all the variety of wretched criminality, by low cunning, by the intenſeneſs of avarice, the prodigality of vice, the deliberate hoſtility of the infidel, and the neglectful diſpoſition of the general maſs of mankind. we find nothing to atrract, nothing to keep our admiration, nothing to bind us down to this world. Our integrity is ſurrounded with temptations, and our ſenſibility is wounded by a thouſand aſperities which leſſen the happineſs of thoſe who feel and think. It is natural, therefore, to look forward to a better inheritance, incorruptible becauſe immortal, and unaffected by ſin or ſorrow.

"Upon the whole," ſays a favourite and amiable writer, "and after all the ſubtle diſpoſitions of proud philoſophy; all the inventions which owe their origin to malice, vanity, or ingenuity; all the whimſical modes of living and thinking, which faſhion dictates for the employment of her idle hours, or for the gratification of her full-blown pride; the plain virtues, as they are underſtood by plain men of honeſt hearts and good faculties, improved by a competent education, are the beſt ſecurity for comfort under all the circumſtances, and in all the ſituations of human life. Sedentary and recluſe perſons may amuſe themſelves, in the reveries of inactivity, with ſpeculative refinement and ſceptical ſubtleties; but they who are really wiſe, and earneſtly wiſh to obtain all the happineſs of which they are capable in this ſublu-

nary

nary ſtate, muſt deſcend from the elevated regions of ſophiſtry, and labour to acquire, with the aſſiſtance of common ſenſe and common honeſty, the virtues of faith, humility, piety, and benevolence."

CHRONICLE OF HOME OCCURRENCES.

ON Wedneſday Oct. 20th, died here, Mrs Forbes, widow of the late Mr. William Forbes, merchant.

October the 18th, died at Old Aberdeen, in the 67th year of his age, Dr John Farquharſon, M. D. formerly of Charleſtown, South Carolina, and lately of London.

Mr George Forbes advocate here, (who has been lately appointed Sheriff ſubſtitute of Banff-ſhire) having reſigned the office of Procurator Fiſcal of this burgh, the Magiſtrates thereupon named John Low, writer in Aberdeen, to be Procurator Fiſcal in his room.

On Friday the 28th, James Henderſon was hanged here, for the murder of Alexander Gilleſpie, a Slater, and his body afterwards delivered for diſſection, in terms of his ſentence. He perſiſted to the laſt, in aſſerting, that what he did was in ſelf-defence.

On the 2d of November, Mrs Forbes of Blackford was ſafely delivered of a ſon.

On the 4th Lady Forbes of Craigievar was ſafely delivered of a daughter, at Fintray-houſe.

On Thurſday the 4th Mrs Gordon, younger, of Hallhead, was ſafely delivered of a ſon at Eſlement Houſe.

On the 7th, died at Edinburgh, Mr William Stevens, youngeſt ſon of Robert Stevens, Eſq; A young man of a moſt amiable diſpoſition, and ſincerely regretted by all his acquaintances.

On Friday the 19th, died at Aberdeen, in the twenty third year of his age, after a long illneſs, which he ſupported with exemplary patience and pious reſignation, Mr JAMES HAY BEATTIE, Aſſiſtant Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy in Mariſchal College. The death of this amiable and accompliſhed Perſon is a loſs to Literature: to his Friends and Relations the loſs is irreparable.

On the 21ſt was married at Muchalls near Stonehaven, Mr Peter Wilkie, of the New Inn, Aberdeen, to Miſs Chriſtina Campbell, daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Campbell, of the New Ship Tavern.

On the 19th, the ſhip Delight of Burlington, Ward, from Peterſburgh with iron, hemp, and tallow, bound for Liverpool, ran aſhore upon Rattrahead; the crew are ſaved, but the veſſel is totally wrecked.

On the 22d of November died at Huntly, Doctor Alexander Gordon, ſurgeon to the late 92d regiment of foot. His death will be juſtly regretted by his relations and numerous acquaintance; but moſt particularly felt by the ordinary ranks of people in a very extenſive diſtrict of country, where his generous and diſintereſted aſſiſtance, humane and ready attention, was happily known, and will be long remembered.

On Tueſday Novr. 30th, being the Anniverſary of St. Andrew, there was held in the Maſon Hall, New Inn, the annual General Meeting of St. Andrew's Society of Aberdeen. This Society was inſtituted in 1788, for the chief purpoſe of eſtabliſhing a fund for the relief of ſuch members as ſhall fall into decayed circumſtances, or their families. The Society now conſiſts of above 250 reſpectable citizens, and bids fair to anſwer all the benevolent purpoſes of its inſtitution. After examining the ſtate of the funds, (which, conſidering the ſhortneſs of the time, exceeded their expectations) they

they proceeded to elect their Office-bearers for the enſuing year; and the choice fell on

Mr ALEXANDER SHIRREFS, ADVOCATE, PRESIDENT.

Mr JAMES CHALMERS, Printer, *Vice-Preſident.*

Mr JAMES GORDON, Goldſmith, *Treaſurer.*

Mr WILLIAM BROWN, Bookſeller, *Secretary.*

MANAGERS.

Mr Alexr. Strahan, Manufr.
Mr James Milne, Manufr.
Mr Thos. Hunter, Manufr.
Mr Patrick Simpſon, Manufr.
Mr Wil. Simpſon, Merchant,
Mr Alexr. Abernethy, Mert.
Mr Geo. Craig, Shoemaker,

At four o'clock, above 70 of the members met in the Maſon Hall to dinner, and paſſed the evening with the utmoſt decorum and conviviality. Among many other toaſts ſuitable to the day, the Society did not forget "*our old glories:*"—St. Andrew and a' his Bairns—The immortal Memory of Sir William Wallace—King Robert Bruce—and other Scotch Patriots, were drank in bumpers with three times three, &c.

Wedneſday December 1ſt, died here the Revd. Mr James Forſyth, Miniſter of Belhelvie. He dined that day with the Preſbytery of Aberdeen, ſeemingly in his uſual health, but was taken ill immediately after, and expired in the evening.

On Monday the 6th, the following gentlemen were choſen additional managers of the infirmary for a year, viz.

The rev. Dr Campbell, one of the Miniſters of the eſtabliſhed Church.

Mr. Alexr. Annand, one of the Managers of St. Paul's Chapel.

Dr Robertſon, Dr Bannerman, } Two of the Phyſicians in Abdn.

Mr Wm. Gibbon, one of the ſociety of Shipmaſters.

Mr Thos. Taylor, one of the late Deacons.

Provoſt Duncan; Dr Thom;
Dr Irvine; Rev. Bp. Skinner;
Baillie Paull; Mr Alexr. Roſs;
Mr Chas. Jameſon; Baillie Copland.

The Faculty of Advocates, at their late general meeting, unanimouſly made choice of Alexander Carnegie, eſq; to be their preſident.

Mr William Stirling, writer, was laſt week admitted an ordinary procurator before the ſeveral courts here.

The ſame week died here, Anne Bannerman, aged 105.

The Marquis of Huntly's Independent Company, under the command of Lieut. Gordon, paſſed thro' this place, on their route to Stirling. The company is more than complete, was raiſed in about 3 weeks; and we do not exaggerate when we ſay, that a company of finer young fellows never carried arms. Such was their zeal and attachment to their noble young Lord, that few, if any, would accept the King's bounty.

Died here, much regretted, Mr Robert Reid, merchant.

On Tueſday the 7th, the following were choſen officebearers of the Shiprow Society;

Mr Archibald Reid, Baker, Preſident.

Mr John Wallace, Baker, Treaſurer.

Meſſrs William Kennedy, John Davidſon, James Bowman, James Hacket, John Low, James Aiken, Aſſeſſors.

Upon application from Sir John Sinclair, Bart. M. P. in name of the Society formed for the Improvement of Britiſh Wool, the Magiſtrates and Council of this city have unanimouſly reſolved to contribute FIFTY GUINEAS for helping to encourage and promote that beneficial and patriotic meaſure, payable in ten years, by inſtallments of Five Guineas yearly.

On the 15th, the Hon. the Magiſtrates and Town Council of this city made choice of Mr John Burnett, Advo-

Advocate, to be their ordinary Council and Lawyer at Edinburgh, in the room of Alexander Moir, Esq; of Scotstown, Advocate, who has resigned. This respectable office was successively held by the now Lords Monboddo and Rockville.

The Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, conferred the Degree of Doctor of Medicine, on Mr Peter Grant, Surgeon in this place.

EDINBURGH. Dec. 20.

COURT of JUSTICIARY.

On Monday came on the trial of William Gadesby, indicted for three robberies, one theft, and a housebreaking.

After the examination of witnesses was concluded, the Lord Advocate very forcibly addressed the jury on the part of the Crown. He was followed by Mr Burnett for the pannel. The Lord Justice Clerk then summed up the evidence.

The jury returned their verdict on Tuesday, all in one voice finding the pannel *guilty* of the 4th and 5th charges in the indictment; but finding the 1st, 2d, and 3d charges *not proven.*

After the verdict was read and recorded, *Mr Burnett* pled an arrest of judgment. His objection was with regard to the theft in the house of William Lyon, which charge was stated in the indictment in these terms: "That you the said William "Gadesby did feloniously break, or "enter into the house of William "Lyon, by forcing open a window "of the said house, or by entering "in at the same, and did steal, &c. Here, Mr Burnett observed, it was an alternative of *breaking into*, or *entering* the house. The first, by the law of Scotland, constituted the capital crime of *housebreaking*; the latter did not, and, therefore, as the jury had simply found him GUILTY, without saying whether he had *forcibly broke into*, or *entered* the house, the most favourable construction must be put upon the verdict; and, of consequence, two simple acts of theft, without being attended with any aggravating circumstances, having only been found proven against the pannel, an arbitrary, and not a capital punishment, fell to be inflicted.

The *Lord Advocate*, after paying a compliment to Mr Burnett for the very accurate and distinct manner in which he stated his objection, observed, that it was an established principle in the law of Scotland, that the crime of housebreaking was sufficiently established, if a person enters a house, by whatever means he effects his purpose, and steals from that house. His Lordship supported this doctrine by quoting a case which occurred at Aberdeen, when he was Advocate Depute upon the Northern Circuit, where it was found housebreaking, where a man had only lifted the latch of a poor woman's door, and stole her property.

The Lords overruled the objections, and sentenced the pannel to be hanged at Edinburgh on the 2d of February 1791.

Counsel for the Crown, Lord Advocate, Solicitor General, and Mr Archibald Campbell; agent, M. Hugh Warrender.

Counsel for the pannel, Messrs Burnett and Macfarlane; agent, Mr Hamilton Bell.

The Title Page and Index to this Volume, are now preparing, and will be delivered as soon as possible.

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